

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEwen, - - - - - Publisher.

PAUPER labor is not the worst thing that can happen to a country. There is the pauper who won't labor, for instance.

OUR distinguished red brother, Two Strikes, says he wants no more war. He is manifestly beginning to realize that one more strike would put him out.

REINDEER flesh, which is said to be tender, delicious, and nutritious, is regularly exported from the Arctic Zones to Hamburg, where it meets eager demand, at about 13 cents a pound.

An old apple-woman known as "Kitty" has just died in London at the age of 104. She kept a little stand near St. James' Hall, where she often sold candy to Lord Nelson and apples to Pitt and Fox.

A DETROIT policeman has been acquitted upon trial for not entering the church upon his beat in which a mad dog was creating a terrible commotion. He swore that he thought they were only electing a deacon.

OBJECT glasses for microscopes are now made in Germany of glass that contains phosphoric and boric acid. It is stated that with lenses made of this glass an object one-twenty-thousandth of an inch can be distinctly seen.

JUDGE THAYER of Philadelphia says that no person can be legally compelled to leave his house and be treated in a hospital, even if he have small-pox or other contagious disease. It is the right of the patient to stay in his house if he chooses.

THE depth at which some of the Belgian coal mines are worked is something prodigious. In a pit at Fleun the work is now done at 3,700 feet; in a pit at Fremerin at 2,800 feet, and in the St. Andre pit at Montigny-sur-Sambre at 3,000 feet.

A BEAUTIFUL piece of sculpture from ancient Ephesus has reached the British Museum. The relic forms part of a marble bull, the head being exquisitely carved, while the figure of a goddess appears on the body. It is supposed to be 2,000 years old.

WILLIAM WOODWARD, of Baltimore, is 90 years old, which is not wonderful, but the fact that for seventy-two years he has been a Sunday-school teacher is. A reception in his honor occurred on the recent anniversary of the commencement of his labors in this field.

THE present freshman class of Princeton College has very sensibly decided to abandon hazing and greet next year's freshman class with a banquet instead of the old-time nightly visitations. Hazing is a barbarous custom which ought to be dropped in all colleges.

ANNIE LOUISE CAREY, at one time considered among the greatest of contraltos, is a large blonde woman in whose handsome countenance beams the benevolence in her heart. Domestic affairs and charity work now engage the greater source of her daily time and attention.

FOUR spinsters of O'Fallon, Mo., have become famous by the new paint on their joint residence. They couldn't agree on the colors, so they decided that each should have her favorite color on a portion of the house, and then they drew lots for the portions. The house is an artistic revelation.

THAT surpassingly smart Washington man who swore that he was worth between "five and six thousand dollars," and then explained that he meant "between five dollars and six thousand dollars," stands a good chance to live in the penitentiary between five and six thousand years for his little joke.

DAFFODILS numbering 2,000,000 are exhibited at famous gardens near London. Among the daffodils the most historic specimen is the quaint double Queen Anne's daffodil, which has puzzled botanists these three hundred years, because it destroyed their theory that of every double flower there is a single one.

THIRTY years ago Charles Pinkham, now an Oakland (Cal.) car-driver, at the time 11 years old, inhaled into the right lung a large pine nut. The doctors tried everything for the boy, but did not extract the obstruction that was surely killing him, until one of them, through an external incision, sucked the nut out.

A TARPON weighing 205 pounds is said to have been caught at Fort Meyers, Fla., with hook and reel, a few days ago by a Kentucky lady, after a hard and gallant fight of one hour and twenty-five minutes. It is said to have been the largest fish of the kind ever caught in that manner. It was 7 feet 3 inches long.

MRS. LEASE, the Kansas Alliance woman, recently received a letter from Ben Butterworth notifying her that she had recently been elected to membership in the "College of Thinkers" of the world. She has also received an offer of \$150 and all expenses to make three speeches before the Chautauqua meeting at Atlanta.

ONE of William K. Vanderbilt's greatest hobbies is the raising of choice strains of poultry. He has given a

contract for the erection, on his beautiful estate at Oakdale, of a poultry house to cost \$15,000. It will be 385 feet long, and it will contain, in conjunction with original ideas of Mr. Vanderbilt's, every improvement known to professional breeders.

