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THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL

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JAS. W. McEWEEN

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ASAFRED McCOY, T. J. McCoy
B. L. HOLLINGSWORTH.

A. McCOY & CO., BANKERS

Successors to A. McCoy & T. Thompson.
RENSSELAER, IND.
Office for all banking business. Exchange
bills and gold. Certificates bearing in-
terest. Collections made on all available
days. Office same place as old firm of McCoy
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MORDECAI F. CHILCOTE.

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Practice in all the Courts.

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Collector and Abstractor.
We pay particular attention to paying tax,
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Money to loan on long time at low interest.
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JAMES W. DOUTHITT,

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Office in rear room over Hemphill &
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BOWEN P. HAMMOND, WILLIAM B. AUSTIN.

HAMMOND & AUSTIN,
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RENSSELAER, IND.
Office on second floor of Leopold's Block, corner
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William B. Austin purchases, sells and leases
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WM. W. WATSON,

Attorney-at-Law
Office up stairs, in Leopold's Block, Rensselaer, Ind.

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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. LOUGHRIDGE, VICTOR E. LOUGHRIDGE.

Physicians and Surgeons.
Office in the new Leopold Block, second floor,
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DR. I. B. WASHBURN

Physician & Surgeon
Rensselaer, Ind.
Calls promptly attended. Will give special atten-
tion to the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

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Special attention given to diseases of women
and children. Office on Front street, corner of
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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
at lowest rates and on most favorable terms.
Jan. 8, '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. Ma, 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 heart-strings.

'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 entering 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 bounteously.

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 to-morrow.'

'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.

'Pshaw! 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 depend 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 Witherell 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 Augusta 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 sealy, danced and sang perpetually in the midst of imitation coral, picturesque rocks studded with sham brilliants, and seafoam made of green tulle. 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 sealy 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 fascination 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 when she came on for the last act she appeared excited, and her face was flushed. Ernest knew at once—perhaps he had good cause to know—that the change was due to brandy; and he shrank back in disgust as she came dancing forward, poisoning herself on the toes of her tiny slippers and twirling around like a sprite.

About her danced her golden, glittering sisters, and all united in a final burst of song as the queen sprang into her tiny sea-shell, and the coral ropes whirled her through the air. She leaned out, kissing her hand as she was about to disappear, and then—no one ever knew just how it happened—but the shell tilted forward there was a wild shriek from the little dancer, a shout from the men at the wings, and a little heap of gold and silver tinsel, white tulle and yellow hair lay on the stage.

Ernest was almost the first beside her, and he pushed away the men who would have raised her, and took her into his own arms.

'Stand back!' he said. 'Do not touch her.'

'What's she to you?' cried the manager, rushing forward.

'She is my wife,' was the answer, and none who looked at his white, set face and burning eyes doubted his statement.

She lived only three hours, and was unconscious to the last. She did not know who sat beside her, divined pity in his heart; who smoothed her yellow hair damp

with death's dews. Perhaps it was, as well, for between her and this man with the set, white face and burning eye had been deadliest hatred for five long years.

'Mother,' said Ernest Trevors, a week later, as he entered the library where she sat alone, 'I want to ask a favor of you. I want to bring a child here. Will you care for her? She has no mother.'

'Whose child?' asked Mrs. Trevors in surprise.

'Mine, mother.'

'Yours?' Mrs. Trevors could say no more for astonishment. She thought her son must have gone mad.

'Let me tell you about it, mother. It has been a terrible story for me to keep. When at college I became infatuated with a variety actress, who was very beautiful. I married her. It was not long before I bitterly repented of my rash act, for I discovered her true character. She was coarse, ill-bred, unprincipled, and drank, often to excess. I dared not tell my secret to any one. I could not bring her home to disgrace us all; so I paid her to let me go free, and give me our child. I could have had a divorce—Heaven knows there was cause enough—but I would not drag my father's name through the mud of a divorce court. But my burden is lifted forever; Sibylla is dead, and I do want to acknowledge my child.'

Mrs. Trevors rose, and going close to her son, put her arms about him and drew his head to her breast.

'My poor Ernest,' she said, 'my poor boy! I understand now many things; that have been a mystery to me.'

The announcement that Ernest Trevors had been married early in life greatly startled the community in which he lived. But none save his mother knew who or what his wife had been, or when her death had taken place. The secret of poor Sibylla's stained life was well kept. But a year later the sad story was told to Blanche Graves, who lifting her sweet face to her lover, when he had finished, let him read in her eyes her pity and love for him.

Notice of Examinations.

The examination of pupils completing 'The Course of Study' in the 'Common Branches' will be held as follows:

GILLAM township, at Center school house, Saturday, March 16.

BARKLEY township, at Center school house, Saturday, March 16.

WALKER, WHEATFIELD, KANKAKEE and KEENER townships, at Wheatfield school house, Saturday, March 23.

JORDAN township, at Egypt school house, Saturday, March 9.

NEWTON township, at Saylerville Saturday, March 9.

MARION township, at Rensselaer school building Saturday March 9.

CARPENTER township, at the Remington school building, Saturday, March 16.

Examinations will begin promptly at 9 o'clock. Manuscript blanks will be furnished by the examiners. Pupils will be required to furnish pens and ink. No manuscript will be received unless written with pen and ink, properly signed and completed. J. F. WARREN, Co. Sup't.

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.

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Mrs. Harrison says that Mrs. Cleveland is 'a queenly woman.'