

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEwen, Editor.

A LESLIE, Mich., woman has a geranium four feet and one inch high.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has been petitioned to buy a sword of George Washington for \$20,000.

THE petrified body of a man, which was found in a cave near Fresno, Cal., has been sold for \$10,000. It is to be exhibited.

A WOMAN of Oil City, Pa., recently paid a dry goods dealer for a cloak which she said she stole from him sixteen years ago.

TWO DROPS of creosote made from beech tar, given with a little warm water, is said to be a specific for hicoughs arising from drunkenness.

MISSISSIPPI has a girl's industrial college. Columbia, Ga., has laid the corner-stone of a building to be devoted to the same purpose, and now Alabama is agitating the subject.

THERE is a man up in Maine who is likely to cause some profanity among stenographers and mailing clerks. His name is Glorious Florious. George Washington Stout Peck.

A FLOATING rope has been invented. It has a core of cork, covered with cotton twine. It is very soft and pliable, as well as strong, and will be found very serviceable in case of shipwreck.

THE memoir of Jeff Davis, just published, contains the Confederate proclamation proclaiming Gen. Butler an outlaw and a common enemy of mankind, and ordering his execution immediately upon his apprehension.

EGOTISM is more like an offense than a crime, though 'tis allowable to speak of yourself, provided nothing is advanced in favor; but I cannot help suspecting that those who abuse themselves are, in reality, angling for approbation.

TRUTH is never to be expected from authors whose understandings are warped with enthusiasm, for they judge all actions and their causes by their own perverse principles, and a crooked line can never be the measure of a straight one.

THE oxide of lead found in the bread of the Chicago baker has been traced to the stencilling of the name of the miller on the bag containing the flour from which the bread was made, the color having been put on so heavily that it soaked through the cloth.

IT takes an old horse to have a war record. One died the other day that served through the rebellion under Col. Whittaker, of New Haven, Ind. He was 35 years old. The Grand Army posts of the neighborhood turned out and buried him with military honors.

SOME persons make their own epitaphs, and bespeak the reader's good will. It were, indeed, to be wished that every man would early learn in this manner to make his own, and that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible, and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it.

THE American passenger car is in every way superior to the English, as every English railway official of any importance is ready to admit, but the English traveling public will not patronize them, and they been taken off of almost all the lines. It is for the same reason that the Englishman sticks to a nine-pound ax and a five-pound hoe—because his father used them.

THE road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.

THE Sultan is in constant fear of assassination. Some grand duchess, whom he received at his court, on his complaining that his health was indifferent, advised him to take more exercise and change of air and to drive about the country. On her departure, he is reported to have said: "What harm have I done that this woman should desire my death? Why does she advise me to run into such dangers?"

IT requires great wisdom and industry to advance a considerable estate; much art, and contrivance, and pains to raise a great and regular building; but the greatest and noblest work in the world, and an effect of the greatest prudence and care, is to rear and build up a man, and to form and fashion him to piety, and justice, and temperance, and all kinds of honest and worthy actions.

CHARLES and Augusta Thieke, an aged German couple, whose last abiding place was Jersey City, traveled the world over in search of a cure for rheumatism, with which first the wife and finally the husband suffered severely. They found no relief in Europe, Australia or America. In mutual despair they prepared two cups of poison, swallowed their respective draughts,

and their dead bodies were found in their home in Jersey City.

THE safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment. It is commonly observed that among soldiers and seamen, though there is much unkindness, there is little grief. They see their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleness, because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy will find himself equally unaffected with irretrievable losses.

ENGLAND has a very thrifty government. When a soldier dies in service \$1 for funeral services is deducted from whatever money may be due him; or, in case he has nothing, the officer commanding his company must pay the expenses. When a sailor dies at sea he is charged with the cost of the can vas and the shot with which he is buried. A country that spends millions in supporting royalty, and in pensioning royalty's faraway connections, must exercise economy somewhere.

A SHREWD lad dwells in Santa Rosa Cal. His father lost a colt, and the boy asked what reward would be given for finding him. "I will give you a dollar," said the father. "But how much would you give another boy?" queried the son. "I would give any other boy \$2.50," replied the parent. It was not long before the neighbor's lad appeared with the lost colt, and the owner promptly paid the boy \$2.50. Then the neighbor's lad went around the corner, where stood the son of the man who owned the colt and divided with him.

