

VOLUME XII

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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BY

JAS. W. MCLEWEN

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ALFRED MCCOY, T. J. MCCOY
E. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.A. MCCOY & CO.,
BANKERS,

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

RENSSELAER, IND.

D O a few general banking business. Exchange
bought and sold. Certificates bearing in
most issued. Collections made on all
parts. Office same place as old firm of McCoy
Thompson. April 2, 1888MORDECAI F. CHILCOTE,
Attorney-at-Law

INDIANA

Practices in the Courts of Jasper and ad-
joining counties. Makes collections a spe-
cialty. Office on north side of Washington
Street, opposite Court House.SIMON P. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON
Attorney-at-Law. Notary Public.

THOMPSON & BROTHER,

INDIANA

BENSELAR.

Practice in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,
Collector and Abstractor.We pay particular attention to paying tax
on selling and leasing lands.W. H. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
REEDSDALE, INDIANA.

Money to loan on long time at low interest.

Sept. 10, '88.

JAMES W. DOUTHIT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.Office in rear room over Hemphill &
Horn's store, 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 Van Rensselaer Streets.William B. Austin purchases, sells and leases
real estate, pays taxes and debts in negotiable
instruments.

May 27, '87.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Building,

RENSSELAER, IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

OFFICE, in Makeever's New Block. Resi-
dence at Makeever House.

July 11, 1884.

J. H. LOUGHBRIDGE, VICTOR E. LOUGHBRIDGE

J. H. LOUGHBRIDGE & 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.

vin 1

DR. I. B. WASHBURN

Physician & Surgeon

Rensselaer, Ind.

Calls promptly attended. Will give special at-
tention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

MARY E. JACKSON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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

12.24.

ZIMRI DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL SEIB,

President. Vice-President. Cashier.

CITIZENS' STATE BANK

RENSSELAER, IND.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Certificates bearing interest issued; Ex-

change bought and sold; Money loaned on farms

lowest rates and on most favorable terms.

Jan. 8. '88.

RENSSELAER JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA. FRIDAY JANUARY 18, 1889

NUMBER 52

as a son than a nephew, and now it is to you
that I owe the happiness of my life!"They were married, and the wish of my
heart was gratified, for Daisy never left
me.

Where to Find Him.

"How high is that steeple?" asked an
English visitor of the sexton.

"Three hundred feet, sir."

"Did you ever climb up?"

"Yes, when it was being built."

"Ever fall down?"

"No," replied the sexton, with a look
of contempt. "If you want to find the
fellow who fell down just go back there
in the yard and you'll see his name on one
of the tombstones."

A VAIN PROTEST.

Mrs. Dewsford sat in her own room as-
siduously employed in fastening dried
butterflies on a sheet of pasteboard, and a
magnifying glass affixed in some mysteri-
ous manner to her nose.She was a spare, prime, hard-featured
matron, was Mrs. Dewsford—one who be-
lieved in women's rights, and thought
woman generally a much-amused person-
age, deposited from her proper sphere and
trampled on by the tyrant man.Mrs. Dewsford had come very near be-
ing a man herself—what with a deep
voice and a bearded chin, and a figure
quite innocent of all superfluous curves or
grace.But Lizzie Dewsford was quite differ-
ent—Lizzie Dewsford, who stood beside
her mother with cheeks round and ripe as
a fall peach. You wondered, as you
gazed at her, how they could both be
women, and yet so unlike.Although married herself, Mrs. Dews-
ford was opposed to her daughter Lizzie
marrying Charley Everett."Tears will not melt me," said Mrs.
Dewsford, calmly resuming the encyclo-
pedia. "I only regret to be the mother of
so degenerate a daughter!""Mamma," ventured poor Lizzie, after a
few minutes of silent grieving, "I—I
promised Charley to ride out with him
this afternoon.""You must give him up, Elizabeth.
Upon such a subject I can accept no
compromise!"

"But I promised mamma!"

"A promise is a promise, Elizabeth; nor
shall I require of you to break it. But I
shall accompany you. Where are you
going?""To the woods beyond the glen,
mamma. Charley is going to get some
wood sorrel for my herbarium.""Nor will the expedition be unprofitable
to me," said Mrs. Dewsford gravely.
"There are many choice varieties of adian-
tum and asplenium to be found in those
woods, and my collection of native ferns
is very incomplete."And Lizzie went in great consternation
to sit up in the garden where Charley
was busied in whittling out stakes for
carnations."Oh, Charley, Charley! I am so mis-
erable."

"Lizzie, what is the matter?"

