

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, - - - - - PUBLISHER.

THE Sultan of Turkey has attached to his bodyguard a soldier who is 110 years old.

QUEEN CHRISTIANA of Spain, hears operas in her private room by means of the telephone.

A SALT LAKE CITY editor, who is blind, is to have his eyes replaced by those of a rabbit.

THERE is a bill now pending to abolish the last and only turnpike toll road in the State of Connecticut.

A MODE of making pepsin from the common pineapple, so strong that the essence of one pineapple will digest ten pounds of beef, has been discovered by a Detroit physician.

BERLIN gets her winter caniflowers from Italy and Holland, new potatoes from Malta, beans from North Italy, pickles from Holland, onions from Russia, Hungary, and Egypt.

Gov. NICHOLS, of Louisiana, is minus a leg, an arm, and an eye, but is still accounted not only a good man, but one of the smartest Governors in the whole South. He complains less than some men who have only dropped an ear.

A FRENCH paper warns the people of that country who may visit America that "many ferocious lions and hyenas have appeared near Fargo, and people walking out to see the Mammoth Cave should by all means go armed and prepared."

AMONG the assets of a traveling salesman who died in Cincinnati the other day were no less than seventeen different sorts of liver invigorators. He had taken only about half a bottle of each one. His death was caused by a liver trouble.

THERE are still several tribes of Indians in Mexico which believe in witchcraft, and the other week a woman was killed because it was contended that she drove the sun over into the United States and filled up the space with rain.

A PHILADELPHIA surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter any one could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

ONLY about one factory out of seven in this country is properly fire-escaped or equipped with apparatus to quench an incipient conflagration. The rest of them simply take chances that nothing will happen, or if a fire occurs that the employees will get out some way.

ELMER YOUNG, an Oswego man, felt funny the other morning, and he said to Mrs. White, who was going to the grocery, "Trot along after your coal oil, sissy." She had him arrested, and the court decided that "sissy" was slander and gave her a verdict for \$50.

A PREACHER at Kinderhook, N. Y., has been in the habit of saying "Gosh hang it!" and "By gum!" but his case has been investigated, and it has been decided that he must quit right off, and not even exclaim "Oh, sugar!" when he steps into a post-hole full of water.

ONLY one letter out of every 750,000 properly stamped and posted fails to reach its destination by the first regular mail, and east of the Rocky Mountains only one letter in 1,550,000 is lost in transit and never heard of. These figures do not include stolen letters, of course.

NO MATTER what other astronomers declare, those of Switzerland persist that the sun is only 78,000,000 miles from the earth. They set that figure forty years ago, and stick to it in their school books and geographies. Fifteen million miles isn't worth quarreling about, however.

ANNA DICKINSON is in such poor health that she will never be heard in public again. Her friends say she ought to have been married at the age of twenty; but, like many another woman, she wanted to be "independent," and has never taken any real comfort in her life.

A SCHOOL is to be opened in New York to instruct people how to carry an umbrella so as to protect the toes and coat tails at the same time. One has only to keep his eyes open on a rainy day to realize that only one person in twenty, man or woman, understands the "art."

JOHN HAVEN's dog killed thirteen of William Black's Kentucky sheep. William then killed John's dog, and John shot to kill William, but only wounded him, and got himself on the road to State prison. It was long ago decided in Kentucky that no one had any moral right to keep sheep.

COMMANDER McCALLA, of the navy, who was convicted of tyrannical and cruel conduct toward his men, and suspended for three years, has seen two other commanders promoted over him in the last year, and it is said that he is heartbroken. His case may teach others a good lesson.

It has been finally settled in Scotland that after a single man and woman have kept company for fourteen years,

and have not denied to outsiders that they contemplated matrimony, that the man can be sued for breach of promise, and that no further proof shall be needed by the plaintiff.

SOME of the striking curiosities at the citric exhibition at Los Angeles were horse-cars apparently made of oranges; a clock tower twenty-four feet high, composed of oranges, lemons, limes and raisins; a model of the San Gabriel Mission, made of small, fragrant Tangerine oranges.

A WHALE sixty-eight feet long, and dead from the thrusts of a sword-fish, floated ashore on the South Carolina coast the other day, and the two parties of negroes who discovered it fought for four hours as to which should take possession. Then some white men came along and gobbled the prize.

THE trains passing Elberton, Ga., do not seem to be particularly noted for rapidity of motion. Not long ago, a young man having an important letter to mail, failed to reach the train on time. He thereupon saddled a grocer's horse and sped after the train, overtook it in a short time, and mailed the letter.