A PLEASANT interchange of civility was recently witnessed in Philadelphia. A well-dressed Frenchman stopped at the corner of Walnut and Broad streets, to wait for a street-car. An organ-grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marseillaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap. Without a thought, the polite Frenchman immediately raised his own small hat in return to the salute, and the monkey ran to his master chattering with delight, a broad grin spreading over his little brown face.

L. J. CROTHERS has a 10,000-acre ranch in Texas. He questions whether electricity would not make a good fence—that is, taken in conjunction with a three-string barb wire barrier of the usual kind. He fenced a thousand acre tract with one smooth wire and charged the wire from the dynamo that lighted his residence. Into the enclosure separated from the tract containing the main herd by this single wire, he drove some wild steers. They broke for the main body. The leader of the stampede met the wire, belted, and retreated rapidly. Other tried the wire and did likewise. Hence Mr. Crothers thinks that one wire will fence in the toughest quadruped in Texas.

THE Duke of Bedford, who has just died, was one of the richest men in Great Britain. Some years ago, he admitted that his income was the equivalent of one million five hundred thousand dollars a year. He was an excellent man and a mean man. He has stood for years in the way of local improvements in London. His real-estate holdings in that city were enormous, and he consistently fought every attempt to open the new streets demanded by the increasing traffic. The private thoroughfares under his control he closed and barred at an early hour every evening. It is hardly probable that the successor to the title and estate will depart from the hard practices of his father. Lord Tavistock is a narrow-minded individual, purse proud, selfish, and egotistical.

THE platypus, a small, molelike beast of Australia, has been voted palm for being the most extraordinary mammal in the known world. For the last twenty years its skin has been highly prized as an article of commerce, yet during all of that time scientists have been trying to settle the question whether it is born alive or hatched from an egg. Mr. Caldwell was sent out to Australia by the British Association for the express purpose of studying the life history of this wonderful creature, and was finally rewarded by the discovery of the egg and nest of this contradiction of nature. The body of the platypus resembles that of the mole, and is covered with close, short, grayish-brown fur. Like the beaver, its tail is broad and flat. A horny extension of the jaw forms a beak like that of a duck, the margins being sheathed with horn and supplied with transverse horny plates two in each jaw, but these are not teeth. The toes are united by a membrane or web, so the animal is enabled to swim with great ease. It inhabits small streams and ponds, living principally, if not wholly, on insects. When the young are hatched they are blind and quite naked. The method by which they obtain milk from the mother is still obscure, as the creature has no nipples, only a flat surface; no there any marsupial pouch. The beak of the young is wholly unlike that of an adult. It cost the British Association over \$10,000 to ascertain the above facts.

THE Common Council of Cincinnati, at the suggestion of the health officer, has passed an ordinance making it misdemeanor to give public exhibitions of mesmerism and hypnotism.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

MAURICE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BURGLAR.

He induces the House-Breaker Not to Wake His Tired Mother—Offering the Contents of His Savings Bank—How Jack Was Reformed.

One day Mr. Horn was called away to a neighboring town on business, which was to detain him all night. The house seemed lonely without him, and all were glad to go to bed early, especially Mrs. Horn, who had a severe headache. Maurice slept on a cot in a small room which adjoined hers.

The town clock struck 12. It was a moonlit night and the boy's room was flooded with the soft rays. He was not asleep, for he was having one of his seasons of pain, which were so sadly frequent now. Still he was as quiet as a mouse, fearing to wake his mother, who had at last fallen into a sound slumber. His thoughts were busy with every subject a good little boy ever thought of, and at last turned to the pleasant society.

"It is very easy to be kind," he thought, "except when my leg hurts uncommonly bad, for everybody is so good to me. I should really like to try being nice to somebody quite disagreeable."

Then, the pain ceasing for a while, he slept. He was awakened suddenly by the creaking of one of the boards in the floor, and opening his eyes he saw a man stepping toward his mother's room. Maurice was not half so frightened as he thought he should be under the circumstances. If ever there was a chance to be so surely was that chance, and who could be much more disagreeable than a burglar?

Quick as a flash he seized his little crutches and jumped out of bed.

"Mr. Burglar?" he called, softly. The man turned.

"Please, Mr. Burglar, do not wake my mamma. She has just fallen asleep. Her head aches awfully."

The man eyed the tiny figure standing there in the white nightgown.

"Well, I'll be blowed," said he. Maurice hobbled swiftly by him and shut the door between the two rooms.

