

The Democratic Sentinel

RENNSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. MCEWEN, PUBLISHER

A RICE trust has been formed in this country. The Chinese must go!

WERE Diogenes alive he would be glad to learn that the man honest enough to return \$93,000 to its owner is in the bath-tub business.

AN Englishman is going to swim the Niagara rapids clad in swimming trunks. It seems a pity to waste a good pair of trunks this way.

KENTUCKY produces nearly all the hemp raised in this country, and, naturally, capital punishment is there administered after the old style.

CHICAGO should hurry up and jug her "bodle" aldermen. They will be an attraction for the World's Fair if they are not permitted to escape.

THE story of the existence of a ribbon trust may have been started by an exasperated husband who couldn't find the exact shade his wife wanted, and the exact shade his wife wanted.

A CERTAIN Mr. Twozal is a candidate for office in Leavenworth, Kan. A man that can live up to a name like that should never run for office.

If you want a fad, see if you can't talk less. Every one talks so much. And when you do talk, talk well. Here are two fads that will do you some good.

THERE is a source of some amusement in watching a game of bluff between two countries that realize more clearly than any other the folly of going to war.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN—but hush! Why speak of him again? Besides, he has expressed a determination to hold paragrapers who jeer at him personally liable.

NAVY officers complain that the white paint chosen for war vessels has only the one good quality of looking pretty. What else are United States war vessels for?

THERE have been charges to the effect that some of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermons are not original, but no man has had the hardihood to claim Mr. Talmage's gestures.

THAT British animal is still carelessly leaving his tail with the tip projecting over the Canadian border. He is earnestly advised to coil it up beneath him and firmly sit on it.

IT is a pity the plan of campaign of the Parisian anarchists cannot spread to America. Exploding dynamite under government buildings would be regarded as a venial sin in Chicago.

DR. PARKHURST has begun writing about the New York dives for a newspaper syndicate. The early appearance of this much-advertised divine upon the stage may now be looked for.

A NEW professor at the Chicago University says he has been promised the interest on \$500,000 wherewith to disseminate political science. Lively interest is felt by local politicians as to the ward in which he will spend it.

BEN BUTLER says he wants to see the American flag waving from the north pole. No doubt he does, and from every other pole, stick, city hall, little red schoolhouse, and fourth-class postoffice. Ben has a monopoly of the bunting business and likes to see trade boom.

ACCORDING to an advertisement a native East Indian impersonator appeared in a Chicago church "in gorgeous pinless, hookless, and buttonless costumes abounding with humor and pathos." No one will question the pathos of a costume with all the buttons off, but few men can see any humor in it.

THE ancient and erstwhile honorable duello gets its most decided setback when a brave man declines to accept a challenge. The well-known Southern lawyer and orator, Mr. John S. Wise, of New York, being implicated in a teapot tempest now raging in that city's Southern colony, says he won't fight. Mr. Wise, being reckoned a brave man, has thus given the "code" a violent kick, and deserves the applause of all friends of civilization North and South.

THE grateful Russians who received the cargo of grain sent by charitable Americans for the relief of the famine have been showing their gratitude by presenting a splendid antique silver tea service to the captain of the Missouri, who brought them the grain safe and sound. Now it happens that the Missouri is a British ship, and that Captain Finlay, who sails her, is a British captain, and he gets all the eloquent thanks which the Russians meant for their American friends.

THE New York Sun exults that no bombs are made in that town, and avers that it would be a more dangerous business for the makers there than in Chicago, because in New York "the law has a searching eye and a heavy hand." It has been five years since a bomb has exploded in Chicago, but the bombardment of Russell Sage and the explosion in the vicinity of the house of the Rev. Lyman Abbott in Brooklyn are recent evidences of a certain *myopia* in the "searching eye" of Gotham officers.

SINCE the first of March the price of American beef in the English

market has fallen about a penny and a half, or 3 cents, per pound. It is more interesting than agreeable to learn that English consumers are getting American beef cheaper than American consumers can get it, and that this state of things is likely to continue for some time. The meat companies are understood to be losing on their English business, and it is believed that they will seek to make good their losses out of the American public.

