

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

[PHIL ARMOUR, of Chicago, has no cigarette-smoking in his office. A legend to the effect that it will not be allowed is conspicuously posted over his cashier's window, and when his two hundred clerks walk in to draw their salaries they always remember to leave the paper-wrapped offender at home.

THE destructive habits of rabbits are well known. In Australia they abound. When a servant enters a situation she requires a promise that at least one day in the week she shall not be obliged to eat rabbits. In three years 18,000,000 of these rabbits were destroyed, and a bounty of \$120,000 has been paid out for their destruction.

THE Augusta Chronicle says that the Hon. Simon Cameron is not the oldest surviving United States Senator. It claims that honor for the Hon. John P. King of that city, who was born in Kentucky in 1799, entered the Senate on appointment in 1833, and was elected to succeed himself in the following year, twenty-three years before Mr. Cameron entered the Senate.

J. M. BAILEY, once famous as the wit of the Danbury News, has faded from the humorous world and is now an actor in a daily repeated domestic tragedy. His wife is insane and demands his entire attention. He must dress her and arrange her hair and attend to all her wants. She is like a child, and he gives her all his affection, time, and attention. His devotion is described as something heroic.

A LADY living at Columbus, Ga., noticed that the dog kept barking as if something was wrong. Finally the dog came to her door and scratched upon it till she opened it. Then he ran under the house, indicating by his action that he desired her to follow him. The woman followed, and discovered a light under the house. She awoke the family, and an investigation showed that some one had placed a bundle of splinters on one of the sleepers. The fire was discovered just in time to save the residence.

IN Greene County, Georgia, two negroes had some trouble over a lot of walnuts. The one to whom the nuts belonged caught another stealing them, and took his ax and made him carry them back to where he got them, but the negro would not put them out of his sack. So the owner sent his little boy to the house for his shotgun, and when the boy came in sight the negro who had stolen them threw his sack down and broke for the gun, and, after springing both hammers, turned the joke on the owner, who had to run to keep from getting shot. After he had run the owner off he went back and got the nuts and carried them home.

BUFFALONIANS are not noted for being very good liars, but the following tale related by one of them ought to startle even a Georgian. He says he was loitering about a country fair in England when a man approached him and said: "Are you working or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, as he waited developments. During the next fifteen minutes the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think that he had had enough of "standing," and he returned to the hotel. He had been doing "stool-pigeon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had mistaken him for some one else. He made \$50 by the operation.

EIGHTY-EIGHT men, who are called "rebels," belonging to a certain religious sect, have been beheaded at one time in Chang Chou, China. The offense of this sect seems to be that they appear in the streets as vendors of children's toys, the chief of which are cash swords, daggers and dragons, each formed out of 180 of the cash coins, strung together in various shapes. They are said to have annoyed the people a great deal by cheating the children, and to have caused much disturbance by higgling about prices, and a Chinese paper naively adds: "Since the above-mentioned cases have been so severely dealt with not one of them has been seen on the street. The people highly appreciate the enforcement of stringent laws and prompt action."

THE British Medical Journal gives the following particulars of the height, weight, and dimensions of Thomas

Longley of Dover, who is said to be the heaviest British subject in the world. Mr. Longley, who is a publican, is forty years of age, being born (of parent not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was not considered large. His present weight is 40 stone, height 6 feet 4 inch, measurement of the waist 80 inches, size of leg 25 inches. He finds considerable difficulty in walking, and does not trust himself in a carriage for fear of breaking the springs. He is said to be very temperate both in eating and drinking, and has never suffered from any ill-health of a serious nature.

NEW SOUTH WALES has sent to the Queen for her approval an act facilitating divorce, which equals the famous Connecticut laws. It provides that whenever husband and wife remain away from each other for three years without personal or written communication, either may get a divorce. Cruelty continued for two years is a legitimate ground against the husband, but not against the wife. A continual habit of drunkenness for two years is, however, a valid plea for either party to put against the other, provided it prevents the husband from providing for the wife or the wife performing her domestic duties. A man, apparently, may keep as drunk as he pleases, provided he gives his wife plenty of money.

