

The Democratic Sentinel

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HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY

MANY VICTIMS OF LIGHTNING'S DEADLY BOLTS.

Over Two Hundred a Year Killed in This Country—Examples of Fatalities—One Found to Have Extraordinary Tracings on His Body.

Work of Deadly Fluid.

Last year over 200 persons were killed by lightning in the United States alone, and it is believed the electric bolt is yearly responsible for more than 1,000 deaths throughout the earth. From 1885 to 1892 2,270 were killed by it in Russia and Eu-

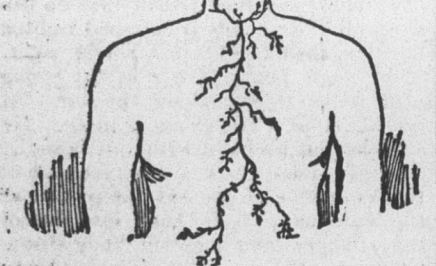


KILLED ON HORSEBACK.

ropes. During the same period 1,700 were destroyed in Austria. Deaths from this cause are also numerous in France.

During a recent wide-spread storm in this country, it was demonstrated that lightning seeks its victims pretty much everywhere, even where precaution is taken to avoid its deadly flashes. In Gloversville, N. Y., it smote a young horseman, named Fred Peek, instantly killing him and the animal which carried him. The storm had ceased, and the fatal stroke came from an almost clear sky—an extraordinary occurrence.

In New York City, Martin Camp-



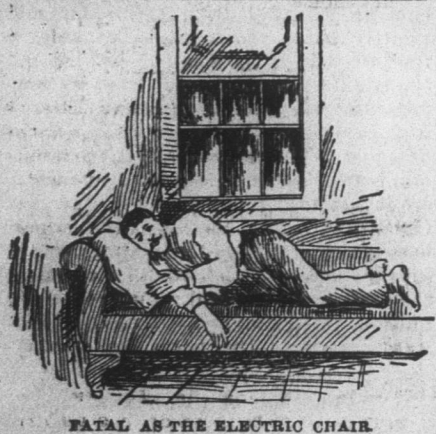
LIGHTNING MARKS ON CAMPBELL'S BREAST.

bell and Edward B. Newell, of Brooklyn, sought shelter from the storm under a huge rock at One Hundred and Sixty-fifth streets. The opening extended ten feet from the entrance and such a refuge would ordinarily be considered safe. But Campbell was killed and Newell made unconscious by a bolt. On examining Campbell's body it was found profusely marked with scarlet lines covering the breast, thigh and hip. His neck was encircled by a crimson cord



THE CURRENT FOUND THEM IN A CAVE.

which resembled a crown of thorns. Across the whites of the eyes were brown lines. Such tracings were never before seen by New York physicians, and an eminent physician declared that the thunder-bolt never hit the young man. He was killed by the intense magnetic field it created. These rocks were full of iron and attracted the electricity. An intense strong magnetic field was formed. The capula or nerve center at the



FATAL AS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

base of the brain was instantly affected and death was instantaneous. The other man's life was saved by his falling from his position and out of the magnetic field. Probably an instant more would have killed him. Had the bolt, struck Campbell he would have been charred beyond recognition.

On Long Island, N. Y., James Car-



KILLED IN THE HAYFIELD.

lin was killed at his home in Chester Park, and the doctors who examined him said that death could not have been more instantaneous had Mr. Carlin sat in an electric chair. He was lying on a lounge in the back

parlor when struck. The lounge stood next to a window which was closed. Close to it was a conductor from the roof. The lightning was carried down this, tore its way through scattering lath and plaster,



DEATH WHILE AT PRAYER.

ran through Mr. Carlin from head to foot, flew around the room, swept through the kitchen by an open door, and thence passed through another open door to the yard, where it buried itself in the ground, after leaving a burned track through the house. The house was afire in a moment, but the flames were extinguished by Mrs. Carlin and her two boys after superhuman work. They were horror-stricken when they discovered Mr. Carlin was killed. His body was black where the lightning passed across him. His wife was always afraid of lightning. She shut every window when the storm broke, and sat in fear and trembling, as was her custom on such occasions. Her husband was absolutely fearless of lightning. The conductor pipe stopped three feet from the ground. Had it been carried to the surface it would not have entered the house and the killing would not have taken place.

