

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, - - - PUBLISHER.

WANAMAKER, I. T., has a colored lady postmaster.

In St. Louis there are no basements used as stores, restaurants or saloons.

There are thirty-one millionaires in Denver, and thirty-three men worth, on the average, \$500,000 each.

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S coat of arms consists of three white doves on a shield. This is very pacific for a man of war.

In fourteen States of this country women may vote for municipal officers and at school elections, and in some of them hold office in school districts.

There is a great wave of juvenile crime in New York City just now. Some philosophers attribute it to the fact that so many children are out of school.

CINCINNATI is a wire center, and claims to make among other things 20,000 bird cages, 25,000 rat traps, 120,000 fly traps and 360,000 sieves annually. It is a big industry.

It is reported that Boston, Galveston and California parties have secured a grant of 10,500,000 acres of land in Senora, Mexico, upon which they propose to place colonies of Europeans.

A MAINE girl, finding it inconvenient to carry chewing gum with her, established stations in various parts of the town, where she sticks her quids. One is in a dry-goods store, one in the church choir, one in her own dining-room, one at a school, and soon.

The Canadian who offered to take murderer Birchall's place on the gallows for \$10,000 seems to be a firm believer in the doctrine of vicarious atonement. Unhappily for Mr. Birchall, the Canadian authorities have not yet adopted that article of faith.

GREAT disappointment is expressed in naval circles at the remarkable loss of speed exhibited by our ocean cruisers. The Baltimore averaged only seven knots an hour on her visit to Sweden, and on a run from Hawaii to the Pacific coast the Charleston barely made eight knots.

The smallest division of money in Montana is a "bit." "Two bits" make a quarter, which purchases a drink of whisky and a cigar. Higher wages are paid there for unskilled labor than in any other State, but there is enough gambling and drinking prevalent to offset the increase in wages.

EVERY sensible man, who has the means and opportunity, recuperates himself by frequent pauses for recreation. He does not defer his period of pleasure until the closing months of a worn-out life. He is too wise to expect impossibilities of nature—the recuperation of an utterly exhausted body. He has his comfort and enjoyment in due season, and is grateful to heaven that he possesses the means to procure all the comforts of life, which he wisely uses to prolong his existence.

LORD WOLSELY of Cairo has given it as his opinion that the Chinese are the coming race; so you'd better begin at once to let your pigtail grow if you want to be around smiling in the good time coming. The frivolous people who talked of those two big yachts as making the coming race are badly left this time, anyhow. When China rules the roost, it is assumed that all the ladies of the world will wear diminutive shoes; but do we understand that the fair creatures around us who are afflicted with rather large feet will then have to "turn up their toes?"

MALARIAL fever is the one sad certainty which every African traveler must face. Its geographical distribution is still unmapped, but generally it prevails over the whole east and west coasts within the tropical limit, all along the river courses, on the shores of the inland lakes and all low-lying and marshy districts. The African malaria spares no man; the strong fall as the weak; no number of precautions can provide against it; no kind of care can do more than make the attacks less frequent; no prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are haunted by it and which are safe.

It is not generally known how many insects are destroyed by the electric light. A German entomologist has been investigating, and reports that he has found as many as thirty-three thousand are destroyed in one night by a single globe light. Insects must be more plentiful in Germany than here to furnish such an item. There is no question but that the electric light might be made of great use in destroying many noxious insects which infest our gardens and fields. Mosquitoes, however, and grapevine pests and the pestiferous potato bug seem to be too wise to be thus ensnared. The chief species which succumb to the wiles of the electric light are gnats and midges.

RESIDENTS of Peekskill have decided to establish a naval training school for the purpose of instructing young men in navigation. A stock company has been formed with a capital of \$35,000 shares of \$1 each. It is proposed to call it the Hudson River Navigation Training School. A vessel is to be employed, which is to be a full-rigged ship, 270 feet in length, 30 feet beam, 21 feet in depth of hold, and to have a

capacity for accommodating 100 cadets. The cadets will be continuously on board the ship, under the supervision of a corps of instructors. It is believed that such a school will be of assistance to candidates for admission to the naval academy at Annapolis, by enabling the students to understand the principles of navigation before entering the institution.

