

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

F. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

A YOUNG man walked in his sleep one night last week, at Slaterville, Ga., and when he awoke he found himself at a grindstone sharpening his knife.

THE women of Anam wear a hat that is like a large barrel cover, being twenty-seven inches in diameter. Six or seven silk cords as thick as a quill are suspended on each side.

FARMER CAMP employs 250 Pinte Indians in picking hops near Folsom, Sacramento County. Their time is to be kept by a young woman of the tribe, who is a graduate of the Reno High School.

ISMAEL PASHA, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is practically a prisoner at his residence on the Bosphorus. The Turkish government recently refused him permission to go to Carlsbad to take the waters for his health.

A GERMAN from Boston recently died while on a visit to Germany. While living his weight was 350 pounds. His body was cremated and the ashes, weighing six ounces, were mailed to his friends in the Hub City.

THERE is a negro woman who lives near Athens who prepares herself for death every night, and who is always terribly surprised to find herself alive mornings. She wishes to die in a blue gown, in which she arrays herself before lying down every night.

REV. DR. MEREDITH, who, next to Dr. Talmage, preaches to the largest audiences in Brooklyn, was a sailor boy. It was in that capacity that he first arrived in San Francisco, where he remained for some time and then went to Boston to study for the ministry.

THE big crowd at a county fair in West Virginia had it in their minds that a balloonist went up inside a balloon, and, therefore, when the aeronaut undertook to go up in a car attached to the balloon with a rope, they pelted him with the fruit of the hen.

A NOVEL idea in connection with the national encampment of the Grand Army in Detroit next year already is broached. It provides, instead of the customary parade, for all the veterans present to be grouped upon a huge raft upon the river to be viewed from passing boats.

AN officer in the navy has invented a method of removing stranded vessels, which is highly commended by naval authorities. As a device of this kind has always been one of the greatest necessities of the navy, it seems proper to remark again that necessity is the mother of invention.

THE czar's personal body-guard of private police consists of fifteen specially picked Corsicans, mature and tried men, chosen and trained by M. Celertin Pietri, nephew of Napoleon III.'s Minister of Police. These men have to keep watch in the kitchens and private apartments, while some of them act as assistant cooks. It is intended gradually to increase the corps as suitable men can be found.

A SHORT courtship is reported from Maine. Deacon Marvin, one of the early settlers of Buckfield, one day mounted his horse with only a sheepskin for a saddle, rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On her coming he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty, without much hesitation, replied: "The Lord's will be done."

THE Memphis *Avalanche* tells the story of James Miller, who left a fortune to his early sweetheart, Jennie James, of James' Switch, Ind., and describes the woman as the "slander-bearer" of the chief Sunday-school of the place. The *Avalanche* may have meant to say "standard-bearer," but if it doesn't hurry up and apologize for the work of its depraved compositor it may have a libel suit on its hands in no time.

A LOG cutter found a bottle containing \$1,000 in gold dust near Sly Park, El Dorado County, Cal. He was sawing a tree down when he struck something. He could not imagine what the saw could be striking in the middle of a tree three feet thick! After the tree was down and an examination made a bottle containing \$1,000 in gold dust was found in the center of the tree. It was probably put in there many years ago by some old miner.

SOME of the bravest girls in our large cities to-day are making homes for themselves in but one good-sized room, and how they manage would make an interesting contribution to household lore. They eat the food which they have prepared and honestly earned at the counter or in the office, and the time which they count their own is largely occupied in the necessary and pleasant work of keeping their house in order, and they thoroughly appreciate the privilege of possessing and caring something of their own.

A PORTSMOUTH, Pa., pastor has been requested to resign his charge because it has been found by the church authorities that he used undue influence to secure his position by electioneering at a church picnic. "Electioneering" at a church picnic must necessarily consist in doing the agreeable to the sisters and the children, and if a shepherd is

not to be allowed to frisk about with the lambs on such festive occasions pastoral life will hardly be worth living for some of 'em, that's all.

THE race problem was on the way to a solution in Reading, Pa., when an untoward event checked its progress. A young white girl of that place was beloved of two gentlemen of color and would have undoubtedly married one of them—as soon as he could have gotten a divorce from his wife. Unfortunately a fierce quarrel broke out between the two rivals and in the conflict one of them was slain. As the other one goes to prison the girl is disconsolate and the settlement of the race difficulty is indefinitely postponed.

