

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER

THE man who invented the pigs-in-clover puzzle has been sent to a lunatic asylum in St. Louis.

An association of housewives in Philadelphia to abolish kitchens and establish a co-operative central cooking house.

A YANKEE engineer proposes to build a passenger elevator which will lift tourists to the summit of Mount Blanc. There is nothing on this earth that a Yankee can't do.

The projected elevated road in Boston will almost graze the Old South Church and the Old State House, and will cross very near above the ground of the famous Boston massacre.

THE human race must have had its origin in the torrid zone, otherwise we could not support the heat which would give an African monkey fits. In very warm weather Sidney Smith used to wish that he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

TEN years ago China had almost a monopoly of the English tea market, but now India and Ceylon furnish 50 per cent. of the quantity consumed. The India and Ceylon teas are said to be stronger than the Chinese. Coffees is rapidly superseded by tea as a beverage in England.

THE American college "yell" is something Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, never get used to. Their colleges have no "yell," and the Englishmen does not see the fun of it at all. On the contrary, more than one learned professor has endeavored to prove that the yell is an Indian war whoop.

One of the points especially noted by military observers during the recent maneuvers abroad, where smokeless powder was used, was that in a clear atmosphere, unobscured by the smoke of battle, all bright accoutrements were seen at a great distance, thus betraying the positions of the various bodies of troops.

THE current number of the *Medical Journal* says that a well, healthy man will suffer more from the prick of a pin than he will from the pain of dissolution in case he dies a natural death. It assures the timid that there is no pain connected with the act of dying, but though the *Journal* is such high authority most of us beg to be excused.

A BOY has committed suicide because there were no other boys in the neighborhood where he lived with whom he could have "some fun." The average boy who spends his waking hours in studying plans whereby he can get into trouble, or in other words, have "some fun," can appreciate how barren the young suicide's life must have been when he had no companions in mischief.

A LAPEER, Mich., man took home two bottles of beer one day last week, and instead of drinking the stuff put the bottles down on the woodpile. By some kind of hocus pocus one of the bottles got into the stove, and the explosion that followed wrecked the stove and scared the man out of a year's growth. The man promptly drank the contents of the other bottle and went out to buy a new stove.

It would be well for the patrons of the electric cars to take notice of the fact that the courts have non-suited a man who was injured by trying to get aboard the car between the regular stopping places and sued the railroad company for damages. The railroad company is held to be blameless, and the plaintiff is censured for his recklessness. People who cannot reach the regular stations of the electric cars would do well to find some other mode of conveyance or go afoot.

KRUPP, the great German cannon naker, has just given the Emperor a nice little present. The gift is a brass cannon, handsomely ornamented with military designs, and, though a baby compared with many of the prodigious guns turned out at the Krupp works, it yet weighs 4,000 pounds. The Emperor is said to have exclaimed "Great guns!" when he saw it, and he is perhaps, as uncomfortably off as its owner as the helpless person who has a number of white elephants on his hands.

THE Mayor, Board of Assessors and Committee on Public Grounds, of Norwich, Conn., have sat down heavily on wheelmen of that city. First, the Mayor issued a notice to the effect that any person riding a bicycle on the sidewalks within the limits of the city would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law; the Committee on Public Grounds ordered them to quit riding in the parks; and the Board of Assessors have decided that their wheels are taxable property and they must pay taxes on them.

A THUNDERBOLT played a very impudent prank on Mrs D. A. Baker, at her home, in Warrenville, a day or two ago, and nearly scared the lady out of her wits at the same time, says the *Hartford Courant*. A rolicking thunderbolt was rolling overhead when suddenly a bolt shot down the big chimney of the old house, glanced out to the kitchen, where Mrs. Baker was busy with household chores, smashed a lot of dishes, and then in a twinkling, whisked a pair of spectacles off the good woman's nose and smashed them

in her lap. Mrs. Baker was not injured in the least.

THE herd of buffaloes that the Government has preserved at Yellowstone National Park as almost the last specimens of the noble species have got loose and wandered away. News of their escape has been sent out in every direction, and an expedition has started in pursuit. But up to this time nothing has been heard as to their whereabouts and their recovery is doubtful. They are likely to be picked off by settlers and hunters, who can get almost a fabulous price for their skins. As the herd comprised the only known buffaloes in a wild state, their loss is a serious one and their slaughter would almost complete the extinction of a once countless race.

