

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

WRINKLES IN WHEELS

MANY NEW NOVELTIES BEING INTRODUCED.

Speed is attained—Device of a Frenchman to Bring the Arms Into Play While Riding a Wheel.

For Those Who Ride.
The friends of cycling are legion and their number is augmented every day. As a sport it remains as popular as ever, and during the enforced dullness of the winter months the cyclist dreams but of the prospective enjoyment of another season. Long before the advent of the first robin and the timid crocus, the wheelman has burst in full bloom and can be seen "pumping" through mud and slush having a glorious time in making himself and others believe that gentle spring has come.

It is no longer necessary for the cyclist enthusiast to, during the winter months, consign his "trustee" to an obscure corner, there to gather but rust and rust. An enterprising genius in Erie, Pa., has come to the rescue and invented an ice and snow bicycle which is to fill the ever-present long-

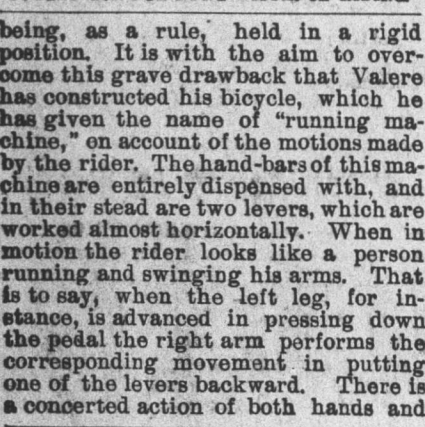


PROPELLED BY HANDS AND FEET.

felt want. The inventor claims great things for this machine, and if it can perform half of what is promised, the ice cycle ought certainly to become popular. The new affair is provided with runners and has a skate-like equipment clamped to one of the wheels. The tire of the hind wheel is furnished with sharp prongs by the means of which a good grip is secured on a slippery surface. The speed attained by the ice cycle under favorable circumstances is said to be very great. Nevertheless it is doubtful if in its present development the machine can become popular.

The decided novelty in the bicycle world, and one which will be sure to create a sensation, is a machine invented by M. Valere, a noted French engineer. It is on exhibition in Paris, where it has attracted considerable attention from all wheelmen attending the great bicycle exhibition now being held in that city. The most serious objection to the sport has been that while the legs and their muscles are getting more than enough of exercise, the arm and upper portion of the body receive relatively none,

being, as a rule, held in a rigid position. It is with the aim to overcome this grave drawback that Valere has constructed his bicycle, which he has given the name of "running machine," on account of the motions made by the rider. The hand-bars of this machine are entirely dispensed with, and in their stead are two levers, which are worked almost horizontally. When in motion the rider pulls like a person running and swinging his arms. That is to say, when the left leg, for instance, is advanced in pressing down the pedal the right arm performs the corresponding movement in putting one of the levers forward. There is a concerted action of both hands and



A TRAINING MACHINE.

feet, the propulsion of the one and the traction of the other. These two forces are concentrated to give the bicycle the highest momentum of speed. The inventor appeared before the Minister of Liberal Arts and by his many practical tests of the various advantages claimed for his machine was given a document in which M. Valere is declared to have "invented one of the best of bicycles." Great is his reputation, indeed, if it can be practically demonstrated that a man in riding this contrivance can use his arms as effectively for a driving power as he can his legs. Aside from this advantage there will be an opportunity for the development of as formidable biceps as there is now of calves.

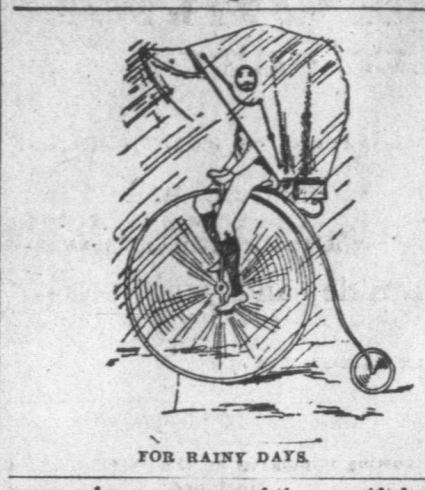
When it comes to speed this new machine is a marvel; there has been



THE NEW MILING MAID.

be taken in sailing along the country roads. While scudding under a stiff breeze the rider might suddenly bring up against some startled nag or irate bull, which might have serious results. Many of the later improvements in cycle sailing tacitly dispense with the boom entirely, and simply carry a triangular canoe sail of generous proportions rigged on an exceedingly light but tough bamboo frame. To prevent the possibility of a sudden capsize a steel outrigger having a little wheel on the end is always carried. When not in use it can be taken up with the sail in a very small package. This little outrigger enables the land sailor to take solid comfort, as it sustains the

even half of the wonderful things promised for this new machine. True, we can look forward to a complete revolution of the bicycle.