"I'm cold, and my leg will be awful to-morrow if I don't get back to bed." Then, thinking he must be very, very pleasant indeed, he went on to the astonished man.

"I think you must be a nice man, and I am sure you only burgle because you are out of your head, or hungry, or something. Have you any little boys?"

"Five," gasped the man. "Well, there is \$1.45 over in my tin bank on the mantel-piece, which I am sure you are welcome to. And now," added Maurice, hopping into bed and making sure that his crutches did not fall upon the floor, "will you be kind enough to tuck me up?"

"Well, I certainly will be blowed!" muttered Jack Jones again, but there was a moisture in his eye not often found in those of a burglar, as he tucked the bedclothes around Maurice as tenderly as his own mother could have done.

"Thank you," said Maurice, in a whisper. "The money is at your service—I give it to you."

"Take your money," said the man, hoarsely. "Lord, I'd die sooner. Let me tell you—I'll speak soft," as Maurice held up his thin forefinger warningly; "it's the first time I ever undertook such a job, and it's the last. But they're starving at home—you don't know what it is to starve, lad—and the mill has been shut down for weeks, and there's no work for an honest man."

"I knew you were out of your head, or hungry, or something," replied Maurice. "Now, Mr.—I don't know your real name—if you'll come around to-morrow—without mentioning how you got acquainted with me, you know—my papa will get you some work, and you'll never have to think of burgling for a living any more. He always does what I ask him, because he's so sorry for me being a cripple. Nurse dropped me when a baby."

Jack drew his sleeve across his eyes. "I'll be here," he said; and was gone.

"And he didn't take my bank," said Maurice, regretfully, thinking of the five little hungry boys, and hopping out of bed once more to secure the window, the fastening of which he found broken. "I'm so glad I was pleasant to him."

Then he opened the door into his mother's room again. She was still asleep, so he crawled into bed and tucked the clothes around him as best he could.

When he opened his eyes the next morning his thought was that his adventure had been a dream, but the broken window fastening told his story. He found his father at home when he went down to breakfast.

"Papa," said he, "I got acquainted with a poor man while you were gone, and he has no work, and has five little boys, all very hungry; can't you help him?"

"Where does he live and what is his name?" asked Mr. Horn, wondering. "I didn't ask him many questions. He seemed sort of bashful," answered Maurice, as discreetly as possible.

Jack arrived about 10 o'clock, looking as unlike a housebreaker as could be. Finding that he was used to driving horses, Mr. Horn procured him a good situation as a teamster, where, from accounts, he was doing well. He and Maurice are the best of friends, and, although on all ordinary occasions there is the utmost silence maintained as to their first meeting, yet sometimes, when the little lame boy is perched upon the wagon seat by his friend, he will say: "You were out of your head or hungry, I was sure, Mr. B., and Jack will reply, with the same expression of wonderment: "Well, I'll be blowed."—*Boston Globe*.

Children's Talk. FATHER—"Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?" TOMMY—"Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?" "Certainly, my child." "Now I know what makes the

singing in the teakettle when the water begins to boil."

LITTLE MAZEL described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow on the bed carving. "Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers."—*Babyhood*.

LITTLE HANS (to his mother, who is anxiously looking for his smaller sister)—"O, don't be worried, mamma; they will be sure to find Elsie when they clear up the rooms in the morning."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

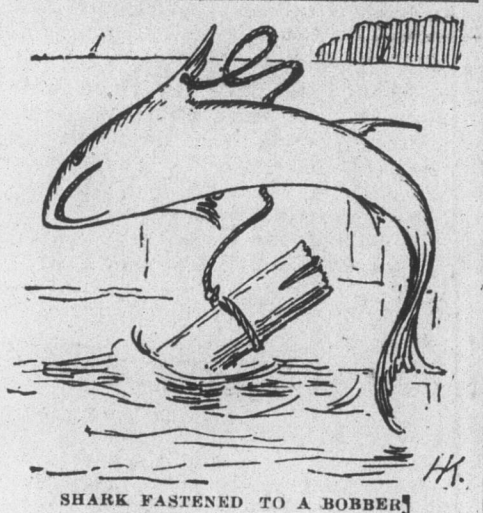
FIRST SMALL BOY—"Say, Johnny, don't sling them old chicken heads over in our front yard." SECOND BOY—"Why not?" "Cause the minister is in the house, and if he should see 'em he'd stay to dinner, and there's only one pie."

