

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, - - - - - Publisher.

The conduct of the various African explorers gives rise to the theory that it is impossible to visit the Dark Continent and return to civilization without the loss of one's good temper.

The French vineyards have been ravaged by the phylloxera again, but that will not interfere with the supply of wine for America. Unfortunately for American consumers of French wine makers are not dependent upon the grape.

It is surprising what a number of American doctors discovered sure cures for consumption long before Koch ever thought of his. It was very courteous of them to withhold the information until the German physician had made his announcement.

SWAN GUSTAFSON, a laborer in the Illinois Central gravel pits at Cherokee, Ill., has received news that a relative has died in Pennsylvania, leaving an estate valued at \$3,000,000, which is to be divided among six heirs, of whom Gustafson is one.

LONDON to-day is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1830, and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled.

For five years Japan has had postal savings banks, and the depositors have increased from ten thousand the first year to nearly four hundred thousand at present, and the deposits from less than sixteen thousand dollars to more than twenty millions.

VENICE is one of the poorest cities in Italy. It has 140,000 inhabitants. Of these no less than 40,000 have their names inscribed on the books of the "Congregazione di Carita" as recipients of relief; that is to say, nearly one-fourth of the population are paupers.

PROBABLY the oldest house in the United States is a decaying stone dwelling that stands in Guilford, Conn. It was built in 1640 and is still occupied. In colonial times it did duty occasionally as a fort and was a place of refuge for settlers when King Philip was on the war-path.

MUCH of the confusion around a house is due to the boy getting ready to go to Sunday school. If every one does not wait on him promptly, he says no one takes any interest in his soul, but he finally arranges it so that he is too late, and remains away from Sunday school after all.

In England they give their foot-ball players \$15 to \$20 a week regular salary, with \$1,000 bonus at the end of the season if their conduct has been creditable. The plan of putting a premium up for good conduct has a wholesome effect. The plan might be tried on base-ball players.

THE Brazilian Government has repeatedly offered a liberal reward for a plan resulting in the abatement of the vampire plague, which in the provinces of Matto Grosso and Entre-Rios makes stock raising almost impossible. As many as twenty of these winged blood-suckers often attack a cow in a single night.

A LEGAL light who is interested in the recent African horrors has called attention to a statute in force in England providing that "when any murder shall be committed on land out of the United Kingdom the criminal may be tried and punished in any part of England or Ireland where he may be apprehended."

PROF. KOCH's breakfast, which he takes shortly after 9 o'clock, would hardly please the palate of an American. It is composed solely of an uninviting white soup into which he puts any amount of little squares of toasted bread. His dinner taken at 2, consists of one course of meat and vegetables, one light sweet dish, and to finish all, a plate of soup.

It is a wonder any of us ever accomplish anything. Until noon each day, we think what lots of work we intended to do to-day. Afternoon, we stop hoping for to-day, and spoil the rest of the day's work in hoping and planning for to-morrow. Not one man in ten does more than half a day's work each day, and yet we complain and worry every day that we work so hard.

MEX are laziest in the morning, and can do their best work three or four hours after they get up. The women, on the contrary, can do better work the first three or four hours after getting up than they can do at any other hour of the day. If anything happens to interfere with the first part of the woman's day, the whole day is lost to her as far as work is concerned.

THE deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. Its area of over 9,000 square miles makes it about equal to Lake Erie in superficial extent; its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes its volume of waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, its bottom averages over 3,000 feet below the same level.

For youthful vim in old age Benjamin Capen, of Eastport, Me., certainly stands without a peer. In his seventy-

fifth year, he is able to out-skate any man, young or old, in the town. Every afternoon and evening he can be seen on the ice, and the American eagle he cuts on the glassy surface is done in thirty seconds and is perfect in outline. He beats ex-Vice President Hamlin in the matter of agility.

MRS. STANLEY is seeing America as no other English woman ever did before. In Buffalo the regular boarders of the hotel where Mrs. Stanley and her mother stayed quietly fitted up their apartment before their arrival with the costliest and most beautiful articles of furniture from their own rooms. For three days Dorothy and her mother simply marveled at the Oriental magnificence of American hotel life.

A PHILANTHROPIC woman of Pittsburg has established a home for tramps. Her idea is to give the wandering gentry a place of refuge when they come to town and to endeavor to assist and reform them. No work will be exacted of them other than that of keeping the home clean. If they are also required to keep themselves clean the philanthropic lady will discover that her peripatetic friends will hunt some other boarding-house with all haste. They will not submit to indignities and hard labor at the same time for any home that can be offered them.

