

# Democratic Sentinel

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1892

STATIONED AT THE POST OFFICE AT RENSSELAER, IND.

INDIANA-CASSIANA.

MONON ROUTE.

RENSSELAER TIME TABLE

BOOTH BOUND.

No. 6—Mail and Ex., Daily, 10:57 A. M.  
No. 11—Mail & accom., 6:17 P. M.  
No. 21—Vestibule, daily, 12:55 P. M.  
No. 22—Night Express, 11:03 P. M.  
No. 43—Way Freight, 2:45 P. M.

ROUTE BOUND.

No. 34—Mail, accom., Daily, 7:35 A. M.  
No. 74—Freight, 8:15 P. M.  
No. 4—Mail and Ex., 4:52 A. M.  
No. 32—Vestibule, 2:47 P. M.  
No. 46—Way Freight, 9:20 A. M.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will be at my office at John A. Knobston's, in Jos-  
eph township, on the Fourth Saturday of  
each month for the transaction of busi-  
ness connected with the duties of Trust-  
ee. JAMES H. CARE,  
Trustee Jordan Township

FICTITIOUS CHARACTERS.

There is often found a parallel to them in Real Life.

There is rarely a circumstance or character invented by the imagination that does not find its parallel in real life. A year or more ago a writer de-  
scribed in a story the adventures and vicissitudes of an erring lad who ran away from home to follow the sea. The tale was pure fiction, and the author invented for his young hero a name un-  
like any he had ever heard.

Soon after the story was published its author received a pathetic letter from a sorrowing mother, saying that the sailor boy of the story was her only son, and begging for his address.

Tell him, "If he will only come home, I will forgive and forgive all the past. I am alone in the world, and if my dear son will return to me I will be happy again."

It was hard to write to this poor mother that the sailor boy of the story, whose name, adventures and life so closely resembled her son's, was but a creature of the imagination.

While addressing a jury in a criminal case a few years ago, said a lawyer, "I made up the following story to illustrate the need of coolness and calm judgment before condemning a man."

A heavy train was pulling into the station of a small town. The driver had seen many years of continuous service on that particular bit of line and had never failed to keep his engine at a certain point.

One day a great celebration was held in the town, and when that train came in the line ahead of the point where the engine always stopped was crowded with people. No one feared being run over, so great was the confidence in the driver's ability to stop his engine at a particular spot.

"But, alas! on this day the heavy train was not stopped, but continued its course, and the driver, who, hampered with a baby in her arms, was not agile enough to get out of the way. At first the crowd stood aghast; and then a great wave of indignation broke forth against the man who had done this thing.

"The driver stood on his step, white and speechless—helpless against the fury of the mob."

"Wait!" cried the fireman. "See this!" and he held up a broken bolt. "Here is the cause of the accident—a broken bolt at the critical time."

"I believe I won my case with a little bit of fiction, and what do you think? After the court had adjourned a gray-haired old gentleman came forward, and grasping my hand, exclaimed:

"You told that story well! I was in the crowd at the time of the accident and saw the whole thing."

Not Such a Jay as He Seemed.

I was in a Memphis office years ago, says an experienced telegraph operator, when Thomas A. Edison applied for a position. He came walking into the office one morning, looking like a veritable hayseed. He wore a tattered shirt, a pair of buttercup pants tucked into the tops of boots size too large and guiltless of blacking. "Where's the boss?" was his query, as he glanced about the room. No one replied at once, and he repeated the question. The manager asked him what he could do for him, and the future great man proceeded to strike him for a job. Business was rushing and the office was two men short, so almost any kind of a lightning-slinger was welcome. He was assigned to a desk and a fusillade of work went the rounds of the office, for the "jay" was put on the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. At the St. Louis end of the line sat a man who was then called "Lightning" and knew it. Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The new-comer responded and St. Louis started in on a long report, and he pumped it in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, picked up a pen, examined it critically, and started in about 200 words behind. He didn't stay there long though. St. Louis let out another link of speed, and still another, and the switchboard man Edison, who was hummed like an old-style Singer sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and all gathered around the "jay" to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone. Well, sir, he was right on the word, and was putting it down in the prettiest copper-plate hand you ever saw, even crossing his t's, dotting his i's and punctuating with much care. St. Louis got tired by and by, and began to slow down. Edison opened the key and said, "Here, here's a secret for you, a good one. Get a horse on your mind, and it will go where you want it to." Well, sir, that broke St. Louis all up. He had been "raining" Memphis for a long time and we were terribly sorry, and to have a man in our office that could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the derby.

