

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

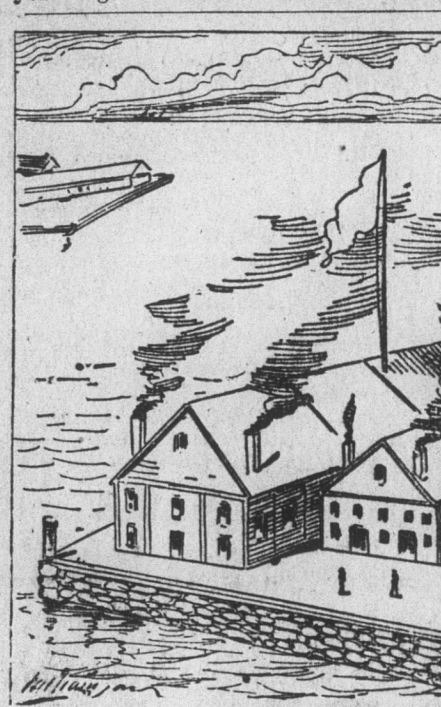
## TO KEEP CHOLERA OUT.

### HOW NEW YORK RESISTED THE PLAGUE.

Methods of Quarantine Employed at the Gulf of America—The Distribution of Persons Arriving on Infected Ships—Hoffman and Swinburne Islands.

#### Fighting Death.

New York Correspondence: Hamburg, Antwerp, and Havre were three cities from which cholera had most to fear during the late cholera scare. All three are famous seaport towns, Hamburg the greatest in Germany and the fourth in importance in the world. It is yearly visited by more than 9,000 vessels, and steamship and packet lines send the wares of its merchants to all parts of the globe. Its spacious and picturesque harbor is always crowded with shipping.



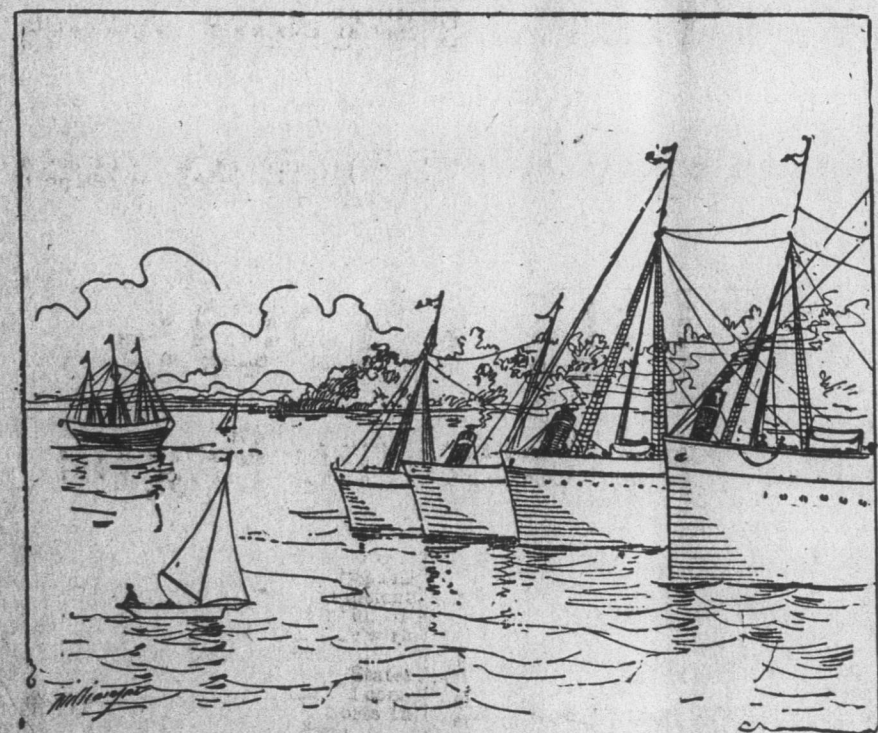
HOFFMAN ISLAND, LOWER QUARANTINE.

foreign commerce of Germany has passed through Hamburg, and its growth and prosperity have in many ways been phenomenal. The improvement of her docks and harbors has been conducted on a princely scale and are subjects of pride to every Hamburg, but in the matter of an effective health organization, good drainage, a wholesome water supply, and a clean harbor Hamburg is centuries behind the times, and has



