

## Democratic Sentinel

FRIDAY August 20 1867

Entered at the post office at Rensselaer, Ind., as second-class matter.

### MONON ROUTE

Rensselaer Time-Table

In effect July 1st, 1867.

SOUTH BOUND.

No 31—Fast Mail (don't stop) 4 46 a.m.  
No 5—Louisville Mail, Daily 10 55 a.m.  
No 23—Indianapolis Mail, 1 53 p.m.  
No 39—Milk account, Daily, 6 03 p.m.  
No 8—Louisville Express Daily 11 20  
No 45—Local freight, 2 40 p.m.

NORTH BOUND

No 4 Mail, 4 30 a.m.  
No 40—Milk account, Daily, 7 31  
No 32—Fast Mail, 9 55  
No 30—Cin. to Chicago Vestibule, 6 19 p.m.  
No 8—Mail and Express, Daily, 3 30 p.m.  
No 46—Local freight, 9 30 a.m.  
No 74—Freight, 7 10 p.m.

No 74 carries passengers between Monon and Lowell.

No 30 makes no stop between Rensselaer and Englewood.

No 32 makes no stop between Rensselaer and Hammond.

No 8 makes a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Indianapolis at Indianapolis 2:40 p.m. Cincinnati 6 o'clock p.m.

No 8 has through coach; return, leaves Cincinnati 8:30 a.m., arrives Indianapolis 11:30 a.m. arrives in Rensselaer 3:30 p.m. daily.

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a.m.  
Public Worship, 10:45 a.m.  
J. E. Utter, Pastor, 3:00 p.m.  
Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p.m.  
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.  
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. R. D. Utter, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a.m.  
Public Worship, 10:45 a.m.  
Class Meeting, 1:45 p.m.  
Lyvorth League, Junior, 2:30 p.m.  
Lyvorth League, Senior, 6:30 p.m.  
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.  
Lyvorth League, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.  
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

CHRISTIAN.

Bible School, 9:30 a.m.  
Public Worship, 11:45 a.m.  
Junior Endeavor, 2:30 p.m.  
Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p.m.  
Public Worship, 7:30 p.m.  
Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do  
To make life happier and more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now  
With care.

I'll help to lift them from their low de-  
spair.

When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so  
well  
Shall know no more these weary, toiling  
days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,  
And cheer her heart with words of sweet-  
est praise.

When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you  
hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of all your  
sweet intent;  
May never know that you so kindly meant  
To fill her life with sweet content,  
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer  
wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of  
cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so  
dear.  
They may not meet you in the coming  
year  
Now is the time.  
—Indianapolis News.

HOW ELASTIC ARE HOTEL BILLS.  
Drummers May Beat a Tattoo on Their  
Employers' Bank Account.

"How much shall I make out your  
bill for?" inquired the country hotel  
clerk, as the guest was leaving.

"Make it out for what I owe," replied  
the man, a little surprised.

"The bill is \$9," continued the clerk,  
with an ingratiating smile, "but I'd  
just as soon make it out for \$9 or \$10.  
It's all the same to us."

"Perhaps it is," the puzzled guest ex-  
claimed, "but it isn't to me. Why  
should I pay \$9 or \$10 when my bill is  
\$8?"

"Aren't you a drummer?" the clerk  
suddenly demanded.

"Certainly not." There was a pause,  
and then the guest suddenly de-  
manded:

"What's all this business about fake  
bills, anyway?"

"We always make out bills to suit  
for drummers," exclaimed the clerk,  
"so they can come out even on their  
expense accounts. A traveling man  
who pays us \$8 can get a receipt for  
\$10 if he likes, and when he settles with  
his employers he shows them the re-  
ceipted bill and pockets the difference.  
I thought you were a drummer."

"No, I'm not," replied the guest, "but  
I know a good many drummers. In  
fact, I employ about a hundred, and I  
notice that when they come to this  
town they always stop at this hotel. I  
observe also that it's a \$2 joint and  
that I'm always charged \$2.50. Never  
mind, though, I'll lay for the next man  
who stops here."

And as he went out the clerk looked  
as if he thought he had put his foot  
right in it and the foot was held there.

—New York Herald.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is  
GOOD

for all diseases that have their  
origin in impure blood. It is  
BETTER

than other sarsaparillas, bet-  
ter made, of better ingredients  
and by better methods. Its  
record of cures proclaims it  
BEST



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a modicum of purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

LYDIA.

New York Tribune.

