

The Democratic Sentinel.

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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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—BY—

JAS. W. McEWEEN

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A. McCOY & CO.,
BANKERS,
(Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson.)
RENSSELAER, IND.

Do a full, clear banking business. Exchange bought and sold. Certificates bearing interest issued. Collections made on all available points. Office same place as old firm of McCoy & Thompson April 2, 1886.

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Practices in the Courts of Jasper and adjoining counties. Makes collections a specialty. Office on north side of Washington street, opposite Court House.

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Practice in all the Courts.

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We pay particular attention to paying taxes, selling, and leasing lands. V2 N48

W. H. H. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.
Money to loan on long time at low interest. Sept. 10, '86.

JAMES W. DOUTHIT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office up stairs, in Makeever's new building, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RENSSELAER, IND.
Office Over Makeever's Bank.
May 21, 1885.

WM. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Bazar, Rensselaer IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D.
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.
Office, in Makeever's New Block. Residence at Makeever House.
July 11, 1884.

J. H. LOUGHRIDGE, F. P. BITTERS
LOUGHRIDGE & BITTERS,
Physicians and Surgeons.

Washington street, below Austin's hotel. Ten per cent. interest will be added to all accounts running unsettled longer than three months. V1 N1

DR. I. B. WASHBURN,
Physician & Surgeon,
Rensselaer, Ind.

Calls promptly attended. Will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

CITIZENS' BANK,
RENSSELAER, IND.,
R. S. DWIGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SEIB,
President, Vice-President, Cashier

Does a GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Exchange bearing interest issued. Exchange bought and sold. Money loaned on farms at low rates and on most favorable terms. April 1885.

The Boy in Nature.

The book for every farmer's boy to read is the open book of Nature. There was none ever written that contains one-half of the information, none other half so fascinating, none so perfect and pure. Nature teaches us to dwell as much as possible upon the beautiful and good, and to ignore at all times the evil and the false.

Let us take a single tree for an object lesson and see what it will teach us. Vegetable and animal lives in no way differ in principle; there is a perfect analogy between the two. All plants possess real life—they eat, drink, feel, sleep, breathe and secrete—in short perform all the functions of supply, repair, development and reproduction. The intelligence they manifest in searching for food is simply wonderful, while the actions of climbing plants in search of supports are equally strange. All these wonderful peculiarities of plants are but little seen or appreciated. Not one man in ten ever saw the true roots of a tree, or knows that they are put forth in spring simultaneously with the leaves and are shed with them in autumn.

To make the farm attractive, show the child its attractions; how plants know when there has been a storehouse of food placed within their reach, and will immediately turn their attention to it. Show how each and every plant takes from the earth and atmosphere different elementary substances, and how they are stored up for our use. Show the child the plant's adaptation to the necessities of other living organisms in the localities where they are indigenous; how that in every locality the animal and plant support and sustain each other.

How interesting it is to watch the plant industries as they are carried on side by side, each doing its own work wisely and well and without exciting in the least the envy of its neighbor, and without contention or strife. We see the Maple collecting saccharine juices, the Pine, resin; the Poppy, opium; the Oak, tannin; and so on through the list. In our gardens the Aconite collects a deadly poison which it stores up in its tubers, and by its side the Potato gathers in starch for the sustenance of man. The plant's adaptation to the soil and climate in which it is to grow, is one of the most beautiful and useful studies for the old as well as the young.—C. L. Allen.

Shying Horses.

This trick or vice is generally the effect of nervous timidity, resulting from an excitable temperament. It is aggravated by improper handling. To punish a horse for shying introduces a new cause of fear. The horse will be more alarmed and show more tokens of fear at the prospect of a whipping than at the imaginary object of danger in the road. Hence one bad habit is confirmed by the introduction of another. It is impossible to whip terror out of a horse or pound courage into one. Kindness and gentle persuasion are the best weapons to correct the pernicious habit of shying. The less fear exhibited by the driver, and the less notice taken of the shying by using harsh means, the sooner it will be given up. A careful, experienced horseman can generally detect an object likely to cause a nervous horse to shy, and by word or touch will encourage him to pass it unnoticed. When this fails, give him time to look at the object of fear; pat him and coax him up to it, then take him past it two or three times, till he takes no notice of it.