In Russia, in Northern New York, Edward Fletcher, a farmer, while loading hay was instantly killed. The steel tines of the pitchfork attracted the lightning, which, after passing through Mr. Fletcher, shocked his son, who was assisting him. The horses ran away and the hay took fire and was consumed. Neither horses nor wagon bore marks of the bolt.

In Nebraska a family named Carney shut themselves up in a room on the approach of the storm, and when it broke the family were kneeling in prayer. While in this attitude the head of the family was killed by the fiery fluid, while those about him escaped with slight injuries.

WAS A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A Nebraska Widow Who Picked a Husband and Married Him in Short Order.

We were camped alongside of an emigrant train in Nebraska, says a writer in the Louisville Commercial, and just after supper a woman about 40 years of age, who was smoking a pipe, came over to our fire and sized the crowd up, and said:

"I've got sunthin' to say. I'm a plain-spoken woman. When I've got a thing on my mind, I don't beat around the bush."

We looked at her with curiosity and surprise, and she leaned against the wheel of a wagon and continued:

"I've been a widder for three years. Over that I've got a span of mews, a good horse, a new wagon filled with housekeeping stuff, and I kin rake up about \$80 in cash. I cum along with the party to take up a claim. I'm good-tempered, healthy and can swing an axe or hold a plow with most anybody. As I said, I'm a plain-spoken woman. If there's a critter among you who wants to get married, let him stand up while I take a look at him."

The eleven of us promptly stood up. "Git into line," she continued, with a wave of her hand. "I hain't after beauty or eddycash, but I can't take up with a fellow who'd skeer a wolf to death."

She passed down the line and then returned half way and said to a middle-aged man named Remington:

"You'll do, I reckon. There's a preacher in camp, and 'twon't take fifteen minutes to settle things. All of you as want to see the marrying come on."

We followed the couple, who were man and wife inside of twenty minutes, and next morning as we passed the wagon on the road the woman looked out and bowed and said:

"Sorry for the other ten of ye, but perhaps you'll meet up with the other train soon and strike luck."

Practical French.

Two French teachers were discussing matters relative to their profession.

"Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one.

"No, they do not. I often have to wait for weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. On the first day of the month, if money for lessons doesn't come, I give the following sentences to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money.' 'The month is up.' 'Hast thou any money?' 'I need money very much.' 'Why hast thou not brought the money this morning?' 'Did thy father not give thee any money?' The next morning the money usually comes."

—Youth's Journal.

Antiquarian Treasures.

Recent excavations near Bologna have unearthed ancient tombs containing many pottery vases and a wealth of bronzes, pins, knives, razors, horse bits, buckets, and boxes. The most uncommon find is a small chariot of bronze, which has been mounted in the museum of Bologna. In the Etruscan tumulus of Pietrera other excavators have found stores of cups called bucheri, one of which has zones of animals stamped on its sides. Some are covered with gold leaf. Parts of two exquisite gold bracelets with pendants of human heads and figures in embossed gold leaf are in this find, together with a necklace of seventy hollow beads, ribbed, and with thirty gold pendants in the shape of busts of women with breast plates attached. These and other objects will be placed in the museum at Florence.

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Attonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER I.

A quaint, old-fashioned, large, gray stone house, irregularly built, with a green sloping lawn that led to the banks of the River Thames—a house that had once been the resort of the gay, the young, and the beautiful, but had now lost its prestige. Courtly dames in rich brocades no longer rushed through the stately rooms and the broad corridors. Knights with plumed casques no longer rode from among the trees. King's Court was deserted—it had fallen upon evil days, and was now known only as "The Ladies' College, Kew."

Bright flowers with gorgeous colors smiled on the lawn; no tame white doves fluttered around the fountain. Miss Templeton, the conductor of "The Ladies' College," considered birds and flowers as "necessary parts of creation," but she did not care to cultivate them.

The windows of the house were all closed, the blinds were carefully drawn. Sunshine was all very well in its way, but, as it caused carpets and curtains to fade, besides causing young eyes to brighten and young hearts to beat, it was most carefully shut out. Hence gray shadow and white silent gloom reigned within King's Court, while the large rooms were all quiet and dull, and the ticking of clocks and the creaking of doors could be distinctly heard.

