

Jasper County

The Democratic Sentinel.

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NUMBER 1

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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BY

SAS. W. McEWEN

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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\$0.50

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Fractional parts of a year at equitables rates.
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years; notices and advertisements at
standard statute price.
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Yearly advertisements may be changed
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option of the advertiser, free of extra charge.
Advertisements for persons not residents
of Jasper county, must be paid for in ad-
vance of first publication, when less than
one-quarter column in size; and quarterly
in advance when larger.

ALFRED M. COY, T. J. McCLOY,
E. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

**A. MCCOY & CO.,
BANKERS**

Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson,

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office for general banking business. Exchange
bought and sold. Certificates bearing in-
stant issued. Collections made on all available
accounts. Same place as old firm of McCoy
& Thompson.

April 2, 1888

MORDECAI F. CHILCOTE,

Attorney-at-Law

RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Practices in the Courts of Jasper and ad-
joining counties. Makes collections on
account. Office on north side of Washington
Street, opposite Court House.

1888

SEMON P. THOMPSON, DAVID J. THOMPSON

Attorney-at-Law. Notary Public.

THOMPSON & BROTHER,

RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Practices in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,

Collector and Abstractor.

We pay particular attention to paying tax-
es, selling and leasing lands.

1888

W. H. GRAHAM,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Money to loan on long time at low interest.

Sept. 10, 1888.

JAMES W. DOUTHIT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in rear room over Hemphill &

Hagan's store, Rensselaer, Ind.

BOWIN P. HAMMOND.

WILLIAM B. AUSTIN

HAMMOND & AUSTIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

RENSSELAER, IND.

Office on second floor of Leopold's Block, con-
e of Washington and Van Rensselaer streets.

William B. Austin purchases, sells and leases
real estate, pays taxes and deals in negotiable
instruments.

May 27, 1888.

W. M. W. WATSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Bazay,

RENSSELAER IND.

W. W. HARTSELL, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC 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.

1888

DR. I. B. WASHBURN

Physician & Surgeon

Rensselaer, Ind.

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

1888

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.

ZERRI DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SWI.

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, 1888.

ZEKE'S BAD RIDE.

How a Boy Tried to Count the Bats in
the Mane of a Frightened Horse.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Zeke was thought to be the dunce of the family. He wasn't dull ~~as~~, but because of his quiet ways and his love of sleep he got to be known as the most backward of the bright Burnwell boys. Zeke was so lazy that he couldn't count, though twelve years of age. When, along about noon, his father would say: "Run, Zeke, and tell me what time it is," Zeke would look at the clock and remark: "Little hand's a stickin' straight up!" One day Jerry, the black man, made fun of Zeke, saying: "Glang wid ye, ye to an know yer foot from a hole in the ground; gway from heah en larn to count up yer A B C's." What Jerry said made the lad feel ashamed. That night he covered his head with a quilt, and said to himself that he wished a bugaboo would catch him by the toes and take him to the bad place.

As he was feeding the horses next morning he asked his friend Joe, the stableman, how he could learn to count. Joe laughed and winked at a big horse named Bob. "Why, you pestor you, way don't you get up onto Bob's back and count them air hairs in his mane?" That made Zeke's blood feel hot in his face. "All right," he said, and bounding from the hay-mow he lighted upon Bob's back. Bob was taken by surprise. He wasn't in the habit of having boys on his back at breakfast, so he started on a wild run. If Zeke couldn't count he could ride a horse as a swallow rides the air. Away went Bob out the lane and up the country road. Zeke grasped a handful of the mane and began to pick out the black threads.

"One, two, three, four, five—" but just as he was about to say six a violent jerk of the horse's head drew the mane from his hand. Nothing daunted, however, the boy began again. Bob was running up the road at full speed.

"Ha! ha!" hallooed a man by the roadside, "what are you doin'?"

"Countin' hairs," said Zeke.

"What a little fool!" exclaimed the man; "he might as well try to number the hairs of my head, but before he could get through with his job every hair would be gray."

But the dashing horse and his bold rider were out of hearing and out of sight. They went steadily on for nearly an hour. Zeke had counted a thousand and Bob's run had dropped into a swift trot.

"Hold on," said a gentleman whom they met on the bridge; "where are you going to without saddle or bridle?"

"Counting the hairs of the horse's mane," replied Zeke, never looking up.

"Why don't you count the hairs of his tail?" roared the gentleman.

Zeke had counted a thousand and the hairs of the mane. What he was thinking about was how he could procure a bridle. His hands still grasped the hairs, which felt so smooth and strong that the lad decided to try and make a bridle out of them. Wish his jackknife he succeeded in cutting off several strands, which he tied and twisted together in a clumsy fashion. A stick of crooked oak, whitened smoothly, served as a bit. Zeke looked with pride upon his odd pieces of harness, and he was delighted when Bob, responding to a pull of the rein, trotted off homeward. That night Zeke ate his supper in pain in bed, but the strange adventure so worked upon his mind that it resulted in good. He applied himself to his books, and now he is professor in one of the best colleges of the country.

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Spiritualism to Be Investigated.