IN a town not a thousand miles from this city, recently, an Englishman at a public reception was making himself an ass generally by his vanity and arrogance, says the *New York Tribune*. In conversation with a bright American lady there was a reference made to some families of America. "Do you know," remarked the Briton, with his most supercilious drawl, "that it always amuses me when any one speaks of old families in the States, because it is so utterly absurd, you know. Of course in England it is different. For instance, I can trace my family back to William the Conqueror without the slightest trouble." "Indeed," replied the lady with a merry twinkle, "I am surprised at that; I had an idea that you could go back at least as far as Baalam's ass."

THE new military law of France has considerably increased her fighting material. According to the figures of the War Minister, recently published, the French army on a war footing numbers at present four million five hundred thousand trained soldiers. The German army is now numerically inferior to that of France; and the French say that, although the German population is considerably greater than that of France, the male population of the two countries is about the same. In other words, the emigration from Germany has left an excess of female population at home, and has drained off an immense number of fighting men. This state of affairs is probably the real cause of the pacific protestations of the young Emperor and of the cessation of war cries in the German press. And Crispien, too, is beginning to be more civil than he used to be. The fact is, the armies of Russia and France are amply able to make the triple alliance behave itself.

**A LADY BOBOLINK.**  
Mrs. Albert Barker, the Wonderful English Whistler.

Mrs. Albert Barker, who has puzzled London audiences with her wonderful "bird-notes," has just been engaged for a long tour in Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England.

Mrs. Barker is a daughter of one of the old English families, and, oddly enough, the subject of one of Tennyson's best poems, which she recites; and on the maternal side she is closely allied to a noble Scotch family. When



MRS. ALBERT BARKER.

quite a little girl she showed extraordinary dramatic talent, which, however, was promptly suppressed by her relatives, lest she might commit the fearful social sin of "going on the stage," which twenty years ago was not quite so much in the fashion as now.

After her marriage she determined to put her powers to practical use, and, by way of a compromise, studied reciting, determined, as she herself has said, "to climb to the top of the ladder." In this she has unquestionably succeeded, as she can hardly be said to have a rival among her own sex in the branch of the profession she shines in.

**The Poison of the Goldenrod.**  
The poison of the goldenrod arises from a fluffy or powder-like substance, which the flower produces as it begins to decay, which increases day by day, and sends forth its poison around, entirely imperceptible, and the peaceful sleeper inhales it to such an extent as to lay him up for several days, says a writer in the *New York Star*. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike "La Grippe." It irritates the throat, produces violent sneezing, makes the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight, and depresses the patient to such a degree that he hardly cares whether school keeps or not.

**Not for the People.**  
A Mississippi postmaster shut his office up and went off on a fishing trip for three days, and when the public complained he replied: "Durn your yaller ears, but do you reckon this 'ere thing is run for your convenience! What do I come in? What in blank is the use of letters, anyway?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

EDUCATING the boy is the parent's endeavor to get him to choose right.

## SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Aunt Mina was the colored nurse. She had brought in the baby, who could sit alone, intending it to be praised and admired, as all babies are. Seating it on a cushion, she hung over it with solicitous care and pride, while the lambkin, not having the hinges of its unpracticed back in complete control, pitched north, south, east, and west, after a fashion of citizens of its age.

"The baby has not lost its center of gravity," said a gentleman at a dinner of unusual merit.

"What's that?" said Aunt Mina, resentfully; and then quickly picking the baby up, she carried it from the room. An hour after Aunt Mina came in. "What dot gemmen say dis baby lose, Miss Sallie?" she inquired.

"He said it lost its center of gravity," was the reply.

"Well, it didn't lose nuffin' of de kind. I don't want you b'lieve, Miss Sallie, I lose dem chillen close. I jes' done took dat child right out an' zamin'd him, an' dar was de center ob grav'ta right whar I pin it."

Dressed for the Occasion.



Summer shore-dweller (as the buckboard goes through the bridge)—Hang on, Billy! It isn't as bad as it might be.

Billy—I know it, Sam. We've got our yachting caps on.—*Puck*.

Ability.

Stranger (to citizen)—Who is that man riding along yonder?

Citizen—Col. Baggles, one of our most prominent citizens.

"Must be rich."

"Extremely so."

"Made his money by speculating, I suppose."

"No, sir, he made it in the smartest possible way. His money is the product of a fertile brain."

"Make it by literary work?"

"Oh, no. I'll tell you how he made it. Some time ago he stole two hundred thousand dollars. He was sent to the penitentiary for five years."

But where does the fertility of brain come in?

