

The Democratic Sentinel.

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RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24 1886.

NUMBER 47

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

JAS. W. McEWEN

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year \$1.50
Six months .75
Three months .40

Advertising Rates.

One column, one year, \$80.00
Half column, " 40.00
Quarter " 20.00
Eighth " 10.00
Ten per cent. added to foregoing price if advertisements are set to occupy more than single column width.
Fractional parts of a year at equitable rates.
Business cards not exceeding 1 inch space, \$5 a year; \$3 for six months; \$2 for three months.
All legal notices and advertisements at established statute price.
Reading notices, first publication 10 cents per line; each publication thereafter 5 cents a line.
Yearly advertisements may be changed quarterly (once 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 general 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
RENSSELAER, 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 F. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public.
THOMPSON & BROTHER,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA
Practice in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,
Collector and Abstractor.
We pay particular attention to paying taxes, selling and leasing lands. V2148

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.

H. LOUGHRIDGE
Physician and Surgeon.

Washington street, below Austin's hotel.
Ten per cent. interest will be added to all accounts running unsettled longer than three months. V111

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. DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, Val. Secs.
President, Vice-President, Cashier
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Certificates bearing interest issued. Exchange bought and sold. Money loaned on farms at low rates and on other favorable terms.
April 1885.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, enjoys the proud distinction of being the oldest family and literary paper in America, if not in the world. Originally established by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, and appearing in its present character in 1821, it has had an uninterrupted career of 158 years! As its originator, Franklin was one of the first men of his time, or any time, both in ability and eminence. THE POST has ever tried to follow its founder, by carrying out during its whole course of existence the best aims and highest purposes of a family newspaper. In its management, conduct and choice of reading material, usefulness, purity, morality, progress and entertainment have always been its watchwords and its guides.

The history of THE POST is the history of American literature and authorship. Not to speak of those who previous to and after the War of the Revolution made it a power in the land, since 1821 there is hardly a writer famous in the world of letters whose works have not adorned its pages. Among these may be mentioned Horace Greeley, Dickens, Mrs. Southworth, Poe, H. H. Bryant, T. S. Arthur, Ned Buntline, Gilmore Simms, Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Henry Wood and others. It is no wonder then that THE POST claims the right to add to the glory of being the oldest family paper, the even more honorable title of also being THE BEST. Always keeping in sight what was Highest, Purest, Most Entertaining, in a word, the Best in literature, it has never once failed in its long career to go forth as a weekly missionary into hundreds of thousands of the finest families in all quarters of the land, the most welcome and cheerful of visitors. For the coming year THE POST has secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction. In these respects as in the past it will only have the best. Its pages will be perfectly free from the degrading and polluting trash which characterizes many other so-called literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world. Each volume contains, in addition to its well edited departments, twenty-five first-class Serials, and upwards of five hundred short Stories. Every number is replete with useful information and Amusement, comprising Tales, Sketches, Biography, Anecdotes, Statistics, Facts, Recipes, Hints, Science, Art, Philosophy, Manners, Customs, Proverbs, Problems, Personals, News Wit and Humor, Historical Essays, Remarkable Events, New Inventions, Recent Discoveries, and a complete report of all the latest Fashions, novelties in Needlework, and fullest and freshest information relating to personal and home adornment and domestic matters. To the people everywhere it will prove the best, most instructive, reliable and moral paper that ever entered their homes.

Terms, \$2.00 a year in advance. A specimen copy of this excellent family paper will be sent free on application. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, (Lock Box), Philadelphia, Pa. Examine quality and ascertain prices of overcoats at Elsner's. You will buy. A large and well selected stock of School Suits for Boys, stylish, handsome, cheap and durable, just received at Ralph Fendig's. Mrs. J. M. Hopkins knits ladies' hoods at her millinery store. NOTICE is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, December 1st, 1886, the undersigned Banking Houses will be open for business at 8 a. m., and will close at 4 p. m. A. McCoy & Co's BANK. CITIZENS' BANK. FARMERS' BANK.

De Profundis.

To wake at midnight when the world is still
And moonless darkness broods on all around,
When the loud ticking clock and cricket shrill
Makes the weird silence only more profound.
To wake and hear the lonesome autumn rain
Beat fitfully against the window-pane,
While in his kennel whines the restless hound
And lonesome, ghostly winds go wailing round
and round.

To lie with aching eyes that cannot sleep
Because of visions that do not fill them
quite,
Writhings of the past in panoramic sweep
Of wan-eyed phantoms trailing through the
night,
To hear the death-watch sound its measured
beat
And count the graves we've passed with
trembling feet,
To search abysses for one guiding ray
And wander up and down and search in vain
away.

This is to drink of grief's ecstatic wine
In melancholy's cypress-shaded vale,
Where autumn leaves are always drifting
down,
And autumn winds eternally bewail.
This is to pass the threshold of that door
Above which one hath writ "hope never-
more."