SELF-CONCEIT is probably the greatest power that actuates men. A stage hand at the theater imagines that Booth cannot act, and tries it himself. The people laugh, but he really believes that he is a great actor who is not appreciated. A man talks in public; the people do not appreciate him, although they appreciate good public speakers, and he imagines that there is a conspiracy to keep him down. A man writes a piece; he has no reason to imagine that it is good, but if it fails, he grumbles and growls because "luck" is against him. No man can succeed at anything until he can criticize himself fairly.

THE rifle with which the regular and citizen soldiers of the country are equipped is much inferior to the rifles used by the soldiers of the chief countries of Europe and will be displaced by another pattern of modern power very soon. Experiments upon a new rifle are now making by the Government with gratifying success. Its caliber is thirty instead of forty-five and the velocity of its bullet is 2,200 feet per second, almost twice that of the present bullet, while its penetrative power is much greater. At a distance of 500 yards it will pass through sixteen inch pine boards one inch apart.

THE late Gen. Alfred Howe Terry was more than six feet tall, and had light hair and blue eyes. His customary expression was quiet and gentle. He was scholarly in his tastes and versatile in his intellectual activities. Says one of his old comrades: "He had many literary tastes in common with mine, and had a select library in his tent to while away the tedium of the camp. Every evening he would send an orderly inviting us to his quarters, and we would read and discuss our favorites as we smoked, until far in the night. Those were royal times, and General Terry's friendship is something that I shall always prize."

WHEN you go into the doctor's office, the medical man is seized with the same sort of cunning that takes hold of a merchant when you enter his store; he wants to do business with you. He wants to see you take your pocket book out, and he wants some of the money it contains. That is his business; he is simply human, like the rest of us, and wants his business to prosper. Therefore what he says is liable to be tinged with selfishness. The impression that doctors are philanthropists who study medicine simply for the good they may do humanity, is only entertained by extremely foolish people. In dealing with a doctor, you must use as much judgment as in dealing with a horse trader.

THE Boston Record tells a story of a prominent man in that city who exhibited a plant to a friend and when asked what it was replied, after a moment's hesitation, that it was "a rare specimen of the Encyclopedia Britannica." It is to be sincerely hoped that this is a pretty little fiction of some bright young man employed on the Record, but in view of the present state of Boston fiction one hardly dares to believe in the hope he struggles to entertain. Boston fiction can not be said to be bright, and the scintillating story of the Record is, we fear, too truthful. The fear leads one to speculate upon the probable cause of the degeneration of Boston brain, and the speculation leads to the remark that, in this day of Sabbatarianism and reform, when good people everywhere are struggling mightily to suppress evils such as drinking, smoking, or Sabbath recreation, some reformer should put his hand to the suppression of Howells and the Boston habit of intoxicating and weakening the brain by imbibing the intellectual drink which he places at the lip. Something must be done, and that quickly, ere our modern Athens follow Athens the ancient down the intellectual toboggan-slide and bury herself in the slush of barbarian stupidity.

MRS. POLLARD, wife of the historian of the Lost Cause, is now a resident of New York. She is a creole by birth and is a fine-looking woman of middle age, with dark, expressive eyes and brown hair.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

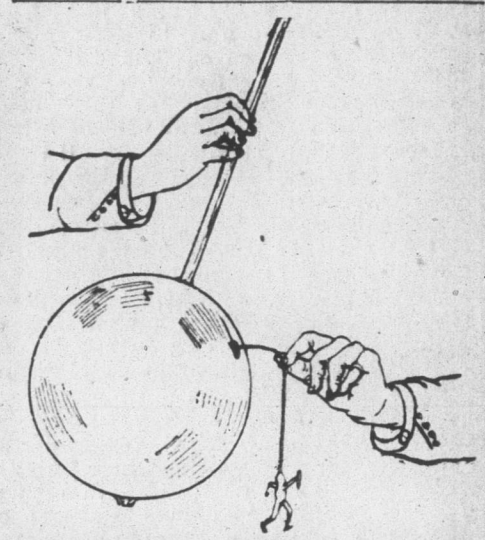
SOME SHORT SKETCHES OF INTEREST TO CHILDREN.

Bubble Blowing.

We are all of us familiar with the ordinary bubble, and we have probably all had a try with a long clay pipe and a basin of suds, and succeeded more or less—principally less—in setting four-inch balloons afloat over some quiet neighborhood.