By the terms of the will of the late Henry Seybert, a rich and eccentric citizen of Philadelphia, the later years of whose life were absorbed in the vain effort to get at the truth of what is known as Spiritualism, a considerable legacy (\$50,000) has been bequeathed to the university to found a professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy, with the proviso that the authorities shall undertake to make a thorough investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and publish the evidence and the conclusions to which it leads.

The university has accepted the bequest, and has appointed a committee of five members of its faculty to conduct the investigation. This committee comprises among its members the provost (an M. D.), and the professors of chemistry, social science, and anatomy, and a tutor, who is a clergy man.—*Philadelphia Journal.*

Cause and effect are not well balanced. A man with a good cause often make little or no effect.

No Fun Being President.

It is not an enjoyable treat sometimes to be the editor of a paper, and mould public opinion at so much per mould, and get complimentary tickets to the sleight-of-hand performances, but with its care and worry, its heartaches and apprehensions, it is more comforting on the whole than being President.

When we were a boy, and sat in the front row among the pale-haired boys with checked gingham skirts at the Sunday-school, and the teacher told us to live uprightly and learn a hundred verses of the Scriptures each week so that we could be President, we thought that unruled, calm, and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a

Judge Woods, of Indianapolis, yesterday, in the course of instructions asked for by the U. S. grand jury, substantially declared that Col. Dudley could not be indicted on account of his letter proposing to buy up "floaters" in "blocks of five" for the reason that, to make out a case of conspiracy, it would be necessary to prove that Dudley's advice had been acted upon. This declaration reverses a recently expressed judicial opinion by Judge Woods, and it seems to be at once bad logic and bad law.—*Philadelphia Telegraph-republican.*

to the grand jury regarding election fraud by Judge Woods of the Federal Court. In his original charge the Judge referred directly to Colonel Dudley's "blocks of five" letter, and said:

"The letter clause of the section makes any one guilty who counsels bribery. ** This clause makes it an offense for any one to advise another to attempt to commit any of the offenses named in this section; so that while it is not a crime to make the attempt it is a crime to advise another to make the attempt. If A attempts to bribe B that is no offense under the statute; but if A advises B to bribe C, then the one who commands or gives this advice is an offender under this law; and I will say that there is some wisdom in this provision."

Evansville Courier: The proofs of Dudley's guilt were overwhelming. Indeed no one dared to deny it, because he practically admitted the authorship of the "blocks of five" letter. But law-abiding citizens believed that he would be punished for his crime. That there was no law to punish him was preposterous. Judge Woods himself found the law and interpreted it in his first charge to the grand jury so plainly and fairly that even those who had feared his partisanship blamed themselves for misjudging him. The day came, however, when the question of his indictment had to be settled.

He had threatened an explosion of "dynamite" that would create "a rattling among the dry bones," and it was plain that his threat caused uneasiness in high quarters.

There is a nameless joy that settles down upon us as we retire to our simple couch on the floor, and pull the cellar door over us to keep us warm, which the world can neither give nor take away.

We plod along, from day to day, slicing great wads of mental pabulum from our bulging intellect, never murmuring nor complaining when lawyers and physicians put on their broad brimmed hats and go out to the breezy canyons and the shady glens to regain their health.

We just plug along from day to day, eating a hard boiled egg from one hand while we write a scathing criticism on the *sic transit gloria* cucumber with the other.

No, we do not crave the proud position of President, nor do we hanker to climb to an altitude where forty or fifty millions of civilized people can distinctly see whether we eat custard pie with a knife or not.

Once in a while, however, in the stillness of the night, we kick the covers off, and moan in our dreams as we imagine that we are President, and we wake with the cold, damp sweat (or perspiration, as the case may be) standing out of every pore, only to find that we are not President after all, by an overwhelming majority, and we get up and steal away to the rainwater barrel and take a drink, and go back to a dreamless, more or less—*Loravie Boomerang.*

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There is no excuse whatever for the slovenly appearance of many yards or lawns about the farmer's home. It is not the sign of good farming, since carelessness in one place denotes very clearly carelessness in another.—*Chicago*

MEMBER of the Western New York Farmers' Club sprayed his orchard with a solution of paris green, to exterminate the canker-worm, and reports the apple aphid, which had formerly infested his trees, had wholly disappeared.

THERE is no excuse whatever for the slovenly appearance of many yards or lawns about the farmer's home. It is not the sign of good farming, since carelessness in one place denotes very clearly carelessness in another.—*Chicago*

TURNIPS FOR COWS.—I have tried every way to destroy the flavor of turnips in milk, but without success. I have boiled it, fed the cows after milking, but it was all the same—turnip flavor unmistakable—and as we do not like our butter so flavored, I only feed turnips when the cow is dry.—*Mrs. G. Bournot, Ottawa, Canada.*

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The best Sewing Machine in the market is the ELDREDGE. Call at the residence of Mrs. J. W. McEwen, Agent, Rensselaer, Ind.

The surest evidence of the efficiency of Mr. and Mrs. Brown as instructors in Art is the continual increase in the number of pupils.

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Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

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