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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

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JAS. W. McEWEN

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Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson,
RENSSELAER, IND.
Do a general banking business. Exchange
bought and sold. Certificates bearing in-
terest issued. Collections made on all available
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We pay particular attention to paying tax-
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.
Money to loan on long time at low interest.
Sept. 10, '86.

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Office in rear room over Hemphill &
Hagan's store, Rensselaer, Ind.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.
Office, in Makeever's New Block. Resi-
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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. v211

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Physician & Surgeon
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Calls promptly attended. Will give special atten-
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EMERY DWIGGINS, F. J. SEARS, VAL. SKEL-
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DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS:
Certificates bearing interest issued. Ex-
change bought and sold; Money loaned on terms
lowest rates and on most favorable terms.
Jan. 8, '88.

ZEKE'S HAD HIDE.

How a Boy Tried to Count the Hairs 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 *exactly*, 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: "G'lang wid ye, ye to'an know yer foot from a hole in de ground; g'way 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 pester you, why 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, with much merriment; but on sped Bob with Zeke bending closely over his neck.

Soon afterward the frightened horse came to the Schuylkill River. Into the water he trotted, and soon he was swimming for the other shore. This Zeke had not expected. The shock of the cold water caused him to forget his count, and he was obliged to cling to the mane to save his life. "Anyhow," Zeke said, "I find the mane of some use." When Bob reached the other bank he kept on as madly as before, but seeing that his rider was more than a match for him, he at last stopped short and began to turn the head toward Zeke. Meanwhile Zeke had given over his attempt to count 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 he had decided to try and make a bridle out of them. With his jackknife he succeeded in cutting off several strands, which he tied and twisted together in a clumsy fashion. A stick of crooked oak, whittled 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.

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 clergyman.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Claves 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 five uprightly and learn a hundred verses of the Scriptures each week so that we could be President, we thought that unruffled, calm, and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a great Nation.

With years, and accumulated wisdom, however, we have changed our mind.

Now we sit at our desk and write burning words for the press that will live and keep warm long after we are turned to dust and ashes. We write heavy editorials on the pork outlook, and sadly compose exhaustive treatises on the chinch-bug, while men in other walks of life go out into the health-promoting mountains, and catch trout and wood-ticks. Our lot is not, perhaps, a joyous one. We sweeter through the long July days with our suspenders hanging in limp festoons down over our chair, while we wield the death-dealing pen, but we do not want to be President.

Our salary is smaller, it is true, but when we get through our work in the middle of the night, and put on our plug hat and steel home through the all-pervading darkness, we thank our stars, as we split the kindling and bed down the family mule, that on the morrow, although we may be licked by the man we wrote up to-day, our official record can not be attacked.

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 brim chip 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, snoreless sleep.—*Laraine Boomer.*

A 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 aphids, 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 Journal.*

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. Bourinot, Ottawa, Canada.*

The best Sewing Machine in the market is the ELDBRIDGE. 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.

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's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial Bottles free at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 11-21 1.

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.*

Evansville Courier: The proofs of Dudley's guilt were overwhelming. Indeed no one cared 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. Something had to be done. He was known to be a bosom friend of Harrison, and it would be an awful thing for the president-elect to be involved in election frauds, especially for his own benefit. Dudley's partner, W. A. Bateman, came to Indianapolis, had an interview with Harrison, saw Judge Woods in person, and "supplemental instructions," by which Judge Woods' original charge was completely reversed, was the result.

This is the whole shameful story, and it has stirred the country to the depths of indignation.—Dudley will probably go free, but honest republicans are asking themselves seriously whether a victory associated with such instances of fraud and judicial partisanship was not too dearly bought.

Such paltering with words as this would scarcely be worthy of the shabbiest pettifogger who hangs around police courts, deriving his precarious existence from the filthy ooze of jails. Yet here is a man so lost to all sense of official dignity as to adopt the disreputable functions of the most brazen "shyster" to save a scoundrel whose crimes have brought success, along with everlasting shame upon a political party, from the penitentiary. Because Judge Woods' sophistries are not even ingenious enough to hide from view their apparent meaning, which is to assure Dudley and other republicans wretches like him that the courts will stand between them and punishment so long as their crimes result in republican victories.

Judge Woods says that he is supported in his views by one of the highest judicial authorities in the land. No documentary evidence of the truth of this statement has been published. But it is natural that he should cower in the presence of the storm of indignation now howling about his ears, and attempt to hide behind Justice Harlan's gown. If his statement be true, however, so much the worse. For if Chief Justice Fuller and every member of the supreme bench should ratify these "supplemental instructions," intelligent and honest people would despise them none the less, and the Highest tribunal of the land would have to share the obloquy and unspeakable abhorrence with which Judge Woods is now regarded.

THE DUDLEY MATTER.

Labor Signal: It is doubtful whether court annals present a more remarkable instance of the subordination of law and justice to party exigencies than is found in the modification of his instruction

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."

Every good citizen commended the vigorous manner in which Judge Woods referred to a transaction that had cast more odium upon the good name of the state than the two-dollar bill infamy of 1880. It had been evident since the publication of Dudley's letter that every effort his friends could put forth would be exerted to shield the writer, and when Mr. Sellers resigned his commission as prosecutor, friends of the boss boodler were jubilant, while lovers of justice and good government were amazed and disheartened.—

But Woods' instructions were so clear and positive that the despondent regained confidence. The final appointment of Judge Claypool was justice served to Dudley and his colleagues that their illegal transactions in the last campaign would be probed to the very bottom, and straightway it became evident that something must be done to checkmate the able prosecutor or Mr. Dudley would find himself within the clutches of the law. Judge Woods was equal to the emergency, and on Monday last again instructed the grand jury, this time in a way which makes the indictment of Dudley next to impossible. He said:

"It results, of course, that the mere sending, by one to another, of a letter or a document containing advice to bribe a voter, or setting forth a scheme for such bribery, however bold and reprehensible is not indictable. There must be shown in addition, an attempt by the receiver of the letter or some other instigated by him to execute the scheme, by bribing or attempting to bribe some voter in respect to the election of congressmen, or such way as to effect such election.

"Another point deserves consideration in this connection. If the view be adopted that advice not acted upon may constitute a crime, then the exact words used in giving the advice, whether oral or written, must be ascertained, and every possible intentment in favor of innocence must be allowed a full and doubt resolved in favor of the accused. If the use of money be advised but the particular purpose of its use be not clearly and indeed conclusively indicated, a possible innocent use will be presumed; and even if the purpose to bribe be unquestionable and yet it appear that the design to purchase votes for (other officers than representatives in congress it would be no crime under the statute which is designed to protect the election for that office alone."

It is understood that a large amount of damaging evidence has been gathered, and that a bill against Dudley was almost assured when Mr. Judge Woods stepped in and kicked the matter out of court.—Much indignation is felt, and Judge Woods may prepare to take a position alongside of Dudley in the estimation of men in all parties who do not approve of Dudley methods.

It might have added solemnity to the transaction had Woods closed the latest instruction with: "There, Mr. Dudley; if that does not save you, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"