THE fastest mile man has traveled by various methods of locomotion is, to date, as follows: Swimming, 26:52; walking, 6:23; snow shoes, 5:39; rowing, 5:01; running, 4:12; tricycle, 2:49 2-5; bicycle, 2:29 4-5; skating, 2:12 3-5; trotting horse, 2:08; running horse, 1:35; railroad, 0:40; balloon, pneumatic tube, and electricity records are yet to be made.

THE civilization of the Kiowa Indians is nearly complete. Mrs. Teva Keotah, one of their number, in a letter from Idaho, declares that the women of the tribe have formed a sewing society and need a sewing machine. "These Indian women," she adds, "will not and cannot be made to wear a dress, but they like to see their children clothed like the whites."

THE sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed upon Captain Verney, of the Royal Navy, is severer than is generally imagined. His imprisonment will be on what is known as the "silent-system," and while it carries no work with it, the system is recognized by criminals to be worse than confinement with hard labor. The "hard-labor" man gets enough to eat, but the "silent-system" man exists in a state of semi-starvation. For this high-fed navy officer the outlook is decidedly gloomy—as it ought to be.

GEORGE MAULDEN, who lived in Reynoldstown, Ga., has been for sixteen or seventeen years afflicted with a terrible cough and what was believed to be catarrh. While bathing his face the other morning he blew out of his left nostril a piece of knife-blade about an inch long. It looked like a piece of bone. When the outer covering was removed, however, it proved to be a piece of a steel knife-blade. When but a boy of ten years a negro boy stabbed him in the left cheek in a boyish scrimmage. He did not know that a portion of the blade was left in his cheek.

THERE is said to be an old negro in Talbot County, Georgia, who learned to spell in a curious way in slavery times. His owner lived in a sparsely settled neighborhood, and he being a small boy was sent along to accompany the children to school. The teacher would not allow him to go into the school-room when the pupils were reciting. This aroused his curiosity, and he would stealthily approach the door and repeat after the spelling class until he could spell every word in Webster's blue-back spelling book before he ever knew the alphabet. He now reads and spells very well.

A PROMINENT life-insurance man, addressing the alumni of Bellevue Medical College in New York the other day, gave them some "pointers" on making out proofs of death for insurance companies. "When you are absolutely stuck," he said, "say it's the 'grip.' Don't say it's malaria—I think the public has caught on to that. When a man dies of delirium tremens put it down as 'congestion of the brain,' and if he dies from drunkard's liver, call it 'cirrhosis.' It is my opinion that nine officers out of ten think that is a female disease and has some connection with 'sorosis.' Any one who has examined lists of insured persons who have died will have noticed that 'congestion of the brain' and 'cirrhosis of the liver' are sadly frequent in causes of death.

A UKIAH, Cal., man, the owner of a three-story hop house, recently conceived the idea of turning the building into a mammoth incubator for the hatching of chickens. In a few weeks he had the place in condition, and the furnace was set to work on a setting of 6,000 eggs. At the expense of a cord and a half of wood between 1,500 and 2,000 chickens were chirping in the hop house at the end of the period of incubation. This is not a very good average for a first-class incubator, but it is thought that with the exercise of more care better results can be obtained. The Ukiah man has given evidence of his faith in the practicality of the scheme by setting a second hatch of 24,000 eggs, which will be out in about two weeks.

THE American Consul at Victoria, B. C., who refused to honor a toast to Queen Victoria, did neither himself nor his country credit by his foolishness. No good American is called upon to wear his patriotism offensively. In the British dominions Consul Ewing was only a guest, and it certainly did not become his position to treat his host offensively. He might take a lesson from the urbanity of Benjamin Franklin, when at the French Court he drank first to the toast proposed by the English diplomat, who compared England to the sun, the most regal object in the heavens. The French Minister proposed a toast to France, which, like the moon, had next to the sun the most influence on terrestrial affairs, in causing the tides and otherwise. Then came Franklin's turn. Slowly rising up he said: "I propose the health of George Washington, who, like Joshua, commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him!" That was the gentlemanly and diplomatic way of asserting the dignity of this great country, and it was done so neatly that no offense could be taken. Our Consul at Victoria should study Benjamin Franklin's way.