When defective sight is the cause of this bad habit it is incurable, and if the eyesight is failing, the horse for ordinary driving and riding will be perfectly useless. A mare we knew had gone quietly in harness for two or three years suddenly took to jumping the white stone crossings of an ordinary macadamized street, as if they were water brooks. In three months she was stone blind.—Scientific American.

Respect the Aged.

We never see an aged man or woman without feeling a sympathy and respect. How sad to hear the thoughtless remark in speaking of aged persons "the old man" or "the old woman." What disrespect to an aged father or mother. Some do not seem to care, in speaking of the aged. They evidently think it not essential to treat them with that respect they do the younger portion of mankind. It does not take a very keen observer to see this truth, for we have instances every day. It matters not how useful their lives have been, in bringing up families, making every sacrifice for their children's advantage; placing them in a position of honor in the world. Though young now, we shall soon be old, if permitted to live, in which case we shall feel the need of respect and kindness, that we fail to give others. Old age falls to every human being, unless they die prematurely. Then may we remember that father and mother who has watched with unceasing care over our infancy and childhood without a murmur, but with the paternal love that never fails, and let us ever bear with them patiently and tenderly, with due respect to the aged.—Kirkside Journal

Filial Affection.

Youth (just returned from college)—"Why, father, how shabbily you dress, nowadays! I think it is too bad, you going around in such shabby clothes. It mortifies me, I assure you."

Father—"I can't help it, my dear boy. It has taken all my savings to give you an education and supply you with pocket money, and keep you well dressed at college. I did intend to have got a new suit this spring, but you need a fashionable spring overcoat and spring suit, and the little sum I had put aside for myself must go to fix you out in a style becoming a gentleman. I hope you'll excuse me, John, but I really can't wear any better clothes than I do now."

Youth (with a magnanimous air)—"Why, my dear father, I did not for a moment think you were so hard up as that. Here I have been giving all my cast-offs to the second-hand clothes man for a mere song, and never for a moment thinking that you might need 'em. But that's got to be stopped. We're both about a size, and, in future, you must have my clothes as soon as they become too shabby for me. And, more than that, father, I won't wear them so long as I have been in the habit of doing. I shall get a new suit every few months, and you can wear the old ones before they are scarcely soiled."

Then the father fell upon the youth's neck and kissed and blessed the fate that had given him such a kind and considerate son, and then he ran to the door and shouted to the hired man to bring the lean calf out of the barn and kill it and make a feast, adding "for my son has shown this day that he is anxious to have his old father look respectable."—Boston Courier.

A Way to Quench Thirst.

The agony of thirst at sea—when mid-ocean calms or disasters that leave sailors afloat but shipless, have deprived a crew of their supply of fresh water—is aggravated fearfully by the sight of the very element they long for but cannot enjoy. As Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner" exactly expresses the situation:

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Lind suggested to Capt. Kennedy that thirst might be quenched at sea by dipping the clothing into salt water, and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently the captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading part of the men to follow his example, and they all survived; while the four who refused, and drank salt water, became delirious and died.

In addition to putting on the clothes while wet, night and morning, they may be wetted while on, two or three times during the day. Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes."

After bathing and washing the clothes, we found ourselves as much refreshed as though we had received some actual nourishment.

Dickens' Affront to the Secretary.

Charles Dickens, when he first visited the United States, in 1842, was received with prodigious attentions. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore vied with each other in showering adulation upon him, and the doors of the most aristocratic mansions opened wide to receive him. Plays were written and performed in which he and his most prominent characters were personated true to nature. He was overwhelmed with invitations to balls, dinners and receptions, and the highest social honors were showered on him, which he received like a conceited coxcomb, and repaid by writing a slanderous account of his tour. When in Washington he held a daily levee at his hotel, and the Secretary of War, calling to pay his respects, heard him say, while waiting in the ante-room: "My hour for receiving is past." That night, at a reception at the White House, he told his friend, Christopher Hughes, to inform the Secretary that he was then willing to be introduced to him. "Tell him my hour for receiving him is past," was Mr. Spencer's reply.—Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Mr. H. H. Fudge is evidently angry, as appears from the following card, which he prints in the Albany (Ga.) News: "Whoever poisoned my dog is a low-down puppy, and mean enough to do anything. I am satisfied that it is a white man and of good standing in this town, and he ought to be found out. I am afraid of him only in one way, and that is he will burn me up while asleep. I hope whoever it may be when he reads this he will stop, as he is called a puppy, and is not man enough to resent it. I am satisfied it is a white man, as no negro could get so much poison from the druggist without some notice being taken of it. I am responsible for every word in this card, and can whip the man that poisoned my dog. No man will resent an insult that will steal, lie, burn houses, and slip around at night and poison a man's dog."