A MRS. WILLIAMS, of Valley City, Dak., wagered that she could put the slips on five pillows while any man present at a church fair could encase one, and seven different men took her up and suffered defeat. No man can ever acquire the knack of holding a pillow in his teeth to work with both hands.

LONDON has been looking up the records, and finds that the winter of 1890-1 was the coldest, and accompanied with the most snow, of any winter since that of 1790. It has been quite a change for her, as there have been many days when the skies were actually clear and the sun shone.

"If I am ever killed," said a Northern Michigander as he shouldered his gun the other day, "it will probably be by a falling tree. No gun has ever been made to kill me." In climbing a fence ten rods further on he shot himself through the heart. The country gun will do it if given time.

A MAN came out of prison in Spain recently who had been confined in a room 4x9 feet for thirty-eight years without once stepping foot outside or seeing the sun or sky. No one can tell what he was imprisoned for, or at least no one will, and no one knows by whose order he was turned loose.

AN athlete named Cummings, at Milwaukee, has been betting and winning his bets that he could board any train passing a station without halting. He did it five or six times at suburban stations, but the other day he grabbed, missed, and now has only one leg left. The railroad will down any man in time.

If a villager in Russia petitions for privilege to keep a gun, and that gun shall accidentally go off within three or four years and wound somebody or something, the villager for whom it was written, the two men who signed it, and the official who forwarded it can all be fined or sent to prison.

THE way to insure a quick and healthy growth of timber, according to the *Nebraska Farmer*, is to mulch around the trees with straw, old hay, or trash of any kind. Such treatment will, it says, in the course of ten years secure a growth of timber from one tree greater than that of half a dozen of its kind left to their own resources.

A CINCINNATI chemist took a pound of ice gathered on a pond where the ice-cutters were at work to lay in a stock for families, and dissolved it to show that it contained enough germs of typhoid fever to pull down the strongest man in the State. The cutters didn't stop, however, and the ice will come out this summer warranted strictly pure.

IN 1889 there were in Ireland 1,363,781 milch cows, while in 1890 there were 1,400,426, being an increase of 36,645. The tendency of Irish butter makers is to adopt small, neat, and convenient packages, and to prepare butter with great care. The result of this is that Irish butter has rapidly gained favor in Great Britain, and is now largely in demand in districts that had ceased to order in the old forms and packages so long in use.

SHERIFF KINGSLEY, of Adair County, Iowa, lately had an unpleasant experience with a prisoner, whom he was conveying to jail. They were on a railroad train, and the wide-awake prisoner asked that his handcuffs be removed, that he might sleep comfortably. The sheriff complied, and soon after fell asleep himself. When he awoke he was alone. It is supposed that the prisoner suddenly thought of important business elsewhere, and felt that it would be unwise to arouse the Sheriff from his rosy slumbers.

ONE of Hartford's prominent ministers was pacing a hotel corridor not long ago, when a tract distributor approached him with this question, "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so," replied the clergyman modestly. "Hope so? Don't you know so?" persisted his interlocutor. No response from the divine. "Well, now," said the stranger, "if a man should strike you on the right cheek, would you turn to him the other also?" "No, I wouldn't, if he had as much cheek as you have." The interview was not prolonged.

## LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Printed Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

Here Comes an Old Woman from Barbary.

We're playing old woman from Barbary, Anna and Lizzie and Marjorie; And we're having such fun as you never did see.

With granny's old cap for a bonnet.

Lizzie's old woman and I am one child, And Anna's the other, and we are so wild And saucy, our mother declares "we are spoiled."

But I have my own doubts about it.

Yet, in spite of her scoldings, wherever we go

She is telling how nicely we bake and we sew. To see if she cannot procure us a bean. For she's tired of each good-for-naught daughter.

They can sew, they can bake a lily-white cake, They can cook a good dinner. Oh! which



"THEY CAN SEW, THEY CAN BAKE."

will you take? The youngest will brew you a lovely milk shake. And flavor it well with water.

The other can play the piano and sing Till the windows all rattle, the rafters all ring. And dance the cacha laka like everything.

If you want a real beauty, just take her.

"Here comes an old woman from Barbary, With daughters all rosy and fair to see." And there ne'er were such daughters, I'm sure, as we.

For we love her too well to forsake her. —Free Press.

There Is a Boy I Can Trust.

We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." We followed him with our eyes, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.—Our Dumb Animals.

Unselfish. There are usually at least two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of his second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes'm, I know," admitted the little fellow, with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile, "I don't mind it at all—now!"

A True Kitten Story.

"Once on a time there were three little kittens that lived in a basket of sawdust."

