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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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JAS. W. McEWEEN

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E. L. Hollingsworth.

A. McCoy & Co.,
BANKERS

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

RENSSELAER, IND.

Do a full range of 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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Attorney-at-Law

RENSSELAER, INDIANA

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THOMPSON & BROTHER,

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Practice in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,

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We pay particular attention to paying taxes, selling, and leasing lands. v2 n28

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Attorney-at-Law.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Money to loan on long time at low interest. Sept. 10, 86.

JAMES W. DOUTHET,

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Office up stairs, in Makeover's new building, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND, WILLIAM B. AUSTIN,

HAMMOND & AUSTIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office on second floor of Leopold's Block, corner of Washington and VanRensselaer streets. William B. Austin purchases, sells, and leases real estate, pays taxes and deals in negotiable instruments. May 27, '87.

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 Makeover's New Block. Residence at Makeover 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.

DR. I. B. WASHBURN

Physician & Surgeon,

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

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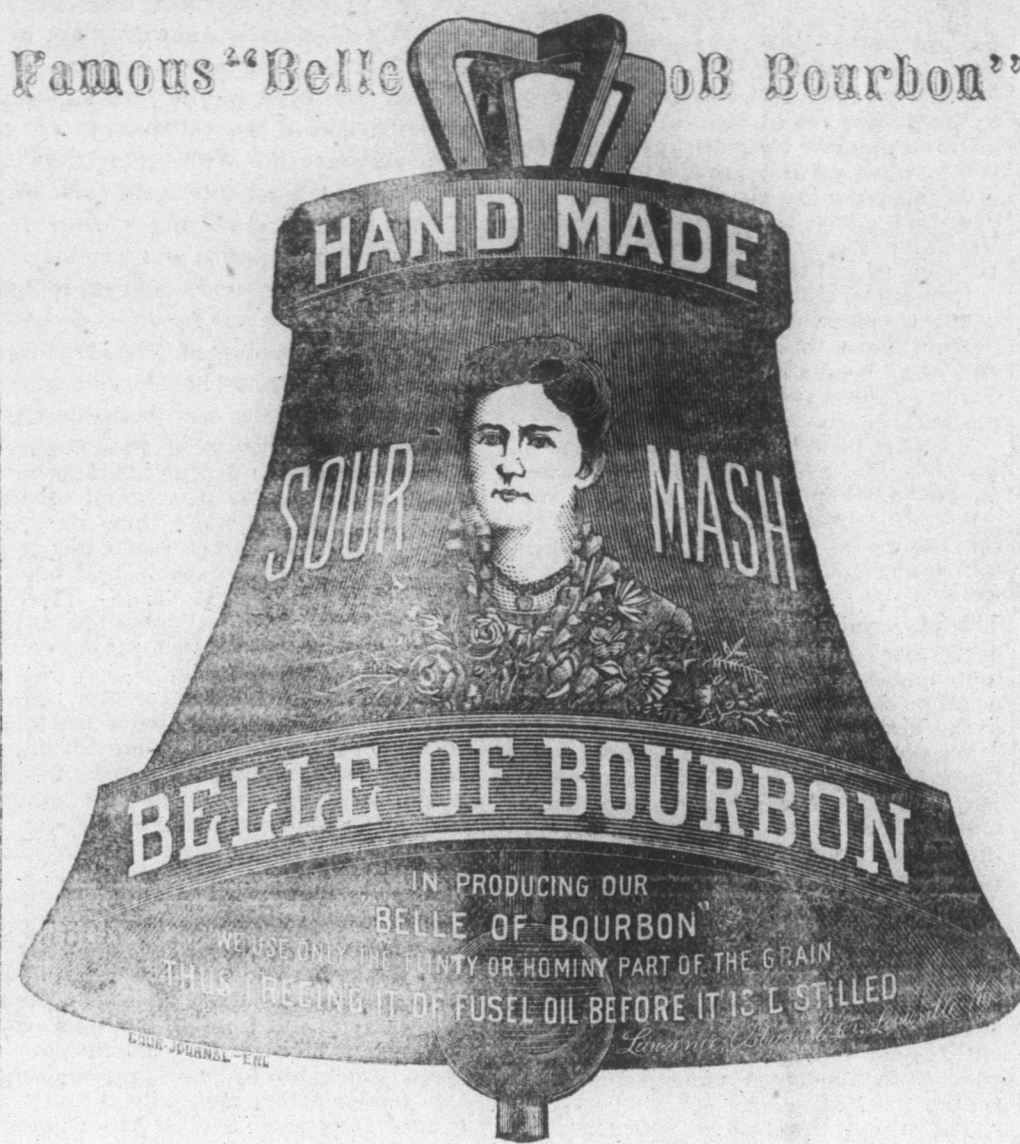
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DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS: Certificates bearing interest issued; Exchange bought and sold; Money loaned on farms at low rates and on mortgages favorable to April 85