At the back there was another picture. First came a large playground—it had once been a courtyard—then a quaint old-fashioned garden, and an orchard where the trees in autumn drooped under the burden of ripe, rich fruit; and there the domain of Miss Templeton ended. The indication of this was a little gate, always carefully locked, which led into a kind of copse that opened out into broad, beautiful woodland.

A pretty brook ran between low banks—a brook that came from far away, and ran into the river—a brook that would have made a poet's heart leap for joy, so clear, limpid, and rapid was it, washing over many-colored stones with a musical murmur that told of bright, far-off scenes. A cluster of trees bent over it, and a young girl sat under their shade. If Grouse had painted her with the glimmering sunlight falling upon her through the green foliage, the picture would have been immortal.

The brook rippled, the birds sang, the sweet and shining flowers sent up soft streams of fragrance—all seen in harmony with the fair fresh loveliness of the girl, who cannot yet have seen eighteen summers. Lovely though it be, the face is not a very happy one; there is sunshine around it, but not in it.

The girl looked like a young princess, she was so charming, so dainty, so fair. Yet life was all wrong with her, empty, dreamy and dull. There was passionate upbraiding in the bright proud eyes as she raised them to the blue heaven.

"Some sigh for genius, for fame," she murmured; "I ask for love and money. Let me taste some of the pleasures of the world; the warm life within me cries out for them. Would that some spirit could stand over me, and tell me whatever I wished for should be mine! What should be my first request? Make me a lady of title and wealth, I would say."

Suddenly she paused—there certainly was a voice calling.

"For one moment, remembering her thoughts, she was half-frightened, and then she smiled.

"It's only John. Why are all servants named John, I wonder? And, as this is the last day of the holidays, and therefore the last day I shall have peace or quiet, what can John want me for?"

She was soon to know.

CHAPTER II.

Leonie Rayner rose from her pretty nook at the water side, and turned to find the old servant standing near her.

"Miss Rayner," he said, "you are wanted at once."

"Considering that I know no one in the wide world, John," she rejoined, with a lovely smile playing round her lips, "I may ask, who wants me?"

"Two gentlemen, and they both look like lawyers," they asked for Miss Leonie Rayner, and said their business was very important."

"I will come," she said, with a deep sigh—"some message from Miss Templeton, I suppose."

She walked slowly to the house, and as she left the picturesque spot where she had lingered through the sunny June morning, the poetry died out of her face, and a hard, tired expression came into it. She looked up at the closed windows and saw blinds.

"It is unfortunate that the sun does not pay school fees," she said, "then Miss Templeton would admit it."

She entered the bare, lonely, deserted school-rooms, where the very goddess of dullness seemed to have taken up her abode. A stern-faced, prim maid-servant met her.

"Miss Rayner, have you been told that you are wanted? It's very awkward, gentlemen sitting in the drawing-room, and we waiting to arrange it. Miss Templeton will be here by seven."

for some years past the manager of the Charnleigh estates."

She bowed again, still more bewildered. What should lawyers and managers of estates want with her?

"I must ask you, Miss Rayner, to answer my questions as fully as you can," said Mr. Clements, "and not to conceal anything from me."

"I have nothing to conceal and nothing to tell," she remarked. "My life has been as uneventful as mine."

"The future may be much more so," said Mr. Clements, smiling and bowing. "Now, Miss Rayner, will you tell me, first, the name of your father?"

"Captain Albert Rayner," she replied, promptly.

"And your mother's?"

"Her maiden name was Alida Clermont. She was a French lady, born at Rheims."

"Will you, as briefly as you can, tell us all you know of your parents, their lives and deaths?"

The girl was too simple and inexperienced to understand these questions, but she answered them as fully as she could.

"My father," she said, "was of a good English family. He was a gentleman, but not rich; indeed, he had no money except his income as captain. My mother was a lady; she was descended from the Royalist family that was ruined when she was a child—the Clermonts of Rheims."

Mr. Clements bowed again, as though each word corroborated something he had heard before.

"My mother was very young when she had to go out into the world as a governess. She was in a situation at Lexington when my father, Captain Rayner, met her, loved her, and married her."

