

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

THE railroad men better look out. Next year there'll be enough of baseball players out of jobs to stock every road in the country and leave a surplus on the side tracks.

BLUE is the Chinese mourning color. When you see a Chinaman wearing a blue coat or with blue braid plaited in his queue you may take it for granted that some relative or friend is dead.

THE miracle-working wells of Galgoe, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary are attracting so many thousands of pilgrims from the surrounding country that the authorities have been forced to call in the military to keep order.

A WISCONSIN man won \$10 in a novel manner. He met a lady, who, in a jest, offered to bet him \$10 that he dared not marry her. He took the bet, picked a quarrel with a young lady to whom he was already engaged, and married the fair better.

FULLY three-fourths of the babies of the world go naked until they get to be five or six years old. The Canadian Indians keep their babies naked up to a certain point, and as for the little Coreans, they wear nothing but a short skirt until they are almost grown.

TWO TRAVELING hypnotizers agreed to hypnotize a Michigan man for fifty cents, and after he had got it good and strong they wanted \$5 to "unhip" him. He refused to pay it and they made a skip, and he is still seeing the red eyes of black cats perched on the foot-board of the bedstead.

MOST of the Indians have got the idea that a new God is coming—one who will help them drive the white man into the sea, and old Indian fighters predict a grand uprising soon. When the red man gets ready for it he should select his burial spot, for the result will be a wipe-out. The army has no sentiment.

IT is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so live and speak that there shall be no discount on his word.

A CURIOUS advertisement which appears in one of the English papers states: "Philanthropist—A lady would be pleased to hear from any benevolent persons willing to assist her in procuring the necessary funds for the academic training of an intelligent young man who is compelled against his inclination to earn his living in trade. Please communicate," etc.

SAM JONES speaks contemptuously of old men and women who have gone to church so long that they have "sacred rheumatism." "Sacred rheumatism" contracted through chronic church-going may be a bad ailment, but it is neither so debilitating to the victims nor so disgusting to the public as Sam's infirmity, ministerial hysterics, contracted though soul-saving by the job.

IT is an addition to the great reputation of Samuel J. Randall that, after 30 years of Congressional service, during which there were many times when his vote or influence would have been worth a fortune to interested lobbyists, he died worth but \$5,000. Many persons disagreed with Mr. Randall's principles and opposed his policy with all strenuousness, but none doubted his honesty.

A MORMON elder gives his view that the proclamation of the Mormon President against polygamy will be welcomed in the household of a great majority of the Mormon saints in Utah. "The practice of polygamy in our church," he says, "has been dying out ever since the death of Brigham Young, from whom it derived its strength." This Mormon elder's view agrees with the figures reported by the census taken in Utah.

WHEN Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher went out as a bride to her husband's first parish in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the young couple began house-keeping in a small domicile of two rooms over a stable, costing them forty dollars a year, and she sold some of her wedding fineries to help to furnish this bare abode. One old room of a barn-like building served as the church, and on Saturday afternoons it was Mrs. Beecher's part to sweep and dust it, and fill the lard-oil lamps, while the minister chopped the wood, cut the kindlings, and laid the fires.

AMONG the residents of New York City is a wealthy old lady who has a habit of sending handsome gifts of money to needy persons whom she believes to be doing worthy work in literature, or art, or the pulpit. She does so in the most private way, desiring that only the beneficiaries shall be aware of her deeds, and seeking only to be useful in her life and seclusion. She acts solely upon her own judgment in each case. The banker through whom she sends checks to the recipients of her bounty says he alone keeps account of the depth of the exchequer from which she draws.

A COMPETITION for new designs for United States coins will soon be opened, and every sculptor in America who pos-

sesses both talent and patriotism should certainly enter it. Designs for the standard silver dollar and the five cent nickel piece are to be first adopted, but the Indian head on the one-cent piece and the figure of Liberty on the dime, quarter and half-dollar will also be changed. Superintendent Bosbyshell, of the Philadelphia mint, points out the fact that the designs must be in very low relief, which is particularly difficult to work with. But the Greek coins were also in low relief, and yet their beauty has been a delight for twenty centuries.

