

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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

In 1819 the United States purchased Florida from Spain.

Work is the best remedy for heart-aches. To cure your own sorrow, help your neighbor.

At last it has been proved mathematically that it is impossible to square the circle. Thus in time does science overtake experience.

In 1894 it will be 100 years since Hungary became an independent government, and it is proposed to celebrate the anniversary with great pomp.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., leads the world in its percentage of divorces to marriages. This year it was one to five and last year one to six. The total number of dissolutions was 213.

The report that 22,000 people have died of smallpox in Guatemala within six months sounds almost too astonishing to be true. If it is correct, the vaccinator evidently has a fine field for work there.

JAN. 8, 1815, was the day on which the battle of New Orleans, in the second war with Great Britain was fought. Wonderful victory of Gen. Andrew Jackson with his entrenchments of cotton bales.

FOUR HUNDRED out of every 1,000,000 of the residents of Saxony, in Germany, commit suicide. In Leipzig the proportion is the highest in the world, reaching 450 per 1,000,000. In London it is only 85 per 1,000,000.

ARABI PASHA is slowly dying in Ceylon. It has been suggested that an appeal be made to the British Government asking that some more fitting place be selected where the unhappy Egyptian chief can serve out his exile.

A RECENT invention is an electric mineral ore detector, by which it is claimed that the presence of ore may be detected. By this means a comparatively inexperienced person is able to tell whether the sample contains ore or not.

HAD Jack Dempsy ran for the presidency of the United States and been defeated he would not have felt the bitterness of it half so much as he does the affair at New Orleans. When a champion is downed earth has no further charms for him.

HENRY DANFORTH, an Iowa well digger, completed his 464th well two days before Christmas, and was being drawn up in the bucket when the rope broke and he was killed by the fall. He had remarked not an hour before that he guessed he was born to be hung.

ALTHOUGH whales grow to enormous size, sometimes eighty and even ninety feet long, the throat is so small that the animal couldn't swallow a bite as large as a tea biscuit. This applies to the common whale. The spermaceti has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

ONE telephone was put in at a small town in Kansas, and the owner of a house to rent immediately raised the price \$5 per month. Then he went over and called up a saw-mill half a mile away and burst a blood-vessel trying to keep up a conversation over the wire.

It is pretty evident that every band of Indians will fight before they will surrender their rifles, but the only way to keep the red man docile is to disarm him and disarm him. If he can fight the soldiers with stones and shillalahs he is welcome to the satisfaction.

GEN. BEN BUTLER, though nearly seventy-five years old, is one of the hardest working lawyers in Boston. He comes down from Lowell every morning and goes back at night after a day of toil, and he does not hesitate to burn the midnight oil when occasion requires.

The track mileage of street railways in the five leading cities of the United States is said to be as follows: New York, 368; Chicago, 365; Boston, 329; Brooklyn, 324; Philadelphia, 324. Three cities have elevated roads: New York, 32 miles; Brooklyn, 24 miles, and Kansas City, 5 miles.

The custom of the Japanese in not permitting a father to see his child until it is three months old was founded on the idea that the youngster wouldn't know his dad at an earlier age. Having never seen him, how he should know him at three months is a question the Japs entirely overlooked.

JOHN BEALS was arrested in Kansas for malicious trespass. He promised the Sheriff not to dig his way out of jail if left unwatched, but inside of three days he went through the brick wall, stole the Sheriff's horse and buggy, and then took Mrs. Sheriff in with him and galloped away to parts unknown.

A CITIZEN of Portland, Me., applied to another citizen for relief, claiming to be in destitute circumstances. He was arrested next day on a charge of false pretenses, as it was discovered that he had a quart of whisky and nine cents

when he applied for relief. The law will now have to define what "destitute" means.

AN Austrian professor says that many women who keep lap-dogs suffer from an affection of the liver caused by a small parasite which is peculiar to the dog's liver. This explains everything. It never did seem possible that the silliness of some women's demonstrations over pet dogs was due to an affection of the heart.