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Famous "Belle of Bourbon"



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—DEALERS IN—

Hardware,

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of all styles and sizes, for
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SEEDS

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

Reapers, Mowers and Binders,
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Walter A. Wood Reapers, Mowers and Binders,
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RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Shakespeare Study.

Among the many solemn humbugs by which the world is fooled, there is not one more shallow than the pretense of some tragic drama to be considered what are called "students of Shakespeare." If this claim means anything, it presumes that the works of this poet are of such mystic and misty profundity that deep research and kindred inspiration are required to discover his hidden meaning, and these actors are ordained to expound this bible of the stage. Humbug! A tragedy is a great literary effort designed, not to be read or meditated upon, but to be represented before a mixed audience. Its language, therefore, should be clear and unmistakable as it flows from the mouths of the speakers; its action should be clear and perspicuous. If it is not so, then the poet is all at fault. He is not a prophet; his business is not to tell lies about what is to be; so he has no reason to be obscure. There are no two ways about him; he has no reason for misleading or for mystifying the people.

The so-called student of Shakespeare is a narrow-minded fellow who seeks to torture the palpable meaning of trivial passages into what are termed "new readings" for the purpose of rendering himself conspicuous at the expense of the poet, to whom he imputes obscurity, the very worst fault a dramatist can exhibit. If such fellows could arouse the sleeping spirit of the grand old man, recall him like the ghost in "Hamlet" to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and then submit to him their new readings, I can imagine his reply.

"What on earth does it matter? Either interpretation will serve. I cannot remember which I intended. My dramas were written under the spur of necessity to meet the crying needs of the theater of which I was one of the managers. They will be found to contain errors and blemishes. Let them be so, and do not encourage infatuated worshippers to turn defects into beauties. Nature is full of imperfections, and if it pleased the great author to leave this work so to eternity, why seek perfection in every miserable little heap of dust? These trivial details you bring to my notice do not affect the purpose and shape of my play; and if they concern neither the action nor the passion nor the characters, why make so much ado about nothing? I am neither honored nor flattered by the blind worship bestowed upon my works by some writers. If my existence had depended upon these text grubbers, I should have been shelved two centuries ago between Ben Johnson and Massinger, or buried with Beaumont and Fletcher. I owe my existence to the stage, to the actor. No dramatic poet has any existence in the closet. Out of my thirty-six plays, about a dozen survive. The rest are preserved for the admiration of those who never read them. Each of the dozen will be found to afford a conspicuous and all-absorbing character for the great actor or actress. Whenever a well-written play affords such an opportunity, it will hold its life on the stage.

"The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and 'Love's Labor Lost' are read as a matter of duty to the author of 'Hamlet' and 'Othello.' I owe my existence to such actors as Edmund Kean and Garrick, who joined spirits with me, embraced my passion, and embodied my characters. They changed my language and reshaped my work to fit their qualities, and they did it well. This is the way to study Shakespeare."

The actor's power to represent a passion is a gift, not a deliberate artistic effort obtained by study. It is a faculty, to be developed and improved by practice. The poet only affords the actor an opportunity to display his powers; one is the complement of the other in the grand result. The actor who is built on a poet—such is the so-called student—is merely a mouthpiece, not an artist, for he should obtain his inspiration as the poet gets his, out of his inner gifts. I, who say this, am both an actor and a poet, and I speak of what I know.

Then—may I be forgiven for saying so—there are some young women whose education has stopped short somewhere between writing and spelling, who are thrust up into conspicuous positions on the stage, and taking refuge behind their good looks, profess to be students of Shakespeare.

O, the humbug of it all! and how the dear world is fooled by it!—Dion Boucicault.

Files.