THE other day a little fellow entered a store and said: "I want a dog's muzzle." "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper, who saw that the boy made no offer to pay for it. "No," said the customer, indignantly, "of course it isn't. It's for our dog."

SHARKS TORTURED TO DEATH.

Galveston Fishermen Catch and Fasten Them to a Log.

"The people of Galveston hate sharks more than poison, and you would think so, too, if you saw the numerous logs of wood bobbing up and down in the



SHARK FASTENED TO A BOBBY.

bay there," said Hubert E. James, a hardware merchant from the Texas metropolis.

"The sharks in the bay of Galveston are about three feet long," continued Mr. James, "and spoil the good fishing, or what would be good fishing, by eating or searing to death about all the fish in the bay. This so provokes the fishermen that they go out in parties and catch all the sharks they can. They never kill one immediately, but bore a hole through the upper fin of each one and with a piece of rope about three feet long tie Mr. Shark to a log of wood heavy enough to keep him from going far from the surface of the water. The unwelcome occupant of the bay is kept a prisoner until he becomes so hungry he turns his stomach skyward. The fish in that way is tortured to death, and it is hoped that other members of the tribe will take warning and give the Bay of Galveston a wide berth."

"No, the Humane Society doesn't disturb itself about the slow death that is dealt out to the sharks. Everybody takes part in the good work. I have seen at one time as many as forty logs being dragged around by the captives. Some of the bobbies were tearing over the bay at a terrible rate, while others would scarcely move, so near death were they. As soon as a shark dies the corpse is relieved of its log and rope, which are used to torture another intruder."

Are Animals Intelligent?

"Talk about the intelligence of animals," said Poots with a snort, "look at the horse. He is big enough and strong enough to have his own way, and yet how meekly he submits to the imposition put upon him by man. A little boy can break a colt, when if the colt would only exercise the power he has he would break every bone the boy had in his body. The horse meekly submits to have a bit put in his mouth, that chafes the tender skin and wears the enamel off his teeth. If he had any sense—even horse sense—would he submit to that? Then he permits his master to strap an awkward saddle on his back and mount him for a ride, when all he would have to do would be to throw his heels in the air and saddle be the lot of that man."

"Then there is the dog," continued Poots, "sagacious, isn't he? Yet he has been known to tramp his weary round on a dog chum all day without a complaint. The dogs of St. Bernard? Wonderfully intelligent, ain't they? Work all day lugging men out of an Alpine snow storm and never get a cent for it. And the elephant, too. He works all summer for a circus, just for the gingerbread, popcorn and tobacco quids that the boys feed him. Some puny little man with a hook on the end of a stick puts him through a series of clumsy performances that are simply ridiculous for one of his bulk, and yet they say the elephant is intelligent!"—*Texas Siftings*.

Proposed Tunnel Under the Thames.

Sir Benjamin Baker, who was instructed by the London County Council to advise upon the practicability of carrying out the Blackwall tunnel scheme, has at length completed his labors, and his report has been issued to the members of the county council.

It is chiefly based on observations of tunnels of a similar character in America, one of which has been successfully completed at Sarnia, while the other is in progress under the Hudson River. Sir Benjamin, who has only recently returned to England after inspecting these works, concludes from his observations that the proposed tunnel from Blackwall to Greenwich is entirely practicable. Sir Benjamin Baker recommends that in the first place a tunnel should be constructed of sufficient size to accommodate two lines of vehicular traffic, and that foot passengers should be provided for by a separate tunnel.

To CHINAMEN is attributed the saying that all the sustenance the human system requires is rice, vinegar, and oil.

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

What Is Being Done for the Exhibition of 1893.

Work on the Chicago Exhibition grounds is already well under way. The contractors have scores of men at work in Jackson Park. They will begin dredging and filling unimproved sections of the park.

The first work done will be on the lake shore. That will be put in condition to enable the directors to stake out the foundations of such buildings as will be located on that part of the site.