FOR RAINY DAYS.

gance of one or more of these swift but cumbersome machines; their place is more among the tracks than among the regular "wheels." In this class may also be mentioned a new "trainer," consisting of a pair of wheels, the axle of which is provided with adjustable handles. You push these wheels before you and run or walk at any pace described. This mode of exercise is said to be extremely beneficial in strengthening the lungs and securing great development of the chest. For people to whom this would seem too violent exercise, the new room cycle offers every advantage. With this in your chamber you can enjoy all the excitement of a "run" or race without any of its attendant drawbacks. A gauge in front indicates at what a terrible rate of speed you are going while you are standing still. For persons of sedentary occupation and those who think their rotundity some-



IDEAL FAMILY BI-CYCLE.

what too pronounced these room cycles or home trainers offer splendid opportunities for improvement of both health and muscle.



THE ICE BI-CYCLE.

of San Bernardino, is, perhaps, father of the scheme. He uses a ten-foot mast and a night-foot boom and fastens the mast in a head block. This block must not be fastened to the handle bars, but must be bolted to the joint below the elbow, as this allows the free use of the handles to direct the wheel's course. The cost of the whole outfit, including a nice sail, ought not to exceed \$10. It requires but very little practice to become an expert in handling the sail and with favorable wind the speed ought to be about thirty miles an hour. As a matter of course, great care must



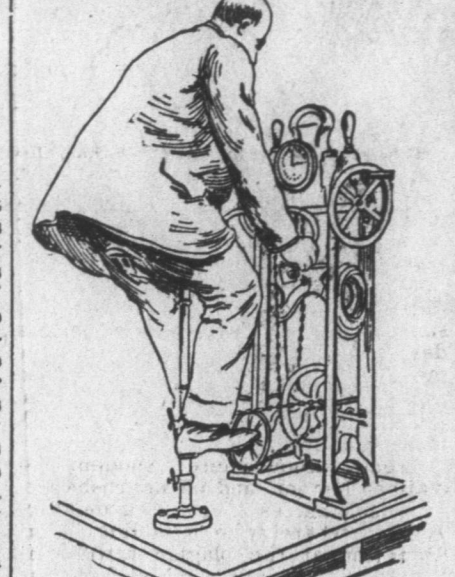
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balance on the lee side, no matter how stiff the breeze may be.

The comfort of the riders and their protection against the inclemency of the weather have also been looked after more than ever. One manufacturer proposes to provide fans connected with the running gear, which will in no way impede the speed but cool the brow of the rider wearily pumping away on a dusty road under a scorching sun. The same man has also in contemplation a contrivance somewhat in the shape of a buggy top, which will serve as a protection during thunder or other showers. Both these inventions will, when materialized, be hailed with delight by all wheelmen, who now are at the mercy of all kinds of rough weather.

Taking everything into considera-



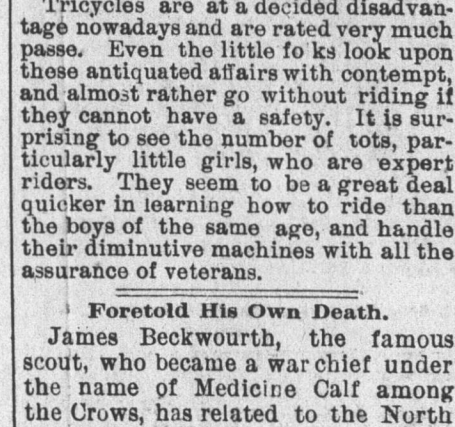
ROOM VELOCIPED OR HOME TRAINER.

tion the lovers of this delightful sport may look forward to a season which will be pregnant with number of new-fangled ideas, both in the shape of



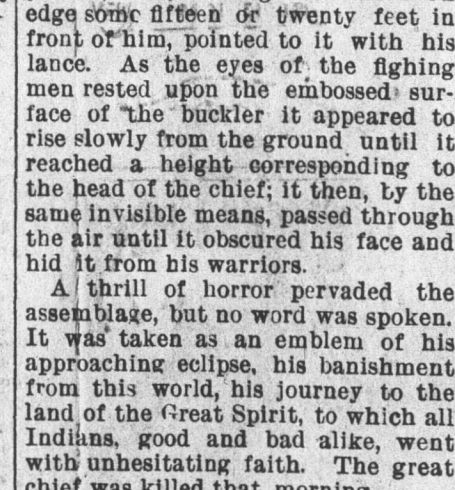
IDEAL FAMILY BI-CYCLE.

novel attachments as well as entire machines. The great aim of makers of wheels is to combine comfort and durability in their productions.