A DUEL was recently fought at a little village on the Belgian frontier in which everything was conducted under strict antiseptic precautions. The sword blades were first placed in boiling water and then carefully washed in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. The surgeons were ready with a corrosive sublimate solution of one to a thousand and a number of gauze pledges which had been rendered aseptic by thorough baking. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, the duel was of the ordinary French kind, and the only wound received was slight cut on the hand, which healed promptly after the application of a small piece of aseptic court plaster.

ST. PAUL ISLAND is one of the chief resorts of the seals in Behring Sea. For about six hundred feet up from the water the ground slopes gently, and it is along this incline the seals establish themselves, the coast for sixteen miles some seasons being literally black with the animals. The males are very quarrelsome and fight for their positions, making a din almost deafening, which may be heard for miles. Here the young seal are born and nursed for a few days by the mothers, who then desert them to be cared for by the older males until they are big enough to shift for themselves. The antics of the young while learning to swim are highly amusing. They flounder about in the water at first as totally helpless as a kitten. It is soon over, however, the seal being the most graceful of swimmers.

AN ADVENTUROUS INFANT.

The Child of Three Years Who Survived Three Days and Three Nights in the Forest.

Wee little Dayton Weaver, of Hudson, N. Y., is only three years old, but he has gone through an experience that will probably not be forgotten by him in this life. His remarkable survival of three days and nights' exposure in rain and cold in the forests and mountains adjacent to his home has recently been told in the dispatches to the daily press. The little fellow is now quite content to stay at home, and is not satisfied to be out of sight of his mother, Frank, the young dog which staid with him



DAYTON WEAVER.

so closely, is in better health, but lies on the floor near his companion. Dayton does not know what fear is, and makes friends with strangers on short acquaintance. He is a thorough boy, loving the open air and taking great interest in animals of all kinds. When asked about his recent adventures, he only repeats that he was hungry and cold and that it was very dark. His attachment for the dog seems to have greatly increased, and the dog seems to realize that their love, each for the other, is founded on perils endured together. When Dayton's mother asked him if he intended to run away any more he clung closely to her and said: "No!" Then he looked at Frank. But Frank was wagging his tail and hanging his tongue out, and generally trying to express the idea he didn't care how soon they started. The portrait above is from a photograph taken about a year ago, and since then Dayton has lost the curls. Aside from that he has changed little. He is three years old.

Florence E. Kollock, Universalist Minister.

One of the most remarkable women in Chicago is Miss Florence E. Kollock, pastor of the handsome Universalist Church at the corner of Sixty-fifth street and Stewart avenue. The church building is a monument to her untiring work and devotion to her faith. Miss Kollock was born in Waukesha, Wis., received an academic education at the State University at Madison, and subsequently attended the theological department of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. On entering the ministry she was sent to Waverly, Ia., where she remained two and a half years, when she came to Chicago.

The church in which Miss Kollock preaches is a pretty brick edifice, costing \$25,000, and holding between 1,000 and 1,200 people. The congregation in regular attendance numbers 400, but the church is filled to the doors every Sunday morning to hear Miss Kollock's stirring sermons.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

"I have something to tell you, Alfred," she said, as they stood under the trolleed portico previous to his departure. "Jack Ashton, to whom I was engaged seven years ago, has returned."

"Of course, he can't insist on the engagement," replied Alfred Vargrave, with emotion, "now that you have promised to be my wife."

"No (rather hesitatingly); but he has become immensely rich."

"You would have me release you, then, so that you might marry him?" exclaimed Alfred, fiercely.

"No (still hesitatingly); I am only thinking whether you wouldn't amass a fortune sooner by going for seven years than by waiting here for my uncle to die."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Better Side.

The other night a man sat in an open window in a house on Croghan street, and from the knob of the door fluttered the insignia of death—of a child's death. Along came four or five roysterers, singing and shouting, and as they caught sight of the man in the window they came to a halt, and one of them began:

"Say, old man, come—"

"Hush!" interrupted one of his companions. "Don't you see that his baby is dead?"

