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Democratic

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NUMBER 43

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAS. W. MC EWEN

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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| One year | \$1.50 |
| Six months | .75 |
| Three months | .50 |

Advertising Rates.

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| One column, one year | \$80.00 |
| Half column | 40.00 |
| Quarter | 30.00 |
| Eighth | 10.00 |
| Ten per cent. added to foregoing price if advertisements are set to occupy more than single column width | |
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| \$5 a year; \$3 for six months; \$2 for three | |
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Reading notices, first publication 10 cents fine; each publication thereafter cents a line.

Yearly advertisements may be charged quarterly (one in three months) at the option of the advertiser, free of extra charge.

Advertisements for persons not residents of Jasper County must be paid for in advance of first publication, when less than one-quarter column in size; and quarterly in advance when larger.

ALFRED MCCOY, T. J. MCCOY
E. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

A. MCCOY & CO.,
BANKERS,

(Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson.)

RENSSELAER, IND.

DO a few real 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

MORDECAI F. CHILCOTE.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

INDIANA

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

SIMON P. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public.

THOMPSON & BROTHER,

RENSSELAER, IND.

Practice in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,

Collector and Abstractor.

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

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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 Maceevers' new building, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office Over Maceevers' Bank.

May 21. 1885.

W. W. WATSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Bazaar.

RENSSELAER IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

Office in Maceevers' New Block. Residence at Maceevers' House.

July 11, 1884.

J. H. LOUGHRIEDE. F. P. BITTERS

LOUGHRIEDE & 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.

VINI

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.

I. S. DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SEIN.

President Vice-President Cashier

DOS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Certificates bearing interest issued. Expenses bought and sold. Money loaned on farms

at lowest 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.

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.—*Fire-side 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 prodigal 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,' and said: 'Oh, it's 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.'