"And thereby," interrupted Mr. Clements, "lost the only chance he had in life. He was well known—a perfect gentleman—handsome, refined; he might have married an heiress."

"He loved my mother," interrupted Leonie, her beautiful face flushing.

"Yes, certainly; but that was the only chance he held for him. Will you continue, Miss Rayner?"

"If I do," she said, "you must spare me any further criticisms on either my father or my mother."

"I really beg your pardon," returned Mr. Clements. "I rather admire Captain Rayner for what he did."

"They were married at Lexington, for my mother had no home and no friends. Despite poverty, my parents lived happily enough until my father's regiment was ordered abroad. My mother, for pecuniary reasons, was obliged to remain in England; my father died a hero's death far from his native land."

"He did," said Mr. Clements. "And then?"

"After that my mother came to London and lived by teaching French. She taught here at King's Court, and when she died, Miss Templeton took charge of me on condition that I should be when I was able. I have lived here ever since."

"And that is the story of your life?" interrogated the lawyer.

"Yes; I remember no incident in it save my mother's death; the rest has been a dreary blank."

"Have you any papers corroborative of what you say, Miss Rayner?" he asked, and again an expression of suppressed excitement appeared on the lawyer's face.

"Yes, a small packet. There is a copy of my father's marriage register, and one of my birth and of my mother's death—that is all, I think."

"Will you let me see them?"

She rose and went to her own room, where they were kept. There was little wonder in her mind—her life had been too uneventful for that; she thought there was some business on hand relating to her father's death. She found the papers and returned with them; she laid them before Mr. Clements, who looked attentively at them.

"Nothing could be more straightforward," he remarked to Mr. Dunscombe; "it is the same story word for word."

"Yes, there is no mistake," observed his friend; and then they both looked earnestly at the young girl before them.

"I have strange news for you," said Mr. Clements; "perhaps I ought to break it gently. Did you ever hear anything of your father's family?"

"No," she replied. "I do not even know the names of his relatives."

"You have much to learn; but let me tell you I have no hesitation in saying that your claim is perfectly legal and clear; and that, instead of being Miss Leonie Rayner, a governess-pupil, you are Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh, and mistress of one of the finest estates in England."

CHAPTER III.

The words sounded plainly and clearly in the silence—so clearly that the young girl looked up at him bewildered, her heart beating.

"I do not understand," she said faintly.

"Lawyers are not accustomed to romance, my dear young lady," remarked Mr. Clements, smiling; "neither do we, but I believe, the plain hard facts, that I believe to be Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh."

"Will you explain?" she asked, with a faint tremble in her voice—her face had grown pale as death, and her lips quivered.

"The explanation would occupy a whole bench of lawyers for many hours," he replied. "I may tell you, briefly, that your father, the late Captain Rayner, was one of the younger branch of the family of Charnleigh. The late Earl of Charnleigh was a strange, odd, eccentric, and somewhat cruel man, making any will, and left all his affairs in confusion. Title and estate are not entailed in the male line; they descend simply to the next of kin, whether that of kin be male or female. That is one strange law in the family; another is, that the eldest son of the estate can leave it by will to which of his kinsmen he chooses, provided he has no sons of his own to succeed him. You understand?" continued the lawyer, noting the great agitation of the girl.

"If the late earl had been married, one of his sons—of course the eldest—must have succeeded him; that is clear enough."

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "that is clear."

"But he never married. And he might have left all to any member of the family whom he chose to succeed him; that also is plain enough. Try to follow me." For he saw a film come over the young girl's brilliant eyes, as though she were losing consciousness.

"I follow you closely," she said, but her voice was a faint, hoarse whisper.

"But he died without making a will. He was a moody, strange man, who never associated with any of his family. I hardly think he knew them. When such an event as that which I have just mentioned occurs in the Charnleigh family, the next of kin, whether male or female, succeeds. A long, costly, and sometimes vexatious examination of all claims leads us to decide that you are the nearest relative of the dead earl."

"Do you really believe it?" she asked, trying to conceal the quivering of her features and the trembling of her hands.

"Allow me, Miss Rayner, to insist. We do not make such mistakes in

our profession," was the reply; "one would be fatal."