Now that's true, for Willie Hall found them there with his old black cat Topsy, when he went home from school. He told me about them the next day. One was white, one black like Topsy, and the other one mouse-color—"pure malsee," he called it. He named the white one Snowball, the black one Smut, and the other Beauty, because it was the prettiest of all.

The next night, when he went home, only Beauty was left. He asked his mamma where the rest were, and she said perhaps they were dead, for young kittens died very suddenly sometimes. Willie said he heard the hired man laugh when his mother said that. I think it is horrid to laugh because kittens are dead, don't you?

Topsy seemed to feel afraid Beauty would die, too; perhaps she thought the basket of sawdust was an unhealthy place. She spent most of her time the next day carrying Beauty around in her mouth looking for a new home. Mrs. Hall found Beauty in her feeding-basket once, and again among the flatirons in the sink-cubboard. Every time she put her back in the basket of sawdust, but Topsy wouldn't let her stay there.

Just after Willie got home from school at night his grandma came over to their house. You know what a little, feeble old lady she is, and for all it is such a short way she was so tired she could hardly get up the steps, and sank down in a chair as soon as she got in. It is a large rocker, with soft feather cushions, all covered with gray cloth. Mrs. Hall brought her some water and fanned her, and Willie tried to find Beauty to show her, but couldn't find her anywhere. When his grandma was rested she went back home, and Mrs. Hall went along and carried the parol over her, while Willie ran ahead to open the gate.

What do you think they found when they went back home?

There was poor little Beauty among the soft cushions of that chair, smothered to death! She was so near the color of the cushions that his grandma didn't notice her, and had been sitting on her all the while.

Willie said he cried. But he never, never should tell his grandma, for she is such a dear grandma, and it would hurt her feelings so.

Wasn't it kind in him?—Household Magazine.

## THE SULTAN IS A GYMNAST.

He Diet, Behaves Himself, and Tries to Become a Man of the World Generally.

The Sultan of Turkey lives and thinks pretty much after the fashion of other high European sovereigns. He rises very early and takes a cold bath, something unknown to Turkish Sultans before his day. At half-past nine o'clock he enters his study and sits down between two mountains of paper; one, all Turkish newspapers and translations from foreign newspapers; the other, documents of state. By his side sits his secretary, Sureya Pasha, with whose aid he goes through all the dailies and clippings and reports. Every state paper is read carefully by the Sultan himself, who boasts that he has never affixed his name to a document that he had not first read through. After having disposed of both batches of paper, the Sultan lanches, plainly without wine. When the Sultan is alone the table service is china; when guests are present it is gold. After luncheon the Sultan usually drives or takes gymnastic exercise. Upon his return from his recreation he again retires to his study and works till all the tasks of the day have been performed.

The home life of the Sultan is strangely different from the prevalent ideas of it. According to Vambéry, the Hungarian traveller, who has recently returned to his home from a long visit at the Turkish court, the harem has ceased to have any significance for the life of the Turkish sovereign, who lives with and loves his one chosen wife as would any other European sovereign. His affection for this chosen wife is so strong that during her recent illness he ate and slept little and was by her side almost all his leisure time. His daughter, Naime Sultana, has been educated in all European accomplishments, and is a pianist of rare talents and remarkable execution. As an Islamite the Sultan, of course, allows that female slaves are presented to him, but he does not take them into his family in any way, in fact, never sees their faces. Abdul Hamid II. is a believing Moslem, Vambéry says, yet never forgets that he rules over Greeks and Armenians as well as over Mohammedans. Not only the clergy of his own creed, but also the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, are frequently recipients of his presents. The Sultan is far from being an orthodox Mohammedan, for he encourages the fine arts, and has founded a museum containing statues, to look at which, according to the Koran, is a deadly sin, and has laid the basis of the education of Turkish women, for which, too, his creed finds no indorsement. Besides the business of live politics, plans for the introduction of a constitution in his empire occupy much of the Sultan's attention. He feels an obligation to do this for his people, yet fears they are not ripe for it.

"In Europe the ground was prepared for constitutions by centuries of liberal government," he said to Vambéry. "Now you come to ask me to transplant this Western growth to the stony soil of Asiatic life. Let me first remove the thistles and stones, let me turn and water the soil, for we have no rain here, and then I will transplant the Western product as you wish. Believe me, no one would be better pleased than I with the success of the experiment." Such is the Sultan, says Vambéry, painted without prejudice.