A BLACK convict in the South Carolina penitentiary made his escape the other day, but after two days of freedom he returned of his own accord, saying that he could not find as good a place outside of it for the amount of labor he was obliged to perform. In fact, when he got home he found nothing to eat and the fire all out.

MAYOR YANCEY, of Lynchburg, Va., announced that he would remit all the fines of citizens for failing to remove snow from their premises, as he considered it unjust to fine a citizen for an offense that the city was guilty of. He then issued rules against the superintendent of the city hands and the city engineer to appear before the court to show cause why they did not do their duty in cleaning snow off the city property.

ONE of the most excellent of recent innovations is the introduction of metal ceilings in place of wood and plaster. These ceilings do not shrink or burn like wood; they will not stain, crack or fall off like plaster, but being permanent, durable, fireproof and ornamental, will eventually supersede both wood and plaster, besides being in the end far more economical than either.

DR. FELIX L. OSWALD has contributed an article to the *Medical Tribune* on "The Night Air Cure," in which he maintains that night air from the outside is far more healthful than the vitiated, disease-laden night air of ordinary human dwellings. In Germany successful experiments have been tried in summer of having patients with pulmonary disorders sleep all night in the open air of the pine woods. At any rate it is all we have to breathe at night, and it had better be fresh and pure as possible.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times* says that he and his party saw a rainbow which formed a complete circle, visible for nearly half an hour during their ascent of the Finsteraarhorn. "There were," he says, "heavy clouds lying some 4,000 feet below on the Aar glaciers, and it was on these that the beautiful brilliantly colored ring lay. A second circle was also visible. We were near the summit of the peak when we first observed it, and from that point the face of the mountain on the Grindel side is almost perpendicular."

In Britain the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are turning their attention to the condition in which cattle are landed from the Atlantic and to the treatment they receive. In a case at Birkenhead a seaman was charged for cruelly ill-treating a steer at the freight landing stage, and was sent to prison for twenty-one days, with hard labor. It would be well if our American Societies would look after the treatment of animals here in the various stockyards throughout the country. In many instances the animals are treated in the most cruel manner.

You think you know what a servant is. Well, don't be too sure about it. Not long ago a Rhode Island gentleman died, directing in his will that the sum of \$12,000 be equally divided among his servants. And when the division was made the woman who had washed the windows of his house was left out, on the ground that she did not technically come under the designation of a servant. Of course she has brought suit to find out why this is thus, and the lawyers may be expected to make a pretty fight over the point whether the washing of a window is a menial act de jure or only a menial act de facto.

The youngest married couple that ever passed through the barge office in New York put in an appearance last week. The husband, Yussef Gosn, was only 16 years old, and his wife, Malacha Simaan, was of the almost infantile age of 11. The couple were from Lebanon, in Syria, the husband having been in this country before for two years and having returned seven months ago to claim his bride. He was accompanied by his mother, a woman 40 years old, who said that the marriage of the two children had been sanctioned by the parents of both. The young couple will ply the trade of peddlers.

ONE of the curious products of Mexico is the jumping bean, a vegetable curiosity, whose freaks of acrobatic agility has never been fully explained by the scientists. They grow in pods, each pod containing three beans. Each segment is rounded on one side and A-shaped on the other, greenish yellow color, and in circumference about the size of a large lead-pencil. When placed on a table they roll over and skip about, sometimes actually jumping a good two inches. When held between the thumb and forefinger they are felt to beat as strongly as the throbbing of a strong man's pulse. The Agricultural Department at Washington has been acquainted with the rarity since 1884.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

How Polly Saved Me.



My friend and I were sitting by the fire-side the other evening he asked me to explain why, in the burning of my house two months before, I had saved my parrot instead of other more valuable things. In answer I told him the following story:

One night, not long after I had moved West, I had just come in from attending to the cattle, and was sitting down to supper, when I remembered that I had not left two of my little calves in proper shelter for the night, as there were all appearances of its being a very stormy one, so, bundling myself up, I started out again. It was snowing very hard, but I did not have much difficulty in reaching the barn, as the wind was not blowing much yet, and I had no trouble in keeping my lantern burning.

