

The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME IX.

RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY FEBRUARY 4, 1887.

NUMBER 1

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

JAS. W. McEWEEN

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year \$1.50
Six months75
Three months50

Advertising Rates.

One column, one year, \$20 00
Half column, " " 10 00
Quarter " " 5 00
Eight " " 1 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.
All legal notices and advertisements at established statute price.
Reading notices, first publication 10 cents a 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 T. 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. 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
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. 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.
R. S. DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SEIB,
President, Vice-President, Cashier
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Certificates bearing interest issued; Exchange bought and sold; Money loaned on farm 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. ANCKER, 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 CASTORIA COMPANY, 189 Fulton Street, N. Y.

N. Warner & Sons,

DEALERS IN



Hardware, Tinware, STOVES

of all styles and prices, for
Wood or Coal;

FARM MACHINERY,

FIELD AND GARDEN

SEEDS,

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

Butcher spoons, Ewers and Binders,
Deering Reapers, Mowers and Binders,
Walter A. Wood Reapers, Mowers and Binders,
Grand Detour Company's Plows, Cassidy Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, Cogwheel 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 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. per box.

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 Fendigs.

Notice of Application for License to Sell Intoxicating Liquors.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the citizens of the Town of Remington, and Carpenter Township, in the County of Jasper, and State of Indiana: That I, the undersigned Timothy O'Connor, a white male inhabitant of the State of Indiana, and over the age of twenty-one years, will make application to the Board of Commissioners of the said Jasper County, in the State of Indiana, at the next regular session and meeting of said Board of Commissioners to be held in the Town of Rensselaer in said Jasper county, commencing on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1887, for a License to sell Spirituous Liquors, Vinous Liquors, Malt Liquors, and all Intoxicating Liquors which may be used as a beverage, in less quantities than a quart at a time, with the privilege of allowing and permitting said Liquors to be drunk on the premises where sold, and precisely located and described as follows, to-wit: "A one-story Frame Building located upon Lot number one (1) of P. D. Gallagher's subdivision of Lots Nos. four (4), five (5), and six (6), in Block number twelve (12), of the original plat of the Town of Remington, which is laid out upon a part of the south half of the north-west quarter of section No. thirty, township twenty-seven north, range six west, in the county of Jasper, and State of Indiana. The ground upon which said Building is located, is described by metes and bounds as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of said Block number twelve (12) in said Town of Remington, and running thence west along the north line of said Block No. twelve (12) a distance of forty feet; thence south parallel with Ohio street in said Town of Remington, twenty feet; thence east parallel with the north line of said Block No. twelve (12), forty feet to the west boundary line of said Ohio street, and thence north along the west line of said Ohio street, twenty feet to the place of beginning. The said Building fronts east on Ohio street in said Town of Remington. Said application will ask for a License as above mentioned, for a period of one year. TIMOTHY O'CONNOR.
James W. Douthit, Atty for applicant.
February 4, 1887.—\$10.

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. Warned 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 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, and that one in particular. A steaming glass of gin and water sent 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 plunging 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 not water and sugar with an imaginary stiffness from the bottle, and then repeated his former question:

"They'd slice your head off, would 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 saber. On the spot, too, were his brother Francois and our companion,

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 together 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. When he was brought to us back, and he was nearly 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.