DR. JENKINS.

paid a heavy and deadly price for its thoughtlessness and shortcomings. New York receives 50 per cent. of the European immigration to the United States, and the greater part of this mighty stream comes through Hamburg. The immigrants who sail from Hamburg are in the main Germans and Russians and Polish Jews. Cholera has been present in Russia for two years past, and the famine that has prevailed there during that time has only served to

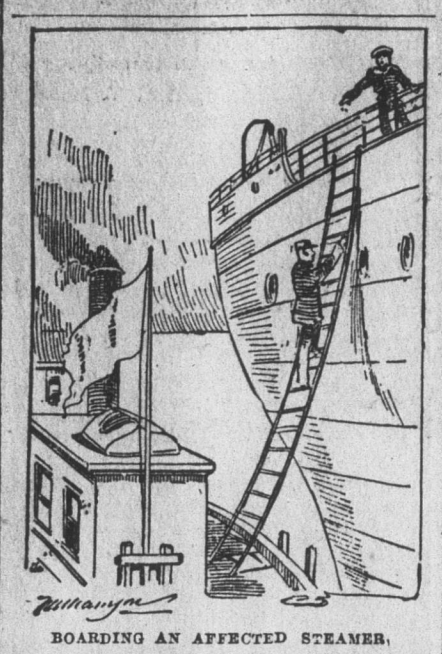


QUARANTINE GROUNDHOUSES AT ANCHOR.

strengthen its foothold. In August a number of Russian Jews, driven from home by the relentless persecutions of the Czar's government, arrived at Hamburg to take passage for America. They brought the cholera with them, and were isolated in a camp above the city and on the banks of the Elbe. The drainage of the camp emptied into the Elbe, from which Hamburg draws its water supply, and before the people of the endangered city knew of its presence the cholera was epidemic among them. Of this number nearly half died.

From Hamburg the cholera spread to Antwerp, Havre, Paris, Bremen, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Rotterdam, and gained a firm foothold in each of the cities named, but Antwerp and Havre are the ones which, after Hamburg, presented the gravest menace to the welfare of the United States. Antwerp is the chief seaport of Belgium, and in its harbor are always to be found vessels from every country on the globe. Its streets, however, are narrow and dirty, its system of drainage, if it can with truth be called a system, is wholly defective, and the city is burdened with a vast pauper population, who live in loathsome squares and filth on the banks of the River Schelde. The

fully inspected and compelled to show a clean bill of health. Each steamer passenger is critically examined and his or her temperature taken.



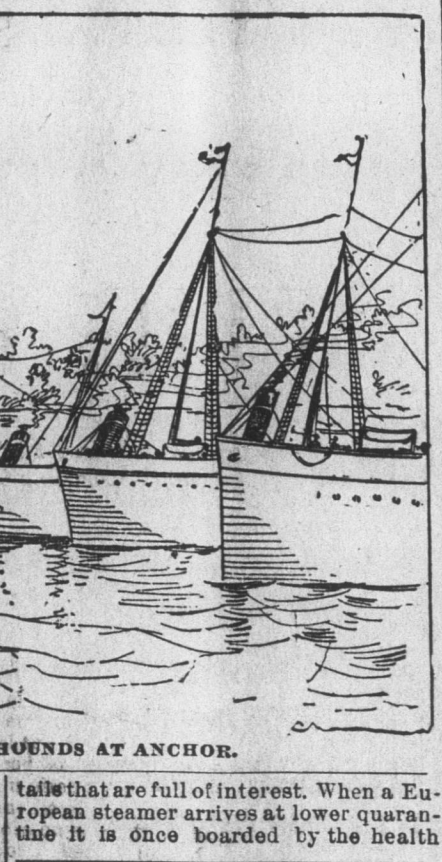
BOARDING AN AFFECTED STEAMER.

immigrants who sail from Antwerp for America, and they number many thousands yearly, are brought in close contact with this element, among which cholera gains easy access.

Havre, after Marseilles, the greatest seaport of France, is far better prepared than Hamburg and Antwerp to do a successful battle with the cholera. The city stretches over a broad territory; its streets are wide and clean, there is no crowding of its population into cramped and unwholesome quarters, and its sanitary condition is almost perfect. Havre is in every sense a modern city and one of the cleanest in the world. The cholera was kept well in hand by the medical authorities at Havre. The most serious menace which this city presents to America lies in the fact that it is the seaport of Paris, and that travelers coming from Paris to this country must pass through Havre, and also that the greater part of Havre's immense trade is with American ports.

