

# The Democratic Sentinel

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## WITH THE DUNKARDS

### VISIT TO THE CHURCH IN THE ANTIETAM VALLEY.

Interesting Characteristics of These Popular People.—In the Sixteenth Century They Were Called German Baptists. Nearly All Are Thrifty Farmers.

#### The Religious Rites.

The old Dunkard church in the beautiful valley of the Antietam stands on a slight eminence near the fork of the Boonsboro pike and the East Woods road, in the town of Sharpsburg, Md., written Chas. E. Fairman in the Washington Star. It is a plain, square, one-story building with the doors and windows set in such a regular way that they stand as a silent reproach to the congregations who seek to worship in churches where the exterior shows triumph in architecture and the interiors are a study of modern luxury. Around the church is a scattered grove of oaks, and to these are fastened the teams of the worshipping Dunkards.

When the writer visited the church on a beautiful Indian summer Sunday the congregation were singing a familiar hymn. The interior, square of a room about thirty feet, the floor was of smooth boards that had been scrubbed until their whiteness equaled the whiteness of the floors of the historical Dutch kitchens; the walls were without paper, fresco or kalsomine; the white plaster walls were without ornament or decoration of any kind. The windows, of which there were eight, were without curtains or shades, no stained glass or ground glass in the windows to tone and soften the sunlight, which shone through the clean glass without hindrance. The seats were plain wooden benches with a narrow straight board for a back which would prove a stumbling block to the long or short worshippers; those of medium height could lean back and thank their birth stars that they were not as some other people too long or short. It is needless to say that the seats were without cushions. Such an innovation would no doubt breed discord for the midst of the humble worshippers, to whom the four bare walls embody everything necessary in a church in which to worship God, who is no respecter of persons.

The church is entirely destitute of a pulpit or pulpit furniture. The preachers



their knees; a solemn hush pervaded the little church; then an aged brother commenced the recital of the Lord's Prayer, slowly and reverently the words dropping from his lips. I have heard many renowned pulpit orators, I have listened to some of the best actors of the day, but as compared with the recital of the Lord's Prayer by the aged Dunkard brother the pulpit orators and the actors have as yet only learned the alphabet of expression in the school in which the old man is so proficient.

The sermon was preached without any reference to any written notes or headings, as the Dunkards do not believe in the practice of writing sermons, claiming that the inspiration to preach should be forthcoming at the time and to suit the purposes of the occasion. The sermon was a plain matter-of-fact talk. There was no attempt at flights of oratory, nor struggled for effective sounding sentences,

duty by voting once, and are then ready to wash their hands of all responsibility in the matter and go home to the more congenial occupations of the farm.

The Dunkards as a class are strictly temperate, their lives are as quiet as the hills and valleys about their farms. While they take but little interest in the management of the affairs in the community in which they live they are good citizens and manage to live without helping to support lawyers or courts of justice.

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## DON'T CARRY COUNTERFEITS.

It Is Contrary to Law and May Entail Disagreeable Consequences.

"A man better have a live rattlesnake in his pocket than a counterfeit dollar carried as a pocket piece," said Inspector Lawrence of the Treasury Department to a Minneapolis Journal man when talking about the carrying of coins or bills which one knows to be counterfeit.

"A great many men do not know the danger they run in this thing," he said. "Suppose, for instance, that a man has a counterfeit dollar which he has had for years—one that he has picked up somewhere and carries as a pocket piece. He goes into a store one day, buys some article or other, and gets a lot of silver coin in change. He goes from the store, say to a saloon, where he buys a drink, or to some drug store to get something or other—it matters not where he goes provided there is one of these 'smart' young fellows behind the counter who is always ready to take somebody up on something or other.

"Paying for his purchase with one of the dollars the man behind the bar, or the counter, as the case may be, flings the dollar back with the remark that it is counterfeit. The purchaser, somewhat abashed and not liking the eying of the crowd around, begins to make excuses to be off the effect that he did not know it was counterfeit, and so on, and the clerk, who is anxious to make a record as a counterfeit detective, suddenly calls in the police and the man is arrested and searched. On his person is found the other counterfeit dollar, and the possession of the two dollars is prima facia evidence that he intended to pass both of them, and that man hasn't got enough friends in the world to keep him out of the penitentiary. True, it looks hard, but that man had no business carrying around a counterfeit coin for a pocket piece or any other reason. It is a plain violation of the law to carry counterfeit money around with you, something which many people do not realize.

"Suppose I happen to know that a man, a cashier in one of the banks in Minneapolis or St. Paul, for instance, has a counterfeit \$20 bill in his possession. I go into that bank, call him by name, and ask him for that bill. He says he hasn't got it. 'But,' I rejoin, 'you did have such a bill yesterday in your possession, for I have the testimony of two reputable men that they saw you show it around to some parties. Now I want that bill; you have no business with it.' He demurs and makes various excuses and does not give me any satisfaction. What do you suppose I do? I go out and get a search warrant and I go through every dollar of money in that bank, dollar by dollar or bill by bill, until I find that counterfeit \$20 bill and then I confiscate it. There used to be no law against this sort of thing, but there is one now, and the public generally ought to know the facts in the case. And formerly it was not an offense to make the dies which are used in counterfeiting—anybody could make them and anybody could have them in their possession so long as they were not used, but that has all been changed now."

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