THE danger of a Chinese monopoly of the laundry business seems to have passed. The second exclusion bill is far more exclusive than the first. The celestial "washee washee" takes chances on five years' imprisonment if he dares to cross the frontier. The only exceptions to this sweeping prohibitory are those who come on diplomatic, consular or other Government service, and even these are liable to be withdrawn in the steps threatened by the Empire to sever all neighborly relations with this Government. From a moral standpoint, China is not a real first-class country to associate with.

OLD MAN HARVEY, out in Idaho, ought to be immortalized by some author as apt as Bret Harte was in his prime at the description of frontier eccentricities. And so, by the shade of Jack Sheppard, ought the old man Harvey's six girls! For these adventurous maidens have been holding up stage coaches with unweary patience and unfailing skill for the last few weeks. Had it not been for the ambush set for them by an ungentlemanly sheriff these dashing brigandettes—it we may coin a word—would have raised the romance of the road in Idaho to the exciting level of the palmy days of California in '49.

THE bill before Congress which invests the Postmaster General with power to decide what advertisements are "proper" in a newspaper should be killed as dead as Julius Caesar. The present incumbent of that office is, on at least one occasion, made himself subject for mirth while posing as a censor of the press, and the opportunities for like folly should not be increased. The freedom of the press must be maintained, and this bill, however guiltless of such intent, directly menaces it. A reputable newspaper rejects voluntarily advertisements which could not "go through the mails." Other newspapers can be proceeded against under the provisions of existing laws.

AT SABLE, Mich., has taken on a lurid tinge from causes fully set forth in a series of popular resolutions beginning with the following somewhat tangled note: "Whereas, A newspaper is in existence in our midst by the name of the Lakeside Monitor, edited by one Wesley M. Featherly, and proceeding through a succinct statement of the libelous sins of said paper in their midst by the name of the Monitor to the ringing conclusion that Editor Featherly be tarred and feathered 'from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet' unless he gets out of town in ten days. Editor Featherly appears to have been molding public opinion into a large and extremely bitter pill, which he is now offered the happiness of swallowing."

IT has become evident that the Sultan of Turkey intended to play a little trick upon the young Egyptian Khedive, Abbas, and upon the country which is his protector, England. Eyoub Pasha, the Sultan's envoy, was, after long delay, sent with the firmavite of investiture to the Khedive. Requested to reveal the contents of this firmavite, Eyoub refused. Pressed by Sir Evelyn Baring, British Minister at Cairo, and forced to it by the Khedive's refusal of investiture until the contents of the Sultan's firmavite became known, he at length admitted that the Sultan had reopened the boundary question, and no longer recognized the Sinai Peninsula as a part of Egyptian domain. Then there was war among diplomats resident at Cairo, the British and Italian Consuls General being on one side, the French and Russian Consuls General on the other. Feeling ran high. The collection of fleets in the Levant did not promise the most peaceful future. The natives of Egypt took the crisis to heart, and entertained grave fears lest their country should be again the scene of battle and desolation. At this point France and Russia, quite in accord with what has been M. Ribot's (French Minister of Foreign Affairs) constant policy, interceded with the Sultan, who consented to issue an imrad supplementary to the firmavite, leaving all boundary questions in statu quo.

THE ancient and erstwhile honorable duello gets its most decided setback when a brave man declines to accept a challenge. The well-known Southern lawyer and orator, Mr. John S. Wise, of New York, being implicated in a teapot tempest now raging in that city's Southern colony, says he won't fight. Mr. Wise, being reckoned a brave man, has thus given the "code" a violent kick, and deserves the applause of all friends of civilization North and South.

THE grateful Russians who received the cargo of grain sent by charitable Americans for the relief of the famine have been showing their gratitude by presenting a splendid antique silver tea service to the captain of the Missouri, who brought them the grain safe and sound. Now it happens that the Missouri is a British ship, and that Captain Finlay, who sails her, is a British captain, and he gets all the eloquent thanks which the Russians meant for their American friends.

THE New York Sun exults that no bombs are made in that town, and avers that it would be a more dangerous business for the makers there than in Chicago, because in New York "the law has a searching eye and a heavy hand." It has been five years since a bomb has exploded in Chicago, but the bombardment of Russell Sage and the explosion in the vicinity of the house of the Rev. Lyman Abbott in Brooklyn are recent evidences of a certain *myopia* in the "searching eye" of Gotham officers.

