

Jasper County

The Democratic Sentinel.

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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

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BY

SAS. W. MC EWEN

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one-quarter column in size; and quarterly
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Alfred McCoy, T. J. McCoy
E. L. Hollingsworth.

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

Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson,

RENSSELAER, IND.

No. 1 a few and banking business. Exchange
bought and sold. Certificates bearing in-
sured. Collections made on all available
Office same place as old firm of McCoy
Thompson April 9, 1888

MORDECAI F. CHILCOTE,
Attorney-at-Law
RENSSELAER, 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,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA
Practices in all the Courts.

ARION L. SPITLER,
Collector and Abstractor.
We pay particular attention to paying tax-
selling and leasing lands.

W. H. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
RENSSELAER, 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 &
Hagan's store, Rensselaer, Ind.

EDWIN P. HAMMOND, WILLIAM B. AUSTIN
HAMMOND & AUSTIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA

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 deals in negotiable
instruments.

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office up Stairs, in Leopold's Block,
RENSSELAER, INDIANA

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, 1888.

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.

DR. I. B. WASHBURN
Physician & Surgeon
Rensselaer, Ind.

Calls promptly attended. Will give special atten-
tion 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. SEN.
President. Vice-President. Cashier

CITIZENS' STATE BANK
RENSSELAER, INDIANA

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Certificates bearing interest issued; Ex-
change bought and sold; Money loaned on farms
at lowest rates and on most favorable terms.

Jan. 9, '88.

PAID IN TEARS.

'Ernest, don't you think it would be pleasant to have Blanche Graves here for a week? I think I shall ask her.'

'It might be pleasant, mother,' answered Ernest Trevors, after a moment's hesitation, 'but—I—I would rather she wouldn't come.'

'Rather she wouldn't come!' repeated Mrs. Trevors. 'Ernest, you grow more peculiar every day. May I ask why you would rather she wouldn't come?'

'I can't give you my reasons, mother.'

'I don't believe you have any,' said Mrs. Trevors. 'Where would you find a lovelier, dearer girl, than Blanche? How can you dislike her? And I am sure you paid her a great deal of attention at Mrs. Bray's party.'

An expression of pain passed over Ernest's pale face.

'Which I deeply regretted when the party was over,' he said. 'Now, mother, do not bring Miss Graves here. I shall spend the time in the city if you do.'

'Of course I shall not ask her, then,' said Mrs. Trevors. 'But you try me almost beyond endurance, Ernest. You know your father's last wish was that you should marry, and yet you seem to think nothing of it, and pass by the nicest girls in the neighborhood as if they were nothing but sticks or stones.'

'I am sorry I have disappointed you, mother.'

'I was sure you liked Blanche,' continued Mrs. Trevors. 'I have seen you look at her with all your soul in your eyes. But ever since you came back from the college you've been so peculiar there's no understanding you.'

Ernest said no more, but left the room, ordered his horse, and was soon galloping over the hill and dale, the look of pain still on his handsome face, and a fiercer pain still tugging at his quivering heartstrings.

'Oh, but to recall one hour of the past,' he muttered between his set teeth. 'What would I not give!'

He drew rein at last before a small white gate, dismounted, fastened his horse to a stake, and entered the grass-grown yard, knocked at the door of a small frame house, surrounded by trees, and almost covered with bare vines, which in summer blossomed bountifully.

An old woman, neat and quiet in appearance, answered his knock, and expressing no surprise at seeing him, led the way into a room to the right, where a little girl of about five years of age sat on the floor playing with some blocks. She was a beautiful child, with curly, golden hair, eyes blue as gentians; and regular features. She sprang up as Ernest entered and ran to him, her face dimpling with smiles.

He took her into his arms and kissed and caressed her, stroking her hair tenderly; and yet his face retained its sad, pained look.

He remained until she fell asleep at last, wearied with play, and then, with a few words to the old woman respecting her charge, he rode away again. He had gone nearly half way home when an incident occurred which he could well have dispensed with in his present frame of mind. A carriage came bowling along the road and as it met him, the driver, at a signal from some one inside, pulled up with a jerk. A young lady, with dark, glowing eyes, rippling chestnut hair, lips like a pomegranate, and the dark, rich complexion of a Spaniard, leaned out of the window.

'Good afternoon, Mr. Trevors,' she exclaimed. 'Have you been to Larchmere?'

'No,' he answered. 'And it is as well since you were away.'

'Come on Wednesday,' she said. 'We are to have some target shooting.'

Ernest Trevors hesitated. 'I must not promise,' he said, at

length. 'I may go to the city tomorrow.'

'Can't the visit to the city wait?' she earnestly pleaded.

He smiled, trying to look gay.

'I will see,' he said, and lifted his hat gracefully with one gloved hand as the driver touched up his horses and the carriage passed by.