To walk a demon round in ceaseless pain,
And cry to senseless walls, and beat on bars
in vain.
Poor captive, in thine own inferno lost,
Think'st thou thy prison hinges ne'er will
turn?
Think'st thou, the circling mountain summits
crossed,
No happy suns on happier lands will burn?
Hush, hush thou, heart. Know, for thine egress
fair,
Hop'st thou through sleep a wide, enchanted
stair,
Then close sad eyes, fold tired hands so wan,
And wake a-top in flush and glow of rose-red
dawn.

—Mrs. L. A. McGaffey.

A COMICAL ADVENTURE.

An American Imprisoned and Fined for Joking in Bad German.

Some time ago a successful but somewhat impudent young man, residing in the valley of the Mississippi, married a beautiful maiden who had fled from a convent in order to share the joy and burden of life with him. It was determined that the wedding trip should comprise a tour of Europe. The excursion across the sea and as far as Herbestal, near where Belgium borders on the confines of Rhenish Prussia, was accomplished in a piping and pleasant way.

At Herbestal the French garde gave way to a German schaffner, and when the young American was asked by the new conductor to show his ticket, he swiftly marshaled his knowledge of German, and inquired: "Sind wir in Preussen?" (Are we in Prussia?) and, receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Aus diesem Land kommen alle unsere spitzbuben her." (From this country come all of our tramps.)

Among the Germans of the Mississippi valley the word "spitzbuben" is sometimes used in the sense of tramp. In Germany it means thief and rascal. What was more unfortunate still, the railroad on which the American was traveling was the property of the state, and the conductor wore the regulation uniform of the imperial railway service, and according to law as well as to public sentiment an insult offered to a uniformed person serving his majesty the king in any capacity is a grave misdemeanor, punishable with fine or imprisonment, or both.

When the conductor heard the words of the American he replied with some excitement: "Ich werde ihnen zeigen wo die spitzbuben sind wenn wir in Aachen ankommen." (I will show you where the spitzbuben are when we arrive at Aachen). The window of the coupe went down with a crash, and the train sped on across the Prussian frontier, on over a spur of the Ardennes, and twenty minutes later rolled into Aachen, the famous old kaiserstadt.

The conductor was true to his promise. As the train halted two policemen approached the coupe occupied by the bridal pair and requested the husband to step out. He indignantly refused, and was helped out. No words were wasted. No explanations were allowed. The prisoner was hurried along the dark and narrow streets of the city, and the young bride, ignorant of the language and unable to comprehend what was transpiring, saw her husband dragged forcibly from her, and found herself alone at night in a strange land, amidst strange faces, hustled along by an officer of law toward a second-class hotel, where she threw herself on a sofa and lay prostrate for hours, dumbfounded and dazed at the remarkable scene which had taken place.

About midnight a policeman came to the United States consulate, and, arousing the consul, related the incident, and handing him the prisoner's passport, intimated that the American citizen would like to have him call at the prison as early as possible the next day.

The consul dressed himself and went to the place of imprisonment at once. He found the American in a narrow cell resting on a bed of straw. He told the story of his misfortune and begged the consul to ascertain the whereabouts of his wife and afford her all necessary protection. The consul left the prison and proceeded to the residence of the chief of police, where he presented the details of the case to that officer with the request that the American should be released, vouching at the same time for his appearance at court the next day. The order for the release was granted, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the western gentleman was given back to

his young bride, whom he found half crazed with fright and anxiety.

At 10 a. m. the next morning all parties concerned met at the office of the police commissioner and the consul, fully aware of the severity of the German courts in all cases of *majestats beleidigung* (insult to the crown) endeavored to effect a settlement, but without avail.

The testimony was heard. The conductor swore that the prisoner said "Alle Preussen sind spitzbuben." All Prussians are spitzbuben. The American insisted that the conductor had misunderstood him, and that he had only intended to say in fun that "from Prussia came all of our western tramps." Of course the grave German court saw nothing very funny about it; and, the conductor's testimony having been taken, the prisoner was sent before the *amtsgericht*, where the evidence was reviewed, and from there the case went to the *schoffengericht* for final trial.

It usually requires days, and sometimes weeks, to dispose of such a case, but by energetic management seventeen hours after the alleged offense had been committed the final judgment of the court was made known. The prisoner was sentenced to pay a fine of \$60, in addition to \$40 in costs and he was warned that the mild and merciful sentence was owing to his ignorance of the law and the true meaning of the offensive phrase by which he had insulted a uniformed servant of his majesty the king.

The prisoner eagerly settled the demands of the court and started at once with his bride for the railway station. As the train moved away he opened the window of his compartment and said, in somewhat muffled tones, to the consul: "Mum is my name until I get out of this country, but I'll watch for the frontier, and when we cross it I'll open my mouth as wide as the delta of the Mississippi and shout: 'Thank God, we are safe once more!'" — *Washington Republican*.

A Curious Savings Bank.