It is possible that a few of us have filled such soap balloons with hydrogen, and by applying a light to them, have caused an explosion in mid-air. But how many of us have tried to attach a car to our bubbles?

This can be done easily after a little practice, and the sketches herewith make clear how to set about it. Get



an ounce glass tube from the nearest druggist, and cut out of thin paper whatever your fancy leads you to fix to the balloon.

As something out of the ordinary lines, we give the exact size of an aeronaut we recently dispatched on a cruise. D is a small disk of paper—proper size; F is a fine thread—proper length; below it is the paper figure, cut out of the brown wrapper of one of our monthly parts, and it is traced from the figure we used.

To make the experiment a success, it is as well to remember the conditions. The bubble rises because the air it contains is lighter than that which surrounds it; it floats when the air is of the same temperature, it falls when the air within is colder than the air without.

The air in the bubble comes hot from the lungs, and the greater the difference between that air and the air you breathe, the higher will the bubble go. In short, to have bubbles in perfection, you should blow them in an ice room. As it is not every one that can obtain the use of a meat storage safe for bubble blowing, let us make our first experiment in a cool room.

Begin with working up a good, stiff lather, and the better the soap the better the suds for our purposes. Use your tube as you would your pipe, and blow downward into the basin steadily and strongly. Take a good breath of air to begin with, and hold it for a second or two. Keep the point of the tube downward until you have fixed on the disk in the way shown in the sketch.

No gum or stickiness is required; all you have to do is to let the dry disk drop lightly on the wall of the balloon—the moisture will keep it in its place, provided the knot of the cotton is small enough. If you pass the cotton through with a needle, and have the same sort of single knot as if sewing, the disk will answer all your requirements.

As soon as the disk is firmly fixed, turn the tube gently upward, and away will go the bubble, aeronaut and all. It will not cross the Atlantic, but it will at least reach the ceiling, and if, on a cold day, you try it out of doors, you may get it to travel unchecked for several hundred yards.

What Mary Gave.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth.

She gave a string and crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing.

She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child to its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both.

She could not have seen them very often if our Mary had not offered to attend the door while she was away.

But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face.

She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent. Reader, what are you giving?—Our Little Ones.

Blighted.

It is hard for us, whether we are old or young, to see our best efforts pass unappreciated; and what older people feel, younger people say.

Little Mary, who is only 4 years old, had a new hat given to her, of which she felt very proud. On the following Sunday she wore it to church, but her pleasure in the event was greatly lessened by the fact that a certain lad,

on whom her childish affections were just then set, appeared not to notice her splendid adornment.

Monday morning she saw him going by the house, driving a cow, and at once she clambered upon the fence.

"Oh, Ed," she called, "that was me to church yesterday, with a new hat on!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Her Ambition.

A Kansas city school-teacher was one day asking her scholars what they wanted to be or do when they were men and women.

She received various answers. One child wished to be a farmer, another a merchant, another a banker, another a school-teacher, another a musician, and so on. Some of them answered simply, "I don't know."

Finally she came to Susie Benley, a nice little girl of eight years.

Susie arose and demurely replied, to the amusement and astonishment of the teacher, "I want to be a married lady, and keep house."

A Horrible Mistake.

Here is a case of absent-mindedness which caused the victim a good deal of embarrassment, although, as he afterward said in a melancholy tone, he might have fared worse than he did.

F was to attend a theater party one evening and went home rather early to dress. He ascended the steps of the house where he was to join his friends only about half an hour before the time set for starting for the theater. When the maid opened the door he stepped in and, unbuckling his overcoat, threw it back. She looked at him in a peculiar way, and then turned her head quickly, as if she were trying to hide a smile.

F happened to look down at his shoes, and then said hurriedly to the maid:

"Oh, you needn't announce me yet, and don't say anything about this, that's a good girl."

He hurried out again and rushed for a cab.

"Drive as rapidly as you can," he said breathlessly.

He startled his family by bursting into the house like a tempest.

"What's the matter, Will?" asked his mother; "you will be late, won't you?"

"What's the matter?" cried F.