"Why, my dear sir, he had the ability to hide that money where no one could find it. Oh, he's a great man."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

He Got Post-d.

"What on earth is that vehicle galloping in that fashion for?" he asked of a pedestrian on Clifford street.

"That is the ambulance."

"Oh! something connected with the doctors?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are in an awful hurry to collect their bills to drive that way."

"Some one has been hurt and the ambulance will take him to the hospital for treatment."

"Oh, that's it! Well, that's more sensible. I thought it queer if they galloped around after a debtor in that fashion."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Bad Bite.

Mrs. Reel—You have been drinking, Mr. R. Look at your nose.

Mr. Reel—I've been fishing, you know, my dear, and—fishermen always have to take something along for snake bites, you know, my dear.

Mrs. R.—But you haven't been following a mountain stream; you were out on the ocean, after bluefish.

Mr. R.—Y—e—s, my dear. I—I was bitten by a sea-serpent, my dear.—*New York Weekly*.

He Was Only Rehearsing.

Daughter—Papa, don't you know it is bad manners to put your hands in your pockets?

Papa—No, my dear; I was only practicing.

Daughter—Practicing what?

Papa—To put my hands in my pockets, for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married that dude you are engaged to.

Old and New Schools.

Small Boy—I'm too sick to go to school to-day.

Mamma—Then lie down and I'll send for a doctor.

"Dr. Pellet?"

"No. He's a homeopath. I shall send for Dr. Castor, the allopath."

"Never mind, mamma; I feel better. Where's my books?"—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

The Touchstone of Female Beauty.

A company of ladies and gentlemen were playing at forfeits when a wag proposed that all the rest should do as he did. He thereupon took a handkerchief, dipped it in water, and began rubbing his face.

"Now, all of you do the same, please!"

At this the ladies, in a body, got up and fled from the room.—*Paris Figaro*.

A Desperate Remedy.

Tom—I hear your engagement with Miss Roseleaf is off. What was the trouble?

Harry—Oh, I got dead broke and had to break the contract so I could pawn the ring I gave her.

No Doubt About It.

"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?"

"I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling."—*Chatter*.

With Calf Standing.

"I am going to write an article on ballet girls," he said, "and I wish to consult some authorities and references."

"All right," said the librarian. "Can you recommend any references?"

"Well," said the librarian, slowly, "I should recommend 'Locke on the Understanding.'"—*Cape Cod Item*.

After the School Commencement.

"So you have got two prizes?"

"Yes, papa."

"What are they for?"

"Well, I got the prize for having the best memory."

"Well, what was the other?"

"I can't think at the moment what that was for."—*Courier des Etats-Unis*.

A Hard Life.

Benevolent lady (to tramp)—Here, my poor man, is all we have left this morning. I suppose you have a hard time of it?

Tramp—Yes, mum. It's awful hard, mum, to leave a nice soft hay-mow so early in the mornin', or else git around too late for breakfas'.

—*New York Weekly*.

He Wasn't Superstitious.

Teacher (in grammar school)—Your lesson to-day is on nouns. Nouns are names of things.

Small Boy—Is ghost a noun?

Teacher—Yes.

Small Boy—How can it be? There ain't no such a thing as a ghost.

—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Elements Against Them.

Assistant (looking out at the window)—General, it's still raining, with no apparent idea of stopping.

Gen. Greely (desperately)—That so? Well, we can't do anything else but prophesy wet weather, then.

—*Lawrence American*.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Stage Manager—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo.

Mr. Heavy—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?

"Immensely. You die in the first act."

—*New York Weekly*.

The True Test.

"What kind of a time did you have at the picnic?"

"No picnic about it!"

"That so? Why not?"

"Why not? See here! They didn't even sing 'Home Again' on the way back!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

Measuring by the Eye.

Young Lady—I want a pair of shoes, large and comfortable. Two will do.

New Boy (glancing at her foot)—Mr. Leather, the lady wants two shoes, large and comfortable. Where's that box of sixes.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

A Long Good-Night.

Travers—Did you know that Simkins stutters?

Jagway—Stutters! I should say so. He started to say good-night to me the other evening and before he got through I had to invite him to breakfast.

Didn't Need It.

Stage Manager (to proprietor of the theater)—Our scene shifter wants a vacation. He says he hasn't been away for five years.

Proprietor—Well, tell him he cannot have one. He gets change of scenery enough for anybody.

A Gentle Hint.

Editor—If you didn't drink so much Mr. Soque, you could make a great deal of money. How in the world did you ever form the habit?