Some years ago, an old wooden bridge spanned the Schuylkill river at the foot of Penn street, Reading, Pa. In the course of time a more substantial structure was deemed necessary, and the timbers of the old bridge were carefully taken apart, and reserved for use in repairing and rebuilding the smaller county bridges. While preparing some of this old timber for its new use, a few days ago, it became necessary to saw off several feet from a heavy piece, which was to be used as a girder in a small bridge under contemplation. When the end portion dropped to the ground, the workman was astonished to hear a jingling sound as of gold and silver coin. A summons of such good omen insured a speedy investigation, which resulted in finding eagles, half eagles, silver dollars, halves, and quarters mixed together in careless confusion. The source of supply was found in a section about eighteen inches in length and five inches deep, which had been hollowed out of the log with auger and chisel. An inch thick cover had been fitted over the opening so cleverly and sealed with so much care that detection, other than accidental, was hardly possible. The treasure had been confined in a home-knit woolen stocking, and as the saw cut off the toe, a part of the contents was discharged.

The value of the deposit, though reported to be considerable, was not made public. The money was probably hidden away a number of years ago, as specimens of three, five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cent scrip, nicely folded up in a piece of writing paper, were among the contents. Not a line indicated the ownership. The question of possession is consequently divided as to whether it should go to the workman who discovered it, the owner of the timber, or the county. The finder probably inclines to the first suggestion.

We Pause to Hesitate.

When it becomes necessary to call a larger man a liar.

When the assessor asks if there are any dogs concealed under the house.

When an undertaker asks us to patronize him as liberally as possible.

When the clergyman hints that he would not be averse to eating dinner with us.

When a bore enters our office, puts his feet on the table, and expects us to spare his life.

When the butcher asks us if we won't just settle that little matter now and be done with it.

When we are asked to join a temperance society by a man whose breath smells like free lunch and a brewery.

When we are expected to eat the same old hash three times a day and lay aside the nails and things we find in it.

When our beloved wife requests us to get up and light the fire about three hours before daylight on a cold morning.

When the dentist attempts to beguile us into his parlors where the painless system is in vogue. It is universally conceded that nothing hurts so much as painless dentistry.

Nevada is the paradise of the school teacher, where the average salary is \$140 per month for males and \$96 for women.

MISSING LINKS.

A movement is on foot to erect a statue of Gen. Robert Toombs, at Atlanta, Ga.

China has 563 books on behavior, 361 of which refer directly to the ceremonial of dining.

At Penobscot, Me., a poster announcing a church festival had this postscript: "No flirting allowed."

Dan Rice, the one time noted circus clown, is lecturing in Texas, and is said to receive \$500 a week for his oratorical ground and lofty tumbling.

Grace Hubbard, a graduate of the Iowa University, has adopted the profession of civil engineer and is employed by the United States government survey in Montana to make maps.

A revolver in a glass case, surrounded by pictures of beats and surmounted by the motto, "Pay or Pray," aids a Nebraska photographer in conducting his business on the cash plan.

Ex-Senator Bradbury of Maine, who served with Webster, is 82 years old, but has a firm step and bears few marks of great age. He was a collegemate of Hawthorne and Longfellow at Bowdoin.

Judge Noah Davis was asked to write an opinion in favor of a proposed marriage-license law. His answer was: "I believe true public policy requires that marriage should be made easy and divorce next to impossible."

Hereafter all the Chinese going over the southern division of the Grand Trunk Railroad will be passed in bond, and the conductors will be held responsible to see that none of the Mongolians are allowed to stop in Canada.

Boston experts criticize Howell's last story, where he gives a carefully elaborated scene in a police station, but represents the captain as asking the young woman who makes a complaint to him what her age, height and weight are.

The cost of suppressing locusts in Cyprus since the British occupation amounts to over \$330,000. But the government engineer states that, large as the expenditure has been, it is certain that it has already been recovered by the island many times over in the value of the crops saved.

A discussion going on in Boston as to who is the oldest living member of the Masonic fraternity in New England has brought forth the names of several who have belonged to the order for more than half a century, among them David McDaniels, of Morristown, Vt., who joined in 1812, when twenty-one years old.

The usual story of the remarkable travels of a pin is at hand. This time the scene is laid in Newton, Iowa, where thirteen years ago Mrs. Cyrus Gage dropped a pin in her ear. The pin in course of time dropped into her throat and was swallowed. The other day a doctor took it out of her left leg near the ankle.

One of the most ingenious processes which has lately come into vogue in the treatment of iron—an Austrian invention—is that of giving to the metal a silver surface, this being effected by first covering the iron with mercury and then silver by the galvanic process. By heating to 300 degrees, C., the mercury evaporates and the silver layer is fixed.

"Lord Rowton," says the *London World*, "is very angry about the publication of Lord Beaconsfield's early letters. He regards it as a direct and unwarrantable infringement of his rights as his late chief literary executor, and as calculated to diminish the interest of the great work which has occupied his exclusive attention during the last two years."

Henner, the Alsatian, is one of the few artists in Paris who sell all their pictures for good prices in hard times as well as good. To a friend who admiringly remarked to him that he must be making \$40,000 a year, "Very likely," he said; "I keep no account of it. But I might earn still more if I were not bothered and hindered. These bourgeois are such cattle."

The "Old Reliable" is under the management of Norm. Warner & Sons. They keep constantly on hand an extensive stock of stoves, in great variety, hardware, agricultural implements, etc. They know when, where and how to buy, and put their goods on the market at bottom prices.

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 at 25 c. per box by F. L.