QUEER ideas of giving a dying Indian a good send-off are entertained by the dusky denizens of Indian Territory. Five minutes before Otter Belt, a Comanche chief, drew his last breath his friends held him up erect and rigged him out in his best war costume. Then they painted him red, set his war bonnet on his head, tied up his hair in beaver skins, and laid him down; just a minute later he died. Then his five wives took sharp butcher-knives, slashed their faces with long, deep cuts, cut themselves in other places, and beat their bleeding bodies and pulled their hair. They also burned everything they had, tepees, furniture, and even most of the clothing they had on. A big crowd of bucks looked on and killed ten horses, including a favorite team of Fress Admington, on whose ranch Otter Belt lived.

EX-SENATOR JONES, of Florida, is undoubtedly dying of brain disease, says an Alabama paper. He was not a temperate man, but harmed himself more than anyone else. In mind as in physique he was robust and masculine. Rising from humble life and honorable toil at the carpenter's bench, he became a great lawyer and noted United States Senator. His aberrations of mind were noticed some years ago, but did not become a public matter until he abandoned his seat in the "house of lords" at Washington and camped out at Detroit. While Mr. Jones was presumed to be in pursuit of a Western heiress, we once asked a Senator what was really the matter with him. He said: "Jones is crazy on several subjects—on religion, on women, on liquor, and on the Constitution. It is a sad case." This unfortunate man had a lovable, genial, almost boyish, temperament, allied to great strength of mind and body. He showed his mettle by the progress made from the bottom of the ladder almost to the top.

THE recent experiments with the dynamite gun at New York have demonstrated that they can place dynamite in destructive quantities a mile and a quarter off with considerable accuracy. It is probable that the range of the gun may be greatly increased. Also, the quantity of the explosive which may be fired at any charge may be made large enough to destroy any vessel yet built. In addition to the gun, the projectile is now fitted with an electrical apparatus whereby the dynamite is positively exploded when any substance other than air is encountered during the flight of the shell. During the recent trials of this gun in New York harbor a vessel one and a half miles distant was completely destroyed by two or three shots from this gun. The delicacy of the exploding apparatus was well illustrated by one shell, which was exploded by merely striking a portion of the standing rigging of the vessel. It is evident that this method of warfare, should it prove as efficient as it now promises to be, will render harmless the most effective torpedo boat now constructed. There has been endless talk about the defenseless condition of the United States coast, but it is evident that a few of Lieut. Zalinsh's guns, scattered along the coast line, would make it rather warm for any foreign vessel which might visit us with hostile intent.

STEWART'S BONES.

The Sensational Story of Their Disappearance Now Told for the First Time.

The Still More Interesting Narrative of Their Recovery from the Ghouls.

At First They Demanded \$250,000, But Finally Came Down to \$20,000.

The mystery which has so long enveloped the whereabouts of the body of the millionaire dry goods dealer, Alexander T. Stewart, forms the subject of a chapter in Superintendent George W. Walling's book, "The Recollections of a New York Chief of Police." A New York special says:

The ex-Superintendent professes to give the only true story of the finding of the body, and also alleges that the body was subsequently returned to representatives of Judge Hilton.

The remains were buried in St. Mark's churchyard, corner of Second avenue and Tenth street, in an underground vault, the entrance to which was covered by a flagstone, which in turn was soddled over level with the surrounding surface, so that there was no outward evidence of its location.

Judge Hilton had discovered evidences that the vault had been tampered with, and set a watch; but, as nothing further transpired, the watch was withdrawn, and three nights later—that is, on the night of Nov. 6, or the morning of Nov. 7, 1872, the vault was broken open and the remains stolen. Judge Hilton was firmly of the opinion that the sexton or his assistant had guilty knowledge of the transaction; but this was never shown. The Judge at once offered a reward of \$25,000 for the return of the body and the conviction of the grave robbers.

