

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29.

HON. EB. HENDERSON.

In electing Hon. Eb. Henderson to the office of auditor of state for two consecutive terms the Democratic party of Indiana evidenced a disinterest in the highest degree creditable, for it selected the right man for the right place. In these days of official malfeasance, when the public mind is experiencing continual unrest, integrity seems to have acquired an importance unknown in the olden time. And it is alike creditable to the Democratic party and to Mr. Henderson that in his administration he has contributed largely to the restoration of public confidence which distinguished the Government during the halcyon days of the past. A man of a thorough business education, of ripe attainments in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the State, familiar with the wants of every section, and with the laws designed to aid in the development of its vast resources, he brought to the office of auditor a legislative experience which, combined with rare executive ability, has made his official career a brilliant success. And in retiring he leaves his affairs in such perfect order and completeness, as evidenced by his reports, that his successor will have no trouble in mastering every detail, and in going forward without embarrassment. Mr. Henderson, as a politician, is shrewd and far-seeing, readily combines forces, analyzes opposition, estimates accurately the forbiddance of obstacles to be overcome, and is therefore a foeman who commands the respect of opponents. In the prime of his manhood, it is safe to say that the Democratic party of Indiana will have further use for his superior abilities, and that, though now a private citizen, further official honors await him. He retires from office, as have done others who have recently laid aside their official robes, with the assurance that the party which honored him is satisfied with his official career.

GENERAL MANSON, THE AUDITOR OF STATE.

One by one the standard-bearers of the Democratic party in the late campaign in Indiana are taking the official positions conferred upon them by the Democratic party. The first to assume control of the office to which he was elected was Attorney General Woollen. Next in order was Secretary of State Shanklin, and to-day General Manson assumes control of the office of auditor of state. General Manson requires no eulogy at our hands. He is known throughout the State, and the better he is known the higher is the esteem in which he is held; for, whether viewed as a soldier leading his command to battle, and bearing his form to the iron hall of the enemy, or in the halls of Congress contending for principles essential to the perpetuity of free institutions, or in the quiet walks of private life, he is found to be the same generous-hearted man. Broad in his views, catholic in his professions, honest in his opinions, faithful in his friendships and true to every trust, he fills the full measure of a man and a citizen. With a courage that never falters and a fidelity that never swerves, it is not surprising that he fills a large space in the regards of the people of Indiana. Popular in his manners, genial as a companion, eloquent in his public addresses, he attaches the people to him and holds them with hooks of steel. Such is the little Detroit boys built a snow house last week. It caved in upon them, and one of them was dead before he could be dug out.

Augusta Dargan, the actress, complains that more than half the papers refer to her as Augusta Dragon. She is, however, playing to good houses.

Mrs. Harry Smith, of Kansas City, Mo., at one time a fair Baltimore belle, was deserted by her husband a few weeks ago, and has since died from a broken heart.

A German female "champion" has arrived in this country, and will astonish the folks by standing perfectly still for twenty days. Now if some woman will "hold her tongue" for fifteen minutes the world will really wonder.

Mr. Lotz of Hollidaysburg, Pa., has a two year old child that few would envy, for it never sleeps more than five minutes, and one of the parents has to sit up all night with the little youngster while the other sleeps. The child, however, is always happy, and seems as much refreshed by its cat naps as if it had slept hours.

The winter scenery at Niagara Falls is exceptionally grand, and visitors are attracted there from all quarters. Canadians usually visit the falls in winter in large numbers, and they have appealed to the managers of the Great Western railway to issue excursion tickets for the trip at reduced rates, the same as they do in the summer time.

An Ottawa telegram printed in the Canadian papers says: "The counsel fees in connection with the Halifax fishery commission left unpaid will, it is understood, receive the attention of the minister of justice. The niggardly manner in which the late government dealt with the matter demands a more reasonable consideration in view of the successful result of the award."

CLIPPINGS.

Throw away his paragore. Carry off his jelly water; For little Bill's gone to Heaven On the golden elevator.

—Boston Herald.