In a file twelve inches long, the first six inches from the point does the most of the work. In a machine-cut file the teeth of this part are shorter, and in practice will not bite as well as they will further up. This is because of the shape of the files, in many instances making it impossible for the machine to work on all parts with the same effectiveness. Out of a dozen or more machine-cut files you will not find more than one that is perfect-looking, and very few machine-cut files will bite as well as the hand-cut article. For this reason their teeth break out less easily—because they won't bite.

Boston as a Poetry Mill.

To write poetry is merely considered, in Boston, as an elegant accomplishment suitable to the litterateur, and less a special gift than the natural and expected result of scholarship and culture. The charming assumption with which a society or meeting of any description designates its members to write a poem on such and such an occasion is infinitely amusing. "Why did you not come to the literary coterie?" questioned a friend the other day. "Mrs. Dias and Mrs. Anagnos wrote poems for the evening, and we had a philosophical paper and tableaux." This was an illustration of the Boston nonchalance regarding "writing poems." It is discussed in a matter-of-fact way, as an affair quite of industry rather than of inspiration. If the birthday or wedding anniversary of a prominent person is to be celebrated, a fair gotten up, an exhibition opened, or the "Old South" receive another contribution toward saving it from the destructive march of trade, the instigators of the affair all write poems—as a natural feature of the entertainment. Though the so-called "poems" are numerous, the poets are few, yet these rhymers and versifiers all enroll themselves under that banner, and enjoy the felicity of their belief. The genuine poets of Boston are almost as few as of any other city. Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Louise Chandler Moulton, who has a gift of the almost perfect lyric verse; John Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Holmes, and Mrs. Howe, in her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and her "Sealed Orders," make up all that I now recall who seem to have any claim to poetic immortality. Yet the people who grind out their poems to, on, and for every occasion, are as numerous as the prose writers. Volume after volume is published here of mere prosaic prose that rhymes, and is labeled—I came near saying libeled—poetry. What becomes of it is a mystery I cannot fathom. Where do all the dull books go to, any way? one wonders. The number of volumes of "poems" that contain, perhaps, one that really merits the name and retains the whole, is a signal advance over those that have nothing in them but mechanical rhyme. It is singular that in a city which may, perhaps, not unaptly be designated as the literary capital of the country, there is so marked a lack of fine literary discrimination. Form more than spirit, quantity more than quality, appears to take precedence. To "publish a volume of poems" is as much the part of the natural expectation as to read the current literature and attend the symphony concerts. Whether the poems are worth publishing is a consideration that does not seem to present itself.—Boston Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Keen Observation.

A man is never so much impressed with his wife's power of discernment as when he goes home drunk and attempts to play sober. As a rule, the man has only taken one drink. He doesn't understand why one drink should make him drunk, but after a while he acknowledges that he did take two drinks, but the last one was so small that he had forgotten it.

When Mr. Harvey Blades, a well-known official of Arkansas, went home, he had reached that close observing stage of intoxication when a man stops and minutely examines the most unimportant objects and makes wise comments. In this state of drunkenness, a man takes notice of every household article. Every chair demands a certain amount of attention. After sitting down with studied gravity, Mr. Harvey Blades noticed a feather lying on the floor. He debated for a while whether or not it would be an illustration of sobriety to remove it, and remembering that he had often seen his wife pick feathers from the carpet after having jammed the pillows in making the bed, he arose, took up the feather, examined it a moment, raised a window and threw it out. This performance did not entirely satisfy him, for in his mind there lurked a suspicion that his wife might fancy him to be drunk. In looking around for another test he discovered the water-bucket. He knew that to bring fresh water, beyond a doubt, would settle the question of his sobriety, so he took up the bucket and went out to the well. Feeling around and not finding the "moss-covered bucket," but deciding that it must be at the bottom of the well, he began to turn the windlass. For fifteen minutes he turned the crank. "Deepest well I ever saw," he mused, and continued to grind. After awhile his wife came out and said:

"Harvey, what in the name of common sense are you doing?"
"Try'n to draw bucket water. Deepest well I ever saw. Grindin' for hour, bucket not up yet."
"Why, don't you know that we had the well cleaned out, and that the bucket has been taken off? Come on away. You are as drunk as a fool."
"Keenes' observation I ever saw," said the gentleman to himself. "Nezer saw thing like it."—Arkansas Traveler.