I was detained longer than I expected with the cattle, and when I was ready to start back again I found I would have a worse job getting back than I had in coming. Still I started out. The night had grown intensely dark, the wind blowing a gale, and the snow so blinding that with the aid of my lantern I could not see more than a yard in front of me, and it blew out in no time. Then I could not see anything. I thought I would go back to the barn and light it again, so I stumbled along in the right direction, as I thought, for five minutes without reaching it, and then I began to be very much frightened, so I thought I would make for the house instead, but that was no better. I waded on and on through the big snow drifts, stumbling down every little while, with the snow and wind beating in my face, for hours it seemed to me, and I felt that I could not keep up much longer, when, as I stopped for breath a few seconds, I heard a voice calling, "Bill! Bill! Polly wants her supper." It was my parrot. I had left the window where her cage was hanging a few inches open, and now as she was tired of waiting for me she had commenced to call, and that is how she saved me, for she kept up a steady noise all the time, and by going a few steps and then waiting till I heard her again I reached the house in safety, otherwise I think I should have frozen to death. So two months ago, when I had a chance to save Polly, I did it, and now we are even.—M. L. S., in *Harper's Young People*.

In the Snow.

Do you see me? I's a turkle wid a cover on my back. Speck I'll lose myself torekely 'cause de snowflakes hides my track—



Den when mamma comes to find me won't it be a lot of fun. 'Cause she is afraid of turkles, and I'll make her scream an' run.

What a Boy Can Do.

These are some of the things that a boy can do: He can whistle so loud that the air turns blue; He can make all sounds of beast and bird, And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck As well as a rooster, hen, or duck; He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow, And a cat itself can't beat his "meow."

He has cat's tails that are ruffed, striped and plain; He can thunder by as a railway train. Stop at the stations a breath and then Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command He can turn right into a full brass band. With all of the instruments ever played, As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and keeping still; But earth would be—God bless their noise!—A dull old place if there were no boys.—Exchange.

Bright Sayings of Little Ones.

The new and eminently practical idea of a "vacation school" in the manual arts struck the Tuffboy family as just the thing to keep Jimmy out of mischief, and he was posted off to learn the use of tools. After the first half-day he came in excitedly. "Got any rags, ma?" "Rags, why? What's the matter?" "Nothing much; I knocked my thumb nail askew, cut my hand with a chisel, drove a shingle nail into my knee, and a chip flew into my eye. It's all right as soon's I pull this sliver out o' my finger. 'Spose the liniment'll hold out?" Jimmy will play ball the rest of the vacation.

A LADY teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother, "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," said the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little one, with an arch look, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

A YOUNGSTER of 4, rather noted for his depravity than otherwise, was taken into his mother's bedroom the other day and introduced to his baby sister, one day old. He seemed to look on the new arrival with considerable embarrassment, not unmixed with disapproval, and at the same time to appreciate the fact that it devolved upon him to say something worthy of the occasion. Finally he remarked, with a rising inflexion expressive

great unctuousness. "Well, I hope she'll be a Christian."

A LITTLE Vermont girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there, he won't stay long. I was thinking."

"Come on! come on!" said a gentleman to a little girl at whom a big dog had been barking furiously. "Come on; he is quiet now." "Ah, but," said the little girl, "the barks are in him still."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Bertie, "that cat won't stay with her kittens; she has left them again!" "Yes," said Little Nellie; "but she has hired another cat to stay with them; I saw it."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

HOW BILLY PLAYED MILKMAN.