THE OX has a neat foot.—Boston Transcript. THO' rough a man may seem, a thorough man he may be.—Puck.

To right himself a man must be able to read.—New Orleans Picayune.

TWINS are common enough, but triplets is putting on hairs.—Rome Sentinel.

A WHOLE set of false teeth now for \$8! Just chew on that.—Detroit Free Press.

THE Yonkers Gazette is hereby informed that a frozen ham is not a cold shoulder.—New York Herald.

BUSINESS prospects are certainly stiffening. Four new starch factories are to be erected in Maine.—Lowell Courier.

A BANGOR dog eats hard soap. That's the story, but it's hard to decide whether or not the lie is all in the soap.—Boston Transcript.

HJALMAR Hjorth Boyesen hopes to get us to pronounce his name Yaltman Yort Boyesen, we'll see him in Hjalti first.—Detroit Free Press.

MISS HUGABOOM, of Bradford, Pa., was snow-bound; and served her right, if she couldn't find anything better to hug than that.—Buffalo Express.

WE no longer question the propriety of considering vessels in the feminine gender. They run each other down almost every day in the English Channel.

"I propose to have some decent singing at my funeral," said Mr. Sam Cook, of Alabama, who was hanged last Friday; and he led the singing himself.—Buffalo Express.

LOWER California papers speak highly of a girl of fifteen who shot a large-sized catamount. She wants to know what does a catamount to, anyway.—New York Herald.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red stockings on his son, "why have you made barber poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

It takes twenty yards of dry goods to make a fashionable young lady's dress now—a day's six to wear on her person and fourteen to carry in her right hand or up under her elbow.

HAS any one heard of a trumpet freezing to death this winter? On the contrary, isn't every one of the lot looking fat and ruddy and feeling that it is good to be here?—Detroit Free Press.

THE new senator from Missouri is named Vest. He is coated as saying that while he didn't pant for office, he will not give his constituents a vestiast of ground for regret.—Utica Observer.

A YOUNG lady was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended. She justified the act by quoting the following from the Bible: "Whatsoever that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

TONY BARROW has a new song called, "Where was Moses when the Light went Out?" If Moses was the man the wilderness people took him to be, you can be he was down to the gun company's office in about five minutes, etc.

plaining the law, and asking for a rebate on his bill in short meter.—New Orleans Picayune.

A TEMPERANCE society up in Meriden dignified itself by the appellation, "Mt. Ararat Lodge," probably because that noted mound was the driest spot on earth when Noah anchored there.—New Haven Register.

"Excuse, sir! But I've just caught these two young rascals making a slide in front of your doorstep, and they say you gave 'em permission." "It's quite correct; I did, policeman. The fact is, I expect my mother-in-law to luncheon."—London Punch.

Crow BREAST, an Indian chieftain, declares that he will not be a white man, except on certain conditions." It appears to us that Crow Breast is a trifle unreasonable, and the army will please move right ahead and exterminate him.—Oil City Derrick.

"TIME is money"—that's a fact, and if you know the value of time, just get a little speck of dirt in your pocket chronometer and take it around to a watch-tinker; he'll blow in it a couple of times and charge you two dollars and a half for repairs.—Toronto Transcript.

THESE are some things that's hard to understand, and that is why the contestants in pedestrian matches always walk against each other. It must be very disagreeable, to say the least. And they would get along so much better should they travel in the same direction.—Boston Transcript.

THE question, "Where was Moses when the light went out?" has been asked altogether too many times without a satisfactory answer; therefore, let it be known that Moses stood in the down-cellular doorway, with a coal-scuttle in one hand, a kerosene lamp in the other, and hal no matches handy.—Rome Sentinel.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Conkling speaks of "That man Hayes."

Mr. Evarts is the father of eleven children.

New York is busily engaged in extending her elevated railways.

A Jewess, in Portsmouth, O., has renounced her religion and married a Christian.

It is estimated that 150,000 barrels of cider have been made in Western Massachusetts during the last season.