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MEN'S SOCIETY CLOTHES.

What They Should Wear When They Go Out on Pleasure Bent.

Women generally know how to dress themselves and their children for most of the "functions" of society. But they are often sadly perplexed as to how their husbands should be attired. Beyond knowing that men should not wear evening clothes before 8 o'clock, their ideas on masculine garb are vague. And, as they frequently have to decide the question of what their lords and masters shall wear, it would be wise for them to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following facts:

At 2 o'clock weddings, known as morning weddings, which are about the only early festivities to which a man can be dragged, the bridegroom wears dark-striped trousers, double-breasted frock coat, undressed pearl-gray gloves, white four-in-hand, tall hat and bow tie. The ushers are similarly attired, and the masculine wedding guests who aim to be correct, wear clothes of the same general fashion, though, of course, the style of their ties, gloves and boutonnieres is not prescribed by law. At all fashionable morning affairs this uniform, with some individual variations, is correct.

In the evening, of course, evening clothes are necessary. This season prescribes a three-button, plain shirt front, a straight, stand-up collar, either a black cloth waistcoat or a double-breasted, four-buttoned white one. No jewelry is worn, and pearl-gray gloves, studded with black, are considered in best taste, as are patent leather shoes.—New York World.

Thanks to the Bear.

Almost a hundred years ago two young men who lived in a Kentucky "fort" went out to look for a stray horse. They wandered hither and thither through the woods until, toward evening, they found themselves in a wild valley six or seven miles from home. Here the younger of them, Francis Downing by name, fancied that he heard the snapping of twigs behind them. Some Indians were dogging their footsteps, he believed. His companion, Yates, treated the matter as a jest, and offered to insure Downing's scalp for sixpence.

Downing was not satisfied, and finally, as he continued to hear the suspicious noises, he fell behind Yates some twenty or thirty paces, and at a favorable spot sprang suddenly aside and dropped into a thicket of huckleberry bushes. Yates, who was singing, continued his course, and was soon out of sight.

Almost at the same moment two Indians pushed aside the stalks of a canebrake, and looked cautiously in the direction that Yates had taken. Poor Downing, fearing that his own movements had been observed, determined to fire upon the savages, but in his nervousness—he was hardly more than a boy—he let off his gun without taking aim.

Then he started to run. Very soon he met Yates, who had heard the report, and had hastened back to see what was the matter. The enemy was now in full view, and the two white men ran for their lives. Yates, who was the faster of the two, would not leave Downing in the lurch.

The Indians gained upon them steadily, till they came to a deep gully. Yates cleared it easily enough, but Downing, being pretty well exhausted, fell short, and after striking the farther bank, dropped to the bottom. The Indians meantime were crossing the gully a little farther down, and seeing Yates making off ahead, they took chase after him.

Downing crept along the bed of the gully till it became too shallow to conceal him; and then, looking up, saw one of the Indians returning, evidently to look for him. Again he took to his heels, and the Indian followed. All hope of escape was dying out of the young fellow's heart when he came to an overturned poplar-tree.

He took one side of it and the Indian took the other. Just then the Indian yelled. A she-bear, it appeared, was suckling her cubs in a bed which she had made near the roots of the tree. She greeted the Indian with a hug, and Downing did not tarry to see how the crack of her gun terminated. New hope put new life into his legs, and he reached the top in safety, where he was welcomed by Yates who had arrived two hours before.

Francis's Deadly Rifle.

The Maunlicher rifle, which has just been tested in Europe, is declared to be inferior to the French arm. If that be so, our own troops would have to take a staggeringly large loss if it were to be used in the field. It is supposed to have a range of three miles. An American naval officer who has written an article upon the comparative power of European arms, said that a skillful marksman could create havoc in an army with the new rifle at a distance of two miles, and that in an unsettled country it would be impossible to tell from which point the attack came. This would seem to indicate that cavalry will be a thing of the past. When the army can be in ambush and mow down horses and men with scenes or stories of carrying forth other strong positions by a rush of cavalry. A two-mile rush in the face of a storm of bullets coming from an unknown quarter would have results compared with which the charge of the Light Brigade seems like child's play.—New York Sun.

