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NUMBER 1

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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BY
SAS. W. McEWEN

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Half column	10.00
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Eight	2.50
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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 points of the State. 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 P. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public.
THOMPSON & BROTHER,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Practices in all the Courts.

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

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

Sept. 10, 1886.

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.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Bazay,
RENSSELAER IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.
OFFICE, in Makeever's New Block. Residence at Makeever House.
July 11, 1884.

J. H. LOUGHRIEDE
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in the new Leopold Block, second floor, second door right-hand side of hall:
Ten per cent. interest will be added to all accounts running unsettled longer than three months.

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. SEARS
President. Vice-President. Cashier.
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Certificates bearing interest issued; Exchange bought and sold; Money loaned on farms at lowest rates and on most favorable terms.
April 1885.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.

Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 128 Fulton Street, N. Y.

A STARTLING STORY.

THE TALE THAT AN OLD FRENCHMAN TOLD BETWEEN HIS CUPS OF GIN.

Philadelphia North American: Charles De L. Armon, who has been staying under an assumed name at the Girard House for some days, has, if he may be believed, a most remarkable history, which is about to have added to it one of the most startling passages that it has known. Warmed by a combination of gin, champagne and cognac which he had imbibed, the taciturn old man became garrulous the evening before his departure from the city last week, and, after talking to a North American reporter in a rambling way about "La Belle France" for some time, suddenly became mysterious in his manner, and, with a word or two of invitation, led the way to his room on an upper floor.

"I never go in an elevator," said he, as he paused a moment at the top of the first flight of stairs to anathematize his short breath. "They give me the horrors."

"Why?" asked the reporter.

"I think too much when in them of the Commune. It has a story that was never known."

"What is that?"

"Wait till we are in my room, when I will tell you what I can and no more, for I must not put my neck under the knife."

"They'd chop your head off over the e if they got hold of you, then, would they?" was asked when the room had been reached and the old man had seated himself and his visitor, one on each side of the wash-stand, which stood in the middle of the room and bore a black bottle, a paper of sugar and two tumblers. The old man didn't answer for a moment. He was interested in the bottle, which was yet more than half full of gin.

"It's as cold as —!"

He had pulled a pitcher from under the corner of the bed and stuck his finger into the water. Then he called a waiter and sent for a pitcher of hot water, and until it came which it did in a remarkably short space of time, he spent the minutes in cursing the slowness of hotel waiters in general, d t at one in particular. A steaming glass of gin and water set up a grateful odor to the old man's nostrils and he sipped it slowly.

Then he pulled a lemon from his coat-tail pocket, and, after plucking a pen-knife into it half a dozen times, squeezed it over the glass. A little more sugar and it was satisfactory; and then he pushed the whole batch—bottle, pitcher, sugar, lemon and water—toward his visitor, with an air which seemed to say that hospitality's mission had been fulfilled. The reporter didn't care for gin, but he satisfied his host by mixing a glassful of hot water and sugar with an imaginary stiffness from the bottle, and then repeated his former question:

"They'd slice your head off, wo'd they?"

"No, I guess not. Not now. There's been a time when they would, and who knows but it again may come? France is so much for change. It was in the Empire that they would have had my life, and why?" and the old Frenchman leaned forward with his eyes gleaming like balls of fire, and hissed between his teeth: "For that I fought for the Republic."

"Yes, it was a thing of danger to do when I fought. It was in beautiful Paris, ground down by the last Napoleon. Three brave hearts and I swore that Par's and our dear France should be free, and we went in the night to the palace where the Emperor slept. I knew its passages well, for I did service there before; and we made our way near to the chamber where the despot slept. But we were too brave, and Louis Petolet, who walked with me, fell before a sabre. On the spot, too, were his brother Francois and our compan-

ion, Pierre Amoulie, caught by the hirelings of the house, while I alone made safe my escape from the passage where we were surprised. But I did not go free from the palace. We three were bound with a chain toge her and thrown into a dungeon. First Pierre was taken away. When he had been gone, so near as we in the dark could tell, three days he was brought to us again. He told where he had been. It was in an iron cage, with a closed floor and top and barred sides. It hung beside a beautiful room, wherein a guard of soldiers sat, and where sometimes the Emperor would come. Pierre crouched for a day on the floor and then slept there at night. The next day he found fastened to the bars one small tablet. Then he saw it was lettered and his sentence was there—a sentence of death. It read this way:

"Three days in the cage. Three days with your fellows. Three days to sink into the water, and three days to boil to death."

"It was then for three days that he was in the cage. The third day it was that the cage was let slowly down through a long, deep flue, and Pierre found that he had been put into water, with but just the room to keep his head above.

Then he was brought to us back, and he was nearl crazed. Three days and they took him. They knew that he had told us what we might next expect. We never again saw him. Then it was that Louis went, and when he came to me back, he told that he was in the cage where Pierre's bones and flesh that had been boiled from them away. He never came to me back, and I was to go next, but a good friend that was made a guard over me, and loved me and the Republic, set me free. He fled from Paris with me and to America.

While I am gone my father dies, and my brother Jean has all that I must share. He will give me nothing until I have written to him a lie. I say my father made a will, and all he left to me. I say I will to him come back or take from him all, or I will fight with him with sabers for one-half. He says to me he will fight with me with sabers for the all, but it must be in the dark, for I am better with a sword than is he."

"Ha!"

The old man had emptied his third tumbler of gin and water, and as he put the tumbler down with his left hand, he thrust his right under the clothes of his bed and brought out a gleaming sword, which he whirled about his head like lightning as he sprang to the center of the room.

"Be not afraid at all," as the visitor started from his chair. "I only show you that with the sword I yet am young. Ah! I shall have in France a fine estate."

"And your brother?"

"We fight to the death. He has said it, for he believes that I have the will, and that while I live he can not be safe."

"Ah, boy, do you wonder that I can not ride in the elevator? It is of Pierre and Louis I think."—And the old Frenchman, who had no apparent compunctions in regard to slaying his brother, shuddered with horror. Then he pulled from under the bed-clothes another sword, and said: "This for my brother. I bought them here."

On the hilt of this one was engraved "Jean Armon," and on the other "Charles De L. Armon."

"Well, it is to-morrow I go," said Armon, as he thrust the two weapons back into the bed: "What must you go? Then good-by, boy."

Idaville Observer: Dr. McAllister returned on Monday after a futile search for his mother between St. Louis and Kansas City, without the slightest clue to her whereabouts. Is it possible that the horrible mystery shrouding the lamentable fate of the missing lady will never be cleared? This is perhaps one of the most baffling cases of utter disappearance ever known.

N. Warner & Sons,

—DEALERS IN—



Tinware, STOVES

of all styles and prices, for
Wood or Coal;

FARM MACHINERY, FIELD AND GARDEN

SEEDS,

&c. &c., &c., &c., &c.

Buckley Spars, Ewers and Binders,

Deering Reapers, Mowers and Binders,

Walter A. Wood Reapers, Mowers and Binders,

Grand Detour Company's Plows. Cassady Plows. Farmers' Friend Corn Planter.

Couillard Wagons. Best Wire Fencing, etc.

South Side Washington Street.

RENSSELAER. INDIANA

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 sever 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 25. per bo

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.

James W. Douthit, Atty for applicant.

February 4, 1887.—\$10.