PSORIASIS

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwomen's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practised dentistry in this county for thirty-five years, and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or Scaly Skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.
JOHN J. CASE, D. D. S., Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.
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H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a Justice of the Peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

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Are sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND MEDICAL CO., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the Complexion and Skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

CRICK IN THE BACK, Stich in the Side, Cramps, Shooting and Sharp Pains, Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Sciatic Pains, and every external Pain and Ache cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. A new and perfect antidote to pain. 25c.

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31.

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Agents making up clubs send for any information desired. Address
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The Sentinel wants live men to represent it in every part of the country. No township in Indiana should be without a good canvasser for the Weekly Sentinel. We offer the best of inducements, either in premium or cash. Write for particulars.
Adress, Sentinel Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

DOUBLING UP AND MORE.

Many thanks to our friends generally for their kindness in sending even one new reader.

Some are sending five, ten and more. Friends, let the good work go on. See your neighbors and induce them to join your club for the Sentinel. We have good reason for promising that the Sentinel for 1886 will be far more valuable than any previous volume of its entire years.

Six Weekly Sentinels for $5.

SENATOR JONES, of Florida, has been absent the most of the session from his seat in that body in Detroit as a Committee of One on Privileges and Selections.

Wanted, 1,000 clubs of six Sentinels for $5.

OUR Washington specials indicate that Secretary Manning's condition is not encouraging. It is stated that he will not resume the Treasury portfolio.

Six copies of the Weekly Sentinel for $5.

REV. SAM JONES pleads for "old-fashioned honesty." Sam is right in his desire for honesty, but rather than not have honesty he should consent to take a little of the new fashioned article.

Send in the clubs of six Sentinels for $5.

ANOTHER sea captain comes to the front to testify to the efficacy of oil to still the troubled waters. Had Colonel Dudley not used up the supply in the Indiana campaign of 1880 he might try it on the storm that is gathering around him.

Six Weekly Sentinels for $5. Friends! Give us 1,000 of these neat little clubs within the next thirty days.

A NEW YORK church demands the resignation of its pastor because at the age of twenty he married a widow of forty, just as though a widow of forty summers did not know what was best for a beardless divine of twenty. The point is not well taken.

Earnest, active Democratic friends, you can't secure the best newspaper in Indiana easier than to take the subscriptions of five of your neighbors to the Weekly Sentinel. The $5 will bring you six copies.

A BOX of young alligators were confiscated in the mails in New York the other day. The people of Florida are evidently trying to get even with the North for the freezing which they evidently attribute to this section. As a retaliatory measure they are sending alligators North. We are thankful that the most of these Southern pets were frozen along with the oranges.

THERE are some of the readers of the Sentinel who remember the general excitement attending the arrest of a colored man named John Freeman as a fugitive slave by Pleasant Ellington, of Georgia, in 1853, under the "fugitive slave act." The claim of the planter was disproved, and Freeman proved to be a free man in fact as well as name. The affair made quite a hero of him for awhile. Those who recall it may feel interested in knowing that his wife was the daughter of one of the slaves brought to this State and manumitted by Colonel Willis G. Conduitt, father of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Alexander B. Conduitt, the wholesale grocer on South Meridian street, and one of the few survivors of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and the still fewer survivors of the memorable session of the Legislature of 1844-45, when Jesse D. Bright's casting vote as Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate postponed the election of United States Senator till the next session, and thus secured his own election. Mr. Conduitt was the intimate and trusted friend of the leading Whigs of that day, Joseph G. Marshall, George G. Dunn and others, and was a Whig himself as long as there was a Whig party to belong to, and then became and remained a Douglas War Democrat.

The Sentinel and the Farm Guide for $1.25.

POWDERLY'S EVOLUTION OF LABOR.

Some doubt has been thrown on the genuineness of the circular of Powderly, but it bears internal evidence of truth, as a whole, at least, and Mr. Powderly's subsequent remarks, both at Scranton and Philadelphia, bear out the conclusions of the circular. But, leaving this aside, it is what a man of Mr. Powderly's antecedent history and orderly progressive policy would lead one to judge he would write at a time like this. The advice is wise and its conclusions far-reaching, and we believe it will do more to overcome the unfavorable opinions that the rapid accession of strikes and trivial boycotting, and the property destruction they have caused in the public mind than anything that could have happened. It is exactly language that will give to the labor problem the force of an intelligent impulse, and weaken the fever of brute force that would degrade it to a meaningless and resultless and destructive riot.