"Beg pardon, 'scuse us," said two or three in chorus, and the gang tip-toed away and disappeared around the corner. The presence of death had brought out the better side.—Detroit Free Press.

Catfish, After the Comparison of Notes.



Miss Tablette—The wretch! and so he has been proposing to both of us? Miss Brenton—It seems so. Miss Tablette—I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him. Miss Brenton—I have it. Miss Tablette—What is it? Miss Brenton—You marry him, dear.—Judge.

What Sam Thought.

One day 5-year-old Sam caught his 3-year-old sister, Katie, tearing the pictures off of his new kite, and snatching the kite away from her, proceeded to slap her too-busy little hands. Her loud cries brought their mother to the room. "Why, what are you doing, Sam?" she asked. "Hipping Katie for tearing my kite." "You mustn't do that," said she. "If Katie does anything naughty come and tell me and I'll punish her." "Oh! I think I'd better punish her myself," was the cool reply, "cause you'd be sure to forgive her."

A Mother's Grief.

"You know, Fanny, I picked out old Squaretoes as a safe husband for my daughter and invited him to dinner almost daily for a month. Knowing that he was something of a gourmand I engaged an expensive cook—a real cordon bleu—and at the end of thirty days do you know what happened?"

"No."

"Why, he married the cook."—Judge.

Revenge!

Servant Girl (to census taker)—Mind you put down in your book that I am the eleventh girl missus has had since the beginning of the year. Census Collector—That's no business of mine! Servant Girl—Very likely; but I want everybody to know what sort of a hole this is to live in.—Pick-Me-Up.

Before the Rise.



Bull—It's my drink first. Dog—No, 'tain't, it's mine. Bull—Let's toss up for it.—Judge.

Fatal Objection.

Uncle Ned—I've brought you a nice little dog, Johnny, the best one you ever saw. Johnny—I—I don't think I'll like him.

Uncle Ned (astonished)—What's the matter? Johnny—Thar ain't enough tail to tie a can to.—Binghamton Republican.

A Little Off.

Belle—I shall never marry Mr. Loose. When I do marry, I shall marry a sound man.

Mother—What is the matter with Mr. Loose? Belle—He's cracked.

Mistaken.

Landlady—Mr. Poorfellow, you haven't made your last payment. Boarder—Yes, I have, madam. I never expect to be able to make another.

A Fair Warning.

Mr. Tangle—Tommy, your mother tells me that you are falling into the evil habit of talking slang.

Tommy Tangle—Yes, pa, but I'll try not to. Mr. Tangle—Well, you'd better not let me catch you using slang. I'd teach you I'd pound you for a home run, young fellow, and just everlastingly knock the 'stufing out of you! I'll have no slang in this house.—Light.

A Master Mariner.

Esther—Do tell me, Jack, what is a schooner? Jack—Why, you know, a schooner is a two-masted sailing vessel. I thought you were up in yachting.

Esther—Not especially, and I thought you didn't care for it, but I heard Mr. Sharp say the other day that you could manage more schooners than any fellow at the hotel.—Boston Beacon.

In the Cafe.



Hoffman Howes—Why don't you hang up your hat? Howell Gibbon—The beastly peg is too large. It won't go on.—Puck.

In the Sanctum.

Theater Hat Joke—What is the editor packing away so carefully in that box marked, "Handle with care." Plumber Joke—That's the summer girl. She's been used so much this season that she's positively worn out, but with careful nursing it is expected she will be able to resume her place on the staff by next June.—New York Herald.

Well Salted.

Summer Girl—That Mr. DeSalti doesn't talk about anything but the sea, and he uses so many sailor terms that I can't understand half he says. Does he own a ship? Landsman—No, but he has a friend who owns a cat-boat.—Street and Smith's Good News.

Opportunity for a Hypnotist.

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize any one, and what I desire the subject to do he does." "See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the collections you can hypnotize out of my customers."—Harper's Bazar.