The Wise Men of Gotham.

As King John was passing through the village of Gotham, on his way to Nottingham, he proposed to make a short cut across the meadows. The villagers, thinking that whatever road a king took thenceforward became a public road, objected, much to John's annoyance. Shortly afterward he sent some messengers from his court to learn the cause of the villagers' rudeness. Hearing of the coming of the king's servants, the villagers hid upon the following plan of turning aside the monarch's wrath: When the messengers arrived, they found some of the inhabitants engaged in trying to drown an eel in a pond. Others were busy rolling cheeses down a hill, so that they might run to Nottingham for sale, while a third set were employed in placing a hedge

round a bush on which a cuckoo had perched, in order that they might enjoy perpetual spring.

The king's servants thought they had come among a village of fools, and, having reported what they had seen, John formed the same opinion, and troubled himself no more about what he considered their incivility to him. Hence people have talked about the "wise men," or "the fools," of Gotham.

There was much wisdom in their folly, however. There is to-day, so it is said, a bush growing on the site of the one whereon the cuckoo perched.

LEVI P. MORTON'S BARN.

A Handsome Structure 200 Feet Long Situated at Elmwood, N. Y.

Last August a magnificent barn at Rhinebeck, N. Y., owned by ex-Vice President Morton was destroyed by fire. Work was at once begun on a building to take its place and the new structure has recently been completed. The new building, according to the New York Herald, is 300 feet long, sixty-five feet wide, and where the silos are located, eighty-nine feet wide. The latest improvements have been introduced in the building and no expense has been spared to make



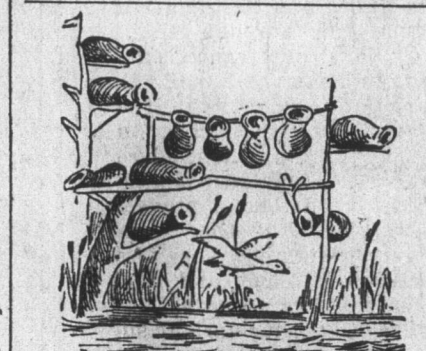
BARN OF LEVI P. MORTON.

it a model barn and one of the finest in this country. Railroad tracks for cars to carry feed run around the interior of the barn; there are blinds on every window, so arranged as to act as awnings to keep the heat out in summer. The area walls outside of the building have a six-inch blue stone coping, with an iron railing five feet high. The basement is of concrete eight inches thick, with a cross brick wall with chestnut sleepers to rest upon, and drainage under the whole. The basement under the L, which is 40x50 feet in size, is fitted up as a root cellar. The silos are three in number and hold 1,500 tons. The stalls in the barn are provided with fire escape fasteners, so that any one of them can be opened at will. Three hundred thermostats are placed in the barn to give an alarm in case of fire. They tell what part of the building is on fire and are connected with the farm house and office. The barn is lighted by incandescent lights. The latest improved machinery is provided for grinding feed, etc., including a powerful engine. The many new inventions introduced in the construction of the barn are being closely observed by experts.

QUEER NESTS FOR DUCKS.

Made of Rushes and Hung on Poles in the Marshes.

The water-fringed village of Grouw, in Friesland, North Holland, is remarkable for two things—cheeses and ducks. The lakes which fringe the village on three sides are thick with bulrushes and water grass, and afford excellent cover for wild ducks and other aquatic fowl. To promote the comfort of the former and at the same time facilitate the collection of their eggs the villagers construct



DUCK NESTS IN HOLLAND.

nests of the form shown in the accompanying illustration. The nests are made of plaited rushes, and are hung on poles driven into the soil or perched between the forks of trees. Above each coterie the owner of the nest places pieces of colored cloth, which enable him to readily distinguish his nests from those of his neighbors. These bits of bunting are useful also to the birds, who invariably keep to their own nests. The owner goes each morning in his boat to the nesting ground, thrusts his arm into the bottle-shaped nests, and collects their contents for the market.

Verbal "Ducks and Drakes."