She buried her face in her hands and wept. The two men looked at her in kindly sympathy, evidently understanding her emotion.

"But what shall I do?" she inquired. "I have never had any money; I am unused to wealth and comfort; my life has been hard and lonely, dreary and dull—how shall I bear this great change?"

She pushed back the golden-brown hair from her white brow, and appeared bewildered with the thoughts that crowded upon her.

"A countless in my own right—it is utterly impossible—I cannot believe it."

"Nevertheless, it is true. I am not surprised that you should be agitated—perhaps no young lady ever had more cause; but you must bear prosperity as well as you have borne adversity. You come of a race that has always held honor first and courage next."

"Dare I believe it? Dare I assure my heart of the truth of all you have told me?" She had risen from her chair by this time, and was walking hastily up and down the room. "Is there any fear of disappointment afterward? I could not bear that," she continued passionately.

"I am, but to find all this ready to believe now an empty, idle dream, would kill me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD'S BEER.

The Total Amount Brewed Is a Little Short of 4,000,000,000 Gallons.

The total quantity of beer brewed in Europe, assuming an average for the last five years, is 3,105,000,000 gallons. Germany coming first, with a production of 1,071,066,105 gallons of which 644,752,505 gallons are brewed in North Germany, 344,830,305 gallons in Bavaria, 70,953,750 gallons in Wurtemberg, 55,445,940 gallons in Baden and 17,083,305 gallons in Alsace-Lorraine. Great Britain comes next with a total of 574,192,275 gallons, while Austria-Hungary is third with a total of 308,889,675 gallons; while France follows with about 225,000,000 gallons. These are the only countries in which the production reaches 100,000,000 gallons, but relatively to their population, Denmark, with 49,185,000 gallons brewed, and Norway with 38,304,990, have a much larger production than most of the others. But Russia, with its vast area and large population, produces only 65,932,870 gallons, while the quantity of beer produced in other countries is: Switzerland, 26,694,495 gallons; Spain, 23,062,500 gallons; Turkey, 3,150,000 gallons; Italy, 3,099,665 gallons; Roumania, 2,225,000 gallons; Luxembourg and Servia, 2,062,416 gallons each, and Greece, 157,345 gallons.

The average quantity of beer brewed out of Europe is 830,668,815 in the United States, 36,258,940 in Australia and 4,966,020 in Japan. From the foregoing it is seen that Germany and Great Britain brew a larger quantity of beer annually than the United States.

MOLASSES SAVES THE HOUSE.

How the Natives of Mauritius Destroy White Ants.

The black and white ants of the East are deadly enemies, and their enmity saves many houses from ruin before the ravages of the destructive white species. The white ants, sometimes called termites, are a terrible pest. They live largely on wood. They have big heads and strong jaws, well fitted for gnawing. They will begin at the root of a great tree and gnaw their way up through the trunk and through the large branches to the top of the tree, and low shell and falls. Often colonies of these ants burrow under a house and gnaw up into the timbers.

In Mauritius, when a colony of these white ants settles themselves under a house to gnaw its timbers, the natives use some treacle or molasses on the ground near the road by which the ants pass to and fro between the home ant hill and the house. The smell of the treacle soon attracts black ants, all of which are extravagantly fond of sweets, and these immediately notice the white ants passing back and forth. One or two of the black ants at once leave the treacle and disappear. These are messengers. Later in the day a whole army of black ants will appear, marching in a column many yards long. They march in a column many yards long, and destroy every white ant in the building. After a while the army comes marching out, and each black ant carries a white ant with it. And thus is the house saved.

Where Girls Never Go to School.

Girls in Ireland receive no educational advantages. Everything that sort is lavished on the boys. The question of providing for the girls has of late years engrossed much attention, but owing to the poverty of the people and the miserable means of communication slight progress has been made. The mother has been the universal school-mistress in Ireland as far as the girls are concerned. Instruction in reading and religion is compulsory. In the fall the clergyman visits every house in his parish for the purpose of examining the children in reading and the catechism, and if satisfied with their progress he invites the parents to send the children of 12 and 14 years of age to him during his next visitation, instruction in preparation for confirmation, which is compulsory at the ages of 14 and 16.

Beware the Bite of Anger.