What is there in it that the most radical Knight, if a reading and thinking one, can condemn? As a whole it is a plea for prudence and patience. Concretely it is statement of an important fact, a fact that any Knight whose judgment is not obscured by the passion of strife and, perhaps, of disappointment, will certainly admit—that it is totally impossible for human nature to substitute conditions that are absolutely necessary, not only to social existence, but to physical bread-and-butter existence, by other conditions, however beneficial they may be in theory, or in time might become in practice, and survive. Speaking to the man whose convictions are toward radical changes, we would tell him this: That this is an age where the means of subsistence are not within individual control. Formerly, when the planting and the reaping and the spinning and the weaving and the making of food and clothing, and even the rude tools of a century ago were usually sufficient, was the daily business of every family, perhaps supplemented with a village blacksmith, miller and shoemaker, each man was in the truest sense his own master, and could nearly dispense with the rest of the world. But to-day the railroad, and the concentration of industry by machinery, has made whole towns that do nothing but make shoes, others that do nothing but raise coal, others that only manufacture iron, while whole States and Territories are given to the production of cotton, others to wheat, others to meat production. There are great bodies of men who do nothing but carry these productions from one to the other, and others who do nothing but distribute them. Now then, suppose you introduce any thing or measure that would suddenly stop all this? If the towns and sections given up to the making of shoes and clothing and coal and iron and flour and wheat and cotton and meat, all stop, if the carriers stop delivering, how will the shoemaker and the tailor and the miner and the metal-worker get bread and meat? These industries are hundreds, yes thousands of miles apart and without railroads could not be brought together in weeks or months. Stop these industries for a week, and there would be suffering. Stop them for a month and there would result the greatest, most wide-spread failures this planet ever knew. And it is in just this interdependence of men on one another separated by wide reaches of territory that lies this prodigious monopoly question, and this prodigious labor question. But it also shows how perfectly powerless any organization of whatever kind or of whatever strength would be to suddenly disturb and paralyze the nice adjustment nature herself has made by which all these people are fed and clothed, or if it were not powerless how completely destructive it would be.

If all the people in the world were combined in a single labor organization, and it should attempt to change this state of things except by instantly substituting for it another equally automatic, the world would fail. Mr. Powderly sees, as every one may see who will reflect calmly for five minutes that labor organization can not execute the impossible. To any who are misled by the mistaken parallel of the French revolution, and who may imagine it could be repeated in America with the same good result that time has demonstrated did really flow from it, we will say: The French revolution was a revolution in a single city. The Paris mob overthrew the government which in effect was a Paris government and put themselves in its place. Paris did not make the iron, nor raise the coal, nor make the clothing, nor raise the wheat nor make the flour of France. The necessities of life were as a whole created in each family for itself, and each family had the means of life, however crude, in its own control. Division of labor was but just beginning, it had not then become ingrained. France could exist with Paris or without it, and the excesses of the mobs in cities did not destroy the physical means of life. Yet with all this, the confusion was great. Slight, as compared with the present, as was the independence of French industry, the greatest privations ensued. Crude as were the means of intercommunication, and independent as was the individual, starvation stalked through the land, and it required the genius of a Napoleon to set the revolution on the path of method and order, and to accomplish the good that it afterwards proved to be. No such revolution is *possible* in America, for reasons above given, even if the entire country were to attempt it.

But because mankind, separated by so many leagues of distance, is so absolutely dependent upon each other for the very means of life, and, therefore, incapable of self-support, shall mankind consent that the springs of this delicate balance be operated and used by a few selfish men whom, for convenience, we give the collective name Monopoly, and who, by the very helplessness of individuals, and even of cities and whole districts, hold them as with bands of iron, and mould them into exponents of the almighty dollar? No. The public says no. The honest employer says No. The workingman says no. Do not believe for a moment that the American people will permit themselves to be thus bound and held in the slavery of necessity. Slow as the movement has grown, it is now the great issue, and there is no power that can stop it, and no sophistry that can obscure it, and there are no workingmen who will hinder it by incendiarism who will not be extinguished by other workingmen, who see not only that monopoly must be subordinated, but also see how it can be subordinated, and who see that the way to subordinate it is *not* to destroy the very means of existence of the whole of humanity.