## M. QUAD'S NEW VENTURE.

A notable national journalistic event has taken place, "Brother Gardner" having transferred his Detroit club room to the New York World Building. Apart from his conspicuous standing as a journalist, C. B. Lewis is one of the most genial, whole-souled gentlemen, and originally built noblemen of the best type that figures in local society. He has never in the course of his quarter of a century yeoman service for the *Free Press* received adequate compensation for the labors which have resulted in the enrichment of its owners. For some time previous to three years ago his compensation was \$90 weekly, when a better offer from a great Eastern daily secured an increase to \$150. Mr. Pulitzer's determination to secure his services has led, however, to a tender of double this sum, which has been accepted—in round numbers at \$15,000 annual salary. Charles B. Lewis is a native of Ohio, 48 years of age, largely a self-educated man, and was in early life a river pilot. An accidental publication of a richly humor-



C. B. LEWIS.

ous contribution to a country paper was widely quoted, and led to his engagement by the *Free Press*. The subsequent career of this eminent journalist is generally known.

The results of the recent expedition to Greenland prove that north of 75 degrees the land is covered with a sheet of ice 5,000 to 6,000 feet thick over the valleys.

## LEVI P. MORTON IN STONE.

A Marble Bust of the Vice President to Adorn the Senate Chamber.

The marble bust of Vice President Levi P. Morton, by F. Edwin Elwell, of New York City, will shortly be placed in one of the niches of the Senate chamber. Mr. Clark, the architect of the Capitol, intends to remove one of the busts opposite the presiding officer's desk, and in its place will be put the bust of Mr. Morton.

It is to be regretted that so life-like a representation of the Vice President should be doomed to the obscure light of the Senate chamber. It has been



VICE PRESIDENT MORTON.

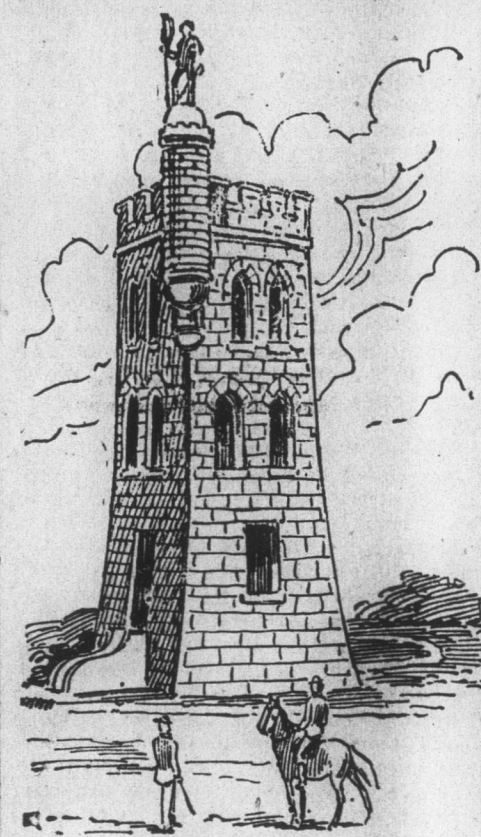
suggested that the busts of the Vice Presidents be placed at the foot of the gallery, where they would have a splendid top light, and show to good advantage the character of the men who have occupied the prominent place of Vice President of the United States, and this change of position may possibly be made later on. The architect of the Capitol has shown rare good judgment in having the work made from life. Too often important matters of this kind are left until it is too late accurately to portray the character of the men who have held the great office.

It is said that Mr. Elwell modeled the bust in two sittings of three hours each, and perhaps this accounts for the spirit and vigor of its handling. Mr. Morton's face is one that is sculptural, having the large, noble qualities often found in the Greek sculptures. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morton have expressed themselves as satisfied with the result. Mr. Morton himself chose Mr. Elwell to make the bust, which is of heroic size.

## A HANDSOME MONUMENT.

Something Unique in Design and Worth of Imitation.

Unique in design, of the native pink granite, and standing fifty feet high, is the soldiers' memorial tower at Winsted, Litchfield County, Conn., says *Frank Leslie's*. This striking and original memorial is the work of Robert W. Hill, architect, of Waterbury, Conn., and the sculptor, George E. Bissell, of New York. It is twenty feet square at the base, fifteen feet at the summit, and is surmounted by a bronze statue eight and one-half feet high, entitled "The Standard Bearer." Within is a series of three chambers rising one above the other, and in them will be placed tablets, busts, medallion portraits, and appropriate inscriptions. War relics will also have there a final depository, and the whole interior effect, with stained-glass windows, will be a fitting tribute to the patriotic citizens of Winsted who went out to the field during the civil war. But what adds dignity to the exterior architectural effect is its place on the summit of a hill 180 feet high, in the heart of the town, the outlying grounds being laid out as "Winchester Memorial



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL TOWER AT WINSTED, CONN.

Park." Moreover, this memorial, in general design, as a historical depository, made of lasting stone, might well stand as a model for soldiers' monuments now going up throughout the Union.