A Vienna scientist has made a series of interesting experiments on the virus of such insects as bees and wasps, and comes to the conclusion that the effectiveness of the irritating substance depends largely upon the mood of the insect. A drop of the fluid taken from the poison bag of a dead hornet, for instance, produces a slight itching, but nothing resembling the inflammation caused by a hornet sting with a much smaller quantity of the same virus. The theory is supported by the curious fact that under the influence of rage the saliva of all sorts of otherwise harmless animals can become virulent enough to produce alarming and even fatal symptoms. Death by blood poisoning has more than once resulted from the bite of a wounded squirrel, a chipmunk, or a caged rat.

A Railroad to South America.

Some years ago a commission was appointed to inquire into the possibility of building a railroad between this country and South America. The commission has just reported that the scheme is perfectly feasible, but as the cost will be about \$50,000,000 a mile it scarcely seems likely that even the most venturesome capitalist will go into it. If the proposed line were built it would be possible to reach Rio Janeiro in a fortnight's time.

A Queer Superstition.

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a heart beat. When one of these birds builds its nest on a house-top they believe that the happiness of that household is insured for that year.

THE GREAT PAINTER RAZZI FILLED HIS HOUSE WITH ALL SORTS OF ANIMALS, AND TAUGHT HIS RAVEN TO CRY "COME IN" WHENEVER THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

A WONDERFUL BRIDGE.

It Is in Course of Construction at Progressive Chicago.

New York prides itself, and with good reason, upon the wonderful bridge which connects it with Brooklyn. It is, as everybody knows, or should know, the biggest and finest suspension bridge in the world, but Chicago (always immediately in Gotham's wake) is now engaged in erecting a really wonderful structure. The illustration shows it to good advantage. It is known as a "lift bridge," and is being built across the river at South Halsted street from a design by a Kansas City man.

The scheme contemplates a fixed span of two trusses, the roadway wide enough to accommodate four lines of teams and two sidewalks about seven and a half feet in the clear. At each end of the span, on either side of the river, are high steel towers which serve as vertical guides and at the top of which are twelve-foot diameter sheaves or pulleys over which the hoisting cables pass. The general plan of raising the bridge is exactly the same as that of an ordinary elevator, there being the usual engines, hoisting cables, counterweights, and compensating chains. The clearance from the mean stage of water to the lowest portion of the bridge is fifteen feet, which is ample to permit the passing of tugs. The towers are high enough to permit of the bridge being raised 140 feet, giving a total clear-

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

THE tip-top fellow is never low down.—Picaune.

THERE isn't mushroom for doubt that toadstools are deadly.—Troy Press.

HE—I think you love me. Am I right?—She—No, sir, you are left.—Fashion Review.

IF brevity is the soul of wit all we who are "short" ought to be very jolly.—Troy Times.

THE man who takes the cake thinks he is only receiving his desert.—Boston Transcript.

PHYSICIANS are made, not born—no boy ever yet took naturally to medicine.—Elmira Gazette.

IT is cruel to dock horses, but they never complain; the victim is no tail-bearer.—Buffalo Courier.

A NEWPORT (Ky.) girl married a fellow seven feet tall. She had loved him long.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LOVE is said to be blind, but it generally gets there ahead of the old man just the same.—Galveston News.

ONLY in rare instances is a man justified "in borrowing money" to pay the tax on a dog.—Philadelphia Press.

IT is the inside way to the wayside inn which makes the inn popular among outsiders.—Texas Commercial.

WHEN a parliamentary division ends in a free fight both the eyes and nose are apt to have it.—Lowell Courier.

THE latest method of eloping is by bicycle. In such instances it is love which makes the wheels go round.—Buffalo Express.

AT the electrical examination: "What is the best insulator we know of?"—Candidate—"Poverty."—La Science Examiner.

THERE are two things in the world upon which there has never been any improvement—the wheelbarrow and kissing.—Hardware.

"I HEAR Clara has contracted a mesalliance."—"Poor girl. It was only a week ago she contracted hay fever."—Detroit Free Press.

MANY a young man has a great future ahead of him. The great difficulty is that it persists in keeping there.—Washington Star.

HOW can I become a ready conversationalist?—"Persuade yourself that you have a chronic disease of some kind."—Buffalo Express.