'I hope he will come,' said the young girl, as she sank back in her seat.

'He will not,' responded the other occupant of the carriage, a lady some years older. 'You need not expect him. He has not the slightest intention of coming, and you deceive yourself if you think he cares one iota for you, Blanche. He is not a marrying man.'

Blanche Graves flushed painfully.

'I hope I do not appear to court him, Augusta,' he said, haughtily.

Her sister laughed harshly.

'I don't wonder you desire to marry,' she said. 'Of course it isn't pleasant for you to be dependent upon your brother-in-law's charity.'

The tears started to Blanche's eyes.

'You say very cruel things to me, Augusta,' she said. 'If it was not for Willoughby I would leave to-day to earn a living for myself.'

'Better marry.'

'I would marry no man unless I loved him,' said Blanche.

'Psaw! You are too poor for such foolish notions; and you are simply wasting time in waiting for Ernest Trevors to propose to you; he'll never do it, you may be end on that.'

Blanche made no reply, and the rest of the drive to Larchmere was passed in silence.

But Blanche's thoughts were very bitter. Kind as Willoughby Withersell was to her, and little as he made her feel her dependence upon his bounty, there were times when it almost drove her mad to think of it.

As Augustus had predicted, the target-shooters on the following Wednesday did not include Ernest Trevors. Blanche had received a note from him very early in the day, saying that his visit to the city prevented his being present; and she tried to hide her disappointment as best she could, wondering that he should be so changed since that balmy night at Mrs. Bray's, when he had scarcely left her side. And now—she could but acknowledge to herself the bitter truth—he avoided her.

Ernest, on his arrival in the city, went straight to a hotel. He was restless and unhappy, and felt glad, when, on entering the dining-hall, he met one of his college friends. 'Sydney Hopper!' he said. 'This is an unexpected pleasure.'

Sydney, a great, hearty, jovial fellow, wrung Ernest's hand with every symptom of joy.

'I haven't set eyes on you since we left college five years ago,' he said. 'When you were so immensely taken with that lovely little dancer at the Variety.'

Ernest started and turned quite pale.

'Tell me what has become of all the fellows we used to know,' he said.

They talked after dinner for a couple of hours, and then Sydney proposed an adjournment to the theatre.

'There's an immense thing at the B—,' he remarked. 'A spectacular drama, with a lot of very pretty girls. I haven't seen it, but a fellow I know told me it was worth going to.'

'I haven't been inside a theatre since I left college,' said Ernest.

'All the more reason why you should go now,' rejoined Sydney, in a bantering tone. 'You were one of the best patrons the Variety ever had, and you can't have lost all taste for such amusement.'

'Why you used to be wretched if you couldn't get to see that fraud, pretty little Sibylla about every night.'

'Well, let's be off, if we are going,' said Ernest, starting up.

'Anything is better than sitting

here recalling the follies of one's youth.'

The theatre was packed. Pit, parquet, and gallery were full, and it was with some difficulty that Ernest and Sydney got seats.

Every eye was fixed eagerly on the stage as the curtain rose upon a spectacular drama on a very brilliant scale.

The first scene presented was a mermaid's cave where half a dozen pretty mermaids, golden, glittering and seals, danced and sang perpetually in the midst of imitation coral, picturesquely rocks, and seafoam made of green tarletan.

They sang of their queen who was supposed to be sleeping in one of the recesses of the cave. There was a little ripple of excitement as the queen herself

came floating forward, more golden, glittering, and scaly than her sisters, her yellow hair looped with seaweed, her fair rouged face all smiles, her rosebud mouth

pouring forth liquid melody.

'By heavens!' whispered Sydney,

'it's our little Sibylla! Who'd have

thought she'd ever risen to this?'

Ernest Trevors did not answer.

He had grown deadly pale, and

was trembling in every limb. But

Sydney was too deeply engrossed with the pretty actress to observe his friend's agitation.

The strange look in Ernest Trevors' eyes, the pallor which had overspread his face on Sibylla's entrance upon the stage did not

leave it even when the play was over, and the dainty queen of the mermaids had ascended out of sight by means of a sea shell and some coral ropes.

He did not sleep all that night.

He sat at the window of his room,

looking out on the night, with that

old cry ever on his lips:

'Oh, but to recall one hour of the past.'

The next night he was again a witness to the spectacular drama,

his eyes riveted on the queen of the mermaids from first to last,

and he trembled a little with sudden fear as he saw her ascend by

the coral ropes, kissing her hand to the audience as she rocked lightly in the pink shell.

The following night he was

there again. A very strange fasci-

nation must that drama have held

for him! His mother wondered at

his long stay, and wrote, urging

his return; but leave he could not

so long as the spell of the mermaid

queen was upon him.

It was the last night the drama

was to be presented. The theatre

was packed, as usual, and the golden-haired queen sang and danced

her best almost to the end. But