Do You Believe This?

Did you ever consider how much time a man expends to keep himself presentable? was the question asked by a practical American the other day. A man with any board at all, he continued, must shave at least three times a week. This means a waste of ten hours a month, or two hundred working days a year. Fifteen minutes a day at the hairdresser stand, will knock nearly ten more working days out of the year. Now figure up the time spent tying his cravat, sewing collar buttons from under the dresser and in various other ways pertaining to the general "get up" of a man, not of fashion but of affairs, and you will find that he sacrifices at least one working month in the year to his personal appearance. But it pays. Only the man who has his reputation or his "pique" made can afford to neglect these little tributes of respect to the opinions of his fellow-men—and women.

## WOOLEN RAGS.

The Many Courses of Usefulness They Are Put Through.

A writer in the North American Review says:

"Woolen rags are more slowly converted into final products than those of cotton and linen, because they are valuable for intermediate uses. Before they are run to earth they do duty for many forms of cheap clothing. In the United Kingdom Bailey, Dewbury and Leeds are the great centers for woolen rags, though the United States is running in close competition. The greasy, frayed-off clothes of Europe reappear in pilot cloths, Petershams, beavers, Tamias, Chesterfields and Mohairs, which modern dandies wear when they consult economy as well as their outward appearance. Shoddy and mungo, the resurrection raw material of greasy beggars, mixed with a varying amount of true wool, is supposed to constitute about one-third of the woolen manufactures. This raw material for adulteration is, however, only made from rags which have already served their purpose before this use. When woolen rags still adhere together they first go through the hands of various artists, who are named 'clobbers,' 'revivers' and 'translators.' The function of the clobber is to patch up torn garments and restore them to their pristine appearance. The reviver rejuvenates seedy black coats and sells them to customers seeking for cheap garments. The translator transforms the skirts of old coats into waistcoats and tunics for children. When black coats are too far gone to be clobbed, they are sent to the mungo and reviver, who revives them to make into caps, France, Russia and Poland requiring them in large quantity. The worn-out red tunics of British soldiers almost exclusively go to Holland to cover the chests of sturdy Dutchmen, who conceive them to be a protection against rheumatism. Uniforms of a better description, whether military or liveries, chiefly go to Africa for the wear of kings and chiefs. It is only after these transformations that the rags are run down into shoddy and mungo for inferior cloths.

When old woolen rags have reached the fourth stage of degradation, so that they are unfit for the shoddy-maker, they are mixed with other degraded waste, such as shavings of hoofs and horns and the blood of slaughtered houses, and are melted in an iron pot with wood ashes and scrap iron. This process produces the material out of which the beautiful dye Prussian blue is made.

The Ruling Passion.

The ruling passion is always strong in death. A certain well-known citizen of St. Louis was recently confined to his bed for several weeks with a serious illness. During that time his barber visited the sick chamber three times a week to remove the hirsute accumulation of the patient's chin.

"Look here, Jim," exclaimed the sufferer one day, "50 cents a visit is too much to charge a regular customer like me. You ought to make a reduction in my case. You make enough anyhow."

"That isn't a circumstance to what I'll charge after you're dead," was Jim's reply. "I'll charge \$5 for shaving a corpse."

That set the invalid to thinking and he determined to get ahead of the barbers if possible.

Finally a day came when the invalid and every one else thought dissolution was near. A minister was called in and gave the sufferer spiritual consolation, and left, thinking that the patient's chances in the next world were good. The minister had been gone about five minutes, when the sufferer turned to his wife and in a feeble voice suggested:

"You'd better send for the barber. Son, he'd die. He hadn't got 'em 50 out of me."

The gentleman finally recovered, contrary to expectations, and the barber now tells the story with great gusto.

Honors to Our Common Mother.

According to Arabian tradition the mother of the human race is buried at Jiddah and her grave is marked by a small temple which is held by Mohammedans as being especially sacred. Every seven years the pious Ishmaelites make a pilgrimage to the supposed grave of our alleged common mother.