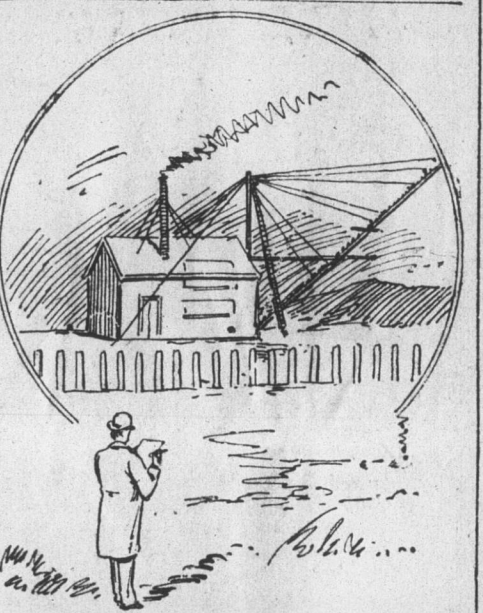
From the lagoons that will lead from Lake Michigan through this section of the park 206,700 cubic yards of sand will be removed. This will be used to raise the level of the low park area. Other excavations will furnish 184,700 cubic yards of sand for filling, leaving 243,250 cubic yards of sand to be brought in from other sources.

After this has been dumped in the marshes 43,600 cubic yards of black earth will be required for surfacing the area, making a total of 1,070,650 cubic yards that must be handled by the contractors. Of this aggregate 64,650 cubic yards will be taken from places that will have to be refilled, and 83,950 yards placed where transportation to another place will be necessary.

By spring the unimproved area of Jackson Park ought to be ready for the buildings. Ten architects will then be drawing plans for these structures, and, besides, the different State Boards will be getting their designs for buildings. There can be no delay then, and Jackson Park will present an appearance of activity that will put an end to all stories about our inability to have the buildings finished in time for the exposition.

The plans for a magnificent main palace and for a machinery hall are now being considered by the Executive Committee of the Columbian Fair. The buildings proposed are 600 by 1,800 feet, ten stories high. A peculiar feature of the buildings is a recently patented truss that would rest upon the dome and support a tower from 700 to 1,200 feet high, just as the Directors saw fit to build. At a distance it would look like a city. There would be forty-five entrances to the main palace, seven of which would lead by covered canopies. From twenty-four to fifty of these could be used. To the central hall there would be eight entrances, 50 feet wide by 100 feet high.

On each side of the central dome



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR SITE.

there will be an annexation 900 feet long, 415 feet wide, and three stories high. Other annexations, 400 by 800 feet, cut them at right angles. There is a great court in the center of the palace, 700 by 1,400 feet. This could be used for a garden. The outside appearance of the front elevation is a gable in Oriental and Mauresque style, broken by towers, with campaniles, bay windows, and balconies. The side elevations are composed of sixteen bay windows with allegoric panels. The glass roof, 100 feet high, is divided into small colonettes, surmounted by arches. These add beauty to the main front.

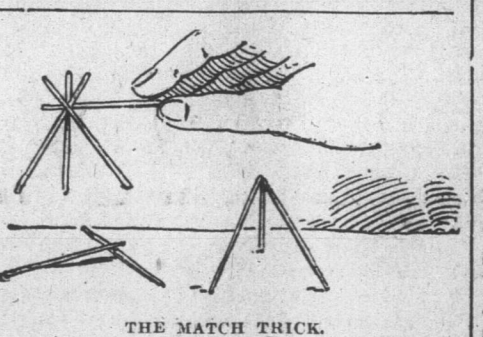
The architect claims that in the central halls three or more railway tracks could be laid, so that steam cars could enter and depart without delay. The entire palace, he estimates, would cost \$3,200,000, and the machinery hall not to exceed \$1,800,000.

THE MATCH PUZZLE.

It Has Bothered the Ingenuity of Many an Architect.

Split slightly the end of one match, then cut slantingly the end of a second one, which is to be inserted in the divided end of the first, forming an acute angle. Place them on the table, the summit of the angle at the top, leaning against a third match, as presented below.

These are all the preparations needed. Give a fourth match to any one present, asking him to lift by the aid of it



THE MATCH TRICK.

the first three matches which form the angle. This is the problem which is to be solved, and the figure held by the hand in the illustration shows the solution of it.

It is only necessary to press the fourth match slightly against the first two in order to allow the third to fall on the one you hold, also to lower the hand so that this third one may drop into the hollow of the angle formed by the first two. Then lift the match that you hold in your hand, on which rests the combination of the three matches.