THE original stone monument which covered the grave of Thomas Jefferson is now in the grounds of the University of Missouri at Columbia. Some years ago, when a more pretentious monument was being erected over the grave, a professor of the University begged from the legal representatives of the Jefferson family the privilege of removing the monument, and it was brought to Missouri. It is a coarse granite obelisk in two pieces, resting on a base of the same material. The inscription, on a marble slab, which was cut into the face of the monument reads: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia." Both monument and slab are in good preservation.

A SINGULAR runaway is reported from South Brooklyn, N. Y. A woman named Gildersleeve, who had lived with her husband for over thirty years and had borne him four sons, some of whom have attained manhood, has left her home because, as she states in a letter, her husband had not furnished her means to properly clothe herself and had refused to give her the money to have her teeth attended to. She therefore secured a place at \$14 a month, and with her earnings for a year she said that she proposed to have her teeth properly cared for, and with the balance to buy clothes to last her during life. Then, if her husband would receive her, she intended to return to him, as she loved him. Mr. Gildersleeve has searched in vain for his wife; says he provided liberally for her and furnished her a horse, but did not approve of her having false teeth.

WHILE the Germans were laying siege to Paris about twenty years ago, M. Thiers came out of the city to consult with Bismarck about the proposed capitulation. Of course it was the Frenchman's duty to present a cheerful front and to try to convey the impression that the people of Paris were not in the desperate condition imagined by the besiegers. On the other hand, Bismarck was pretty well satisfied that the Parisians were being starved out, but of course he intimated no such thing in the presence of M. Thiers. After the conference Bismarck invited M. Thiers to dinner, and the Frenchman only too gladly accepted the invitation. Then it was that the wily German noticed that Thiers ate voraciously of the breads and vegetables, rejected the canned and pickled foods, and partook with seeming avidity of the fresh meat. This quite confirmed Bismarck's suspicions—Paris was starving. After M. Thiers went back to the city there was found in the apartments assigned to him at Bismarck's headquarters part of a Paris newspaper, and from items in it it was learned the condition of things in Paris was even more desperate than had been supposed by the Germans.

An Unwritten Romance. Amelie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions. "I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happier." "And I," returned Amelie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of everything that God has ever made." So they were married, and they determined to immediately begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we shall convey our message to the world," decided Amelie. "Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction, is the hand-maid of truth." "Fiction," said Amelie, "is the touch which illumines the dark chambers of fate." "Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical solvent which married the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction, life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

Therefore, said Amelie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstance. He is not the creature of it, but the creator of it."

"Ah," cried Edward indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstance that makes man! How could you have a Washington without your revolution?" "There you are wrong," said Amelie, "for it would not have been possible to have had a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward sentimentously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amelie, with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amelie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I suppose it was Walter Scott."

They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amelie died, and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

EACH addition to one's kindred is a relative gain.

NANNIE.

BY HELEN A. STEINHAUER.



IT is four years this month since she came from England, and my brother Edwin and I both thought her the loveliest creature we ever had seen. She had the genuine English complexion; milk-white skin, with an exquisite color in her beautifully rounded cheeks; while her dimpled chin, the tips of both shell-like ears, and the ends of her taper fingers, all shaded into a delicate pink. Thick, brown hair, with just a glint of gold in the sunshine, lay in natural waves above her low, white brow, and was simply gathered into a heavy coil at the back of her shapely head. But her crowning beauty lay in her eyes—wonderful eyes; large, clear, and golden-brown, their expression changing with every variation of her changeable moods. This was Nannie George at sixteen, when first we made her acquaintance, just four years ago.

Edwin lost his heart to her at first sight, which was not to be wondered at, as he was an immature, impressionable youth of one and twenty, who had not seen much of the world. We dined together at a large boarding-house, so his opportunities for seeing her were frequent, and he made the most of them, so that before I knew it they were engaged.