New York police captains have been receiving salaries of \$2,000 per annum and sergeants \$1,600 per annum.

The daughter of the Washington lawyer, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, has appeared as the writer of readable stories.

The Chicago Times wants to know how many thousand feet of lumber it would take to box a Milwaukee man's ears.

The Cincinnati authorities have decreed that bakers must stamp the weight upon every loaf of bread they offer for sale.

Two little Detroit boys built a snow house last week. It caved in upon them, and one of them was dead before he could be dug out.

Augusta Dargan, the actress, complains that more than half the papers refer to her as Augusta Dragon. She is, however, playing to good houses.

Mrs. Harry Smith, of Kansas City, Mo., at one time a fair Baltimore belle, was deserted by her husband a few weeks ago, and has since died from a broken heart.

A German female "champion" has arrived in this country, and will astonish the folks by standing perfectly still for twenty days. Now if some woman will "hold her tongue" for fifteen minutes the world will really wonder.

Mr. Lotz of Hollidaysburg, Pa., has a two year old child that few would envy, for it never sleeps more than five minutes, and one of the parents has to sit up all night with the little youngster while the other sleeps. The child, however, is always happy, and seems as much refreshed by its cat naps as if it had slept hours.

The winter scenery at Niagara Falls is exceptionally grand, and visitors are attracted there from all quarters. Canadians usually visit the falls in winter in large numbers, and they have appealed to the managers of the Great Western railway to issue excursion tickets for the trip at reduced rates, the same as they do in the summer time.

An Ottawa telegram printed in the Canadian papers says: "The counsel fees in connection with the Halifax fishery commission left unpaid will, it is understood, receive the attention of the minister of justice. The niggardly manner in which the late government dealt with the matter demands a more reasonable consideration in view of the successful result of the award."

—Boston Herald.

THE OX has a neat foot.—Boston Transcript. THO' rough a man may seem, a thorough man he may be.—Puck.

To right himself a man must be able to read.—New Orleans Picayune.

TWINS are common enough, but triplets is putting on hairs.—Rome Sentinel.

A WHOLE set of false teeth now for \$8! Just chew on that.—Detroit Free Press.

THE Yonkers Gazette is hereby informed that a frozen ham is not a cold shoulder.—New York Herald.

BUSINESS prospects are certainly stiffening. Four new starch factories are to be erected in Maine.—Lowell Courier.

A BANGOR dog eats hard soap. That's the story, but it's hard to decide whether or not the lie is all in the soap.—Boston Transcript.

HJALMAR Hjorth Boyesen hopes to get us to pronounce his name Yaltman Yort Boyesen, we'll see him in Hjalti first.—Detroit Free Press.

MISS HUGABOOM, of Bradford, Pa., was snow-bound; and served her right, if she couldn't find anything better to hug than that.—Buffalo Express.

WE no longer question the propriety of considering vessels in the feminine gender. They run each other down almost every day in the English Channel.

"I propose to have some decent singing at my funeral," said Mr. Sam Cook, of Alabama, who was hanged last Friday; and he led the singing himself.—Buffalo Express.

LOWER California papers speak highly of a girl of fifteen who shot a large-sized catamount. She wants to know what does a catamount to, anyway.—New York Herald.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red stockings on his son, "why have you made barber poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

TONY BARROW has a new song called, "Where was Moses when the Light went Out?" If Moses was the man the wilderness people took him to be, you can be he was down to the gun company's office in about five minutes, etc.

MICHIGAN'S SHAME.

Startling Disclosures Concerning the Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo.

A Rich American Field for the Ambidextrous Author of "Hard Cash."

Woman as a Ministering Angel to Women —A Terrible Grass-Widow.

"Never Mind, Mrs. Kewley."

[Port Huron (Mich.) Commercial.]

The story published below is not intended as a newspaper sensation. It is a plain recital, made and published wholly in the interest of the poor dependent inmates of the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo.

