

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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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 venders 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 inches, 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 Adington, 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 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 Lieutenant Zalinski'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 stealing 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, an underground vault, the entrance to which was covered by a flagstone, which in turn was sodded 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, 1878—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 Stewart's bones unless they came accompanied by the thieves in irons. General Jones was persistent and insisted to work up the case on an air-tight basis for the benefit of the public. He showed letters from the thief, 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 fitted 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 to insist on payment. 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 Gen. 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 C. Stewart." With the first letter a \$100 bill was enclosed as a retainer for him to act as attorney for the recovery of the body upon the payment of \$25,000. The letter 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. This was the letter which inclosed the bit of paper corresponding with the size of the hole in the velvet, and promised, if further payment was required, to send the coffin-plate upon the insertion in the New York Herald of these words:

"Canada—Send P. COUNSEL."

The personal was inserted, and under date of Boston, Jan. 31, 1879, a letter came saying the plate was sent from them to avoid the scrutiny of customs officials on the Canadian border. The plate was received and identified. General Jones was instructed, in case the relatives were ready to negotiate for the remains, to insert this personal in the Herald:

"Canada—Will do business." COUNSEL."

This was Judge Hilton's request. The reply which came from Boston, Feb. 11, set forth 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 the medium of "persons."

Romeine was then written to, General Jones informing him of the condition of things. His remarks were 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 sent a check for \$25,000 for the body. (General Jones made the fact known to Romeine, 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 10 p.m., alone, in a one-horse wagon, and drive into Westchester County, along a lonely road, which was indicated as being safe for the thieves. Some time before midnight, the man was acting in good faith, and was not accompanied or followed by dexters, 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 it was 3 o'clock 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 paused. A masked man promptly appeared and brought forward a bag to his buggy, saying, "Here it is; where's the money?" "What'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 iron umbrella 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 mounted off to their vehicle, and the messenger Mrs. Stewart took the way he had come. The next night a freight train went 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 chimneys 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 due severity. 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, that a manly, braver, truer man never filled the Presidential chair. I say it is a man of more manly, of more manly ability than the people generally think. He has that supreme faculty—common sense. 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 here to speak nothing but the truth. The best medicine I can find is common sense. Do not be afraid to speak the truth. I have been told by the Board of Directors that the Constitution is the greatest, best and most beloved document in the land. Be thankful for such a government, and when you sit 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 Mc-

Keepsport 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 be-

tween the General Manager and the work-

men. 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 recog-

nize in you the copartners of this institu-

tion. Together we have raised it from

the little establishment once giving em-

ployment 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 not better than socialists, with

their inflammable language in recalling scenes

that were buried when Grant shook hands with

General Lee and said, "Let us have peace."

The South at that moment became again

united. These politicians forget that a new

race has grown up. The young men of today

have no desire to look back, and the best evi-

dence of this is shown by their quiet, undaun-

ting perseverance, and in the wonderful develop-

ment of the South, which is rapidly taking its

position in the commercial 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

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