Some men "make ducks and drakes with shillings," others with words. An Irishman, who had begun with an old junk-car, having by his industry and knowledge of his business become prosperous, thought he would hang two or three pictures on his parlor walls.

"I'm no counsiller," said he to a dealer in pictures, "but I know a good thing when I see it."

"You mean counsiller, doubtless," interrupted the dealer, "and I don't," he replied.

Just then a well-known wealthy merchant stopped to look at the engravings displayed in the window. "That man's a millenary!" exclaimed the junk-dealer.

"Millenary, you mean?" retorted the picture dealer.

"Well, you may call him as you please, but I call him a millenary!" replied the unabashed Irishman.

NERVOUSNESS.

A Condition That Should Receive Prompt and Intelligent Treatment.

Nervousness is a condition not easy to define; but the common use of the term in every-day speech indicates the commonness of the thing itself. There are few persons, indeed, who have not at some time suffered from irritability of the nerves and its accompanying depression.

It is to be remembered that this state always indicates a falling away from the normal standard of health. It should be taken as a danger signal, a notice from the nerves that something is wrong. The cause of the trouble is sometimes easily found, as, for example, temporary or habitual loss of sleep; or the difficulty may be more deeply seated and more serious. Whatever its cause, nervousness indicates a lack of nervous force, a lowering of vital energy. Somewhere a tap is loose, and waste is proceeding more rapidly than repair. In such a state of things, the performance of every voluntary action and of every unconscious organic function is affected unfavorably.

Women suffer from nervousness more commonly than men. It is a mistake, however, to think that there is any material difference between the nerve structure of the two sexes. Unfavorable surroundings and occupations account for the greater frequency of nervous diseases among women. Farmers are rarely affected with nervousness. Farmers' wives are almost proverbially so affected.

Loss of sleep, indigestion, grief or worry, and many other functional causes may produce nervousness. Doubtless the most frequent cause is lack of sufficient out-of-door air and of moderate exercise.

It is too common for nervous people to think their complaint too trivial for a physician's notice. Strict inquiry as to the manner of life often reveals errors the correction of which relieves the conditions and averts serious disease.

"Overwork does not kill, but overwork does," some one has said, with a measure of exaggeration. Excessive work may no doubt shorten life, but constant worry over every-day cares is sure to do so.

Ceaseless cares exhaust the nervous energy. Change of occupation and of scene allows the nervous forces—the celebrant gray matter—to become restocked. Nervous matter is actually consumed in performing the details of every-day existence, just as muscular tissue is expended in exercise.

A spring kept at a constant tension surely loses its elasticity, while one which is frequently unbent does not. The figure is a good one to apply to mental and nervous experience.—Youth's Companion.

Almost Dragged Under.

The author of "Eskimo Life" described a day's hunt, when the men of the village put out to sea, each in his crummy little kaia, after seals, ducks, fish, or whatever other game may present itself. Tobias began by chasing a seal which dived and did not come up again within sight, but the man is one of the best hunters of the village, as the reader may judge by what follows. He had sighted another seal, and was skimming over the sea toward it, when the huge head of a hooded seal popped up right in front of the kaia, and was harpooned in an instant.

It makes a frightful wallowing and dives the harpoon line whirled out, but suddenly gets fouled under the throwing-stick of the bird-dart. The bow of the kaia is drawn under with an irresistible rush, and before Tobias knows where he is, the water is up to his armpits, and nothing can be seen of him but his head and shoulders and the stern of the kaia, which sticks right up into the air.

It looks as if it were all over with him. Those who were nearest paddle with all their might to his assistance, but with scant hope however to save him.

Tobias, however, is a first-rate kaia man. In spite of his difficult position, he keeps upon even keel while he is dragged through the water by the seal, which does all he can to get him entirely under.

Just as it comes up again, and in a moment he has seized his lance, and with deadly aim, had pierced the seal through the head. A feeble movement, and it is dead.

The other men come up in time to find Tobias busy making his booty fast, and to get the piece of blubber to which each is entitled. They cannot restrain their admiration for his coolness and skill, and speak of it long afterward.

Where They Could Not Hit It.

Marshal Blucher, the famous Prussian General, was always foremost in fight. His zeal in attack was such, indeed, that the Russians nicknamed him "Marshal Forwards."

After the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII, the King of France, desired to bestow upon him the Order of the Holy Ghost; but the soldier would not accept it. He hadn't forgotten how Napoleon had trodden on his country for years, and he hated France and everything French.

The Duke of Wellington endeavored to persuade him to receive this mark of royal respect.