"Oh, Lulu!" said Nannie, burying her sweet face in my bosom to conceal her fast-coming blushes, which friendly Twilight would in any case have hidden, for she

—had let her curtain down, And pinned it with a star. "Oh, Lulu, when I left England I never dreamed of such a thing happening! To think that I, a lonely orphan, should have found a friend—so soon. God has been very, very good to me!" And, as she raised her head, I felt a tear drop on the hand which held hers.

They both were too unsophisticated to conceal their fondness for each other, consequently not merely the Benjamins, under whose guardianship Nannie was, but all the rest of the boarders soon knew the exact state of affairs. How vexed I was when Miss Mahala Quenchit, a maiden lady of a score or two of years, remarked, in my hearing;

"I am sorry for the girl. It's a very great pity. Edwin Tomlinson will never marry her; some day he will awake to the fact that she cannot help him climb, and then he will ruthlessly throw her overboard and marry one who can."

My indignant rejoinder only called forth a polite apology for having spoken so in my presence; she did not retract one word.

Things went along in this way for a year or two. Nannie was too young to marry, while Edwin must needs first earn the wherewithal to support a wife. But meantime my "little sister," as I loved to call her, grew more and more precious to me, although I saw that she had not in her the stuff of which heroines are made.

Her little airs of independence sat comically on her, for she was made to cling and twine, nor would she ever be one on whom another could lean. Still, as she saw how American girls earned their own support and stood alone, she was ambitious to do likewise and thus "help Edwin," and her eyes would brighten, and the loveliest smiles dimple her cheeks and play about her crimson lips, as she pronounced his name.

So when I decided to become a professional nurse and came hither for requisite training, nothing would answer but she must come, too. The Benjamins made no objection, for they considered Edwin's and my right to her greater than their own.

How she lived on my brother's letters!—mine, as well as hers—after we were separated. He seemed to miss her, too! though hardly as much as she did him.

By-and-by, he wrote less frequently. He was working hard at his profession, he said, and had not time to write often, or at length. But Nannie's faith in him never wavered, though the brilliant color in her cheeks began to fade, and I noted that they were less round than of old.

After we had been absent nearly two long years his letters ceased altogether. Then we knew he must be ill. Presently a telegram came confirming our worst fears, followed by a letter saying that he was well cared for, and that, though dangerously ill, they hoped for his recovery.

"Let me go to him, Lulu! I must go; I have a right!" cried Nannie. But I dissuaded her, for a speechless dread of something worse than sickness, or even death, clutched at my heart; and, childlike, she submitted to my authority.

But all the mirth faded out of the brown eyes, which grew bigger and bigger, with dark rings beneath them; and one night after we had retired she threw her arms round my neck and sobbed out:

"Lulu, if Edwin dies, I shall die, too."

Next morning news came that he was better, but she was tossing in fever.

Her illness now is nearing its close. Edwin convalesced, but she has grown steadily worse. All her delirium turned on him; but never once has she doubted his love or his troth. Yet, I hold in my hand a letter, newly received, in which are these words:

"—see, dear sister, last night I was

married to the beloved physician to whose skill and faithfulness I owe my life. Wish me joy! Never was there a richer, nobler womanhood than that of my new-made wife. She will help me to rise, as Nannie never could have done.

"Poor little girl; break it to her gently. She is such a mere child, it will not grieve her long. Oh, Lulu! if you but knew my pearl of pearls, my Margaret!"

Hark! Nannie's voice, which I thought never again to have heard. Hastening to her bedside I find her sitting bolt upright, her eyes aglow.

"He has come!" she exclaims triumphantly. "Lulu, he is here! Oh, my love, my love," she cries, with infinite tenderness, stretching out her arms as though to clasp him in a fond embrace.

Suddenly they drop heavily, and she sinks back—dead!

Shetland Ponies. The ponies are not an agricultural, but a domestic necessity. In Shetland, as in parts of Ireland, every family depends for its supply of fuel on peat, and as the peat is seldom near at hand on the shore where the houses stand, but on the hill behind them—there is always a hill in the rear in Shetland—each house requires several ponies. After the peat has been dug and dried it is carried home on the backs of ponies in blankets called "cassies."