"Look at me!" and he threw off his overcoat. He was in evening dress—that is, he supposed he was. But when dressing he had put on, in a fit of absent-mindedness, a pair of light checked trousers. The combination of evening dress as regards coat and waistcoat and immaculate shirt front and light colored trousers was so ludicrous that F's brother simply roared with laughter. F, however, had torn upstairs to dress himself properly. He was down stairs in a wink. His brother followed him out to the cab, and as the vehicle whisked away, F stuck his head out of the window and said:

"Great Scott, suppose I had gotten into that room full of people before I discovered how I was dressed."

He was a little late, but very contented to escape so lightly.—*New York Tribune.*

Bathing at Trouville.

To give an idea of the care that is bestowed upon a bathing dress at Trouville, let me describe one among many that I saw. The wearer came out of her bathing machine wrapped in a coat of Turkey red silk. Her hat was of white straw, with Turkey red ribbons and flowers. Her sandals were white, laced with red tapes that crossed above her ankles, and were there tied in a bow. The silk cloak shone in the sun. It did not even partially reveal her figure; in fact, the women in these cloaks looked at a distance like Bedouins. As this lady's feet touched the water she raised her arms and spread them, and the gossamer cloak fell into the hands of the bathing attendant. Then she stood revealed to the concourse of onlookers, clad as for a spectacle on the stage. She wore a loose blouse of Turkey red flannel, short, tight red breeches, and red stockings. Her blouse was opened in front by two great lapels, between which was a white shirt with red stripes across it. Behind it had a great broad sailor collar, white and banded with red.

The extravagances and eccentricities of the costumes on that beach were wonderful, and altogether they helped to form as brilliant and gay a scene as one could well imagine. Some of the cloaks were striped, some were green, some yellow. Sometimes the suits worn beneath them matched the cloaks, yet often they did not. But while the skirts were often short, the arms were often sleeveless, and I even saw two or three skirts that were somewhat décollete, there were no costumes worn in the water that justified the pictures commonly seen in the Parisian illustrated papers. I doubt whether many of the costumes at Trouville would startle the bathers at Narragansett Pier, except that they are much more costly and artistic than the bath robes worn at the Pier.—*Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.*

Stanley's Ring.

At the time the Anglo-American expedition started for Africa Mr. Stanley was presented with a ring, on which was engraved his name, together with that of the expedition and the date. Mr. Stanley wore this ring while exploring the lakes in Central Africa on his first march across the dark continent. The ring was, however, missed, being either stolen or lost. After eight years it came into the possession of a Welsh missionary to the Congo, who bought it of a native and forwarded it to Mr. Stanley as a wedding memento. Mr. Stanley, in acknowledging the receipt of the ring, expressed great surprise and delight that it should have followed him from the darkest regions of Africa.

Poverty in Italy.

There are more than 200,000 persons in Italy who inhabit dark cellars, and 9,965 communities which are so poor that meat is never seen on the table, and bread only on Sunday.

"TIDDLEYWINKS."

The New Parlor Game Which Has Recently Become the Craze.

"Progressive euchre has had its day, but it isn't in it any more. In fact, there is no game now but 'tiddlewinks,' and I'm getting so I can play that with my eyes shut."

This was the way a young society man spoke of the new fad yesterday.

"It's a great game," he added, "and lots of fun. Everybody is playing it, and a knowledge of the game is almost as essential as knowing how to dance."

The new game of tiddlewinks is an important one, and in its origin is quite English. The American game has been modified somewhat from its London original, and is arranged so that more players can take part.

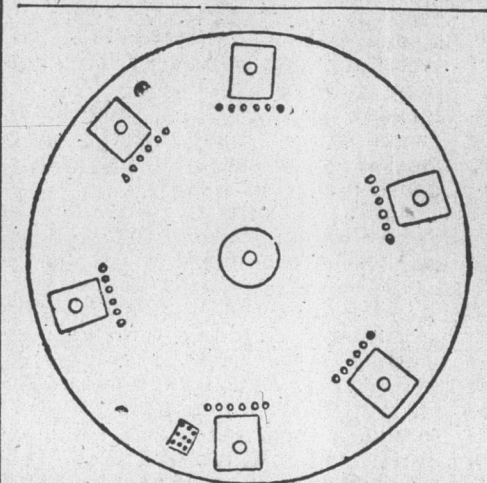
The name is apparently nonsensical and its origin is only to be explained by deduction. Small ivory chips are jumped by striking them on the edge with a larger chip, and the object of the game is to make them fall into a small "wink" pot set in the center of the table.

Every girl winks when her chip jumps, so the small chips are called "winks." The large chips are jumpers, and this suggests the baby appellation for an altogether different kind of a jumper, and so they are called "tiddlewinks." At least, this is the explanation which a Fifth avenue girl gave her country cousin a few days ago.