"If I do," said Blucher, "I will hang the Order on my back."

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.—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

Of course a bright girl ought to have a spark of humor.—Lowell Courier.

To tell a dignified citizen to pull down his vest is apt to raise his choler.—Sittings.

The criminal Sheriff can manage an execution as soon as he gets the hang of the thing.—Piscayune.

The fact that a woman is slightly by no means indicates that she is growing wings.—Detroit Tribune.

Some addlers can play a tune on one string, but it never makes anybody want to dance.—Ram's Horn.

Teacher—Define quartz. Milkman's son (who is rather absent-minded)—Pint and a half.—Tid-Bits.

Tr—What is your father going to give you when you get married? Lil—His consent, I suppose.—The Standard.

Duke of Squallero—"I will never marry a woman cleverer than myself." Miss Whirligair—"You'll have great trouble getting suited."—Vogue.

In olden times the Egyptians had a cat cemetery which they considered sacred. We suppose they called it their catcumb.—Rochester Democrat.

The seraphic uplifting of the soul following one's first shave in the downy period of one's existence can never be repeated.—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Bock, of Leipzig, says: "Beer is brutalizing, wine impassions, whiskey infuriates." He is not the Bock the beer is named after, evidently.—Boston Globe.

The editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.—Life.

Mr. Critic—"If that's 'A Hunting Scene' why don't the men have guns?" Mr. Castile—"Perhaps the artist painted them so naturally that they've gone off."—Jester.

Jack (to his sister Ethel)—"Cholly Chumpleigh said he was coming round to propose to you to-night. Has he turned up?" Ethel—"Yes, and been turned down."—Hullo.

Maup—Why don't you give young Sewers some encouragement if you love him? Nell—Oh, he ought to be able to press his own suit; he's a tailor.—Philadelphia Record.

First Deacon (criticizing minister)—"Well, if Mr. Jartext isn't very interesting, he at least doesn't sloop over." Second Deacon—"No; he is too dry for that."—Texas Sittings.

The Poet's Wife—"They say that poetry is a drug on the market. The Poet—'Nonsense! It would ever sold any poetry and bought any drugs you'd know the difference."—Harlem Life.

Elderly Maiden—This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time. Elderly Lover—Time, Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare?—Chicago Tribune.

"This taxin' incomes ain't 'the thing to do to make the country rich," said Uncle Silas. "They'd oughter tax expenditures. People'd spend less'n save more then."—Harper's Bazar.

Miss HEVVISWELL asked me to call, said Cholly, with a delighted grin. "Did she?" said his unkind friend. "She told me yesterday she was going to be very careful to avoid all pleasure during Lent."—Washington Star.

Close Merchant—Yes, sir, you want a new book-keeper, but you won't do. Applicant—May I ask why? Close Merchant—You are bald as a billiard-ball, sir. A man with no hair to wipe his pen on will rust out a whole box every week.—New York Weekly.

"How is Skimmings getting along in his profession?" said one Chicago man to another. "He is quite successful, I understand." "But he told me yesterday that he owed several thousands of dollars." "Yes. That shows how well he must have established his credit."—Detroit Free Press.

Widow—"I want a stone for my husband's grave exactly like the other one in the lot." Agent—"But isn't it a trifle small for a man of your husband's prominence?" Widow—"No, sir! If Thomas thought a stone like that was good enough for his first wife, I guess it's plenty good enough for Thomas."—Life.

Mr. FARWEST—"I met my old schoolmate, Lakeside, to-day, for the first time in an age, and I thought from the way he acted when I mentioned you that you and he must have had some romance or other before we met." Mrs. Farwest—"No romance about it. We were married for a few years, that's all."—New York Weekly.

MANAGER—"The critics say that in the play 'A Wronged Wife' you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return." Popular Actress—Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under those circumstances as anybody.—Puck.

Judge BRAD—"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow, and along the top of his head. What have you to say for yourself?" Alkali Ike (the prisoner)—"Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge ag'in him, an' so I jest shot him in the chin, places around the edges so's not to hurt him too much."—Life.

"No," said Farmer Cornbassel's wife, "fame ain't fur everybody. There's Josiah, he done his best, but he never will get famous." "What was his ambition?" "Ter git his picture in the paper. He set up nights tryin' ter think of some ailment ter take patent medicine fur, but he was so overpowered healthy that they wasn't a single thing for 'im ter git cured of."—Washington Star.