A Society Item.

The reader will please bear in mind that the following true tale was told by one of the brightest little ladies in the West End: "If you ever print it," she said, "I'll never speak to you again, sure, but it is too good to keep. Some time ago there was a lady came up from Texas to visit some friends here, very nice people, the ———, naming a very well known family. "The young lady had not been in the city long before the girls of our set got down on her. I never saw anything wrong with her, except that she was just a little—well, you know—not exactly one of us, don't you see? Well, some of the girls heard that Miss X. was to be invited to a very swell party in the West End, the invitation being, of course, on account of her hosts. The young ladies talked the thing over and decided to cut the Texas girl. I would not agree, because I didn't see why the poor thing should be insulted when she was going home in a few days.

"Miss Z. went to the party with Mr. C., one of the best fellows in the town, and on the way she told him that all the girls meant to cut Miss X. and teach her her place in society. C. didn't say anything. He went through his first dance with Miss Z., and then leaving her at a seat, walked up to the poor Texas girl, who was sitting apart from the rest, awfully lonely and disconsolate. He introduced himself to Miss X. and just laid himself out to make her enjoy the party. Of course he succeeded. You know he's one of the whole-souled sort of fellows that all the girls are half in love with, and when he does try to be good he is very good indeed. He danced with the Texas girl again and again, promenaded with her, flirted most outrageously with her. I heard the scamp begging for one of the ugly artificial flowers she had on her dress, and I felt like hugging him because he was doing a brave, manly thing. Of course, Miss Z. was furious. At last, when she wouldn't stand it any longer, she walked up to Mr. C. and Miss X.—it was still very early in the evening—and said: 'Mr. C., I want to go home.' "Oh, its early yet, Miss Z., he replied. 'Let's not go for a little while, anyhow.' "I want to go now," she said, stamping her foot; 'do you mean to take me home or not?' "Well, if you really wish it. But let me introduce my friend, Miss X., Miss Z."

"Thank you. I don't care to know your friend, Miss X.," was the reply. "Of course, this was a mistake for Mr. C. to make. He went too far. Miss X. turned very hotly, and said: 'Don't think, Miss Z., that I don't understand all that has happened to-night, and I just want to tell you if you and those other girls who have joined in cutting me are samples of the best St. Louis society, we have servant girls in Galveston who are more lady-like than you.' "The reply that Miss Z. made was to slap the other girl in the face with all her might. It was so suddenly done, and so unexpected, that there was no chance for any of the persons who had gathered around, attracted by the loud talking, to interfere. Well, you can imagine the rest of it. There was an awful scene. Miss Z. was bundled off in one direction and Miss X., crying bitterly, in another. A crowd of the girls gathered about Miss X. and apologized profusely for what they had done, but what good was apologizing? Miss X. started home to Texas the next day, and the rest of us have been trying to keep the story out of the papers ever since."—St. Louis Republican.

No Chance for the Presidency.

"Mamma," said a little Fifth Ward boy lugubriously the other day, as he laid down a volume of biographical sketches of the Presidents, "I don't believe I'll ever be a President. I ain't got the chance, I wasn't brung up right."

"Why, child, you have the same chance that other little boys have." "No, I ain't; I wasn't born in a log cabin, nor I ain't drove a team on the canal, nor had to read the spellin' book by the light of a pine knot, nor had to split rails nor nothin' like the rest of the boys who got there. I tell you, mother, I'm handicapped on this Presidential business."