Much has already been accomplished. Legislatures, courts, and Congress and President, workingmen, manufacturers and merchants, and ministers of the gospel, and lawyers, and politicians, and editors, are all at work at this moment in the solution of this great problem of humanity. Labor in the vanguard, supported consistently and long by thinking men, and by a few newspapers, among which the Sentinel is proud to be, have paved the way to this great question until all America is of one mind, that monopoly must go, while all are conscious that it must go so that in its abscence mankind will not be deprived of life and power and civilization. Mr. Powderly, we think, almost prophetically says, in referring to his programme of policy for the Knights to pursue, that "if these things are done the next five years will witness the complete emancipation of mankind from the curse of monopoly," and Mr. Powderly is right.

But it is inferred Mr. Powderly did not write it. Whoever did write it was a friend of his country, a friend of labor, a student of events and a leader among men. It evinces that the writer not only perceives the evil, but also perceives the impediments that lie before those who would overcome it. In every sense it is the production of a master mind and an exact statement of truth, and we believe Mr. Powderly wrote it.

The Weekly Sentinel and the American Agriculturist for $2, only 50 cents more than the price of the Agriculturist.

REV. MR. JONES AND OLD FASHIONED THEOLOGY.

A little controversy has sprung up in this city over the alleged indecency of some of Rev. Sam Jones' outgivings, particularly an extract quoted by a correspondent of one of the morning papers. There was nothing in that extract to deserve the savage censure it got. It was quite as decorous as became the subject, and the subject was an eminently proper one to discuss in the pulpit—that is, the demoralizing influence of fashionable dressing, or undressing, and dancing. A thousand papers have treated this same matter in much the same way, quite as frankly and a good deal more pithily, without a breath of their indecency from anybody. Why Mr. Jones' less effective and equally decorous denunciation of the indecorous exposures and equivocal situations of fashionable ladies at fancy balls should provoke condemnation, is not visible to ordinary moral perspicacity. We have no admiration to waste on the Rev. Jones. He says some very good things in a very effective way, but nothing better or in better form than can be heard in a thousand pulpits every Sunday. The collections of his "sayings" that the papers make can be matched from the sermons of enough preachers to make a handsome addition to the census of the New Jerusalem. If he had not attained notoriety by other means, these utterances would never lift him to it. He does good, no doubt; not by the occasional snap and smartness of his "sayings," for a witticism never converted anybody, but by his earnestness, his directness, and his coarseness. We quote his coarseness among his effective agencies for good, as Byron quoted "wrath and partiality" among the good qualities of Milford's History of Greece, because they "made him write with earnestness and energy." Mr. Jones' coarseness hits squarely the tasts of a large class who are as inaccessible to the grades of rhetoric as the grace of the gospel. He fires too low for people of education and refinement, and covers them with dirt, like a bullet that strikes the ground half way to the man it is shot at. But he shoots over nobody's head. His shot goes straight to the mark of many a "low down" listener, who would leave Beecher or Talmage for a "nigger song" in a minute. The coarseness is just their style. It pleases them and they stay to hear it. Like the scepticle hearers of Goldsmith's old preacher who "Came to scoff and remain to pray," these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" come to be tickled with a style of talk that is odd and funny in the pulpit and soak in with it a little and a little more wholesome suggestion of living well and dying decently. He returns too, to the old fashioned theology of the camp meeting of forty years ago, the Peter Cartwright and Old Jimmy Havens style, the fire and brimstone hell and everlasting roasting of impenitent sinners which in this generation has fallen in a most decided "innoculous desuetude." It is a novel doctrine now. Origen's Eschatology or the Herisy of Tatian, who taught the eternal punishment of Adam and Eve and the sinfulness of a meal diet, is hardly more so. And this novelty draws hearers, too, men of the coarseness of intellectual fibre that relishes such rough diet, as the rail-mauler relishes fat pork and cabbage, or Sam Corvel "bacon and greens." We don't mean that there are no others affected by the same style of appeal or exhortation, for there is abundant assurance that men of the best culture and brains have been wholesomely touched by the Georgia Evangelist, but that there is a very large class of men who can be best reached by Mr. Jones' processes, and to that class he is doing a service that very probably a better man, with a better style, could not do.

Get five of your neighbors to take Sentine and your own will be paid for.