Swinging Around the Circle.

"You say this woman struck you with a flatiron," asked the Magistrate. "Where were you standing at the time?"

"Back of her. You see she threw it at her husband who was in front."—Philadelphia Times.

One Prevents Failure.

"Buffalo Bill cannot fail as long as he has one Indian with him." "Why not?" "A man isn't wholly busted till he has nary a red left."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Parting Guests.



Farmer Greene—Thank Heaven, Jane, they ain't missed the kyars! Now we'll have something to eat ourselves.—Munsey's Weekly.

Why They Felt Cut Up.

"If you please, Mr. Cashgoods," said the young saleswoman, "we have been discussing the matter of salaries. And we find that the men are getting more money for the same work than us girls. And we think that is hardly just, do you?"

"I never looked at it in that light before," answered the merchant, after a little thought. "It shall be remedied at once. I'll cut the men's salaries down next Saturday."—Indianapolis Journal.

Diverse Opinion Due to Profession.

Young Lady (admiring a watch)—What pretty little hands it has! Art Connoisseur—Nonsense! One of them is larger than the other.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Popular Way.

"Yes, my husband pays his part of the pastor's salary quarterly." "So I thought, John," says he never knew him to give more than 25 cents at a time."

A Practical Suggestion.

She (daughter of a wealthy man)—I don't want the people in this hotel to think we are newly married. He (a poor clerk)—Don't you? Then you pay the bill.

Out of Her Element.

Wife—My friends used to tell me I sang like an angel. Hubby—As that's the case, why don't you wait until you get to Heaven?—Life.

No Novelty.

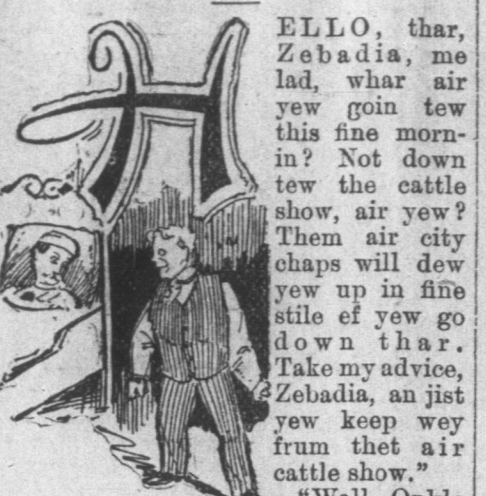
First Sweet Girl—Did you see the skeleton dude at the museum? Second Sweet Girl—Yes, I saw him. "What did he look like?" "Oh, just like any other dude."—Good News.

The Decadence of the Little Too.

According to Pfitzner, the little toe of man is degenerating. In 33 per cent. of the cases he has observed it had only two instead of three phalanges.—Medical Record.

"PUMPKIN HUSKERS AT THE FAIR."

BY DOC ZIRLAG.



ELLO, thar, Zebadia, me lad, whar air yew goin tew this fine mornin? Not down tew the cattle show, air yew? Them air city chaps will dew yew up in fine stile ef yew go down thar. Take my advice, Zebadia, an jist yew keep yew frum thar air cattle show."

"Wall, Onkle Si, I wis jist kaklating tew take in ther show, yer know. Ther folks here-about dew say its goin tew be a great big grand affair. I doan kere a snap of my big toe fer all them air city dodies. If they dew take hole on me, they'll find out thet Zebadia Pumpkin am putty hendy wi his paws."

"Wall, Zebadia, on coorse yew know what yew kin dew, but ef I wis yew I woud give it tew em in good stile."

"In coorse I'll dew es yew say, onkle."

"Wall, ef yew air goin' jist git in ther hine en' of ther wagin, but dew look out fer Malinda's heels; she's a powerful bad critter tew have her forward heels in the air."

"Yew jist bet yer ole overalls I'll take kere not tew git histed by thet ole jade's hoofs."