The spot is surrounded by a high wall, and through a crack in the rock root of the little temple grows a gigantic palm. It is a most desolate-looking spot and contrasts strongly with that delightful paradise pictured below.

On June 3, which is supposed to be the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple remain open all night. The Arabs say that on that night the spirit of Ishmaelites the murderer of his best beloved, and that awful cries of grief and despair ring from the tomb, transfixing with horror all who hear them.

Wonderful, Wonderful Save.

The boss liar now lives in Jerseyville, Ill., and here is his latest effort, which he told to an admiring crowd the other day. "There was a man in Southern Illinois," said he, "who invented a salve which he claimed was just the thing for cuts. If you cut your finger off, apply the salve and the finger would soon grow out to its normal length. One of the residents of the town was somewhat skeptical, so he thought he would try it on his dog's tail. He cut off the tail and applied the salve, when almost spontaneously it commenced growing, and in a few minutes was as long as ever. In the meantime the little boy had picked up the end of the tail and put on some salve, and both the boy and the man were very much surprised to see a full-sized dog grow out from the end of the tail. The father and his boy are now dead."

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, Glycerine, Coughs and Colds, etc., which were sold in the United States from March '91 to March '92. Two Millions, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints, and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Dr. Rice 50c. and \$1.00. At F. B. Meyer's Proptre.

ALL FOR 55 CENTS.

The Mono Route has added to its already splendid equipment, two brass new dining cars, which are now in daily service on the fast day trains between Chicago and St. Louis. These cars are models of convenience, comfort and beauty, and are operated on the a la carte plan, which means that a passenger can pay for anything he wants and pay only for what he gets. An elegant steak, with bread, butter, coffee or tea with cream is served for only 55 cents. Watch for the Mono's new schedule to Florida.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mr. Chas. Davis, Mr. J. Miller, Mrs. Mrs. Fuver, 2.

Persons calling for letters in the above list will please say they are advertised.

ED. RHOADES.

## BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cut-  
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fev-  
er, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,  
Gout, and all Skin Complaints. It is  
positively curative. Price 25 cents per box.  
For sale by F. B. MEYER.

NOTICE.—Owing to the liability of fires  
I feel compelled to prohibit all hunting on  
my lands in Jasper county, and notice is  
hereby given that any person trespassing on  
such lands with a gun will be prosecuted.  
B. J. GIFFORD.

October 14, 1892—\$3.50.

A Future for the Donkey.

Some day stock raisers will turn their  
attention to the common donkey, and with a few generations of liberal feeding,  
careful grooming, and judgment in  
selection will breed out for the market  
draught and carriage animals which will  
succumb to either horse or mule. The  
hoof of the donkey seem absolutely in-  
capable of lameness, its endurance is  
without parallel save in the camel, and with  
good treatment there is no reason  
why the size of the breed should not be  
greatly increased. The donkey has a  
bad name, but ages of ill-treatment have  
given him a bad temper, which can be  
overcome only by kindness.

You may profit by the experience of  
others if you carefully peruse the ad-  
vertisements in this issue. Do not for-  
get that important announcements ap-  
pear upon the inside pages.

## MONON ROUTE

MONON ROUTE  
NEW ALBANY-CHICAGO-IND.

ALWAYS GIVES  
ITS PATRONS

CHICAGO  
Lafayette  
Danville  
McMurray  
Louisville  
ULLMAN SLEEPING CARS  
ELEGANT PARLOR CARS  
ALL TRAINS RUN THROUGH SOLID  
TICKETS SOLD AND BAGGAGE  
CHECKED TO DESTINATION.

For Maps and Time Tables if you want to be  
more fully informed—All Ticket Agents at Coupon  
Agencies have them—or address

JAS. BARKER  
General Passenger Agent

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NNSSELAER, INDIANA

Receive Deposits. Buy and Sell Exchange  
Collections made and promptly remitted.  
Money Lent. Do a general bank-  
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August 7, 1892.

## W. J. THOMPSON, NOTARY-PUBLIC, RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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ASSTON L. SPILLER,  
Collector and Abstainer.

We pay particular attention to paying es-  
sential and leasing lands.

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