Cholera in the Harbor. Wednesday, Aug. 31, 1892, the cholera entered New York harbor and encoined loudly for admission. It came by the steamer Moravia of the Hamburg Line, twenty-two of whose steerage passengers died of the plague en route. The coming of the cholera was not unexpected, and it found the health officers of New York and port fully prepared to cope with its advance. Health Officer Jenkins at once ordered the Moravia to lower quarantine, the President issued a proclamation declaring that all ships sailing from infected ports should be kept in quarantine for twenty days after their arrival in any port in this country, and the New York Board of Health issued rules for the prevention of the cholera.

The Moravia was followed in quick succession by the Germania, the Rugia, the Scandia, and the Bohemia from Hamburg, and the Wyoming from Liverpool, all of which brought the plague with them, and it was seen that only an aggressive and unflinching campaign could prevent the disease from gaining a firm foothold here. Preparations for such a campaign were at once begun. These preparations present details that are full of interest. When a European steamer arrives at lower quarantine it is once boarded by the health



A JEWISH IMMIGRANT.

officer or one of his assistants, who has been apprised of its coming by the watchman at Fire Island Light, and every one from the captain down is care-

## A FEAST IN ZULULAND.

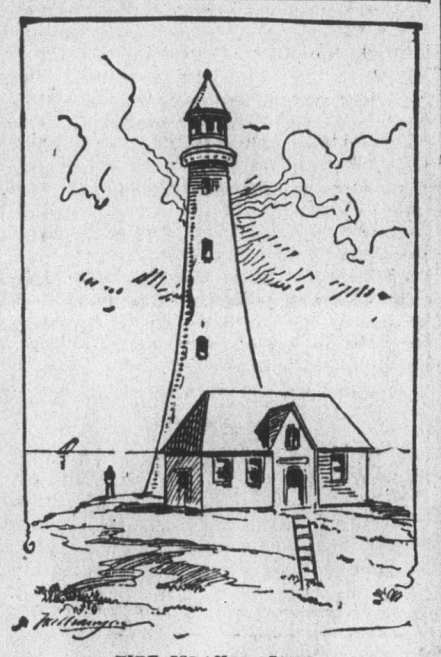
The Killing of the Cattle for the Occasion an Exciting Event.

A dozen magnificent long-horned cattle were run into the kraal, and seven stalwart warriors followed them in, assailing in hand. Crowding the cattle in a bunch against the wall, each warrior singled out a victim, and with a mighty thrust plunged the keen, bright blade into the animal's heart. Generally speaking, the one swift, sure blow was sufficient, but in two or three cases the stricken animals avoided the death thrust, and, goaded to madness by the deep wound, made matters exceedingly lively for the Zulus for the next few minutes, chasing them frantically about the kraal until some well-hurled assegai brought them to earth. One big steer, horned like a Texan, kept his feet and fought till a dozen assegai blades were hurled buried in his body, and in his blind rushing he knocked over a couple of men, and ripped one very badly up the thigh.

The whole affair was as exciting as a Spanish bull-fight. When they were all killed the crowd, who had been enjoying the fun from the kraal wall, hopped into the arena and assisted in the work of skinning and cutting up. As many as could get around an animal assisted, and one could scarce imagine a more barbarous spectacle than a horde of Zulus skinning and dissecting a dozen cows. The blood was allowed to remain in the flesh, and men, women and children were seen carrying off huge pieces of red, quivering flesh, slung over their shoulders, with the blood trickling down their sleek, dark skins to their heels. Children besmeared their faces and bodies for fun, and about each carcass a group of tall, black warriors hacked and slashed, like the savages they were. While the women boiled the beef in big iron kettles obtained from Natal, the warriors engaged in a big dance.

You can never quite catch the spirit of a Zulu dance by merely hearing it described, any more than you can read the exhilaration of wine without trying it. With ox-hide shields and bright assegais they trooped into the kraal until all were assembled.