When the Barringtons fled the papers which entitled them to join the Society of the Right of the Revolution it was a dire calamity just as able to pack a package of hollow letters into his son's wife.

"We're much talk just now about the claims of our ancestors to consideration," she said. "It seems to me that the women of those days possess also some right to our remembrance." This journal and these letters were given to me in trust, to avert suspicion of unusual anticipation, she should proceed, either on the mo.

Accordingly, she was arrayed for the occasion when she sought Captain Polk, the general, the next morning, early unshaven, fair-haired, she made her dark green habit with lace buttons and lace collar; many-plumed hair, a picture he described with tender detail years afterward.

She found him pale and despondent as she hung over his armchair, loath to leave him for one of the few hours which remained of his stay at the inn. But he sent her resolutely from him, giving her a letter for his brother, as was his wont on such days—a letter which she was to deliver to a man who would be attached to receive it.

She rode forth, white August, mounted on a tall horse and carrying a huge basket, paced spherically behind. Spring rains had broken the avenue into alternate courses of mud and water, and, she bent to lift her habit yet further from the probable splashing. Her's 'sle to slip from her waistband.

With such haste as years and stoutness permitted, Augustus descended from his saddle and restored the packet to her.

"It will be the 3 day of merley ten minutes to return and bid captain Pelham to address as other wrapper, she murmured, gl'd of this excuse to hold her in his love.

And this is the story:

Mistress Lydia Barrington was eighteen when the lighting of that lamp in the belfry of the Old North church in Boston set ablaze the fire which with our country burned its ancient letters.

Her home was one of those stately colonial houses, whose pillared porches front the Delaware river between Philadelphia and New York. Her husband, the outbreak of the Revolution, was among its staunch supporters. He had been a soldier in his youth and had struggled thro' Bradleek's disastrous campaign beside Washington. But in his middle age, and when his country needed him so sorely, an incurable malady held him prisoner, and he sent his only son to represent him on the staff of his old comrade.

When the British captured Philadelphia they ravaged his estate, and laid every resource of his home waste. They respected that grim warrior, death, who watched the patriot's door, and they permitted his departure from house and lands to be postponed until that sum which none can die.

Barrington's wife rarely left him, and the ordering of their household fell into the capable pair of hands of their daughter Lydia. She brewed, and she baked, and she spun, the poultry yard, as became her, who and her thoughts and her prayers were for her country's strife with the same ardor which kept her father alive until he sh'd be behind that country's freedom.

Barrington manor was set in the midst of the lovely street across which, backward and forward, the tide of war swept continually. Now the beloved blue coats were warmed at its firesides and welcomed to every comfort it could supply. The abhorred redcoats clattered at the porch of their home.

"Explain to Captain Pelham the mis-  
chance of our drenched envelope hurriedly, lest the damp should have penetrat-  
ed the seal," she said, though her lips where white her voice did not falter.

"Inform my mother that we have ridd'r forth again untried. Ask her to prevent my father from hearing that I have done so until I return."

Of that bitter journey, which led her through dev'ns way rough country lanes, dangerous alike from marauding bands of friends or foes, there is slight mention in her journal. Nor is there more than the momentary that she reached Washington's "camp" and delivered the warning she had been sent to him.

"I told him, that our father sheltered," she wrote; "at I knew not how far his treachery extended, but that the visit with which the general intended to honor my father must be abandoned. I found him," she added, briefly, "so courteous in trusting my information and in abstaining from questions as shall make my memory a disgrace to him."

When informed him of the treachery of our general, and how I had been enabled to warn the noble man whom that treacherous would have done to me, "see me down with my arms," she said, "and the tear blisters show upon my face after more than a hundred years."

"My father bl seed me. 'The hon'r of our name has always been well guarded,' he id, 'but it has never been safer than with you, my daughter! Go, now, and rid you wretched love farewell!'

Mistress Lydia has recorded every

Owing to the situation of the manor on the terrain disputed by both armies, there was no time to go to town for messengers from the younger Barrington in the American camp. The messenger, who had been received half an hour since, was, however, the herald of a visitor whose safety during his stay would be of vital importance to the infant nation, for whose existence his life was the guarantee.

Washington himself desired to see his former comrade in the ensuing night, to take counsel with him concerning certain measures without which his immediate advisors were at variance.

"The danger is great," Barrington said, wistfully regarding his daughter. "Yet less great than at first it seems. Your mother and you can contrive that none other shall guess his presence here. Even should our servants discover what guest is with us we can rely upon them not to betray him. There remains Captain Pelham, who—"

"For him I answer," Mistress Lydia interrupted haughtily. "His honor is mine.