The first clue came from General Patrick H. Jones, ex-Postmaster of New York, who notified Walling that an ex-soldier who had served under him claimed to know something about Mr. Stewart's body, and with proper encouragement would give information leading to the recovery. The superintendent submitted the offer to Judge Hilton, who declared he would never pay one cent for Mr. Stewart's bones unless they came from the body of the man who had served under him.

Jones was persistent, and wanted to work up the case until a range for buying the body. He showed letters from the thieves, and a few days later gave the police a package expressed to him from Boston, containing a coffin-plate, which was identified by the engraver who had done the work. To complete their identification, the robbers sent a piece of paper that had exactly the hole in the velvet cover in the coffin cut by themselves when the body was removed. This is now in the hands of Sexton Hamill, and the coffin-plate is at police headquarters.

Judge Hilton remained unalterable, and the case was dropped by the authorities, but continued by the detectives. Mrs. Stewart differed with her counsel, and strongly wished to recover the body. Learning this fact, the robbers opened correspondence with her directly. No trace of the body or thieves was found until January, 1882, when (as Jones called at headquarters) he brought with him a parcel which contained the silver knobs and several of the handles belonging to the coffin in which the body had been buried. He also showed some letters he had received. They purported to have been written in Canada, and were signed "Henry G. Romaine." With the first letter a \$100 bill was inclosed as a retainer for him to act as attorney for the return of the body upon the payment of \$25,000. The letter then went on to tell the hour at which the body was taken, how it was inclosed in a zinc-lined trunk, and taken to Canada, and buried. It said the features were perfectly preserved, except the eyes, which were closed. The letter which inclosed the bill of paper corresponding with the size of the hole in the velvet, and promised, if further proof was required, to send the coffin-plate upon the insertion in the New York Herald of the following:

"Canada—Send P. COUNSEL."

The personal was inserted, and under date of Boston, Jan. 31, 1873, a letter came saying the plate was sent from there to avoid the scrutiny of the Canadian border. The plate was received, and the General Jones was instructed, in case the relatives were ready to negotiate for the remains, to insert this personal in the Herald.

"This was done at Boston, Feb. 11, 1873, and the terms upon which the body would be restored. They were as follows:

1. The amount to be paid shall be \$200,000.

2. The body will be delivered to yourself and Judge Hilton within twenty-five miles of the city of Montreal, and no other person shall be present.

3. The money to be placed in your hands or under your control until Judge Hilton is fully satisfied, when you will deliver it to my representative.

4. Both parties to maintain forever an unbroken silence in regard to the transaction.

Judge Hilton refused to agree to the terms proposed, and further declined to negotiate through a medium of "personals."

Romaine was then written to, General Jones informing him of the change of things. His reply was soon received, ordering Mr. Jones to break off all communication with Judge Hilton, and open negotiations with Mrs. Stewart. No notice was taken of this request, but in March Judge Hilton made the fact known to Romaine, who respectfully but firmly declined. This closed the correspondence.

The robbers becoming discouraged, now offered to sell the body for \$100,000. Mrs. Stewart was willing, and ordered her representatives to pay the amount. They delayed matters until the figure was reduced to \$20,000, which was accepted. The conditions of delivery were severe. The messenger with the money was to leave New York City at 11 p. m., alone, in a one-horse wagon, and drive into Westchester County, along a lonely road, which was indicated on a map sent by the thieves. Some time before morning, if the man was acting in good faith, he was to be accompanied or followed by detectives, he would be met and given further directions.