Soque—Well, I began by taking a nip every time I had a poem rejected, and it's kept me pretty full lately; but I'd really like a chance to reform.

—*Puck*.

The Wicked.

Little Boy—Papa, when the preacher talked about wicked people he didn't look at the congregation, he looked up in the air. Why was that?

Papa—He was probably looking at the choir.—*New York Weekly*.

He Could Change It.

"What a queer name you have, Miss Booglespeeler!" he said, after he had asked her once or twice to pronounce it for him.

"Well," she responded, with just the sweetest smile, "you know what you can do with that name, Mr. Smith."

On His Knees Frequently.

He—How would you like to spend the honeymoon in Lapland?

She—I wouldn't care to. That's where we passed the most of our courtship, you know.

Hard On Bald-Headed Men.

A SCIENTIST declares that "the soul is the oil of the hair." This is pretty hard on the bald-headed men.—*Somerville Journal*.

Love Is Enough.

He—I love you so, my darling, can't you love me a little bit?

She—Yes—I do love you, but we are too poor to marry.

He—I didn't ask you to marry me.—*Terre Haute Express*.

Brown's Pleasant Way.

Brown—Hello, Smith, have you change for a V?

Smith—Yes; here you are.

Brown—Thanks. I'll bring the \$5 bill next week.

ADMIRED HIS HORSEMANSHIP.

How George W. Campbell Won an English Girl for a Wife.

R. GEORGE W. Campbell, of Chicago, owes the success of his love-making to his expert horsemanship. When riding a spirited animal at a "Wild West" show in England in 1887 he excited the admiration of Miss Helen Dodd, daughter of Sir

Thomas Dodd, and the acquaintance-ship that followed led to the marriage of the young people.

Mr. Campbell, after winning his bride, was unable, on account of business engagements, to cross the water to wed her, and she came to America in care of Capt. John R. Dewar, the Superintendent of the Guion, Steamship Line, an old friend of her father's family, to meet her future husband.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, at Association Hall in New York. The young couple are now living in a palatial mansion on Chicago's most aristocratic thoroughfare. George W. Campbell is the son of James H. Campbell, the millionaire cattleman and head of the J. H. Campbell Company of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha. He now occupies the place of chief salesman for the company. He is 25 years old. When but 15 years of age he ran away from home and went to Texas, where he followed the wild life of a cowboy, during which he acquired that marvelous expertness in horsemanship which secured him his bride. While in Liverpool, a little more than a year ago, in a spirit of fun he took part in a "Wild West" show which was exhibiting there. One day during a performance he picked a silver dollar out of the mud by reaching down from the back of his horse while it was going at full speed. Every one in the audience applauded, but none so vigorously as a young girl who, with her father, occupied one of the private boxes. While waving her kerchief to the gallant rider a gust of wind snatched it from her hand and carried it out to the center of the track, where it fell in the dirt. Campbell was coming down the raceway on the full run and saw the bit of lace fall. Without checking his horse he bent low in the saddle, and as he swept by picked it up. He was cheered to the echo as he turned his pony, and riding up to the box returned the handkerchief to its fair owner. Introductions followed through the medium of a mutual friend. The occupants of the box proved to be Sir Thomas Dodd, of West Derby, near Liverpool, and his eighteen-year-old daughter Helen. Between the young people it was a case of love at first sight. Objections to the marriage were raised on both sides, but it was finally decided that if Campbell did not change his mind in a year no further objections would be made. The sequel has been told. Mrs. Campbell is a beautiful brunette, with hair and eyes that verge on black in color. She is medium in height and has a graceful carriage.

AUSTIN CORBIN'S BOAR COLONY.

The Sort of Animals Brought from the Black Forest to New Hampshire.

Austin Corbin, ex-President of the Reading Railroad Company, has imported a number of young wild boars and sows from the Black Forest of Germany and turned them out to pasture in his own forest of 21,000 acres in New Hampshire, where he has had such wild game to hunt as caribou, elk, moose and deer, but nothing to

test the mettle of the hunter. The member of Mr. Corbin's boar colony that is depicted herewith is not full grown. He stands two feet high in front and eighteen inches in the rear. He is three feet long. His bristles stand out on his body like quills. Their color is a mixture of dirty yellow and dark-brown. The eyes are large and dark-brown, and the snout is as black as coal. This is the first attempt to introduce the wild boars of Germany into this country, and is undertaken in the spirit of a sportsman who, now that the panther has become scarce and the bear almost extinct in the American forests, thirsts for game that will be worth the hunting.