The Shetland pony is a striking example of development; for generations past he has been bred, reared and trained with a uniformity which could not have been secured in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size and his purity and fixity of type. A pony which has had to pick its way down steep hills for generations must needs be exceedingly surefooted.

A pony whose grooms and playmates are the children of the neighborhood—who roll about underneath him or on his back—must be gentle; and the pony living on the seathold, or air sometimes, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles is the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, will follow his friends indoors like a dog and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more tricks in him than a cat and no more bite than a puppy. He is a noble example of the complete suppression of the vicious propensities some of his kind exhibit when they are ill-treated, and of the good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming frightened or tired. He moves down rugged hillsides with circumspection, and in crossing boggy spots where the water is retained and a green carpet of aquatic grass might deceive some steeds and bring them to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface and is thus enabled to circumvent the danger.

In winter the Shetland pony wears a coat of felted hair, especially suited for the season. His winter garment is well adapted for protecting him against the fogs and damps of the climate. It is warm and comfortable, and fits close to the wearer's dapper shape. But when the coat grows old toward spring, at the season when the new one should appear, it becomes the shabbiest of the kind you often see. Its very amplitude and the abundance of the material render it the more conspicuous when it peels and hangs for a while, worn and ragged, then falls bit by bit till the whole of it disappears. No horse looks his best when losing his coat, and the more coat there may be to lose the worse he looks.

Wild Bill's Way.

"It has been a good many years since I was in Denver," remarked William P. Jameson at the Albany, as he prepared to look over a paper from San Francisco, his present place of residence. "The last time I was in the city," continued he, "I made the acquaintance of Wild Bill, whose sudden taking off at Deadwood is still mentioned in the papers. A few months after leaving Denver I again met Wild Bill in Salt Lake City. It was rather an exciting time, for Bill had just killed a man in the streets. The circumstances of the killing were about as follows:

"The night before the affray Bill sat down to a game of cards with an old frontiersman named Jack Williams. Both the men were good card-players, but luck went against Bill, and about 3 o'clock in the morning he staked his last cent and lost it. With some hesitation he drew out his watch, which was a fine gold repeater and was the present of a friend of former days, and put the watch up against \$200. At the end of ten minutes the watch was gone.

"Williams," said Bill, as he arose from his seat, 'put the watch in the hands of the barkeeper, and I will redeem it in the morning.'

"Oh, I guess not," was the reply. "The watch is mine and I'll wear it downtown in the morning."

"A wicked gleam appeared in Bill's eyes. He asked that the watch be left at the saloon."

"I'll wear it," was the reply. "If you wear that watch you'll die," said Bill, with a firm tone. "What time will you be on the street?"

"Ten o'clock," was the laughing reply. The men parted.

"True to his word Williams sauntered down the street at 10 o'clock next morning. Bill met him at a principal street corner.

"Have you got that watch on?" asked Bill.

"I have," was the prompt reply. "Both reached for their revolvers, but Bill was too quick for his opponent. Two shots rang out and Williams dropped dead. Bill was unhurt."

"Looking scornfully at his victim, Bill hissed between his teeth. 'By—, I like a game man, but that's what a fool gets.' Bill was never tried for killing Williams, and it is safe to say that he recovered his watch. I have been told," continued the speaker, "that after Wild Bill's death it was found that in the palm of each of his hands there was a round, calloused spot, caused by dropping his hands on the handles of his revolvers."—Denver News.

KING THEODORE'S GOLDEN AX.

The Curious Weapon Captured from the Ashantees—A Wonderful Cross.

Among the numberless exhibits of the Royal Military Exhibition, Chelsea, England, the trophies, treasures and relics in the historic loan collection.