He dropped knife, stakes, and all in
dismay at her woful countenance, and
Lizzie told him to the best of her ability
what "the matter" was."Is that all?" he asked quietly when
the recital was concluded."Isn't that enough?" she rejoined pite-
ously."Don't fret; it will be all right. So she
won't consent to our marriage, eh?""She says most positively that she will
not.""And are two lives to be made miser-
able just because she thinks matrimony a
mistake?" he asked gravely.

"I suppose so, Charley."

Lizzie Dewsford's pretty head dropped
like a rose in the rain. Charley watched her
quivering lip and tea-wet eyelashes
and said no more.Mrs. Dewsford was ready, with a pre-
posterous drab umbrella to keep off the
sun, a tin case to put ferns in, and an
extra pair of boots, in the event of
swampy walking, when Mr. Everett's lit
the light wagon drove up to the door."I had better sit in the middle—it pre-
serves the equilibrium of the vehicle bet-
ter," said Mrs. Dewsford, wedging herself
in between Lizzie and Mr. Everett with a
smile of great complacency.Suddenly her eye caught a cluster of
green waving vegetation on the crest
like point of a rock which overhung the
road."Charles! Charles!" she cried, "stop a
minute! Can't you reach that asplenium
ebenum?""This, ma'am?" hazarded Charley,
clutching at a fat-leaved cluster of weddy
growth."Oh, dear, dear Charles, how stupid
you are!" sighed Mrs. Dewsford. "I'll
jump out and get it myself."

"Mamma!" remonstrated Lizzie.

"Oh, I'll help her," nodded Charley,
springing nimbly on the cliff and pulling
Mrs. Dewsford by main force upon the
steep side of the rock. "Here you are,
ma'am.""Yes," panted Mrs. Dewsford; "but
but it was very steep. I really think
women should devote more attention to
gymnastics. Charles, where are you
going?"For Mr. Everett had sprung back into
the wagon."Only for a little turn, ma'am, while
you are collecting your botanical trea-
sures."Mrs. Dewsford's words of remonstrance
were drowned in the rattle of the wheels
as Mr. Everett drove briskly away, with
Lizzie nestling up to his side.

The sun was well set over Charley—

turned, and Mrs. Dewsford's position was
not an agreeable one.She looked nervously round. It was a
tall, steep cliff whereon she stood, cut off
from the woods beyond by the rush and
roar of a wide and by no means shallow
stream on one side, while on the other
three it was almost perpendicular, rising
some twenty feet up from the road."Well!" she cried, "I never was more
thankful for anything in my life. I'm
dreadful to death waiting.""Are you?" said Charles Everett, as
he rode to bring it. Her dark eyes fol-
lowed him—was it with a yearning love?
If so, he knew it not.Returning he placed the open parch-
ment sheet before her and pointed to the
blank.

She took up the pen.

"What name?" she asked in a low
voice, and again that crimson tide surged
up over cheek and neck and brow."Your—your own, madam," he an-
swered, coloring painfully in his turn.

"Alexia Jernyngham."

She wrote it calmly, in a full, free
flowing hand. And he looked on the
while, thinking of other days, when, in
their own home, he had often watched her
proudly and fondly, as she signed another
name.Throwing down the pen as the last let-
ter was framed, she rose to her feet.

He rose also.

"Farewell—madam!" he said in a broken
voice. And again the dark blue eyes were
bent upon her downcast face with a
passionate, despairing look.Her breast heaved convulsive y once or
twice. She put her white hand suddenly
up to her throat, as if something had
stopped her breath. Her hand met the
golden chain.The next moment the chain was torn
from her neck, revealing a beautifully
executed miniature, set closely in a bor-
der of forget-me-nots, formed with rare
skill from clusters of precious gems. His
quick eye fell upon the portrait—his own
face! And she had worn it next her
heart through these two lonely years in
spite of all.The chain flashed brightly in the air,
the precious stones blazed in the sunlight;
the diamond-guarded wedding ring shone
like a circle of living fire as she tore it
hastily from her hand and dashed it, with
the picture, at his feet."Take them!" she cried, wildly.
"Take them away from my sight forever!
Oh, I wish I could tear every thought of
you from my breaking heart!"And as she spoke something brighter
than the diamonds—of infinitely greater
value than gems, or gold, or the finest
efforts of the artist's skill—flashed also in
the sunlight and fell upon her cheek.

It was a tear.

He saw it and his heart beat high. Yet
even in that moment pride must come be-
tween them.

He stooped for the treasure at his feet.

"Alexia," he said gravely, "if I take
these it must only