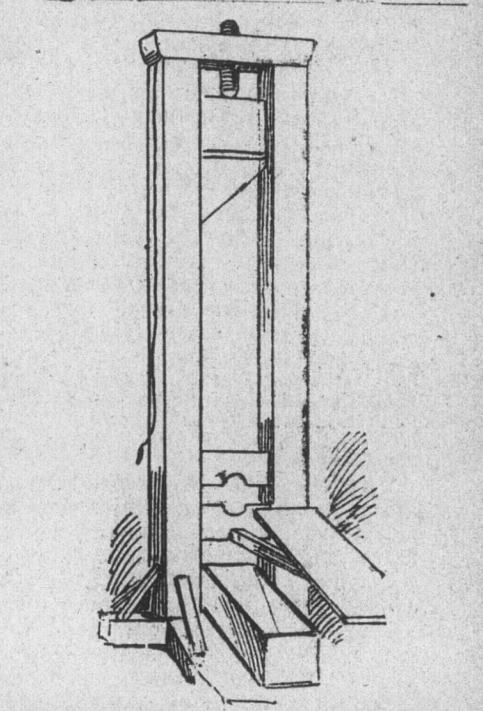
Like all puzzles, this is very simple to those who know it, but I have seen many an eminent architect's patience tried severely while doing it, says a writer in the *Boston Globe*.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Description of How They Cut a Man's Head Off in Paris.

With the accompanying cut of the guillotine it will be of interest to describe the mode of procedure observed in French executions. As soon as the Chief of the State, President, King or Emperor, as the case may be, has decided that he will not interfere with the course of justice the dossier, or record, is sent to the parquet, which corresponds to the District Attorney's office here. The Procureur-General de la Republique, who is at the head of this department, then notifies the Prefect of Police, the Chief de la Surete, or Chief of Detectives; the Director of the prison of La Grande Roquette and the executioner, who is at present M. Deibler, that the sentence of death is to be carried out. The executioner at once erects the guillotine, which is euphonistically termed bois de justice (justice's timbers).

Shortly before the fatal hour approaches the officials above named, accompanied by a Juge d'Instruction (Examining Magistrate)—usually the one before whom the condemned man's preliminary trial has taken place—enter the doomed man's cell. The Procureur General is generally represented by a substitute or deputy. The convict is simply told that his appeal for clemency has been rejected. He understands all that that means. He



is then told that he may remain alone with the chaplain for a few minutes, if so he desires it.

He is next taken to the grille or record office of the warden of the prison, where takes place the levee de l'ecron—in other words he is handed over to the executioner, who takes him into an adjoining room, pinions his arms and legs and cuts away his shirt collar. The wretch's hair has previously been cropped short on his entering the prison. He is then hurried away to the guillotine, which awaits him at a distance of about twenty paces from the prison door, the chaplain walking by his side and the executioner bringing up the rear in the march to death.

The aids of the executioner hurry their victim along, almost on a trot, till he comes to the bascule or movable plank, which stands facing the uprights, between the grooves of which is to drop the fatal knife, which is of triangular shape and heavily leaded, so as to increase its velocity. He is strapped to the plank in the twinkling of an eye, it drops with him, his head being secured in the lunette, or semi-circular collar of wood, the executioner presses a spring at the foot of the guillotine and the knife falls. The whole is done with great rapidity.

The mock funeral takes place in the Champ des Navets (turnip field), which is situated in a corner of the Cemetery of Issy.

The executioner receives a salary of about 3,000 francs per annum, plus a fee for each execution. He attends to all executions throughout France.

Curing a Blind Giant.

Calcutta is a fine, large city on the northeast coast of India, and one who lived there tells a strange but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. The patient was a huge elephant, who for a long time had suffered from a disease in his eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Doctor Webb and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did, and after looking carefully at the giant creature the doctor said:

"The best cure that I know of is nitrate of silver; but it will give a good deal of pain."

Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it he must give it up. But—would you believe it—the elephant, like most of his race, was just as wise as he was big, found so much relief from his first day's doctoring that when Doctor Webb visited him the next day he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his trunk, and then, just as you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing mixture was dropped into each eye, and when the sharp, short pain was gone he gave a great sigh, as much as to say, "That's a good thing got over. I feel all the better for it." When he got up he tried, in his poor dumb fashion, to thank his friends for giving him back his sight.

Chinese Music.

The Chinese seem to have a very arbitrary way of fitting words to music. The voice frequently drops out before the end of a musical phrase, and enters quite as unexpectedly, while the melody flows on in the orchestra with endless repetitions, relieved occasionally by half a dozen bars in which all the melody instruments cease, and the gongs, cymbals, drums, and castanets play alone.—*Century*.

Tax committee appointed last September to inquire into the causes of the abnormally high mortality in Madras has reported that the water supply and the drainage are defective.