SENATOR INGALLS of Kansas proposes to change the day of the President's Inauguration, from March 4, to April 30. So that fair weather may be assured for the occasion, and the numerous cases of pneumoina provoked by exposure in the bleak blizzards of early March be avoided. "Many lives," says the announcement, "have been shortened by the experiences of that day." That is an argument certainly, but if bad weather is a reason for a change, long adhesion is a stronger one for no change. There is a good deal of virtue in an old custom, a venerable holiday, in any adhesion to the innocent habits or observances of the generations that have passed away. It is our form of reverance for our fathers, and a people can never be seriously corrupted that retains its veneration for the virtues of the dead from whom they sprang.

We have secured the following unusual indeed, most extraordinary, clubbing arrangements with the Cottage Hearth, one of the very best of home and fireside monthly magazines: We will send the Weekly Sentinel and Cottage Hearth both one year for $1.75, only 25 cents more than the price of the Cottage Hearth alone.

BISMARCK'S COUP DE ETAT.

Bismarck has threatened, with his usual brutal frankness, a *coup de etat* on the German Parliament. He reminded his hearers, while making a speech on the necessity of increasing the Imperial revenue, of the fate of the old Bundestag, that was founded upon treaties and laws, and that Germany was contented to see fall, "and the Reichstag might possibly have a similar end if it refused to fulfill its duties to the Empire." This is surprisingly like the speeches of the Kings of France to the *Tiers Etats*, before those Kings concluded to do without that body altogether. But we can see no resemblance between the German Reichstag, that in its essence is representative of a nation, and functionary to national legislation, and the old Bund, that was, at best, a patched-up affair, consisting, in fact, of Ministers Plenipotentiary to the German Empire from the independent Western German States and Principalities. The Reichstag, while in a sense representative of these same States, has lost its ministerial character and become merged, to a great degree, as representatives of the German people and of the Empire, rather than of the Principalities.

The Bund was nothing more than a political alliance of independent powers, and that it readily melted away under the aspirations for National unity that took tangible shape after Sadowa, and became distinctly formulated in a nomogenous federation at Versailles, was natural in that its relations were international, rather than national or popular. None but a German in Germany can tell just how far the Reichstag is yet representative of the disintegrating tendencies of the principalities toward more complete autonomy, or whether there is not yet among these states some of that ancient virus that made them the foot-ball of French and Austrian diplomacy for centuries, and not apparent only to the German diplomatic service.

But most probably the trouble Bismarck finds with the Reichstag is in the fact that it is becoming a rising and powerful exponent of the popular voice. It has shown restiveness lately at increasing the already over-burdened tax lists, and thrice has positively refused to consider Bismarck's measures. But Bismarck must have money. His heavy arrangements and collossal plans require more and more and more, and the Germans, overpopulated and poor, and already staggering under the load, can not give more. There is danger that Bismarck will stir up the slumbering spirit of Democracy all throughout Germany, unless it soon becomes evident that the sacrifice is demanded as a measure of national existence. This Bismarck is endeavoring to supply by driving public attention to the old watch on the Rhine. German papers teem with fierce invective against their ancient enemy of Gaul, but the Gaul gives no sign, at least, that he is anything but the peaceable money-making citizen he appears to be, quietly getting along with his Republic. Unless there is more reason for this alarm than appears on the surface, Bismarck is liable to overshoot the mark in directing German eyes on the Rhine. German eyes, while searching for objects of aggression, may see more in the peaceful French Republic than enemies. They may be led to contrast themselves as the conquering people with the people they have conquered, and be led to wonder why the hard conditions of war seem to have reversed themselves, and draw conclusions that Republics, after all, are better than Empires, especially as they see that great tax lists are no longer required to keep up the state of the crown, and the many Princes and nobility of Germany, that collectively drain so much of the resource of the people. Bismarck's policy is bold, it must be brilliant and progressively successful to succeed. It will fall on the first reverse, as the Third Napoleon's fell. It would not be unfair, as Germany gave a Republic to France for France to give a Republic to Germany. Stranger things have happened.

We call special attention to our terms of six Weekly Sentinels for $5; twelve for $10.

COST OF OPERATING TELEPHONE EXCHANGES.