## 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.

### My Baby.

One girl I know who can bestow  
On me the greatest rapture,  
And yet whose heart required no art  
Or skill of mine to capture.  
She welcomes me with joyous glee,  
Or, if I should away be,  
Will always yearn for my return.  
She is—my darling baby!

Lips cannot tell the potent spell  
Night, noon, and morn there lingers  
Within the clutch—the velvet touch—  
Of baby's tiny fingers.  
A loving face can brighten life  
If in the home love's way be,  
But brighter still, our hearts to fill,  
The sunshine of a baby.

When ere a thought with sorrow fraught  
O'er spreads my face with sadness,  
Or business cares come unawares  
To rob my heart of gladness;  
If, in my grief, I seek relief  
In joys that absent may be,  
I find a balm—a soothing calm—  
In thinking of my baby.

Let cynics laugh and idly chaff  
About the love paternal;  
But I am sure it makes men pure—  
More fit for life eternal.  
There's no delight can reach in height  
What mine can e'er try day be,  
When I can see upon my knee  
My pretty, blessed baby.  
—New York Recorder.

### Bert and the Bees.

Bert had three buckets to bring from the spring. They were pretty big buckets, and the spring was at the foot of the hill. The weather was getting warm, too. He tugged away at one bucket and got it up; then he lay down on the back porch to rest.

"Hello, Bert! Sun's not down yet," said his father, coming into dinner from corn-planting.  
"I wish I were a big man," said lazy Bert, "and didn't have to carry water."  
"But you would have to plant corn and sow wheat, and cut, and reap, and thresh, and grind," laughed his father.  
"I don't mean to work when I am big," grumbled Bert.  
"Then you will be a drone," said his father.

"What is a drone?" asked the little boy.  
"A bee that won't work; and don't you know that the bees always sting their drones to death and push their bodies out of the hives?"

The farmer went off to wash for dinner, and Bert dropped asleep on the steps and dreamed that the bees were stinging his hands and face. He started up, and found that the sun was shining down hotly on him, stinging his face and hands, sure enough. He hurried down to the spring, and finished his job by the time the horn blew for dinner.

"Father," he asked, "while he cooled his soup, 'what makes the bees kill their drones?'"  
"God taught them," answered his father; "and one way or another God makes all lazy people uncomfortable. Doing with our might what our hands find to do is the best rule for little boys and big men, and I wouldn't be surprised if the angels lived by it, too."

### Eccentric Matches.

A child detests soap. How it would amuse a child to behold a number of matches rushing away from soap!

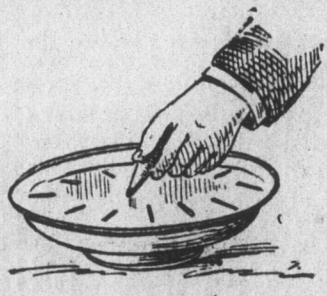


FIGURE 1.

Place some matches in a basin of water in the shape of a star, as in illustration No. 2. Take a piece of soap, cut into a point, insert it into the water in the middle of the matches, and lo! they will fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches together again you will treat them as you would children, with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the

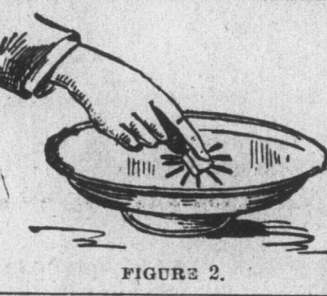


FIGURE 2.

water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness.—Once a Week.

### The Little Darlings' Ideas.

A FAMILY on Fourteenth avenue is blessed with olive branches—eight—seven girls and one boy. Recently a new little girl arrived, and the eldest daughter exclaimed, in tones of the deepest concern: "Another daughter to marry off! This is awful!" When her father and mother were discussing the all important question of the name for the midwife the eldest of the household was heard from again. "I think," said she, emphatically, "you had better call her 'Amen.'"—Detroit Tribune.

"PAPA," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?"  
"Well," was the reply, "the world calls an editor's office the sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." "Then, I guess," and the boy was thoughtful for a moment, "that mamma's office is a spuncum spuncorum, isn't it?"—Washington Star.