A MASSACHUSETTS man has taken out a curious patent for a funeral carriage. It is built like an old country omnibus, with a compartment on the roof for the coffin. There is not much in this notion that is startlingly new, but the patent has been issued specifically for an endless chain and pulley arrangement which lifts the coffin from the hands of the pall-bearers to the place designed for it on the top. About a dozen varieties of air-tight coffins have been patented since January, each being graced with some particular quality. In one the air is pumped out through a small hole after the coffin-lid has been closed, and the hole automatically closed by an apparatus inside the air exhausting machine.

ABOUT the only meat the Bolivian Indian indulges in is chalona or dried mutton, which is prepared in this way: When a sheep has been killed it is laid out flat, frozen, soaked in water and frozen again; after which it is hung up and dried and is then so hard and tough that decay is impossible and no vermin will molest it. To render chalona edible it must be cut into small bits and boiled a very long time; and in its best state is about as tender and juicy as sole leather. Bolivian Indians rarely eat fresh meat of any kind and have no fondness for the picante and peppers so prized by the Spaniards and Cholas. Their greatest delicacy in the line of food is frozen Hema flesh; while coca is considered the first essential of life, and alcohol, or its equivalent, far more necessary than water.

DEAN SWIFT was right when he wrote that apparently ridiculous allusion to the man who was going to support sunlight from bottled cucumbers. Scientists find that the cucumber is a sort of concentrated extract of sunshine. We have been accustomed to speak of persons of great acerbity as being "sourer than vinegar." According to Dr. Gihler of the New York Pasteur Institute, there are sure temperatures in a literal sense. He advances a new theory about temperament, which bases upon the chemical composition of the animal organism. Instead of the old divisions into the sanguine, the nervous, the sympathetic and the bilious temperaments, he argues from observations and experiments that there are three temperaments or constitutions of the animal body—the alkaline, the acid and the neutral—and he holds that a study of these temperaments would enable medical men to gain a better idea of the unequal distribution of maladies, or in other words, the differences of susceptibility to infection.

**The Garter Must Go.**  
An edict has gone forth from the State Normal School at Oswego, New York, forbidding the young ladies there wearing the garters now in vogue. Dr. Mary V. Lee, who has charge of the physical instruction of the young ladies, will see to it that they wear their hose suspended by side elastic attachments to an undergarment at the waist, or by none at all. The old style, she says, whether worn above or below the knee, hinders free circulation, prevents development, and is injurious. She believes a healthy, active mind should be supported by a healthy bodily development. Dr. Lee first made war on corsets, then she gave her attention to high heeled shoes, and both have been abolished.

**An Ingenious Advertising.**  
Some time since a hansom cab was driven at a very rapid pace along the Strand in London, and passers-by observed, to their horror, there were two men inside engaged in an apparently deadly conflict. Fearing that murder was about to be committed, they raised an alarm, and some bold individuals rushed to the horse and brought the animal to a standstill. Thereupon the two persons who a minute before seemed to be engaged in a life or death struggle, quietly leaned forward and distributed among the crowd some handbills inviting them to go to such and such a theater to witness a certain performance.

**A Canard.**  
"What is a canard, my dear?" said Mrs. Littlewit to her husband the other morning at breakfast.

"What! don't you know what a canard is?" asked L., scornfully. "Why, the word itself conveys its own meaning."

"Does it? Well, I may be stupid, but I really don't see it. Do tell me, dear."

"Why, a canard is something one canarily believe, of course."—*Tel-For-Tat*.

ENTOMOLOGISTS state that there is reasonable hope that a scientific plan will be devised whereby whole tribes of noxious insects may be exterminated by the artificial multiplication of their innocuous enemies.

A LAWYER's life can be said to extend over one brief period.

NO MATTER how hard silence falls, it does not break.

## TO THE DREGS.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.



HEY took him away from her then—away from his mother. She was dead. With one toil-worn hand thrown wearily over her brown hair, she lay prone on the poor comfortless cot; but

she was weary no more. She had toiled to the end of her hard row, and had come finally to the resting place.

The shackles of labor without recompence had fallen off suddenly, and the half-smile lingering on the thin, wasted features told that, groping in the unknown shadows, she had found at last the light shining across the sea.

Death is not always an unkindness.

Sometimes the cold, quiet clasp but

cools a fevered brain, and soothes a soul longing for its undisturbed repose.

Thus it found the weary mother, and it was well. So they took him—a tiny child—away from the arms, now no longer a shelter to his tender years.

He resisted vigorously, clinging to the rigid hand, while he called pitifully for mamma "to wake up."

The tears of pain and affright ran down his wan baby cheeks, and his long golden curls swept the dead mother's face as he sobbed on the unanswering bosom.