We give the cost of operating sundry telephone exchanges, from figures given by the American Bell at a late hearing before the Legislature of Massachusetts. Boston exchange, costing in 1883 $129,000, is as follows for July, 1885, a fairly representative month: Gross earnings, $26,479.93; expenses, pay of operators, $11,763.24; repairs and maintainance, $1,990.18; reconstruction, $405.18; other expenses, principally payments to the Bell Company, $7,247.54. This leaves a clear profit for the month of July of $14,716.68 after paying all rentals, royalties, commissions, ex-territorial commissions and Western Union commissions to the American Bell Company. At this rate the annual profit of operating Boston exchange is $176,609.28 on a plant valued by the Bell Company at not over $129,000. This gives a profit of about 140 per cent. yearly on the total cost of the exchange, and all the figures are compiled from the statements of the company itself, and are as unfavorable as they can possibly make them.

It is claimed that the cost of operating exchanges is greatly increased with the number of subscribers, yet it will be noticed that the total cost of operators is less than 10 per cent. of the gross revenue. Yet, with this showing, the attorney of the Bell Company opposes any reduction in the Boston rates. It also appeared at this hearing that exchanges not operated by the Bell Company, but sub-let to individuals in Montpelier, Vt.; Laconia and Plymouth, N. H., and other similar towns, using from 200 to 50 telephones, are now running at good profits on a rate per month of $2 to $3.

The Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company, operating Taunton, Brockton, Fall River and New Bedford, Mass., lets its telephones at a standard rate of $3 per station, and makes a handsome dividend for its stockholders.

It was also clearly shown that the companies in Massachusetts really netted more profit in running at a low rate than at the increase, but the increase demanded was by reason of the new stock given to the Bell Company being entitled to draw dividends. Petitions by the thousand are pouring into the Massachusetts Legislature for the passage of a bill similar to the Williams bill.

INDIANA is a great State. She was among the first to adopt electric light for cities; first to discover the induction system of telegraphy; first to introduce the blessings of the Wabash chill; first to rally in defense of the Union; first to wheel into the Democratic column after the close of the war; first to establish a rate for telephone service; first to fix a regular commercial value of $2 on political suffrage; first in war first in peace, and during the past year has had within her border seven first class impromptu neck-tie matinees.

IT would seem that the illness of Secretary Manning was complete nervous exhaustion, and would permanently unfit him for public life. It is by no means certain that he will recover, for paralysis of one side has resulted, and it will require a few days to determine whether it will extend or physical energy gradually reduce it.

A CRANK threw an object into the Queen's carriage as it was passing through Hyde Park, London, that created considerable consternation. It proved to be no worse than a piece of paper containing a petition that he wanted to reach the Queen.

AN American lady and a French lady, both doctors, went to the field of Waterloo to fight a duel. It was fought with swords, and the American was slightly wounded, and the military power of France was vindicated. *Vive la France.*

JAY GOULD threatens to bring suits for damages against individual strikers who have property and are responsible, some of whom, he claims, are worth $15,000 and $20,000. It would be a curious outcome of the ease.

The Globe-Democrat says:

Labor troubles always put Senator Vest in mind of his Sedalia strike story. He has been telling it recently. He was attorney for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas in 1877, when the troubles occurred. At Sedalia the strikers took possession of the railroad yards and property, and did about as they pleased for several days. As the legal adviser of the company the Senator had much to do with the negotiations for the settlement of the differences. At last it seemed as if everything was satisfactorily arranged. Mr. Vest went down to the hall where the strikers' committee was in session. The papers were read and the terms were fairly discussed, the strikers expressing themselves as willing to raise the embargo on traffic and go to work. There seemed to be nothing more to do, when a striker arose and with great gravity said there was one thing to be considered yet, and doubtless Mr. Vest could give an opinion upon it. He reminded them that as they well knew it was Sunday, and he desired to know if the strikers turned the property over to the railroad company on that day whether it would be a legal act.

The New York Sun strikes the nail squarely on the head when it remarks:

Yet the revival of business and the driving away of depression and distress are simple and easy problems for whoever has his eyes open, and can see. If any one doubts this, let him ponder a little over the gigantic strikes now in progress, the greatest and worst we have ever known.

The remedy consists in abolishing the use of gold as our standard of values, and in substituting silver for it. Then a new life will begin, just as it began when the great discoveries of gold were made in California and Australia. Then there will be a boom in business, and prosperity will be restored. But as long as the steadily appreciating gold standard is adhered to stagnation, depression, and distress will be the portion of our country.

It is by copying after nature that man gets best results. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is nature's own remedy, is purely vegetable, can be taken by the most delicate. Cures all stomach, kidney and liver troubles. Fifty cents.

PERSONALS.

CONGRESSMAN HISCOCK received 110 votes in a beauty contest at a Washington photograph gallery, against 100 for Daniel, of Virginia, and 98 for McComas, of Maryland.