A NEGLEY AVENUE small boy of three years is just learning his catechism. "Who made you?" asked his mamma. "God." "What did He make you of?" "He made me of dust, but He put a skin on 'e keep the dust from falling out."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HARRY—Bo-hoo! Bo-hoo! Freddy Jones keeps hitting me. Nurse—An' why don't you hit him back? Harry—

I did hit him first, and it didn't do any good.—Life.

"MAMIE," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?" "No, thank you," said Mamie. "What! no chicken?" "Oh, yes; I'll have chicken, but I don't want any little piece."—Harper's Young People.

### THE MOORISH STORY-TELLER.

How He Entertains His People with Fanciful Tales of the East.

Hall Caine, the author of "The Deemster" and other novels, has discovered in his travels a Moorish storyteller. The Moorish story-teller is not usually a Moor, properly so-called, but of negro blood, and comes from beyond the Atlas. He is a familiar figure on the Mohammedan holiday, Friday, in the sok, or market place, of Moorish towns. Surrounded by two, three or four lines of listeners, in a semi-circle, he strums on a sort of a guitar, and tells his stories in gasps and spasms and with great fervor. His stories are not always of a kind that bear repetition, but some are harmless; and of that sort Mr. Caine gives, as an example, a story which he himself heard in



MOORISH MINSTREL.

the sok at Tangier, and had translated to him by a resident. Most of this oral literature of the market place seems to be a sort of apocrypha to the "Arabian Nights." "Once there was a good man, and his name was Ali. He had a Christian captive, a beautiful English girl. Ali was willing to make her his wife if she would become a true believer. Praise the merciful Allah and his prophet the Lord Mohammed! [Story-teller and audience touch their foreheads.] She, on her part, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable under his house and saddle his favorite horse."

"When she got to the stable the horse lifted both its forefeet and struck her down. For a time she was insensible, and when she recovered consciousness she took the blow of the horse as a proof of her unbelief in the true God and his prophet. Allah save and bless us. [All touch foreheads again.] So she went up to Ali and told him she believed and would become his wife. Then Ali said: 'Go down again and saddle my horse.' She went down, and the horse struck her again. Once more she returned to Ali. 'You were not a true believer,' said Ali; 'go down again.' Yet again she went down to the stable, and then Ali's favorite horse suffered her to saddle him, and she brought him to Ali, and Ali married her, and she was a true believer forever after. [Story-teller stops to make a collection; a good number of copper coins are handed to him, then he resumes.] Now we leave Ali and go far away into the desert. There was a fight between a good Moor and a great Christian chief. The Moor had a beautiful wife, and the Christian killed him and took his wife and rode away with her. And one day he met Ali and challenged him to fight. But Ali had a magic sword, with which he could kill whatever he could see, no matter how far away; so while the chief was boasting Ali drew his sword and swept it in the air. And when the Christian chief cried, 'Come and fight me,' Ali answered him, 'You are dead already, turn yourself round and you shall see.' Then the chief found that he had been out so clean by Ali's magic sword that he did not know that he was dead. But he fell asunder as he twisted about and rolled off his horse into the sand. So the Moorish woman whom he had made captive rejoiced, and she looked upon Ali and saw that he was a goodly man and offered herself to him to be his wife. But Ali had got a wife already, even the captive who had once been a Christian. So he would not take the Moorish woman, but gave her to another, and thus all was well and everybody happy. Give thanks to Allah, the merciful and mighty. [More touching of foreheads and another collection.] Then a story of finer flavor, told with infinite and too obvious pantomime, amid shrieks of laughter from men and women, and little boys and girls.

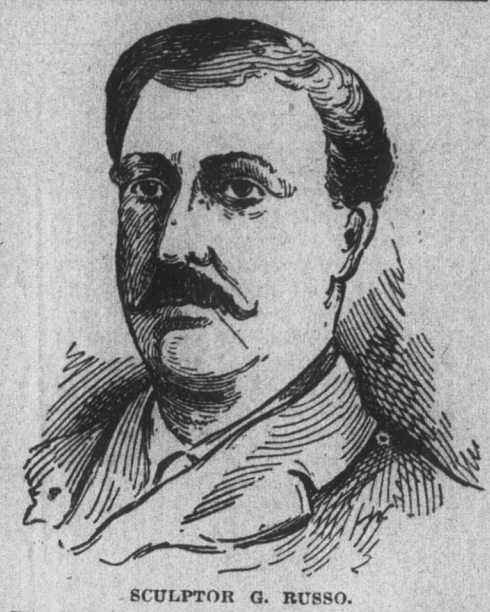
### Wide as the Poles.