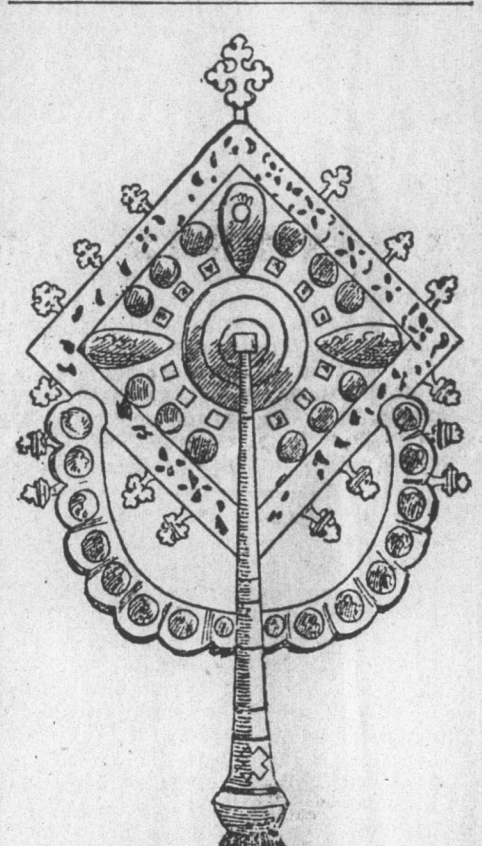


THE GOLD AX OF THE ASHANTEES.

tion, all of which have been specially selected on account of their connection with some deed of British valor, form a most attractive feature.

From the palace of King Theodore of the Ashantees, at Coomassie, are shown remarkable pieces of gold work. One of these, the beautiful "Gold ax" given up by the Ashantees, was probably intended more for ornament than use. The wooden handle is carved and thickly overlaid with gold pressed into the carving, and has, moreover, bosses and a top covered with leopard skin. A leopard skin covers the blade and has a curious gold ornament attached to it, the use of which is not obvious.

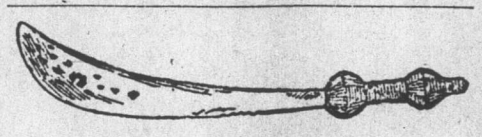
A sword that belonged to the King of Ashantee will be found in the same case with the ax: the carved wooden handle is overlaid with gold in a similar manner and the blade perforated. The extremely fine silver cross that was taken at the storming of Magdala, April 13, 1868, is a remarkably per-



THE ABYSSINIAN CROSS.

fect and typical example of the early decorative ecclesiastical work of Abyssinia. It is repousse in circles and ovals, which are themselves decorated with emblematic designs in chased work. The top and sides are further decorated with crosses soldered on, the edge is pierced somewhat irregularly, and round the center are six "jewels," with one in the center, set in square mounts. The oval band at the lower part of the cross, decorated with embossed circles, is invariably seen in crosses of this kind, which are, however, usually made of baser metal.

This cross is the property of the Royal Artillery mess, but the greater portion of the treasure taken at Mag-



THE KING OF ASHANTEE'S SWORD.

dala has found its way to the British Museum, in whose behalf an "Archaeologist to the Force" was appointed. The Abyssinians have long been noted as skillful workers and designers in metal, and a large proportion of their productions in decorative art are of a religious nature. On many of the early ecclesiastical crosses made in Abyssinia there is the figure of the Crucifixion, and very frequently angels are introduced.

The Obelisk Is All Right.

The obelisk in Central Park, New York, which it was feared would crumble away, is pronounced by experts to be in an excellent state of preservation. Besides becoming more and more acclimated by time to the severe and destructive climate of New York, it has been preserved by modern expedients. The principal one of these is paraffine, which is liberally smeared over its sides, and on whose smooth and impervious surface the rains beat and the winds blow without doing the least harm to the obelisk itself. To be sure, under this process the hieroglyphics which give it an interest to antiquarians and scholars are obliterated, and it looks like a huge pillar of leaf lard or tallow, but what does New York care for that? Its obelisk is still an obelisk, and New York is about as proud of the paraffine art by which it is preserved as Egypt was of its construction.

Raw material—remedy for a gall.

FATE OR DESTINY?

BY COOTIE WILLIAMS.

HE day was cold and cloudy, and I was far from being in a happy state of mind, in anticipation of a tiresome journey, as I boarded the train en route to the city of S—, whither I was going on professional business. My route lay through a monotonous stretch of country, and I could only promise myself a most tedious trip.