A young relative of Mrs. Stewart undertook the hazardous errand. Two or three times during the night he was certain that he was closely watched, but he was not. When a masked horseman rode up, gave the signal agreed on, and turned the buggy up a lonely lane. The strange visitor here left him, directing him to drive on. At the end of another mile he became aware that another wagon was blocking the way. He saw a masked man promptly appeared and brought forward a bag to his buggy, saying, "Here it is; where's the money?" "Where's the proof of identity?" asked the messenger, as the bag containing the mortal remains of A. T. Stewart was lifted into the buggy.

"Here," said the other, holding up an irregular bit of velvet, and opening a bull's-eye lantern with a click. The piece was compared with a bit of paper of the same shape, which the New-Yorker had brought with him to this lonely spot.

"Come; hurry up," was the command. The messenger obeyed by producing the money, and the robbers retired a few feet, and counted it by the light of the lantern. Then they moved off to their vehicle, and the messenger of Mrs. Stewart drove back the way he had come. The next night a freight car went out to Garden City, containing nothing except a trunk, and on it sat a man who had spent the previous night in the loneliest part of Westchester County. An empty coffin had been already deposited in the cathedral, and at the dead of night two men transferred the bones to it from the trunk. They then placed the coffin in an inaccessible vault beneath the dome.

If any one should ever again touch, unbidden, the vault which holds the bones of the merchant millionaire the touch would release a hidden spring, which would shake the chimes in the tower and send an instant alarm throughout the town.

"THE OLD ROMAN."

His Opinion of Cleveland—An Eloquent Tribute.

Hon. Allen G. Thurman addressed an immense mass-meeting at Kenton, Ohio, recently. We find the following report of his speech in an exchange:

The ex-Senator has been confined to his room for a month with rheumatism, but said he could not resist the call of the Democracy to once more, before crossing the dark river, speak for the cause he loved so well. His reference to his old age and to his last effort for his party was pathetic. The enthusiasm of the audience, and especially that of the Thurman Club of Columbus, an organization of young men, seemed to make a new man of him, and he delivered a grand speech in spite of his infirmities. He spoke of the unpatriotic action of the Republican party in regard to sectionalism with deep feeling. He referred to the demand for tariff reform, and appealed to the people to stand by the Constitution. His reference to the President was as follows, and was greeted with tumultuous applause:

"I want to speak of a man I know—Grover Cleveland. I have lived through a good many Presidential terms. I have known several Presidents personally. I have read the history of all the administrations. I say upon my honor, as a man bound to tell you the truth as faithfully as ever man told the truth, that a more honest, braver, truer man never filled the Presidential chair. I say he is an honest, plain man, of more ability than the people generally think. He has that supreme faculty—common sense. If he is not a level-headed, honest man, I am no judge of men. He grows in the popular favor every day, and when the four years of his administration are at an end the people will say: 'You have done well. You may take your seat for another four years.' In conclusion, Judge Thurman said: 'I came in this beautiful weather to talk with you and am feeling better than I have for a year. The best medicine I can find is attending a Democratic meeting. I have been confined to my room almost a month, but as I came up here I felt better every mile. Probably this is the last speech I shall ever make. I don't know, I may be wandering around on the banks of the Styx talking Democracy. I'm sure I shall never talk anything else. As my parting words, I beseech you to stand by the principles laid down by Jefferson, under which this Government has become one of the greatest, best and most lovable on the face of the earth. Be thankful for such a government, and when you sift it down you will find every principle that has contributed to your happiness is a principle of the Democratic party.'

A Great Manufacturer Talks.