AMONG the cards left at the White House recently was the following: "J. T. Newman. I have been voting for Democratic Presidents for forty-eight years. I would like to see one before I die." He was accorded the privilege at 1:30 o'clock.—Washington Star.

JOHN R. SMALL, a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, who is forming a magnificent libray of choice English books, has lately had bound for him, through a London bookseller, a set of Pickering's Aldine edition of the British Poets (fifty-three volumes), each volume being incased in distinct shades of morocco from the others. This has been done before in calf, but never before in morocco.

JUST before the outbreak of the war Stonewall Jackson, then a Professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, organized a Sunday-school for colored children, which is still sustained by leading citizens there. This Sunday-school has now set on foot a subscription for a monument to Jackson, which is meeting with lively responses among the people, black and white, os the South.

THE ex-Confederate General Preston said to an interviewer: "Once when Sir Garnet Wolseley asked me at a dinner party at Montreal if the South could not have held out longer I replied: "As a mere matter of physical endurance, yes; but do you know, sir, that in the four years of war through which we passed the South alone, with its few millions of people, lost more men in battle than England did in all the wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria?"

SHORTS.

THE properest thing for a liquery him
Is the timely caress of a hickory limb.
—Yonkers Gazette.

THE eternaal fitness of things is illustrated by the fact that a Mr. Grogg holds a prominent position in a Columbus, O., brewery.—Boston Post.

It is said to be easier to get a divorce in Maine than to get a drink of whisky. Yes, and the people seem to want the divorce just about as often as they do the whisky.—Texas Siftings.

DR. LEONARD says progressive euchre is progression to hell. The Doctor must have had a bad partner at the head table.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable wasn't such an idiot as he looked after all, for he defended his position by saying that they made a man forget all his other miseries.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A NEW YORK lady advertises for a pair of opera glasses which she lost in a Fifth avenue church. This reminds us that the season for spring bonnets is now open.—Burlington Free Press.

IF all the members of Congress would keep away from Washington as faithfully as Senator Jones does, some of the unfinished business would get a chance to come to the front.—Burlington Free Press.

AND now, my dear brethren, what shall I say more?" thundered the long-winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.—Chicago Rambler.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

A BUNCH of very dark purple pansies, with one or two white ones, makes a pretty breast knot for any young woman who has arrayed herself in Lenten black or gray.

PRINCESS HELENE DE YPSILANTI, widow of the late Greek Minister at Vienna, has succeeded in squandering a fortune of $15,000,000. Too many spring bonnets did it.

ACCORDING to Ella Wheeler Wilcox it is the woman who feels herself strongest in her virtue and secure in social position who is most fearless in her efforts to uplift the afflicted and unfortunate.

THERE is now in Atlanta, Ga., a negress, named Sarah White, born near Charlottesville, Va., in 1767, and is consequently 118 years old. She has a scar on her head which she has borne for 102 years.

ELEANOR BOUDINOT is the granddaughter of Elias, who translated the Bible into the Ceerokee tongue. She is described as having a fine, strong face, but though only one-quarter Indian, shows striking traces of her Indian ancestry.

MRS. WHITNEY, mother of Annie Whitney, the sculptor, is living at Watertown, Mass., at the age of 101 years. A few days ago she surprised the family by walking into the breakfast room at an unusually early hour. "Why, mother," exclaimed her daughter, "did you come down alone?" "Why, yes," replied the energetic centenarian; "I should think I was old enough to come alone!"

CURIOUS AND UNUSUAL.

THERE is a negress living in Atlanta, Ga., who says she was born in 1797.

IOWA proudly calls attention to the fact that she has a citizen named Sheol.

GEORGIA has a law making death the punishment for burglary in the night time.

THE Maryland State constitution prohibits ministers from becoming members of the Legislature.

THE smallest man in Pennsylvania is Ellis Reinhart, of Goldsboro. He is twenty-eight years old, thirty-three inches high, and weighs sixty-four pounds.

PROHIBITION pumps are fashionable in Des Moines. Worked by bartenders, beer comes out; but let an officer of the law take a hand at the pump and only water comes forth.

A FARMER in the West being visited by robbers, and having no shot for his gun for their appropriate reception, put in a box of pills. The outside application resulted in the death of one of the intruders and the serious wounding of another.