Then, forming into ranks as natural as a company of grenadiers, they marched out into the dancing ground, singing a strange, weird chant in accompaniment to the rattle of assegai on shield and measured tramp of feet. One could see at a glance now that every Zulu is a warrior born. Here they were, the veriest savages to all intent, naked as animals, yet playing soldier with a bearing and precision of movement that European troops, with all their scientific training, could hardly hope to beat. Forward they stepped, the flag off into semi-circle, two deep, they stood proud and erect, the most splendid specimens of martial manhood I ever saw, their black eyes glistening with suppressed fire, their chests heaving and muscles twitching in anticipation of the signal to begin. For a minute they stood there, every foot in the crescent keeping time, and every assegai softly tapping time against the shield to a low, buzzing melody.—Boston Bulletin.



FIRE ISLAND LIGHT.

homes were quarantined and disinfected without delay. A large floating hospital was also fully equipped and stationed in the East River ready for an emergency. At Portland, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Atlantic ports a rigid quarantine was instituted, and the same was true of the Pacific coast, where there was a possibility of the cholera entering the country from Siberia. On both coasts the life-saving crews were instructed to be on the watch, and to report any vessel that attempted to land passengers without a proper permit. In Canada all passengers from infected ports were held at Grosse Ile, forty miles from Quebec, for inspection and disinfection, and immigrants coming from Canada into the United States were subjected to a second inspection at different points on the frontier. Mexico also declared a quarantine against vessels from infected European ports, so there was little room for the cholera creeping into the United States from that quarter.

According to the best authorities the various cities of the country were never better equipped to resist the invasion of the cholera. The greatest danger of the spread of the plague, should it ever become in securing a footing here, lies in the foul and overcrowded slums of our great cities, where thousands of human beings—ignorant, vicious and depraved—swarm like rats in a hole, and by their habits and modes of life daily invite disease. New York City has 300,000 such people, and Boston, Chicago and other large cities have them in equal proportion. They are the darkest and most menacing cloud in a threatening horizon—a cloud that must make even the most hopeful pause and tremble. Cholera once epidemic among this element would not prevent them from dying in swarms, like vermin by the roadside.

Common-Sense Marriages. Modern society has welcomed common-sense shoes and common-sense forms of dress, writes John Lambert Payne in an attempt to solve the question "Why Young Men Defy Marriage," in the Ladies' Home Journal. It would seem that the time is opportune for a widespread outbreak of common-sense marriages. At all events, it is a change from the present stagnation to be effected, three things seem to me necessary: First, there must be a popular knowledge of the facts; second, the people at large must think; and third, there must be action.

Interdomestic Etiquette. In every instance, the housekeeper who engages a servant should write to the former employer to verify the reference, writes Christine Terhune Herriek in the Ladies' Home Journal. The unwritten laws of interdomestic etiquette demand this. When the reforms suggested in this little paper are an accomplished fact, the formality may be allowed to lapse.

## CONSCIOUSNESS IN WRITING.

Self-Consciousness Makes You a Poor Writer and a Bad Speaker.

Richard Grant White writes: As both writing and speaking are the expression of thought through language, the capacity for the one, joined to the incapacity for the other, is naturally the occasion of remark, and has, I believe, never been accounted for. I think it will be found that consciousness, which generally causes more or less embarrassment of one kind or other, is at the bottom of this apparent incongruity.

The man who writes in a clear and fluent style, but who, when he undertakes to speak, more than to say yes or no or what he would like for dinner, hesitates and utters confusion, does so because he is made self-conscious by the presence of others when he speaks, but gives himself unconsciously to the expression of his thought when he looks only upon the words which he is writing. He who speaks with ease and grace, but writes in a crabbed, involved style, forgets himself when he looks at others, and is occupied by himself when he is alone. His consciousness and the effort that he makes on the one hand to throw it off, and on the other to meet its demand upon him, confuse his thoughts, which throng, and jostle, and crash, instead of moving onward with one consent together.

Mere consciousness has had much to do with the charming style of many women's letters. Women's style, when they write books, is generally bad, with all the varieties of badness; but their epistolary style is as generally excellent in all ways of excellence. A letter written by a bright, cultivated woman—and she need not be a highly educated or much instructed woman, but merely one whose intercourse is with cultivated people—and written merely to tell you something that interests her and that she wishes you to know, with much care about what she says, and no care as to how she says it, will, in twelve cases out of a baker's dozen, be not only irreproachably correct in expression but very charming.