Mrs. Highup—What is the science of your treatment, Dr. Newschool?  
Dr. Newschool (homeopathist)—It is very simple. We take the poison which produces a disease, weaken it by successive reductions, and administer it in small doses. Like cures like, you know.  
Mrs. Highup (some days later)—What is this new lymph treatment you are using, Dr. Old school?  
Dr. Oldschool—It is very simple. We take the poison which produces a disease, weaken it by successive reductions, and administer it in small doses—a mild form of inoculation, you know.  
Mrs. Highup (an hour later)—What is all that rumpus out in the street?  
Servant—It's Dr. Oldschool and Dr. Newschool fighting.—New York Weekly.

### COLUMBUS' MEMORY.

New York to Be Presented with a Statue by the Italian Residents.

Although New York has lost the World's Fair that is to commemorate the discovery of America, the quadra-



SCULPTOR G. RUSSO.

centennial of the landing of Christopher Columbus on the shores of this continent will be fittingly celebrated in this city.

On October 12, 1892, there will be unveiled in the plaza in front of the entrance to Central Park, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, a colossal statue of the great discoverer.

There will be a great display. There will be a parade. There will be speeches by the best orators then obtainable. The flags of Italy and America will wave, and the little difficulty at New Orleans will be forgotten.

The monument is to be the gift of the Italian residents of this city to New York. The movement to make this appropriate presentation was started by Carlo Barsotti, editor and proprietor of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, in 1889.

The cost of the memorial will be \$20,000, and the subscription will be confined to those of Italian birth. Premier Crispi headed the list in Italy with a subscription of 1,000 francs.

A Committee of 1,000 Italians is being organized, each member pledging himself to raise \$10 for the monument fund within six months. Nine hundred names are now on the list. The



THE COLUMBUS STATUE.

prospect is that the movement will result in the erection of one of the finest statues in this country.

### ROBERT BURNS MEMORIAL.

A Statue of Scotland's Poet for His Birthplace at Ayr.

The Memorial statue of Robert Burns to be erected in the borough of Ayr, the poet's native place, has just been successfully cast at Moore's foundry, at Thames Ditton. It is not



THE AYR STATUE OF BURNS.

the statue of an idealized Robert Burns, but that of a simple woman with "clouted shoon," the attire of a northern farmer, and with thoughtful face, as seen on Nasmyth's painting in the Scotch National Gallery. The statue is nine feet in height and represents the poet at the age of 27. The sculptor is George A. Lawson, whose greatest ambition has always been to "do" a statue of Burns. The sides of the granite pedestal will be covered by reliefs on which four scenes from Burns' poems are depicted, and the height of the entire statue, which is destined for the square in front of the Station Hotel at Ayr, will be about twelve feet. It will be reproduced in bronze, half life-size, by a London firm. After the casting of the statue at Moore's the sculptor, the founder and the guests who witnessed the interesting operation were entertained at Mr. Moore's house and drank to the memory of Scotland's great poet.

### CAPTAIN CASTLE'S WHALE.

A California Gray Uses a Pretty Pilot-Boat for a Scratching Post.

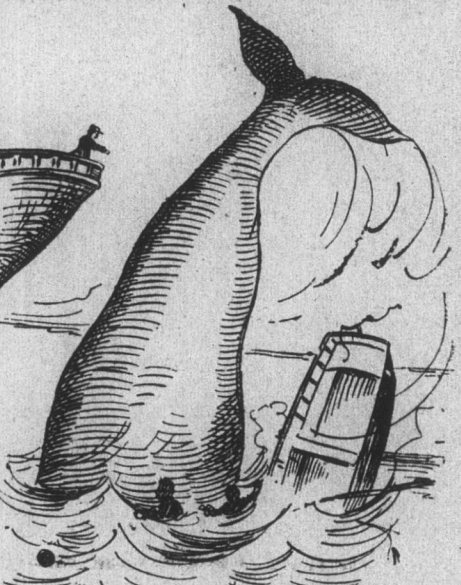
The pilot boat Lady Mine, Captain Steve Castle, was lying becalmed about ten miles southwest of the main Farallones. Not a ship was in sight, and the captain improved the opportunity to shift the schooner's canvas for her lighter summer suit. All hands were engaged on the work, and to secure more deck room the yawl-boat used for boarding vessels was heaved over the side and made fast astern by six or eight fathoms of painter.