Two travelers had stopped at a small farm house in Southwestern Arkansas. While they waited for dinner the countryman entertained them. Pointing to a small, white-headed, sun-burnt boy, he said: "Yer see 'at leetle feller er pokin' in ther ash-hopper 'ith er co'nstawk? He's ther funnies' kid yer ever seed. He ain' no mo' 'n seben year of an' 'e's inter ev'ry devilment 'at comes up, an' er monst'ous sight er times he fetches hit up hisse'f. He's got er powerful sight er pride, an' ef 'e gits ther wust uv anything whut 'e



goes inter, hit mighty nigh breaks 'is heart. Not long ergo 'e comed ter me an' 'e asts me ter give 'im 'at yea'lin' calf whut's er standin' over yan by ther trough in er chavin' uv hits cud. I says, s't, 'All right, Billy, yer kin claim hit.' S's'e, 'At's all I want, poppy.' Hit 'us er Sunday evenin', er bout two hours by sun, 'at I seed 'im er gettin' all ther child'n inter ther lot. I sneaked up er hine ther fence an' heerd Billy er tellin' uv 'em 'at ther wuz er go'n'ter play er sellin' uv milk. Him an' er leetle nigger wuz er go'n'ter be ther milkmen an' ther yethers wuz ter buy hit. Ther yea'lin' wuz kinder trained ter stop er yer ketches hits tail. Billy an' ther leetle nigh tuck atter ther yea'lin'. Ther nigger ketches hit by ther tail an' hit stopped. Billy had er o' yster can an' jist squatted down side er ther yea'lin' like 'e'd seed folks do whut wuz er milkin'. He says, s'p, 'Saw, cow, an' 'e fetched er s'p. Ther calf jist reached back 'ith both hin' feet an' hit ther leetle nigh right whar er girt fits on er hoss an' laid 'im out. Hit skeered Billy when ther yea'lin' kicked, an' 'e jumped back an' fell down. Es ther calf comed for 'e'd one huff ketches Billy in ther eye an' ther yether went in 'is mouth. 'Whut er yelin' an' er howlin' thar wuz! I laid erhin' ther fence an' lafft fit ter bus open twell wife she comed out an' blowed me up 'cuse I wuzn't erfeared at some un wuz hurt. Then I shet up. Ef yer un marri'd yer know how hit is. Now, ef I wanter git shet er Billy, I jist say 'Saw, cow,' an' 'e slopes powerful quick.

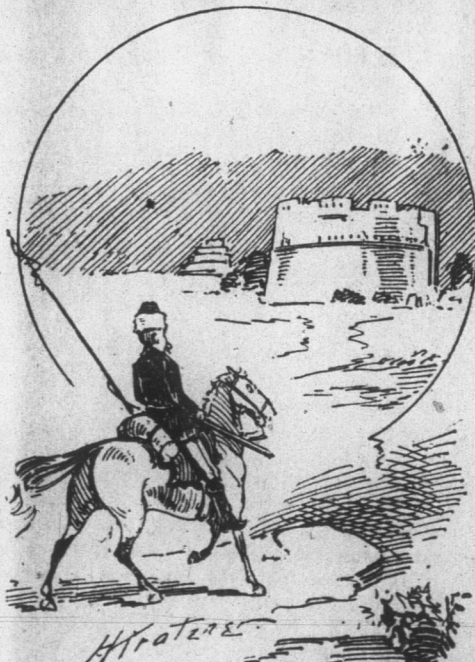
HUGH BLAKE WILLIAMS.

RAIDING IN PERSIA.

How the Natives Protected Themselves from the Turkomans.

Few countries suffered more from raiding in the past than Persia. Turkoman hordes swept over its plains, and the Government was too imbecile to protect the people from being plundered. The people, as a consequence, had to do the best they could to protect themselves. They constructed strong mud walls around their villages, and often an entire village was entered by one door, so low that a Turkoman on horseback could not pass through. The raiders generally did not lay siege to a place; they made a sudden dash; if it failed, they went away to try some other locality.

The most remarkable instance of a village with the necessary defensive conditions is Lasgrid, 100 miles east of Teheran. Instead of being encircled



THE FORTIFIED VILLAGE OF LASGRID, PER. I.A.

by a defensive wall, it is built upon it. The wall is circular, thirty feet wide, and between thirty and forty feet high. Perched at this height, the people were out of danger. When word was given that a raid was to be made, the natives barricaded the entrance to their fort and defied their assailants. They continually kept their village provisioned.

A BOW-LEGGED man ought to be good at ten-pins.

THE SENATOR WAS EXCITED.