It is from the lips of Mrs. Henry Kewley, of Port Huron, who was an inmate of the asylum for five years, and whose sanity and reliability are fully vouchsafed for by a host of persons. Mrs. Kewley says:

I was taken to the asylum about 11 years ago. I was really insane at the time, though I was improving and probably never would have been sent there if my husband had been a loyal, honorable man. I remember that I soon noticed cruel treatment of the patients in hall No. 15, but I was melancholy and wrapped up in my own troubles, so I took but little notice of it at the time; it did not disturb me much in my then frame of mind.

ONE CRUEL PRACTICE

the attendants indulged in was that of reaching down and jerking patients' feet from under them. Sometimes the fall occasioned the patient great pain. About five weeks before I went to the asylum I accidentally put a needle into my right foot and it remained there. It often caused me pain, and I was anxious to get rid of it. Some two or three months after entering the asylum I was standing looking out of a window. As I stood there I felt the needle pain me, and the idea occurred to me that perhaps I might be able to force it out, so I raised my foot against the base or mop-board two or three times, with that object only in my mind. I had not noticed that my glove kid shoes had made marks on the white base board, but one of the attendants—a grass widow—Lecty Odgen by name—had. "What are you doing, Mrs. Kewley?" she said, and pointed to the marks on the wall. For the first time I now observed the marks, and stooped a little to examine them, when the attendant quickly jerked my feet from under me and I struck fairly on my back. The shock almost stunned me and I could not have got up immediately if left alone. But Lecty called her sister, Louise, and at the same time threw herself on my chest. The two put on the "leather muff" to secure my hands, and buckled a heavy belt around my waist, drawing it so tight as to interfere with my breathing. Then Odgen led me to the mat, and I was made to sit up, pulling and dragging me a distance of about 40 feet to a bed room, known as Mrs. Kewley's room. The room was known as Mrs. Kewley's room because she was kept in that room and strapped down to that bench in the day, and often to the bed at night, for two and a half years.

NEVER MIND, MRS. KEWLEY,

be passive, be passive; we know all about that. Don't disturb yourself. If you ever want to get well, don't brood over these facts. What Miss Emma told him I never knew.

But in two years more or afterward I was down in No. 10 hall, cutting out suits (they were preparing for theatricals), and while at work in company with the matron, I told her the whole story. She evidently told the doctor as soon as she met him, and within two or three days I had reason to know it.

Occasionally I had been given the privilege of visiting hall No. 10, and I know many of the patients in that hall. So one day or so after I saw Dr. Palmer in hall 14, where I belonged, and I went and asked him permission to visit hall No. 10.

"I would like very much to permit you to go, Mrs. Kewley,

BUT YOU WILL TALK."

"Talk, doctor? Of course I talk; but what do you mean by that remark?"—to what have you made reference?"

"Well, the other day you told the matron to tell Miss Hamilton, and the patients might have overheard you, and such things are likely to excite them."

"Doctor, I told the matron that story because I thought she ought to know it, but no patients could have overheard you, and I know enough not to tell such things to them. It could do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then reasoned—it a large attendance of townspeople was expected, for I would get a chance to talk to people I knew. If by chance I talked with an outsider he would be annoyed, and I would be sent to the infirmary. I would do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then reasoned—it a large attendance of townspeople was expected, for I would get a chance to talk to people I knew. If by chance I talked with an outsider he would be annoyed, and I would be sent to the infirmary. I would do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then reasoned—it a large attendance of townspeople was expected, for I would get a chance to talk to people I knew. If by chance I talked with an outsider he would be annoyed, and I would be sent to the infirmary. I would do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then reasoned—it a large attendance of townspeople was expected, for I would get a chance to talk to people I knew. If by chance I talked with an outsider he would be annoyed, and I would be sent to the infirmary. I would do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then reasoned—it a large attendance of townspeople was expected, for I would get a chance to talk to people I knew. If by chance I talked with an outsider he would be annoyed, and I would be sent to the infirmary. I would do no good."

He did not permit my visit at that time, and after that he was very strict with me; never let me go out alone; rarely allowed me to go to the entertainments, and never—I then