SEEING a runaway horse dragging a little boy by the feet along the road, a nervy Hastings (Neb.) girl took a hasty aim with a rifle she had with her and killed the horse, thus saving the boy's life.

SEEING a runaway horse dragging a little boy by the feet along the road, a nervy Hastings (Neb.) girl took a hasty aim with a rifle she had with her and killed the horse, thus saving the boy's life.

UNDER THE WATERS.

DEATH AND DESOLATION IN MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

The Rivers Rose Far Above Their Banks, Flooded Farms, and Swept Away Lives, Homes, and Property—Poor Whites and Negroes Starving and Homeless.

Southern Floods.



THE Tombigbee and Loxapolla Rivers come together a few miles below the city of Columbus, Miss. The city is situated on the east bank of the Tombigbee River, and is the center of trade for all that section of the Tombigbee Valley. The country is level, and the streams flow steeply along, winding through the country to the sea. The banks are not high, and its way through the expanse of valley is only marked by the growth of bush and cane on its banks. The cotton plantations along the river have been the scene of great preparations for cotton planting. Every year the streams are up to the full capacity of the banks, and often in low places the water spreads over a small section of the country; but the heavy and terrific rainfall of a few weeks ago was more than was expected. The rain poured down in sheets, and continued for forty-eight hours, deluging everything. The flood rushed down the Loxapolla and was met by the great volume from the Tombigbee. The Tombigbee below the point of confluence could not carry the waters. The floods spread all over the valley. On the bosom of the rush were borne along negro cabins, fences, logs, trees, bodies of cows, mules, horses, and hogs. The flood was so sudden and

This will serve as a guide to estimate the great loss to the plantations of the Tombigbee Valley. Poverty and desolation are spread out in all directions for miles on both sides of the river. Most of the country bridges have been swept away, and it will be weeks before traffic will be regularly resumed.

One strange freak developed among the negroes who had been rescued and brought to Columbus. They absolutely would not go out and help in the work of rescuing others of their race without being paid cash in hand in advance. The care of the 600 or 700 negroes now in Columbus is being clothed, doctored, and fed by charity is a serious matter. The relief asked of the Government should

second wife. The amount in controversy is about \$40,000, and includes a lot on Washington street in Indianapolis. On two occasions during his last illness the Senator told his friends that he intended to leave his Washington street property to his children, but when his will was opened it was found that he had left that also to Mrs. McDonald. It is to set aside this bequest that the suit is filed, and in the inquiry Mrs. McDonald has been summoned to appear and answer questions under oath.

Other phases of the case are both dramatic and supernatural. In the Senator's office was a clerk named Arthur Hutchins, and he copied the will or, wrote it at the Senator's dictation. One day he went home from the office, and as he did not return it was found that he had gone insane. The contestants assert that his mental wreck was due to remorse for having mutilated the will. Then, in confirmation of this theory, a young lady living in Washington dreamed that she saw Mrs. McDonald and some young man whom she did not know in close consultation together in an office. She afterward came to Indianapolis, and in the asylum where Hutchins is now confined identified him as the young man of her dream.

SAVED FIVE LIVES.

The Hero of the Hotel Royal Fire Receives a Suitable Reward.

At the recent Hotel Royal fire in York, in which nineteen persons lost their lives, there was none who did braver service in the work of rescue than Sergeant Vaughan, of Patrol No. 3, and as a testimony of his worth the Board of Fire Underwriters have presented him with a beautiful gold medal—the sixth they have issued to members of the patrol in twelve years. Mr. Vaughan's bravery is well stated in the inauguration address of President Blagden, from which we quote:

"At a window in one of the upper stories was gathered a group with anxious faces—a father, mother, and child—waiting, perhaps, to die together. At the next window, in an adjoining building, appeared a sergeant of our patrol. The distance was too great to reach.

Without hesitation, he threw himself down, resting one arm upon the sill and entwining his leg around a telephone wire, fortunately conveniently near. With his other arm, one by one he conducted this group over his prostrate body, as a bridge, to the window of safety.