The new game is very popular and has become quite a craze.

From two to six persons can play, but the more the better, as well as merrier, when arranged as partners.

The wink-pot is placed in the center of the table. It is a small cup, barely two inches in diameter. If a mat or

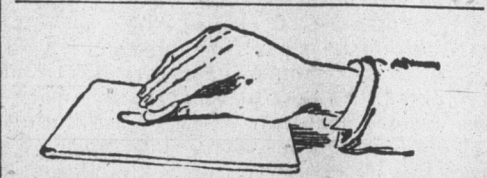


heavy tablecloth is used the only other "implements" are the winks, the tiddlewinks and a number of pasteboard counters. If not, each player is provided with a small pad or mat about three or four inches broad, from which to jump the winks.

Every player has six winks. The mats are placed at an equal distance from the wink-pot. A wink is put on the mat, and the player holding one of the tiddlewinks hits or presses with its edge upon the wink, causing it to jump. The best result is secured by resting the tiddlewink on the wink and drawing it backward. The wink may be made to jump several feet in this way. The science comes in in so gauging the pressure that the wink will fall into the pot. If it goes beyond, the player must jump it back.

One plays until he fails to put a wink in, and then the turn passes. Partners may help each other. The object in the English game is to get all the winks in, and one who is through first tallies one for every wink left on the table when they are through.

It often happens that a wink falls on that of another player. The under one cannot be touched, and the owner



of the upper one may play all the rest in before trying that and setting the under one free.

In the American game each wink jumped into the pot counts one. At the start a pool is formed, each player anteing seven counters. Each plays his own six winks at the first round. After that he plays any winks he chooses, and as long as he can put a wink into the pot. If he fails to put a wink in six trials he forfeits two counters to the pool. If he clears the table he can take out of the pot as many as he can put back.

Four winks in succession form a run, and for every wink in a run over three the player receives an extra counter from the pool. When the winks are all in the player who has made the largest run and the one putting in the largest number of winks will divide the pool equally.

Both the English and American games are played so as to give variety, and the game is also made more interesting by varying the distances at which the mats are placed from the wink-pot at the start-point. Sometimes a line ten inches in diameter is drawn around the wink-pot, and winks falling in it have to be left until all others are in. This ring is called the dead-line.

The game is quick and lively, requires considerable skill and the score is easily kept. This makes it especially entertaining as a "progressive" game with several tables.

It Wouldn't Work.

"Parson Lumberlip," remarked a gentleman to whom the parson had been berating his drowsy flock, "I should think a cornet in the choir would remedy the trouble. A good blast from that now and then would keep them aroused."

"'Twouldn't do, sah," returned the parson. "De'y git so used to it arter erwhile dat in de day wen Gab'l come ter blow der ressurectum hawn, dey'd on'y jus' roust up an say, 'ding dat old quah trumpet,' an' den tu'n ober an' go on wid der doze."

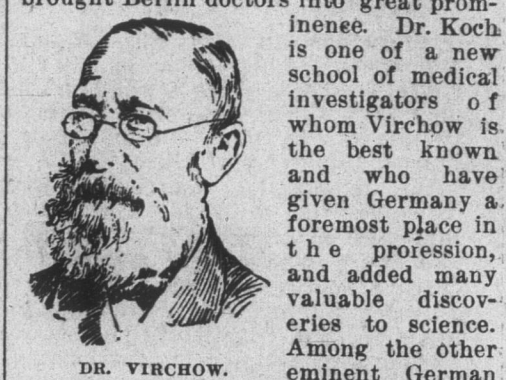
AFTER exhaustive experiments, the French postoffice has decided to substitute a copper-coated steel wire in place of the ordinary iron wire for telegraphic and telephonic service.

KOCH AND HIS AIDS.

PATIENTS THRONING TO BERLIN FOR TREATMENT.

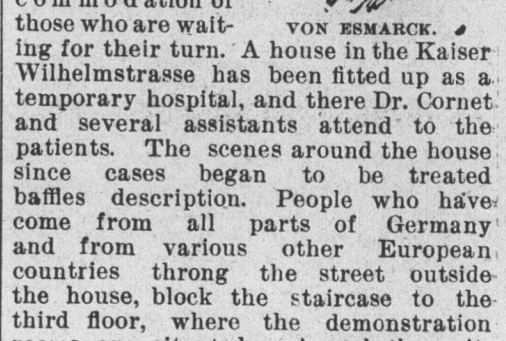
Famous German Physicians—Curious Scenes and Incidents at the Improvised Hospitals Where the New Treatment of Consumption Is Administered.