An Old Subscriber.

"Johnny," asked Mr. Mene, "what is the address of the *Weekly Banner*?"

"I don't know, sir," said Johnny.

"Well, run over to Mr. Brown's and borrow a copy of this week's paper, and we'll soon find out. I want to write a note to the editor."

And he signed himself Old Subscriber.

BARBER—Does the razor cut all right? Victim—It seems to. That's the third mole you've chipped off.

A NOTED FEMALE ATHELETE.

An Expert in Bicycling, Rowing, Canoeing, Swimming and Other Pastimes.

In the person of Mrs. H. E. Buermeyer New York has a woman who comes as near being an all-round athlete as any of her sex. She is the wife of the ex-champion amateur heavy-weight boxer, Harry Buermeyer. She is but five feet tall, but of so compact frame that she weighs 135 pounds. As President of the ladies' division of the Fresh Air Club, Mrs. Buermeyer often accompanies the members of the club on their pedestrian tours, and can turn off thirty miles over the rough roads at a 34-mile-an-hour gait with as little discomfort as the average city woman can climb three flights of stairs. She can, and has done so when occasion arose, increased the pace to four miles an hour for several hours, performances that would break up ninety out of every 100 men, who grow fatigued if, perchance, they walk to and from their offices. At mountain climbing Mrs. Buermeyer is as spry as an Alpine

fraulein. She is a long distance skater, and on her "safety" bicycle a day's journey on rough roads, up and down hill, is but of small moment to her. When she rides or drives, the horse knows his master is holding the reins. She handles a pair of sculls with such skill, power and masculine action that, but for her dress she would be taken for one of the sterner sex when in a boat. She is as adept in a canoe as a Canadian Indian, and although Mr. Buermeyer's abilities as a swimmer are well known he yields the palm to his wife. She is a powerful swimmer, with an easy, graceful style. She has quite a record at lifting weights, and has negotiated 625 pounds on several occasions, something remarkable for a woman of her physique.

As might be expected, Mrs. Buermeyer is full of animal spirits and is one of the jolliest little women under the sun. She does not know what illness is, brings home an appetite that would be creditable to a hod carrier, has cheeks that would put a rose to blush and is one of nature's most beautiful productions—a healthy, happy woman.

FRIENDS OF THE LEPERS.

The Work of Sister Rose Gertrude and Dr. Lutz at Kalia, Hawaii.

Sister Rose Gertrude, whose quarrel with the Board of Health of Honolulu has shaken up the sleepy islands, is an Englishwoman who went to Hawaii something like four months ago, after a careful course of study, to do what one woman could to ameliorate the misery of the lepers of Molokai. Her worldly name is Amy Fowler and she is 27 years of age. Her first attempt in the world was the post of Secretary to an art critic in London. She then went to Paris and learned typewriting. A few years after this she joined the Roman Catholic Church, and when only twenty years of age resolved to devote her life to suffering humanity, to which end she now began to pursue her medical studies—first, by learning everything connected with the duties of sick nurse, for which she has been given several certificates. Leprosy was the disease that interested her most and of which there can always be found several cases in the hospitals of Paris. She studied with Pasteur and believes in his theory of micro-organisms. It was a severe disappointment to Sister Rose Gertrude that, instead of being sent to Molokai, she was detailed for service at Kalia, the receiving station.

Dr. Lutz, whose name has been mentioned in the dispatches regarding Sister Rose Gertrude's controversy with the Board of Health, is an eminent dermatologist, who has studied the disease of leprosy in Brazil for ten years. He has already effected some wonderful improvements in the patients under his care at Kalia, the leper-receiving station, and the Government has received numerous petitions to nominate him as President of the Hawaiian Board of Health, to give him the charge and control of all the lepers or suspects. Dr. Lutz is also an enthusiastic bacteriologist, and it may be hoped that ere long a prophylaxis and therapeutics of leprosy may be made known to the world by him which will prove more efficacious than the means hitherto employed by either scientists or so-called doctors or leper-curers.

THE electrically deposited copper which is now being manufactured by an English company has its particles rubbed into each other by an agate burnisher, the result being a metal with a tensile strength of twenty-five tons per square inch, twenty per cent. of elongation, and of such purity that when drawn into wire the electrical conductivity is four per cent. better than the standard. This copper is so ductile that it can be drawn into wire of which forty miles will weigh only one pound. It will be used for steam pipes, conducting wires, etc.

MRS. H. E. BUERMAYER.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

DR. LUTZ.