I glanced down the car as I entered, in search of a seat, when my eyes fell on a beautiful young lady, a blonde, and rather petite—just the sort of a little woman who, with her willful, bewitching, winsome ways, can at once win a place in the heart of an impressionable man.

"By Jove! The face I have seen in my dreams for years!" I exclaimed, under my breath, as I seated myself opposite and proceeded to make myself comfortable.

I sat for some time apparently deeply interested in a book, while, in truth, I was pondering the question in my mind as to how I should make the acquaintance of the young lady. Growing desperate, I decided to speak to her, for delay was dangerous. She might get off at the next station, and then she would be lost to me forever. I was a crusty old bachelor and had scorned the thought of woman for years, yet I felt I had met my fate, and the conqueror was the little golden-haired girl who sat opposite me, totally unconscious of the impression she had made. I noticed that her handkerchief had fallen, and, seizing the opportunity to speak to her, I said:

"Pardon me, Miss, I believe this belongs to you," as I placed the article in her small, white hand.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, with a smile, which made me more completely her captive.

We were soon conversing with the freedom of friends, and before the day had drawn to a close I had learned much of Madeline's past life and future prospects, and had received her promise of a letter as soon as she reached her destination.

While I sat there, completely charmed by my new friend, I little thought of what lay before us, as the great engine pushed on, drawing its burden nearer every moment to the terrible fate which awaited it.

The engineer of our train had received orders to side-track at P— and wait for the lightning express going south, but instead of doing this, he had attempted to reach the next station, a distance of several miles further on. Our train, dashing along at a furious rate, suddenly turned a curve, and the sight which met the engineer's eye caused his heart to leap with terror, as he realized what must be the cost of his recklessness. A short distance ahead of him the express was thundering along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Engines were reversed and every effort made to stop the trains, but it was too late. Like two monster demons bent upon the destruction of one another, the great machines came together. There was a horrible, deafening crash, and then all was darkness, confusion, chaos.

I was struck on the head by a heavy piece of timber, which rendered me unconscious and shut out the sufferings of my fellow-passengers.

When consciousness returned, a young girl was bending over me, and a sweet voice said:

"Ralph, my darling, speak to me, and tell me you will live for my sake."

I had been carried into a neighboring farm-house immediately after the accident, where I had been for days struggling for life, tenderly nursed and cared for by my brave little Madeline.

Many weeks elapsed, and winter had given place to spring with its birds and flowers, before I was able to leave the farm-house where, notwithstanding my illness, I had found such happiness, and had won the love of a noble woman.

Madeline is my wife now, and, though we cannot decide whether it was Fate or Destiny which caused us both to start on that eventful journey the same day, we fully agree that the collision, which was pronounced a "frightful calamity" by the world, was to us a blessing in disguise.

Why She Didn't Like the Place. The little Bryant children go to bed at six o'clock, and when Marjory visited them, her Aunt Mary thought that after playing all day she must be tired, and had better go to bed at six also, although Marjory is eight years old and stays up until half-past seven when she is at home.

Marjory had been told to mind Aunt Mary, and no one supposed that this early going to bed was a trial to her, until one day she was overheard philosophizing to herself.

She stood alone on the piazza and looked at the sunset, the hills, the woods, the broad lawn, the barn, and the orchard, with a small sigh of satisfaction. Then she said: "Well, there's most always something, and the matter with this place is going to bed."

An Experiment That Failed.

A few years ago two well-known writers in the neighborhood of Harvard College endeavored to evince a practical turn. They lived near each other—so near that when the water in the supply pipes in the house of one was frozen they conceived the idea of introducing the much-needed fluid before the plumber arrived by conveying it from the house of the other in an ordinary rubber hose. The weather was of the zero kind, and the same cold that froze the water in the leaden pipes within the house froze the water in the rubber hose which lay upon the snow without. It is hardly necessary to add that a mass of icy snow and a broken hose were the only results of this novel aqueduct.—San Francisco Argonaut.

BLOOMER: Which do you prefer, beer or champagne? Blossom: It all depends. Bloomer: On what? Blossom: Who pays for it.