Fired Two Charges of Blue Pills at a Deer and Dosed Himself with Buckshot.

A member of the United States Senate, distinguished alike for his great ability and the unctuous manner in which he tells a story or relates a joke, even if it be upon himself, entertained some newspaper men recently in the lobby of the Senate with the recital of an incident in connection with a recent successful deer hunt not a thousand miles from the nation's capital. The Senator was combining a quest of health with pleasure on this deer hunt, and had gone provided with a liberal supply of pills furnished by his Washington physician. He was camped in the mountains, and was meeting with a fair share of success.

One morning while preparing to take his departure for the deer stand, a messenger arrived loaded down with glowing accounts of the November Democratic victories throughout the country. Now, the Senator is one of the staunchest and most enthusiastic Democrats in the country, and the great news fairly set him wild. About this time the loud-mouthed bay of the hounds came from the mountain, announcing that the fleet-footed deer had been started. The Senator quickly loaded his double-barreled gun and hastened to the stand. He had been there but a few minutes when a splendid three-pronged buck put in an appearance, scarcely forty yards distant, utterly unconscious of such close proximity to the usually unerring aim of the Senatorial deer hunter. Then there was a loud report, the deer stood motionless, and then the Senator let him have the other barrel. But to the Senator's surprise the buck took a header through the forest at a rate of speed which showed that he was unaffected in wind or limb by the fusillade to which he had been subjected.

The Senator is now convinced that instead of loading with buckshot he had used the pills, and at most the buck only received a hypodermic injection of blue mass. The Senator did not say, but it is just possible that he also got in the wrong pocket that morning when taking his daily dose of physic, and instead of the pills dosed himself with buckshot. It is certainly possible that he might have done so and been excusable, suffering as he was under the effects of Democratic and buck fever. —*Baltimore Sun*.

ARMY HORSES.

A Big Black Stallion That Used to Do His Share of the Fighting.

Speaking of horses, there are horses and "horses," but the greatest horse I ever knew was the big black stallion ridden by Sergeant Muchler, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, in Sheridan's valley campaign. I never could find out how this horse got into the army. He was a magnificent specimen of horseflesh, and pretty nearly thoroughbred. One day, along in the late fall of 1864, the enemy was met near Front Royal, Va., and then there was charging and counter-charging. The black stallion, with a courage that was magnificent, would carry his rider far into the enemy's lines, and while his rider was slashing away with his saber right and left, the stallion would lash out with his heels at every opportunity at the steed ridden by his opponent, and rear and strike and bite as savagely at him as if he were possessed of the very devil. Muchler was teaching him tricks all the time, and finally, after considerable practice, he got him so he would pursue another cavalryman, and, catching him by the blouse at the back of his neck, pull him off his horse. Along in the winter of 1864 Sheridan sent Custer after Rosser, near Strasburg, and there was in a short time the prettiest horse race up the valley that you ever saw. Custer's men soon caught up with Rosser, and then they had it hammer and tongs. The black stallion, as usual, outran everything in the chase, and singling out a victim, went for him with savage fury. Then, swinging the man clear out of his saddle, carried him in his teeth several feet and held him until his rider got hold of the prisoner by the scruff of his neck and sent him to the rear. On another occasion he got so interested and excited in a fight up the valley that he carried his rider into the enemy's lines, where both were captured. A few days later, in a fight near Mount Jackson, much to our amazement the black stallion was seen running away with a rebel Captain on his back, and before his rider could control him he was safely within our lines with his rider, and thus made an even exchange for his dereliction a few days previous. —*Congressman Allen*.

A Terrible Ostracism.

It is true that the British law in India permits the widow to marry again. But custom, far more powerful, forbids it; and the family abetting remarriage, even in the case of maiden widows, would, in most parts of India, be doomed to social ostracism. An enlightened Hindoo in Madras, the editor of the native newspaper, had a daughter whose child-husband died. The two had been married in infancy, and never lived together. This editor, pitying his daughter's widowed condition, determined to obtain for her another husband. The father was esteemed by the European community and popular with his own race. If any one could safely contravene prejudice and custom he seemed to be the man.