From the stress laid on the hardships endured by some of the Presidents when boys, it is not strange that the juvenile mind should draw such a deduction.—Elmira Gazette.

Too Clever by Half.

Merchant (to clerk)—"Here, I have just written out the following letter: 'Dear Sir: As respects the amount for which I am indebted to you, I beg to state that I intend to pay in full very shortly, as you are my principal creditor, and the rest of my liabilities are scarcely worth mentioning,' etc., etc. I want you to make thirty copies of this letter, and send them to the addresses given in this list." Merchant (next day)—"Well, did you attend to that little matter?" Clerk—"O, yes; but to save trouble I had the letters lithographed before sending them off."—Humorist's Blat.

Tuesday morning, about half past seven o'clock, as Mr. Emmet Kannal was driving his herd of six valuable cows to a pasture lot north of town, and was just crossing the railroad near M. L. Spitzer's residence, the belated morning express train from the south came along at a fearful rate of speed, and before Mr. Kannal could hurry all the cows across, the engine caught two of them. One was jammed head first into the ditch on the left and the other was carried nearly a hundred feet, and then flung clear to the fence beside the track, to the right. Strange to say neither cow was killed out-right nor were any bones of either broken, but both are badly bruised and beaten, and perhaps will die of internal injuries.

At the great National Stock Show just closed in New York City, the Caton stock farm, Joliet, Ill. herd of horses, headed by Don Cossack, carried away more prize money than any other exhibit made, and the great 2 year old colt King Cossack, full brother to Royal Cossack, owned in our town, carried off the most valuable single premium offered, consisting of three hundred dollars cash and a very valuable piece of plate worth three hundred dollars, offered for the best 2 year old of the show. King Cossack has won every first premium for which he has contended, amongst them being the first at Chicago, St. Louis and New York for years 1885 and 1886.

A Big Pension Payment.

One of the largest pension payments ever allowed in the United States to any one person was paid by the pension agent at Indianapolis last week to John J. Moncrief, of Greenfield, on account of lunacy. Mr. Moncrief was not discharged from service until 1880, and the payment will be \$12,244.14, with \$72 per month thereafter. Within the last year the last year the following large pensions have been paid: Napoleon McPherson, \$10,287; David Stout, \$10,419; Ferdinand Blum, \$10,763.

Miss Harter, our new dressmaker has arrived and we would be glad to have you call and give her a chance to give you a perfect fit. Mrs. J. M. Hopkins.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve a 25c. per box by F. B. Meyer's. 34-5

NOTICE.—Prohibitionists, and all other persons who expect to work with us in the future, are cordially invited to meet at the Court House, in Rensselaer, on Saturday, December 4th, 1886, for consultation. H. I. ADAMS, Ch'n
Pro. Cen. Com. Jasper Co., Ind.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LICENSE TO SELL INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

NOTICE is hereby given to the citizens of the Town of Fair Oaks, and of Union Township, in Jasper county, and State of Indiana, that the undersigned, William L. Patee, a male inhabitant of the said Town, Township, County and State, over the age of twenty-one years, a man of good moral character and not in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and a fit person in every respect to be entrusted with a license empowering him to sell intoxicating liquors, will apply to the Board of Commissioners of Jasper county, Indiana, at their regular December Term, commencing on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1886, and held in the Town of Rensselaer, Indiana, for a License to sell and barter spirituous, vinous, Malt and all other intoxicating Liquors in a less quantity than a quart at a time, to be drunk as a beverage, with the privilege of allowing and permitting the same to be drunk on the premises where sold and bartered. The premises on which said Liquors are to be sold and bartered and drank is a one story and a half frame building situated on the following described tract of land: Commencing at a point eleven hundred and eighty four feet north and fifteen feet east of the southeast corner of section six '6' a township thirty '30' north range seven '7' west in Jasper county, Indiana, thence west thirty (30) feet, thence north eighteen (18) feet, thence east thirty (30) feet, the southeast corner (18) feet to the place of commencement. Said License is desired for a period of one year. WILLIAM L. PATEE,
James W. Douthit, Atty for Petitioner.
November 13, 1886.