

## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAS. W. McEWEN

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

.....\$1.50
.....75
.....50

## ADVERTISING RATES.

1/2 column, car, \$30 00
1/2 column, \$40 00
1/2 column, \$30 00
1/2 column, \$10 00
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E. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

## A. MCCOY &amp; CO., BANKERS,

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

RENSSELAER, IND.

Do a general banking business. Exchange bought and sold. Certificates bearing interest issued. Collections made on all available bills. Office same place as old firm of McCoy &amp; Thompson. April 2, 1886.

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Practices in the Courts of Jasper and adjoining counties. Makes collections on a general basis. Office on north side of Washington street, opposite Court House. VINT.

SIMON P. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public.

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GENSELAEER, Practice in all the Courts.

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

W. H. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, REEDSLEAER, INDIANA.

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

JAMES W. DOUTHIT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in rear room over Hemphill &amp; Roman's store, Rensselaer, Ind.

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

WM. W. WATSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Bazaar, RENSSELAER IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN &amp; SURGEON.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

OFFICE in Makeever's New Block. Residence at Makeever House. July 11, 1884.

J. H. LOUGHBRIDGE, VICTOR E. LOUGHBRIDGE, J. H. LOUGHBRIDGE &amp; SON, Physicians and Surgeons.

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 &amp; Surgeon.

Rensselaer, Ind.

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

MARY E. JACKSON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN &amp; SURGEON.

Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office on Front street, corner of Angelica. 12-24.

ZIMM. DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SEARS, President. Vice-President. Cashier.

CITIZEN'S STATE BANK RENSSELAER, IND.

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.

Jan. 6, '88.

TWO LINES

We worked together side by side,  
We planned our future away so,  
Till love called her, and deeply tried,  
The woman, bade the artist go.I sat alone an' lonely, find  
That toll which once was pleasure sweet;  
Yet choose the path, with sterner mind,  
Marked out before my willing feet.And she gave all her hope for this—  
Our little heartbeats bright to keep;  
But for her goodness' on high kiss,  
Her baby to sing soft lullaby.And I am great and she is blest;  
Life cannot live it all to over;  
To her, the quiet ways of rest  
To me, the prize for deeds well done.My woman's eyes at times would give  
For what she has all else besides;  
Her gentle soul, how can it live?  
Thus trammelled, and be satisfied?With children around her knee,  
A life so simple, so free;  
All that a girl can dream,  
To will her love the quiet part?

## MY BROTHER HENRY.

At first sight it may not, perhaps, seem quite the thing that I should be hilarious because I have at last had the courage to kill my brother Henry. For some time, however, Henry had been annoying me.

Strickly speaking, I never had a brother Henry. It is just fifteen months since I began to acknowledge that there was such a person. It came about in this way: I have a friend named Keltie, who, like myself, lives in London. His house is so conveniently situated that I can go there and back in one day. About a year and a half ago I was at Keltie's, and he remarked that he met a man the day before who knew my brother Henry. Not having a brother Henry, I felt that there must be a mistake somewhere, so I suggested that Keltie's friend had gone wrong in the name. My only brother, I pointed out with the sauvity of manner that makes me a general favorite, was called Alexander. "Yes," said Keltie, "but he spoke of Alexander also." Even this did not convince me that I had a brother Henry, and I asked Keltie the name of his friend. Scudamour was the name and the gentleman had met my brothers Alexander and Henry some six years previously in Paris. When I heard this I probably frowned, for then I knew who my brother Henry was. Strange through it may seem, I was my own brother Henry. I distinctly remembered meeting this man Scudamour at Paris during the time that I and Alexander were there for a week's pleasure and quarreled every day. I explained this to Keltie, and there, for the time being, the matter rested. I had, however, by no means, heard the last of Henry.

Several times afterward I heard from various persons that Scudamour wanted to meet me because he knew my brother Henry. At last we did meet at a Bohemian supper party at Furnival's inn, and almost as soon as he saw me Scudamour asked where Henry was now. This was precisely what I had feared. I am a man who always looks like a boy. There are few persons of my age in London who retain their boyish appearance as long as I have done; indeed, that is the curse of my life. Though I am approaching the age of 30, I pass for 20; and I have observed old gentlemen frown at my precocity when I said a good thing or helped myself a second glass of wine. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in Scudamour's remark that when he had the pleasure of meeting Henry, he must have been about the age that I had now reached. All would have been well had I explained the real state of affairs to this annoying man; but, unfortunately for myself, I loathe entering upon explanations to anybody about anything. When I ring for my boots and my servant thinks I want a glass of water I drink the water and remain indoors. Much, then, did I dread a discussion with Scudamour, his surprise when he heard that I was Henry (my Christian name is Thomas), and his comments on my youthful appearance. Besides, I was at that moment carving a tough fowl, and, as I learned to carve from a hand-book, I can make no progress unless I keep muttering to myself, "Cut from A to B, taking care to pass along the line C, D, and sever the wing K from the body at the point F." There was no likelihood of my meeting Scudamour again, so the easiest way to get rid of him seemed to be to humor him. I therefore told him that my brother Henry was in India, married and doing well. "Remember me to Henry when you write to him," was Scudamour's last remark to me that evening.