## High-Toned Flie.

Dinny was inspecting a pack of cards in a back room known but to a few intimates. After a rigid examination he said to the proprietor:

"Moriarty, what is thim marks on the backs of the cards?"

"Oh, thim is fly specks!" was the reply.

"Well, begor, you have some high-toned flies here," said Dinny, "for they don't fresco anything but kings and queens."—*Concord Monitor*.

Don't wade in where the water runs smooth, for "still runs the water where the brook is deep." Don't wade anywhere; take the ferry.

## TALMAGE'S BUSY WIFE.

A Glimpse of the Great Preacher's Business Manager.

Mrs. Talmage is distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of his busy life are looked after by her, says Edward W. Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She is a business woman, having a rare executive ability, capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of Dr. Talmage's daily work is planned and laid out by her. She makes his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests are in her hands. She knows his capacities even better than he. Whenever a journey is to be made, it is she who lays out the route, procures the tickets and staterooms, and attends to all the details. No public man, perhaps, is saved so many annoyances as is Dr. Talmage by his wife's foresight and ability. The rear apartment of the second floor is Mrs. Talmage's working room. It is tastefully furnished, but more with an eye to utility than ornamentation. In this room Mrs. Talmage spends most of her time. It is her "private den." All the mail that is left at the house for Dr. Talmage is taken into this room and opened by her. It is not an unusual thing for the postman to deliver between one and two hundred letters a day, all of which pass through Mrs. Talmage's hands. Business letters are answered by her, and all letters that may be of an unpleasant or annoying personal nature are destroyed. Dr. Talmage never sees them.

A day in Mrs. Talmage's home would be a revelation to those who believe that the life of a public man's wife is a succession of pleasures, dotted here with a pretty compliment and there with some token of honor. While many people are yawning and preparing to break their night's rest, Mrs. Talmage is already up, opening the first mail. Breakfast is promptly at 8 o'clock. Then the family separate and the wife begins to receive callers—which alone is a task. It is a well-known saying among the neighbors that "the Talmage bell is never still." All kinds of people must be seen, innumerable appointments made and kept, the pastoral work of the largest church in America must be looked after, the details of a score or more missionary, church, literary societies



MRS. TALMAGE.

with which Mrs. Talmage, or her husband, is connected, have their demands, and, in addition to all these, are the household cares of a large house and a family of growing children. All the appointments of the Talmage home in Brooklyn reflect the woman who presides over it. Gaudiness in furniture or decorations is absent, and, instead, one sees a harmony of good taste on every hand. Mrs. Talmage is an excellent housekeeper and her home shows it.

## Sound Quaver to Us Now.

Among the time-worn relics of a well-known down-town chop house are copies of newspapers printed in this city more than one hundred years ago, says the *New York Times*. Here is a sample news paragraph that appeared in the *Daily Record* of Dec. 30, 1786:

"Yesterday was executed, pursuant to sentence, for burglary, Thomas Lee, a black man. During the execution the rope slipped and caught him by the chin, in which situation he was suspended for nearly two minutes. He then spoke, saying, 'It does not choke me,' on which the platform was raised and the rope properly fixed, when he was launched into eternity. He appeared to have little concern for his unhappy situation and but an imperfect idea of his future state. Notwithstanding the awful spectacle, a number of hardened villains the same night broke open the store of Mr. Rhineland, at Burling Slip, and carried off an iron chest containing cash to the amount of £100."

In the same paper of Nov. 23, 1786, are these paragraphs:

"A mulatto boy between eighteen and nineteen years of age, to be sold; is a tolerable cook, and understands all kinds of housework."

"Bear's grease for making the hair grow to be had of Nathaniel Smith, 185 Queen street."

"The Albany line of stages, by reason of the shortness of the days, will, until the 1st of May next, take three days instead of two to perform their tour."

## The Thumb Ring.

The fashion, occasionally observed, of wearing a ring on the thumb is of ancient origin, there being the mummy of a woman in the British Museum wearing a ring on each thumb. Ancient kings who could not write their names wore massive seal rings on their thumbs, with which they signed important documents.

Falstaff declared that when he was young he could have crept into any Alderman's thumb ring.

In Germany rings were worn on every finger and upon the thumbs.

In this country wearing a ring upon the thumb denotes a strong friendship between two people of opposite sexes, but it is seldom the souvenir of love. Oscar Wilde and George MacDonald, the novelist, both wear thumb-rings. So does Edmund Russell, the apostle of aestheticism. —*Detroit Free Press*.

A QUART of beans in the pot is worth a hundred pounds of corned beef on the hoof. See?