"'Nay, my child, there might be in his mind some uncertainty as to which his honor directs.'

And Barrington, infected by the enthusiasm of her bright eyes, acquiesced.

"The following day would be that on which the general would weekly call the village with the two Indians, the Philadelphia tradesmen brought such goods as the farmers could not supply from their own resources. It had been Mistress Lydia's custom when the road were safe, to visit this market attended by Augustus, an old man grocer, and it was agreed between them that when he was sent to the market he was to leave it when your treacherous had been discovered," she said, "yet you are here!"

"Could you conceive that I would do part before your return?"

"How should I conceive correctly the mood or motives of a spy?"

"Twelve hours ago you oved me!"

"I never loved you, Captain Pelham."

"The man I loved was the creation of my own."

"Take not this past from me! You loved me!" he cried, sinking to his knees. "What I have done was for love of you, bring me back to the earth when I might claim that great chel free the war which parts us may drag on for years. With him a prisoner, his cause would fail! Peace would come, and with its coming I sh'd win my wife!"

"Your wife, whom you would have dis-  
honored by makin' me the unco-  
nscious through which you betrayed her  
friend's friend!"

"I never intended you to guess my share in her capture, nor could disonor reach you!"

"No. God be thanked! Not so much as by a finger of your finger!" she said, withdrawing from his grasp the fold of her habit skirt.

She walked to the door. There she looked back.

Still kneeling, Pelham held his arms across his lap and laid his head upon them.

She turned swiftly to him. She drew his hair, bent his head to her bosom and passionately kissed his white face with a man's agonizing yearning.

"I loo'! she gasped. "I love you—yon al a s—your eternally, as you love me."

In so much falsehood t'is truth! Y t better the width of the world between us than that you should read daily in mine eyes the memory of your dishonor and so farewell!"

There are the records in that journal of Mistress Lydia's—her father's death, her mother's grief, the triumph of that whose safety this daughter of the Revolution had won at a price, but no further mention of her lover.

Yet the dozen letters which were found after her death, treasured with the history of her youth are all signed with Pelham's name. Tenders! most reverte l love letters, they cover a space of as many years, and close with one whose frail characters bear witness to their writer's words.

"I am near the end now, sweet mistress! The end which is to be the inning!" Pelham wrote. "I will not seem long when I come to meet you in that country where each penitent r evives pardon, and where you will not turn away from him who, with all his sins, has been ever your loyal lover."

He had been shot near the Tidings and was speechless, but he was conscious, and his letters bear passionate record that from the moment she appeared within the high-colonial doorway he became Mrs. Lydia's prisoner forever, as well as her patient for life.

A time which proved to be for him and for her brief stay in part, which a tender old proverb promises once in a life to each child of Eve!

Through the ensuing winter, which was the winter of Valley Forge, Captain Pelham, though he had a chance to escape, remained at the Barrington manor. He was visited occasionally, when the movements of the American troops permitted, by his brother, who was a member of Lord Howe's staff, and by an eminent surgeon from Philadelphia. For the most part, however, according to the custom of one hundred years ago, he remained the charge of his young hostess.

Outside was cold and hunger, the dead strife of those dear to both, the hope of people sinking almost to despair. But within, the warmth that made happy the present and assured the future with the fervor of their youth, and the conviction of their mutual faith.

When he was able to walk so far Captain Pelham made his way to that other sick room where Lydia's father lay dying and told his story. It was kindly heard. Endowed with the clear tolerance which the neighborhood of death bestows on some just souls, Barrington promised his daughter to her British lover when the time between their factions should be ended.

It was at this time that Lydia was one midnight, wakefully confronting the clouds which overhung the future, was hurriedly called by her mother to her father's bed-side.

She lay propped up among pillows, and he spoke with difficulty as he had his daughter draw near. But she perceived that anxiety rather than p in oppressed him while he expressed his need of her.

THE TOTTERING STEP OF AGE  
Requires a stimulant as he goes down. "The Sunset Slope of Life."

Try the R. Cummins & Co.  
... WHISKEY

Made by the "Old Process"—hand-made, sour-mash, Kentucky Bourbon, absolutely pure and sold only by druggists.

A. KIEFER DRUG CO.  
Indianapolis  
Solo Controllers and Distributors.

### PIONEER MEAT MARKET!