Mr. John H. Flagler, of McKeesport, Pa., the General Manager of the National Tube Works Company, recently returned from Europe, and upon his arrival at McKeesport was presented with an address of welcome by the employees of the company, numbering nearly five thousand men. The address of welcome evinced that the most cordial relations had always existed between the General Manager and the workmen. And in his response Mr. Flagler reciprocated every kindly expression of his employees. He said to the men: "Our pleasant association together for the last fifteen or twenty years has so grown on me that when I say I am one of you I recognize in you the co-partners of this institution. Together we have raised it from the little establishment once giving employment to but 125 men to one of to-day employing between 4,000 and 5,000. It shows what you have done with your efforts and good-will in helping me." It is quite cheering to reproduce such words from a man in the position of Mr. Flagler. He is disposed to give credit where credit is due. And he shows that a large per cent. of the credit of the success of his enterprise is due to workmen. Mr. Flagler discusses a number of propositions, and among other things said to the men:

Our country is not safe when politicians go about talking of what the country did, or the South did, or what occurred twenty-five years ago. They are no better than socialists, with their inflammatory language in recalling scenes that were buried when Grant shook hands with General Lee and said, "Let us have peace." The nation at that moment became again united. These politicians forget that a new race has grown up. The young men of to-day have no desire to look back, and the best evidence of this is shown by their quiet, manly perseverance, and in the wonderful development of the South, which is rapidly taking its position in the world. Let the old flag once become endangered, and from what I know of the South I tell you the North would have to hurry to get there, for they would find the South close at hand. What we all want is a unanimity of feeling, good-will toward all, a business government that will be progressive, and, with proper protection to the now large working class, by a modification of the emigration law, which, if not altered or modified, means low wages and high rents.

Here we have it from a man, one of the largest manufacturers in the world, that the miserable Republican blatherskites like John Sherman "are no better than socialists with their inflammatory language." He told the truth; such men are determined, if they can, to forever keep alive the asperities born of war. They are the enemies of the country, the enemies of its industries and its workmen, and the words of Mr. Flagler should be read and pondered by workmen everywhere. The business interests of this country demand peace. Republicans are seeking to promote and perpetuate strife. They are socialists, communists, anarchists, the enemies of the peace and prosperity of the country. They are, as Mr. Flagler intimates, slanders of the South—bloody-shirt fanatics and worthy only of scorn. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the workmen to sit down upon a party which seeks to triumph by methods, the fruits of which, if they succeed, can be only disaster.

A REPUBLICAN paper calls President Cleveland's speech at Montgomery "a bungling denunciation of the bloody shirt." His remarks at the Alabama capital have touched all the organs on a tender spot. A denunciation of the bloody shirt that has been so generally effective could not have been bunglingly done. The fact is, it was the nearest thing the President has said during his journey. His whole course since the rebel-flag business has been very disastrous to the bloody-shirt flourishers. It hasn't left enough of that ensanguined garment to streak the pale air of politics with the faintest hue.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE says: "I am a staunch Republican, but I would be a very dishonest man if I did not say that Mr. Cleveland's administration has been highly creditable. The American abroad has no cause to blush, and I for one will shed no tears if Mr. Cleveland is re-elected." There are thousands and thousands of Republicans who think exceedingly well of the Cleveland administration, and next year, as Mr. Curtis says, there will be a very large amount of independent voting.—Chicago Times.

MR. HALSTEAD says that Mr. Blaine was very fond of the waters at Homburg. It must have been pleasant for Mr. Blaine to meet a drinking question that he didn't have to dodge.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Nevada F. Ardry, New Cumberland, bustle; Stephen J. Austin, Terre Haute, platform scale; Sylvanus F. and A. Bowser, said Sylvanus F. Bowser assignor by mesne assignment to S. F. Bowser, Fort Wayne, storage and measuring tank for volatile liquids; John P. Carr, Sr., Brookston, threshing machine; Geo. W. Coons, Indianapolis, adjustable boring machine; Joseph F. Genl, Columbus, preserving cereals; Robert Harman and J. P. Frowe, Connersville, foot warmer; Alva T. Hoadley, Tilden, fence-weaving machine; Hugh T. Hogan, Albion, assignor of one-half to W. D. Gleason, Park Manor, Ill., locomotive headlight; John T. Stansbury, Elkhart, hair-curler.