This dialogue, which had just taken place, was between two countrymen by the name of Silas Bluegrass and his nephew, Zebadia Pumpkin. They were driving along a muddy road in southern Vermont.

The Skunks Flat cattle show always drew a very large crowd of farmers, city dudes, and fakirs. The farmers generally turned out with a full hand, as it were, doing their level best to make the Skunks Flat cattle show the grandest and best in all Vermont. They always brought in wagon-loads of vegetables, butter, eggs, corn, potatoes, and kids. The last-named article is the finest of all of a farmer's products, and always does justice to his share of the show. A cattle show would surely be a very tame affair if it were not for the kids. They furnish the music.

But to resume the thread of our narrative. Zebadia and his uncle Si arrived safe at Skunks Flats, and after putting their horse-frame proceeded to the fair grounds. Here a goodly number of Vermont's best and strongest pumpkin-huskers had gathered, and they were discussing the cornfield topics of the day.

Zebadia Pumpkin, Esq., was the fly man of the day, as it were. He was dressed in flashy style, and altogether was a pretty good specimen of a country dude. He mingled with the crowd and talked about almost everything under the sun, from a dog-fight up to a divorce case.

To tell the truth, there were no flies on Zebadia. I wouldn't have anything to do with the miserable animal that would light on Zeb anyway. Zebadia finally took a notion into his head to eat some ice cream, and, putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a rusty-looking old pocketbook, taking therefrom a couple of dimes. He thought that if he could only find his girl he would be fixed. He hunted and looked around the grounds some time for his petticoated friend, but was not successful in finding her.

At last, as he was about to give up the hunt in despair, he saw her standing just across the street, leaning on the arm of his most bitter and hated enemy, Gus Crabtree. Zebadia was so confounded hot for a time that he did not know whether he was a man or a monkey.

Gus Crabtree had for a long time tormented his less successful rival, Zeb. But Zeb resolved to knock the tar out of Gus. He thought if he gave him a good pounding it would wipe out an old score, as well as this last offense. With this resolve uppermost in his mind, he crossed the street to where his love was standing with Gus. When within four or five feet from the latter, he made a bold dash for him. Gus at first was taken by surprise, but on recovering his wits and nerves he sailed into Zeb, making the wool fly in all directions. First he basted him in the neck, then planted a couple of stunners on the poor hayseed's nose, causing the crimson fluid to flow freely. Zebadia saw he was getting the worst of it, and gave forth loud cries of "Let me lone, Gus Crabtree, or I'll—I'll tell my maw."

But Zeb's blubbering cries seemed to have no effect on Gus whatever, for he continued to give it to him in true pugilistic style.

By some way or another Gus tripped and fell. Zeb, seeing this, made a bull-like rush at the fallen man, and, lighting plump on his back, commenced yelling loud enough to be heard a mile away.

"Howlin' tomcats, but ain't I er goin' tew give it tew yew neww, though!" Gus, with a superhuman effort, succeeded in throwing Zeb; the latter sailed through space for a short time, then came down, as was quite natural, on the pavement all in a heap. When he struck the fall made a noise that was heard for a square around.

Zeb was not done up yet. On, no; he was somewhat disfigured, but still in the ring. For a space of ten minutes the air was filled with curses and yells. The air was so blue that many people thought we were going to have another dark day.

On regaining his feet, Zeb made a mad rush for what he supposed was his rival, but which proved to be a lamp-post. I do not blame Zeb for supposing a lamp-post to be a human, for the poor fellow could scarcely see out of either eye. But the way he pounded that lamp-post was a caution to cats.

Zeb's fighting mood was suddenly interrupted, and in a most surprising manner. His uncle Si, hearing his loud cries, at once suspected the cause, and, getting his old horse-frame hook-

ed into the rickety wagon, drove directly to the spot where poor Zeb was frantically hitting the lamp-post.