"Ascending to the roof, he discovered a man standing upon the sill of a window in another portion of the house, doubtless whether to meet death by jumping or wait to be overtaken by the fire. Shouting to him to wait and he would save him, he rushed to the street, and, calling upon his comrades to follow, ascended to the roof of another adjoining building. Hastily throwing off his coat, his companions holding him by the legs, he threw himself head downward over the cornice, and, with their assistance, raised this man of over 200 pounds in weight to the roof."

Mr. Vaughan saved another life, making five in all.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

Many disease germs enter through an open mouth. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eating and speaking. The nose was made for breathing, and the air, passing through the long and moist nasal passages, is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs, and various impurities, while the air is warmed and tempered for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt, and disease rush down into the lungs, and, fastening there, develop and destroy the whole system.—The Christian.

FROM BUTCHER BOY TO MILLIONAIRE.

Henry Miller, probably the largest land-owner in the San Joaquin (Cal.) valley, was forty years or so ago a butcher boy with scarcely a dollar of his own. He individually controls over a million acres now, and is believed to be worth between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000.

ALL SORTS.

ONE of the ex-mayors of Gotham has been sued for a barbier bill. That last syllable saved him.

REV. DR. DE WITT TALMAGE is charged with the most bare-faced plagiarism. That strikes us as a little rough on the other fellow.

IF TOM NAST really wants to start an illustrated paper in Chicago now is his time. All his old Tweed cartoons can be used again with local application.

WALT WHITMAN being dead it is doubtful whether America has any poet who pleases the cultured British taste unless the long silent "sweet singer of Michigan" shall pipe up once more.

Moony and Sankey are going to revisit England. It is eighteen years since they were last there, and it must be admitted that the cable dispatches indicate a need for a little more religion in the queen's snug island.

IT is a great pity Jay Gould was impelled to give up his journey to Mexico through fear of being captured by bandits and held for ransom. If the Mexican brigands knew how tenderly Mr. Gould is beloved by his countrymen they would never dare to molest him.

Two revolutions and a new lottery make President Diaz, of Mexico, wonder how the venerable veterans, Jubal A. Early and Mr. Beauregard, will behave if they accompany their buncy trappings into his domain. The President will do well to placate those two old fire-eaters.

OUR CARPENTER is the John Chinaman of fish. It eats the aquatic plants commonly eaten by wild duck and other game fowl, and the latter in consequence are becoming scarce. We make no bones of saying that the German carp is active in a very scaly manner if this is true.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

A touching illustration of children's affection occurred recently in a Paris court, when a pretty girl of 10, poorly but neatly clad, was brought up on a charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah, my good sir!" said she, "I have no longer friends. My father and mother are dead. I have only my brother James, and he is almost as young as I am. Oh, sir, what can we do for me?"

"The court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister, here I am! Do not fear," cried a childish voice from the other end of the court.

And at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started from amid the crowd and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rose, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Three years."

"What do you want?"

"I come to claim my sister Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James."

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate. "The court is disposed to do all it can for your sister, but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, 'I will be an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister.' I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the boulevard and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so. You must find something better.' I soon found a place where I am lodger, fed, and clothed, and have 20 francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these 20 francs, will take care of Lucille and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty until to-morrow."

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

HOW HOTELS ARE ROBBED.

The large hotels in all the cities of this country carry upon their annual expense account from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars chargeable to paper, envelopes, matches, and toothpicks supplied to guests and strangers. The strangers use more of them than the guests. A square box, in which are kept a dozen necessary things—such as cards, matches, envelopes and toothpicks—stands on the counters of most hotels. This box has to be constantly replenished.

The proprietor of a large New York hotel furnishes some interesting information regarding the way in which his hotel is systematically robbed by guests and strangers. Five hundred envelopes and 1,000 sheets of paper are required daily. Strangers appear at the desk, and with the utmost nonchalance ask for writing materials, which are furnished if the person be respectable in appearance. It is a common thing to see strangers enter a hotel writing-room and fill their ink-bottles. Blotting-paper given away costs \$10 a month. Every visitor to the hotel believes himself entitled to toothpicks and matches. He takes a handful of the former and fills his pocket-matchbox at the counter with the latter. It costs \$15 a month to supply these trifling articles. Pen and penholders and ink-bottles disappear at the rate of a dozen a day.

But, alas! these are not the only losses to which hotel men are