The general interest taken in Professor Koch's consumption remedy has brought Berlin doctors into great prominence. Dr. Koch



is one of a new school of medical investigators of whom Virchow is the best known and who have given Germany a foremost place in the profession, and added many valuable discoveries to science. Among the other eminent German medical men to whom Koch's discovery has been submitted for their judgment, or who have been engaged in treating consumptive patients with his lymph are Professors Von Eschmarck, Gerhard, and Krause, and Drs. Bergmann, Frantzel, Levy, and Cornet.

The consulting-room used by Dr. Koch and the other medical men who have undertaken to apply his cure is at the Central Hotel in Berlin, which is said to be the largest hotel in the world. It is an ordinary large hotel room with a screen shutting off a small compartment, where the patients are examined and a number of seats for the accommodation of those who are waiting for their turn. A house in the Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse has been fitted up as a temporary hospital, and there Dr. Cornet and several assistants attend to the patients. The scenes around the house since cases began to be treated baffles description. People who have come from all parts of Germany and from various other European countries throng the street outside the house, block the staircase to the third floor, where the demonstration rooms are situated, and pack the waiting-room almost to suffocation. It is a coughing, heavy-breathing, sighing crowd, with emaciated, pale faces in which despair or resignation is painted. A few here and there are lighted up with a faint glimmer of hope. They are mainly those who have been inoculated, or fancy they are better, and have come back for a second examination. From early morning till night the people come and go in a never-ending stream, and the doctors are worked almost to death.



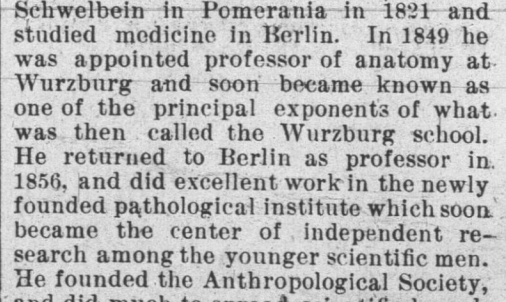
Dr. Cornet is a marvel of patience and kindness, and the latter quality has much to do with keeping the sufferers in good humor, which is a necessary accompaniment to a fair test of the lymph. In the demonstration-room a crowd of doctors stand with Dr. Cornet round a table covered with instruments. They are kept as busy as bees. When the patient's turn comes he strips the upper part of his body and is examined. Then the point of the syringe is inserted between the shoulder blades, the little india-rubber ball is pressed, and the subcutaneous injection of lymph is given. The doctor who treats the patient keeps talking cheerfully to him during the few moments which the operation requires, and the sufferer goes away looking relieved and grateful.

For wealthy patients a private hospital has been fitted up in the Albrechtstrasse. It is now full, and notices are posted up announcing that no further patients can be admitted, and that no consultations are held on the premises. It was originally fitted up as a flat house for the better class. Dr. Cornet's brother, who has been brought on from Munich, takes care of the hospital for his brother, who is only able to pay short visits to his patients. Other temporary hospitals have been fitted up, but all of them together are not capable of accommodating a tithe of the patients willing to pay any price for treatment.

The founder of the school of investigating doctors, and by far the most distinguished physician in Germany as well as one of the foremost in Europe, is Dr. Virchow of Berlin. He was born at Schwebelin in Pomerania in 1821 and studied medicine in Berlin. In 1849 he was appointed professor of anatomy at Wurzburg and soon became known as one of the principal exponents of what was then called the Wurzburg school. He returned to Berlin as professor in 1856, and did excellent work in the newly founded pathological institute which soon became the center of independent research among the younger scientific men. He founded the Anthropological Society, and did much to spread scientific knowledge among the people. He also took an active part in politics, and was for many years a member of the Reichstag. He has written many books on medical and other subjects. Among his principal works are, "Cellular Pathology," "Four Lectures on Life and Illness," "Goethe as a Naturalist," "The Education of Women," and "Free Knowledge in the Modern State."

Dr. Bergmann, who also takes a great interest in Koch's discovery, is widely known through his controversy with Sir Morell Mackenzie over the treatment of Emperor Frederick.

How to get rid of ants—marry them to your uncles.



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