Some literary women, though few, are able to carry this clear, fluent, idiomatic English style into their books. Mrs. Jameson, Charlotte Bronte, and perhaps George Eliot are prominent instances in point. Mrs. Trollope's book, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," which made her name known and caused it to be detested, is written in this style—easy, flowing and clear like a beautiful stream, reflecting from its placid surface wherever it passes, by adding in the reflection a charm to the image which is not in the object, and distorting only when it is dimpled by gaiety or crisped by a flow of satire or a ripple of humor. It is worth reading only for its style. It may be studied to advantage and emulated, but not imitated, for all about it that is worthy of emulation is inimitable. Mr. Anthony Trollope's mastery of our language was inherited, but he did not come into possession of quite all the maternal estate.

I say that Mrs. Trollope's book had been unjustly censured because all her descriptions were true to life, and were evidently taken from life. She described, however, only that which struck her as peculiar, and her acquaintance with the country was among the most uncultivated people.

Strange Coincidences. Whenever coincidences are under discussion Captain A. E. Anderson, of the Hudson River steamer Mary Powell, tells of two odd cases which he "ran up against" one day during the summer of 1889. His steamer was lying at the foot of Vestry street, Poughkeepsie, when a man boarded her and said to the Captain:

"I have lost my trunk, and cannot tell if it was taken off the boat or not."

Captain Anderson quite naturally asked: "What is your name?" "A. E. Anderson," was the reply. "My initials and surname exactly," returned the Captain. "My full name is Ambrose Eltinge Anderson," was the stranger's next retort.

Almost dumfounded, he found that the Captain's name was the same, letter for letter. The same afternoon an elderly lady boarded the Mary Powell at Newburgh, remarking to the Captain, as she handed in her ticket, that her name was Mary Powell also. Upon carefully inspecting the ticket with the Captain's name upon it, she continued:

"I see your name is A. E. Anderson. My maiden name was Anderson, and my father's full name was Ambrose Eltinge Anderson."

The Mary Powell's captain fled in terror, declaring that his boat was bewitched.—St. Louis Republic.

## Curious Railway Belle.

Among various trophies secured by Chief Smith of the Transportation department, during his recent visit to Europe, is a small brass pocket piece resembling an ordinary baggage check, which is worth a great deal more than its weight in gold. It is of octagon shape and on one side is stamped the inscription "L. and S. Railway," "Bagworth No. 29." On the opposite side the number is repeated. This fortunately preserved relic represents the kind and form of ticket in use in 1832 for "open carriage passengers" on the Leicester and Swannington Railway.

The distance covered by the main line was a trifle over sixteen miles, and the passenger fares charged were one and one-quarter pence per mile. There was one class only, and passengers stood up in an open carriage, generally known as a tub, which was nothing better than a high-sided goods wagon, having no top, no seats, no spring buffers. These brass tickets were used to the various stations, the guard of the train carrying a leather bag something in the style of a collection box, having eight separate divisions, one for each station. At the end of each passenger's journey, his ticket was taken up and placed in the bag by the guard, to be returned, recorded on the books, and again used.—Chicago Times.

## ROLLING CHAIRS.

Make It Possible for the Physically Disabled to Go the Rounds.

You can press a button and take a seat and ride in an electric rolling chair at the World's Fair. It has been decided that no carriages will be allowed within the grounds, and some means of conveyance must be provided for those who are physically unable to meet the exertion of walking through all the departments. In this emergency another "button" device has been provided. It is in the shape of an electric tricycle with a chair frame.

The tricycle will be operated by electricity. A storage battery will be



ELECTRIC ROLLING CHAIR.

hung under the chair, and from it power will be transmitted to the wheels. It will only be necessary to take a seat in the chair, press a button, and the battery will do the rest. The vehicle will be steered by means of a small front wheel governed by a lever. The battery is warranted to last fourteen hours without recharging, so that there will be no danger of its balking at an unfortunate moment. The machines will be rented at so much an hour, the Exposition sharing in the profits.