A CROMWELL, (Ct.) woman, whose condition of health lately led to the belief among her friends that she was suffering from consumption, was taken with a severe fit of coughing the other day, during which she relieved herself of a chicken bone that she swallowed twenty years ago. The woman is now rapidly improving in health.

NEAR the headwaters of the Little Colorado, called by Coronado the Rio del Lino, is one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the United States. It is a petrified forest, extending over many miles. The trees are silicified conifera of gigantic size. One has been discovered which measures more than twenty feet at the base, and at a break 100 feet from the base it was ten feet in diameter.

Letter from Colonel Charles Denby.

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a private letter to the editor of this paper, received from Colonel Charles Denby, the Minister to China:

I was shocked and horrified at the news of the death of Mr. Hendricks. I had just written him a long letter, inviting Mrs. Hendricks and him to visit me here. I counted securely on their coming, and I was going to make it a grand occasion. He would have been received with all honor and courtesy in the East.

I always loved the man. I had known him long and intimately. I shall never forget a brilliant day when I entertained him, Hon. J. E. McDonald and Hon. D. W. Voorhees at my house at Evansville. No one else was present. We were together some hours. The conversation took a wide range, and with three such masters talking unrestrainedly in private intercourse, there was a flow of wit and humor and information which could not be surpassed in any company in the world. His death brings back vividly to my recollection that other death which preceded it—that of my old preceptor and friend, Conrad Baker, as pure a man, and as able a lawyer, and as honest a statesman as Indiana ever produced.

My relations with Mr. Hendricks, though the occasions of my seeing him were not very frequent, were always delightful. I had sometimes law business with the great law firm of which he was the leader. I sometimes played whist with Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks, and the lamented General Love, at the Bates.

Mr. Hendricks struck me, somehow, as a great big kind-hearted boy. His apparent simplicity often amused me, while his gentleness and gracious manners charmed me. He was as pure in every relation as a man could be, as considerate and honest as it is possible to be, a rare and beautiful conversationalist, a great lawyer, an open and honorable statesman. In other States than Indiana, he was misunderstood. He passed, somehow, for a "trimmer." We, who saw him year after year leading the fore front of the battle, wrestling against enormous odds for the principles which were a part of his being never thought that he "trimmed." As the leader of our forces he fought with his own corps d'armee a separate battle in his own way. He wanted to carry Indiana for his party and for the good of the people. He did not consult other leaders as to their views, but formed his own opinion of what Indiana wanted and strove independently to win success. He knew the State and her people as thoroughly as ever man did. He was the idol of the people of Indiana, and all men of all parties respected him, and a vast majority loved him as one loves a cherished friend. Wherein Mr. Hendricks "trimmed" politically I am weary of conjecture.

It is singular that to him and Henry Clay was vouchsafed in common parlance the title of Mister. All the world spoke and speaks of Clay as Mr. Clay, and so did all the world speak of Hendricks. It indicates a species of respect surpassing the ordinary sentiment entertained for those whom we knew familiarly. I could illustrate this very example from our own and other States, but I simply suggest it.

The State has suffered irreparable loss. We have lost a gentle, amiable, upright citizen, who, as long as history lives will be enshrined in the hearts of Indianians. The Nation mourns a peerless statesman, but we who knew him so well, will mourn one whom to know was to love. My flag and those of the Consulates in China will fly at half mast for thirty days in his honor. My colleagues have also honored his memory by putting there flags at half mast for several days.

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"Rough on Rats."

Special to the Sentinel.

FRANKLIN, Ind., March 25.—Yesterday morning the family of Henry Sanders, living in White River Township, this county, and about ten miles northeast of this city, had a very narrow escape from death by poison. At the breakfast table one of the boys remarked that the coffee did not taste good, and pushed his cup away. The rest of the family noticed, the "queer taste," but kept on drinking, shortly after they were all taken violently sick. A doctor was hastily summoned and after a severe struggle all were placed out of danger. On examination it was found that enough "Rough on Rats," had been placed in the pot to have killed a person by drinking a very small amount of coffee. An affadavit was sworn out against a son-in-law of Sanders named Chappin, before Squire Scott, who bound him over to court. Chappin says he can prove his innocence, as he was not there Tuesday night. There is a great deal of excitement over the affair in that neighborhood.

Senator Payne and Mrs. Whitney left here this evening for Cleveland, O., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Paulina Skinner Perry, mother of Mrs. Senator Payne, who died there yesterday.