The sea was full of whales, lolling about on the glassy surface, playing and blowing and emitting an unpleasant oily odor, as whales are wont to do when the sun is shining, the air is still and the water smooth.

One particularly big fellow of the finback variety, commonly called California grays, manifested much interest in the Lady Mine, and came alongside to investigate. The first notice of his approach was received from a tremendous flock of seabirds that skimmed along the surface, flying down to snatch their food of parasites every time the whale came to the surface. All the birds flew away when the big fish sounded a cable's length from the Lady Mine, and the crew thought he had taken his departure. In this they were erroneous, for in about two minutes the schooner set up a violent rocking, a huge black bulk suddenly loomed up alongside, there was a sound as of escaping steam and half the deck was wet with a cloud of ill-smelling spray.

It was an awful big whale for a finback. It was longer than the Lady Mine, which measures eighty-three feet.

When he came up he touched the schooner, but did it very gently, not with a jar or a bump, but with a slow upheaval that simply shoved the vessel off sideways, and careened her over a little until her round bottom slid off the monster's back. The whale appeared highly delighted, and repeated the performance. For two hours he was never 200 yards from the Lady Mine, and half the time, when he was above water, the crew could have touched him by simply extending their hands over the side. A dozen times



THE WHALE WENT DOWN, AND SO DID THE YAWL.

he rubbed against her side, but always with the same gentleness that characterized his first contact, and often his huge fin protruded above the rail as big as a boat sail.

He was an old bull, and his back and head were literally covered with barnacles. It was to rid himself of these that he rubbed up against the boat, the crew soon learned.

The crew did not mind the whale using the Lady Mine for a back-scratcher as long as he continued good-natured about it, but they did protest against the odor, and finally made an attempt to drive him away. The boat-keeper prodded him with a sharp-pointed spinnaker boom just as he rose near the schooner's stern.

Down he went like a flash, and in his flurry he breached directly across the little yawl's painter, which was hanging slack a foot or so beneath the surface of the water. One of his flukes caught the line, and as the several tons of blubber and whalemeat went down the yawl boat went, too. The bow plunged under with a terrific dash, and the oars and loose bottom-boards of the boat flew for yards around in all directions.

The entire boat was lost to sight for over a minute, when it popped up like a cork, full of water, but right and tight and perfectly uninjured. The crew used garbled language, bailed the boat out, gathered up the gear that strewn the surrounding ocean and hauled the rescued craft aboard.

The whale manifested no anger whatever, but returned in a few minutes as if nothing had happened. He rubbed off a couple or three more barnacles as gently as before, flirited his monstrous tail contemptuously, and took his departure. —San Francisco Examiner.

### Afraid of the Results.

"Now," mamma, I—  
Thus the child began, and was stopped short by her mother.

"Lottie, how many times I've told you not to begin with 'Now.' It is 'Now, mamma,' 'Now, I can't,' 'Now, I will,' 'Now, something or other,' continually. Don't say it again! The very first time you do I will send you to stand fifteen minutes in the corner."

Little Lottie knew full well the terrors of that punishment. What an eternity it seemed to her to stand that length of time with her face to the wall, not allowed to turn around or speak, till told that the time was out; for always after about three minutes she felt sure the fifteen minutes must be passed, and that she, forgotten, must stand there always! So cautious Lottie retreated with her doll out of mamma's hearing, and it being already late in the day, escaped condemnation.

When the little nightgown had been donned, and mamma said tenderly: "Now, darling, say your little prayer," Lottie failed to notice how the catcher had been caught on the "now," but answered:

"I can't—I mustn't."  
"Lottie! Why not?"  
"Cause if I say my—I lay me, I must stand in the corner."—House-keepers' Weekly.