A few weeks later some one tapped me on the shoulder in Oxford street. It was Scudamour. "Heard from Henry?" he asked. I said I had heard by the last mail. "Anything particular in the letter?" I felt that it would not do to say that there was nothing particular in a letter which had come all the way from India, so I hinted that Henry had had trouble with his wife. By this I meant that her health was bad, but he took it up in another way, and I did not set him right. "Ah, ah!" he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Henry!" "Poor old boy!" was all I could think of replying. "How about the children?" Scudamour asked. "Oh, the children," I said, with what I thought presence of mind, "are coming to England." "To stay with Alexander?" he asked; for Alexander is a married man. My answer was that Alexander was expecting them by the middle of next month; and eventually Scudamour went away muttering "Poor Henry!"

A month or so we met again. word of Henry getting leave of absence?" Scudamour asked. I replied shortly that Henry had gone to live in Bombay and would not be home for years. He saw that I was brusque, so what does he do but draw me aside for a quiet explanation. "I suppose," he said, "that you are annoyed because I told Keltie that Henry's wife had run away from him. The fact is, I did it for your good. You see I happened to make a remark to Keltie about your brother Henry, and he said that there was no such person.

"Of course I laughed at that and pointed out not only that I had the pleasure of Henry's acquaintance but that you and I had a talk about the old fellow every time we met. 'Well,' Keltie said, 'this is a most remarkable thing for Tom,' (meaning you) 'said to me in this very room, sitting in that very chair, that Alexander was his only brother.' I saw that Keltie resented my concealing the existence of your brother Henry from him, so I thought the most friendly thing I could do was to tell him that your reticence was doubtless due to the fact that Henry's private affairs were troubling you. Naturally in the circumstances you did not want to talk about Henry." I shook Scudamour by the hand, telling him that he had acted judiciously, but if I could have stabbed him quietly at that moment I dare say I should have done it.

I did not see Scudamour again for a long time, for I took care to keep out of his way; but I heard first from him and then of him. One day he wrote me saying that his nephew was going to Bombay and if I would be so good as to give the youth an introduction to my brother Henry? He also asked me to dine with him and his nephew. I declined the honor, but I sent the nephew a note of introduction to Henry. The next I heard of Scudamour was from Keltie. "He is away," said Keltie, "Scudamour is in Edinburgh at present." I trembled, for Edinburgh is where Alexander lives. "What has taken him there?" I asked, with assumed carelessness. Keltie believed it was business. "But," he added, "Scudamour asked me to tell you that he meant to call on Alexander, as he was anxious to see Henry's children."

A few days afterward I had a telegram from Alexander, who generally uses this means of communication when he corresponds with me. "Do you know a man Scudamour?" reply, was what Alexander said. I thought of answering that we had met a man by that name when we were in Paris; but, on the whole, replied boldly: "Know no one of name of Scudamour." About two months ago I passed Scudamour in Regent street, and he did not recognize me. This I could have borne if there had been no more of Henry; but I knew that Scudamour was now telling everybody about Henry's wife. By and by I got a letter from an old friend of Alexander asking me if there was any truth in a report that Alexander was going to Bombay. Soon after Alexander wrote to me to say that he had been told by several persons that I was going to Bombay. In short, I saw that the time had come for killing Henry. So I told Keltie that Henry had died of fever, deeply regretted; and asked him to be sure to tell Scudamour, who had always been interested in the deceased's welfare.

The other day Keltie told me that he had communicated the sad intelligence to Scudamour. "How did he take it?" I asked. "Well," Keltie said, reluctantly, "he told me that when he was up in Edinburgh he did not get on well with Alexander. But he expressed great curiosity as to Henry's children." "Ah," I said, "the children were both drowned in the Forth; a sad affair—we can't bear to talk of it." I am not likely to see much of Scudamour again, nor is Alexander. Scudamour now goes about saying that Henry was the only one of us he really liked.

THE INVENTOR'S ROMANCE

My father was the master mechanic in the railroad shop at Summerville. Our home was unpretentious, though comfortable. My brothers and I were impressed with the idea that the height of man's ambition was attained when he became master mechanic.

Having been graduated from school at 14, I was ambitious to enter the Summerville academy, where the higher branches were taught and young men were prepared for college. I was quite a favorite with the principal of the village school, and he recommended me to Mr. Kimball, who was the principal of the academy, and who wanted a boy around the place to make himself generally useful, for which the lad would get tuition free. I was soon installed as general utility at the academy.

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