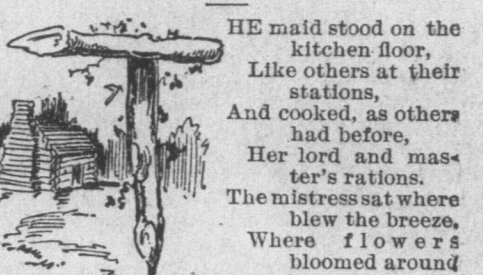
Si jumped out of the wagon, and, seizing a cart stake, proceeded to give it to Zeb across the bosom of his trousers. After pounding the poor boy into insensibility, he tumbled him into the wagon and drove back to the old farm.

At the latter place, kind reader, I left poor Zeb. He was sitting propped up in bed, nursing a badly swollen eye, while his "maw" was feeding him gruel with a teaspoon.

In all probability Mr. Zebadia Pumpkin will not sit down to the table to eat his meals for many weary weeks to come.

PIONEER LIFE.

BY OZIAS MIDSUMMER.



HE maid stood on the kitchen floor, Like others at their stations, And cooked, as others had before, Her lord and master's rations. The mistress sat where blew the breeze, Where flowers bloomed around her:

She read 'mid the perfume of these, 'Mid shadows that there found were. Thus one would think who did not know The story we're relating.

Which, when 'tis told, will wonder, oh! If truths we have been stating. Therefore, right here, let us assure They who this read and ponder That falsehood we cannot endure—We hope to go up yonder. Therefore, kind friends, let us correct The fact about the kitchen.

"AND COOKED AS OTHERS HAD BEFORE."

And slowly bring you to reflect On times and scenes so witching.

For this was on an early day, When game and woods abounded: When maids were rosy-cheeked away, And stately, sweet, and rounded.

Which, when the sun shone on the floor, Its surface shone most brightly. But now its surface shone no more, For night made it unsightly.

But here and there a shadow lie, As shown the moon's effulgence: Which mistress saw and heaved a sigh, As saw she their indulgence.

For as one shadow seemed to wave, Another caught the notion. And, clasping it, each shadow gave The other shadow motion.

Until you'd think there was a fight Of shadows there then raging. For shone there not a ray of light Between the dark engaging.

So closely knit each shadow seemed The other shadow shading. Which, as the truth might have been deemed,

Without a knowledge aiding: But if the knowledge you'd possessed, Or anything suspected.

You'd seen the shadows were caressed And one the most effected. For as that which a shadow cast Caressed that of the other,

So held each shadow there each fast, While one did gasp and another: And if your ears had been unstopped, Their drum-heads been well working.

You'd heard a noise like something dropped And something kicking—jerking. And then you'd heard—no, you would not—For here our story changes.

The truth in part we had forgot; Extend where our ranges. That heretofore which we had said About perfume and flower.

'Mid which we said the mistress read In shady, breezy bowers. Was as untrue as that about The cooking we had mentioned.

Here, let me not the kitchen out, With bristles firmly tensioned. For as the sun sank for the day,



"THE BEAR WHICH HUSBAND CAUGHT."

Thus bringing night's deposit, The mistress hid herself away With Rover in a closet:

And when she saw those shadows cast Athwart the kitchen flooring, Even while they held each other fast She came with candle soaring.

Then came a cry, a piercing sound, A scream rent night asunder: For had she not her husband found With something down him under.

All's well, yes, very well, we trow, Which ending seems to brighten. For heard was Rover's "how, wow, wow," As sprang he with his might in.

And soon the bear which husband caught Exploring for the larder. Was dead where wife had vainly thought That she might commit murder.

A Pat Answer.

"I saw Mrs. Bodkins-to-day, William, for the first time since she became a widow. She looked perfectly grand in her mourning suit, and seemed so happy there was no standing her."

"I guess she was glad to be rid of Bodkins." "Perhaps. But what do you think she said? That if you had any taste you'd give me a chance to come out in mourning, too. That made me angry, and I gave her a cutting answer she won't soon forget?"

"What did you say?" "I said I hoped that when it did happen I'd be as happy a widow as she was."

"Oh, you did."—Philadelphia Times.

THE late Cardinal Newman defined a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain. Few politicians are gentlemen.