—Six boys of Crawfordsville went hunting recently, and three of them were brought back with shot in their faces and heads. The boys thought they had something in a log, and John Harris went to one end to shoot the animal as it would run out. The other boys went to the other end of the log to frighten it out. In some manner the gun of John Harris was discharged, and Frank Birchfield lost one eye and is not expected to recover from the wounds. Also, a brother of Harris, and Pat O'Neal, an Irish lad, were shot in the neck. The Harris boy having the gun does not seem to know just how the gun happened to go off, but thinks he must have discharged it with his foot after he laid the gun on the ground.

—The Board of Missions of the M. E. Church has just formally accepted the gift of the estate of Elijah Hayes, of Warsaw. The donation of the property, valued at \$100,000, to Chaplain McCabe, Secretary of the Board, occurred in September, but a clause in the bequest provided that the property should remain intact for fifty years, and to this the Board declined to accede, fearing depreciation in value after Mr. Hayes' death. The conditions were accordingly altered so that the real estate becomes the Board's at the death of the donor, and the terms are accepted.

—The fires that have prevailed in the Kankakee marsh recently, extended over a larger territory and have been much more destructive than was first supposed. In a number of places the farmers were compelled to haul water to quench the fire when it had communicated to the turf. The burnt district comprises an area of about nine miles square, reaching from Grovertown to nearly the Kankakee river, and extending north from the Pittsburgh Railroad to the Baltimore and Ohio road. Over 5,000 tons of hay have been destroyed, valued at about \$10,000.

—Prof. Collett, late State Geologist, is authority for the statement that eagles yet roost along the Wabash in Indiana. Parke County farmers a year ago were annoyed by depredations of the king of the air, being losers of lambs, chickens, etc. One or more of their number was killed, and a hunt was talked of. A few days ago a Sullivan County farmer named Eaton killed a fine specimen of the bald or gray species near Walker's Chapel, which measured seven feet between wing tips.

—Thomas Fox, a farmer, who lived seven miles east of Columbia City, was found lying near the track of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, dead. His shoes and stockings were off, lying near him. He was probably asleep on the track and struck by a train. He was 41 years of age, and leaves a large family destitute.

—Suits have been brought in the Montgomery County Court to enjoin the Commissioners and County Treasurer from placing upon the tax-duplicate, and collecting it, a donation voted fifteen years ago toward the present Midland Railroad. The suits are brought by the citizens of Clark and Scott Townships.

—Henry Brookman's daughter, 11 years of age, was burned to death at Kiana, on the Air-line Railroad. During the temporary absence of the family, the little girl's clothing was ignited from an open fire. She was burned so badly that death resulted in a few hours.

—Wesley Addison, a prominent farmer and stock-trader, living one mile southeast of Greenfield, was found on the railroad track, near his farm, with his head, legs, and one arm cut off, and his whole frame horribly mangled, three or four trains having run over him.

—At Carthage, five miles south of Knightstown, gas was struck at a depth of 820 feet and six feet in Trenton rock. The gas increases as the drill goes down. When lighted, the flame was about fifteen feet high from a two-inch pipe.

—While responding to a fire-alarm, at Madison, James King, aged 31, was thrown from a horse-cart and instantly killed, his neck and skull being broken. He leaves a widow and three children.

—The Farmers' Association, of Charleston, will bring suit against the Adams Express Company for transporting a small box of quail that were shot out of the season fixed by the game law.

—The barn of Mr. Israel Taylor, a wealthy farmer living about two miles south of Argos, was consumed by fire, burning four valuable horses. Loss, \$3,500; no insurance.

—Judge W. P. Britton, of Crawfordsville, had an arm broken in two places by a mare, which he was trying to break, jumping upon him. He also received other injuries.

—Wm. Emmons, an 8-year-old boy, living four miles from Vincennes, was struck on the head by a limb blown from a tree in a high wind and killed.

—The miners' strike, at Washington, grows more serious each day, and fully one-half of the miners have left the place. —William Hall, a farmer, drove off a