Had she thought of what might become of her boy? They looked about the scantily furnished room for something, they hardly knew what.

They posed before the wax figures, and went on:

"Thisdus" pl is John, that one Hercules, that one Mark, that one Cicero, and so on; all good men except Judas' Scarrot. Each figure is an exact reproduction of the celebrated painting by Nero, and virtue is its own reward."

An old gentleman with spectacles hung in our rear as we went out, and said to the lecturer:

"Aren't you mistaken about Hercules?"

"No, sir."

"Sure you ain't?"

"Look a-here, old man!" exclaimed the lecturer, as he squared off, "I've been in the show business for twenty odd years, and if you think you know the ropes better than I do, you can take command."

"Oh, no, no, no! You are doubtless right—quite right—and of course you know your business. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, well, never mind. It struck me as a little queer, but I guess it's all right—all right. It was because I am rather rusty on such matters, probably. Very entertaining, very, and I shall call again."—*New York Sun*.

**Padre-Wearing the Latest Fad.**

"I just met a very distinguished man on Broadway," said an English tourist lately landed to me the other day.

"He was a member of some order or other. I'm not sure whether it was French or Italian. I think he belongs to more than one."

Ten minutes later I met this distinguished man, and his orders were neither French nor German. He was a member of the Barbers' Protective Association, an East Side athletic club, and a dancing coterie.

This mistake on the part of the British tourist calls to mind the fact that one man out of ten that are met on any of the upper thoroughfares wears badges of some sort or other. Most of the badges are small, and some are rich and costly in design, and as a rule they are worn on the left lapel of the coat where a boutonniere usually appears.

When the reader remembers that there are in this country over 5,000 secret societies, some large and prosperous, but most of which are confined to the town which gave them birth, and that most of the members wear some distinctive badge, this wonderful growth in the badge-wearing fad is not really so wonderful after all.

Yesterday I met on Sixth avenue a tall man with a military air, who would have been taken for a field marshal at least in any foreign city.

I analyzed the badges that covered his waistcoat like the rounds of the "Jacob's ladder" that national guardsmen wear. The list was as follows:

Masonic—Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery, Lodge of Perfection, Temple of Mecca.

Knights of Pythias.

Order of Foresters.

Ancient Order of American Workmen.

Legion of Honor.

Grand Army of the Republic.

Ninth Regiment, National Guards.

That was all, but as each order had its badge, and as each badge was worn, the waistcoat looked like the breast of the Prince of Wales in his dress parade costume.

In spite of the admonition of the note, it was thought best to send for the husband. He could not grieve her.

And, perhaps, it was only human consideration, after all, to let him know that "Sadie" was dead.

He came. His face grew white and he trembled when his eyes fell upon the shrouded form of his wife, but he went over and knelt down by her, covering his face with his hands.

"Oh, my God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!" he moaned.

"Oh, Sadie! Sadie! if you only could say you forgive me—if you only could; but—never mind."

He got up, and a strange, resolute desperation swept over his countenance.

"Where's Sadie?" he asked, in a strained, husky voice.

"With friends," he was answered.

"Friends that will always keep him and do well by him?" he asked anxiously.

Having been assured in the affirmative, he drew his hat down over his eyes and went slowly out, shutting the door after him carefully. At evening he came back. "I have seen Sadie," he said, wearily, "and that is all right. Now, let me watch with Sadie. When do you bury her?"

"In the morning, early."

He nodded to this and begged of them to leave him alone with her "an hour or so."

The attendants withdrew to an adjoining apartment and left the penitent husband alone with his dead.

When they returned they found him kneeling by the dead Sadie, with his face buried in the shrouding on her bosom. They hesitated to disturb him but finally spoke kindly, saying that it was now past midnight. He did not answer. They touched him gently on his shoulder to arouse him, but he heeded not.

He was dead!

"Died of remorse," said one, but the empty vial on the table labeled "poison" supplemented the speaker, and

told that he, too, had drunk of the dregs; but his cup was of sin and remorse, while hers was of pain, privation and sorrow.

This is a sad story, but common enough to the crowded tenement houses of our prosperous, christianized cities, and I can assure the reader that it is a true sketch.

## On Exhibition Here.

The several signs at the door announced a grand exhibition of snakes, a tattooed woman, wax figures representing the Twelve Disciples and the Last Supper, with rare animals, etc.

As we entered the place the lecturer was all ready to begin. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this woman was taboed by the savages of Borneo. Some call it tattooed and some tabooed, but it all means the same thing."

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