## Kentucky Mountaineers.

In Mr. James Lane Allen's interesting book, "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," one chapter is devoted to the inhabitants of the Cumberland Mountains. They are abjectly poor, for the most part. As the author expresses it, "They appear to have no sense of accumulation." "In some regions the great problem of life is to raise two dollars and a half during the year for county taxes." Agricultural methods are primitive. The plow is a "bull-tongue"—little more than a sharpened stick with a metal rim. Formerly the digging of "sang," ginseng, was one of the principal occupations. Much of it was shipped to China. The crop is now nearly exhausted, although in some of the wilder regions whole families may still be seen "sangin'."

The people took it into town in bags, selling it at a dollar and ten cents—perhaps a dollar and a half—a pound. This was mainly the labor of the women and children, who went to work barefooted, amid briars and chestnut burrs, copperheads and rattlesnakes. Indeed, the woman prefer to go barefooted, finding shoes a trouble and constraint.

It was a sad day for the people when the "sang" grew scarce. A few years ago one of the counties was nearly depopulated in consequence of the exodus into Arkansas, whence had come the news that "sang" was plentiful.

The dwellings—often mere cabins with a single room—are built of rough-hewn logs, chinked or daubed, though not always. One mountaineer, called into court to testify as to the household goods of a defendant neighbor, gave in as the inventory: A string of pumpkins, a skillet without a handle, and a "wild Bill." A "wild Bill" is a bed made by boring auger-holes in a log, driving sticks into these, and overlaying them with hickory bark and sedge-grass—a favorite couch.

The low chimneys, made usually of laths daubed, are so low that the saying, inelegant but true, is current, that you may sit by the fire inside and spit out over the top. The cracks in the walls are often large enough to give ingress and egress to child or dog.

Naturally there is little desire for education. The mountain schools have sometimes less than half a dozen pupils for the few months they are in session. A gentleman who wanted a coal bank opened engaged for the work a man passing along the road. Some days after he learned that his workman was a school teacher who, in consideration of the seventy-five cents a day, had dismissed his academy.

Many of the people, allured by rumors from the West, have migrated thither, but nearly all come back from love of the mountains and in disposition to cope with the rush and vigor and enterprise of frontier life. Theirs, they say, is a good lazy man's home.

## Praise and Appreciation.

There are persons in this world—aren't they?—that there are not more of them—who care less for praise than appreciation. They have an ideal after which they are striving, but of which they consciously fall short, as every one who has a lofty ideal is sure to do. When that ideal is recognized by another, and they are praised or commended for something—let that something be important or not—in its direction, they are grateful, not for praise, but for appreciation. An element of sympathy enters into that recognition, and they feel that they have something in common with the observer who admires what they admire and praises what they think is most worthy of praise.

In Christopher Columbus had landed among a people like the denizens of Fire Island, the settlement of America might have been delayed several centuries. They were more gentle savages where he first came in contact with them.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

### Some Sharp Sayings.

The mother tongue is probably the language of Mars.—Yonkers Statesman.

CONTESTANTS in the running races at the fair should prepare by taking a bottle of catchup.—Lowell Courier.

The man who was too full for utterance went to jail instead of going to the fight.—New Orleans Picayune.

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The hot spell of summer is known as the dog days because it is too warm then to make sausage.—Hazelton Sentinel.

SO MANY people go around looking as though they had a piece of Limburger cheese under their noses.—Aitchison Globe.

WHY not make the cactus the national flower? It has more fine points than any other yet mentioned.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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"We must attack this trouble promptly," said the physician. "Yes," replied the patient, who had just taken a dose of medicine, "but I wish you could be a little less bitter in your attacks."—Washington Star.

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"That beats me," said good Mrs. Jason, as she read that a fire was supposed to have been caused by "nice eating matches." "I've heard of pie-eating matches and such, but this is a new one."—Indianapolis Journal.

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DELLA—Can't you go down shopping with me this afternoon? I want to get my husband a birthday gift. Esther—Yes; what are you going to get him? Della—Well, I have been thinking about it for some time, and I think I need table linen and rugs more than anything.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## CHICAGO IS TROUBLED WITH THE QUESTION WHAT TO DO WITH ITS BAD BOYS.

hoodlums that are growing up to be vagabonds and thieves. It is proposed to establish training schools to be opened by the State, where youthful offenders against the law can be taught useful trades. Better still will it be to make provision for the commitment of the dependent children to such institutions before they become criminals, and to close the saloons, where many of the parents of children are made incapable of caring for them.

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