He procured a worthy young man as a husband for the "widow," who had never met a husband before. They were married, and the father felt that he had done a noble act both for his daughter and his people. But the weight of ostracism, more terrible and intolerable in India than in any other country, began to oppress the editor and his family. Enlightenment and philosophy were not sufficient antidotes for the bane of loss of caste. The editor's wife was the first to succumb. Her European friends encouraged her; but in vain. She died, not of disease, but of heart-breaking, crushed by social odium and contempt. Her husband, at last accounts, was striving to bear up as manfully as possible; but there was a ring of melancholy and despair in his latest letter to a British friend who gave these facts publicly.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

An Isolated Pyramid of Rock on the French Side of the English Channel.

In the little Bay of Avranches, an off-shoot of the Bay of Cancale, which washes a part of the coasts of both Normandy and Brittany, rises Mount St. Michael, an isolated pyramid of rock, whose summit overlooks a great part of the Norman and Breton coasts and in clear weather commands the cliffs of Jersey. Tradition does not tell when this rock first became the abode of man, but when the Romans came they erected on it a shrine to Jupiter and named it the Mount of Jove. With the advent of Christianity some hermits built cabins and took up their abodes there. In the sixth century these were formed into a brotherhood and in 708 Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, built a church and surrounding cells and dedicated the mount to St. Michael. In 963 the church and other buildings were replaced with



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

finer structures and bestowed upon the Benedictines. It rapidly increased in wealth and strength and had grown into an important fortress by the beginning of the eleventh century. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the mountain fell into French hands and has been since a French possession. It sustained several sieges by the English. During the revolution it shared the fate of other religious institutions in France and was converted into a house of correction. A few ecclesiastics now occupy it as an orphan asylum.

EXPLORATION OF DELPHI.

An Illustration of the Spirit of American Scholarship.

The success of the Archaeological Institute of America in securing the right to explore the ruins of Delphi is another excellent illustration of the zealous spirit of American scholarship. Of all the historic localities in Greece, Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle of Apollo, is generally considered by archaeologists the most interesting that remains to be explored. The American Institute and the American School at Athens are now in a position to render the same service to classical research and to win honor for themselves that was lately done by the Germans in their explorations of Olympia.

Kastri, a modern village of two or three hundred houses, stands above the ancient temples of Delphi. It was pronounced necessary to purchase and remove this village before excavations could begin. The Grecian Society of Archaeological Research was unable to raise the necessary money—the required sum was set at \$30,000. Then the privilege was offered to the French Society, and explorations were commenced in an experimental way, which promised rich results. But the rejection by France of a commercial treaty with the Greek Government, of which the Delphi privilege was one of the provisions, caused the privilege to be withdrawn, and subsequently the American Society applied for it. After a good deal of hard work by the gentlemen interested, the guarantee fund of \$30,000 has been gathered and the privilege secured.

Altogether, the affair is quite a feather in the cap of America. The payment of this money does not carry with it the right to remove from Greece any of the works of art or other materials that may be discovered, except duplicates, but it does give the exclusive right of copying and illustrating them. The Archaeological Institute has about \$5,000 a year to devote to the work of excavation, and it is believed that it will be sufficient for the purpose. It is intimated, however, that the public may be called upon, at some future time, to assist the institute in preparing the results of the work for publication. In such a case, the natural pride of cultured Americans in important undertakings of their country people is a pretty good guarantee that the response will be a generous one. —*Boston Journal*.

Art Criticism.

"So you are at work on another picture," said one young Washington man, who is prominent in art circles, to another.

"Yes; it's the scene of a duel. One of the combatants is supposed to be saying, 'Draw, villain!'"

"Well, old fellow, I must say you have carried your idea out admirably. The drawing is villainous!" —*Washington Post*.

She Classified Him.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, the eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your father in entertaining bores?" "Yes, sir," replied the little girl, gravely, "please be seated." —*Chicago Tribune*.

Hot water is said to be a sure cure for every complaint, but we never knew a man to feel any better because his wife kept him in it.