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J. H. HELLER, Manager.

THE
DIFFERENCE

James E. Watson, the republican nominee for governor, is a forceful speaker, of fine personal appearance and a good campaigner, but he is a machine politician of the Fairbanks order. He is opposed by organized labor and is controlled by the Wall street crowd of financiers. The contest for governor is between two of the ablest men in the two great parties. Watson is eloquent, Tom Marshall is brilliant; Watson has had more experience in politics, but Marshall is more profound in the law; Watson knows more about machine politics, Marshall more about the constitution. Watson is a machine-oiled statesman, Marshall is free from political machines; Watson belongs to the Fairbanks faction, Marshall knows no faction; Watson is a "stand-patter," Marshall is a tariff for revenue only reformer; Watson is controlled by Wall street money power and all that the "system" means. Marshall is controlled by no "interests," but the constitution and the law; Watson is hostile to organized labor, Marshall stands for justice to all, rich and poor alike, and for special privileges to none.—Huntington Democrat.

The Democrats of Adams and Allen counties will meet in joint convention at Decatur to nominate a candidate for state senator. Hon. Steven B. Fleming will be presented by Allen county and as turns about is but fair play Adams county will join in making the nomination by acclamation and well it may. Mr. Fleming is no stranger to the people, having served with distinction in the state senate and met his obligations fully and intelligently. As a candidate it will be intelligently to say many things of Senator Fleming, but now and always it is proper to say that no better or more ardent Democrat lives. He works as hard in politics as he does in business and no young man in the state of Indiana, or any other state for that matter, has worked harder or been more successful. His interests are varied, but Senator Fleming does not let business or politics absorb all of his attention. He gives to religion, to religious' institutions—he gives to the poor and needy—he gives to charity and charity's institutions, no man more liberally, none with less show—he has helped young men along and been fair to labor—what is more, he lives as he does for good traits predominate in his life.—Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

THE CRYSTAL
THEATRE

OPEN TONIGHT

MOTION PICTURES.

First film—"The Tourage in Their Country," "Forsaken."

Second film—"The Angel of the Village," "Toulas Dream," "The Frog."

ILLUSTRATED SONG.

"Smile on Me."

SCHMUCK & MILLER

175 Head HORSE SALE 175 Head

Decatur, Indiana, APRIL 10, 1908

On the above date we will hold our next regular sale. We have the largest consignment of horses we have ever had. Among them are some brood mares and colts. If you are in need of a horse, come in and see us. We have the largest and best consignment in northern Indiana to pick from. If you have a horse to sell, bring him to this sale. Nowhere in this section can you have the opportunity to place your horse before such a company of buyers from the large eastern markets. Commission the same whether sold at private sale or auction.

Decatur Horse Sale Co.

COURTHOUSE NEWS

Jury Commissioners Will Meet Tomorrow to Draw April Jurors

APPRAISEMENT FILED

In Central Oil Company Matter—Clerk Issuing Fee Bills this Week

PARSIFAL AT FORT WAYNE.

The immortal Richard Wagner was a great student and reader. It was only by constant research and study that he was enabled to provide himself with the material with which he built his magnificent productions, dramatic and operatic. It is said it was while searching for material for his imperishable Tannhauser that he came across Wolfram von Eschbach's poems of "Paersifal" and "Titerl." Upon making this discovery he rapturously reported "an entirely new world of dramatic and poetic matter suddenly opened before me." Wagner was the first one to name his forthcoming production "a religious drama." To use his own words again: "As I have made 'Tristan and Ysode' a song of terrestrial love, so I will make 'Parsifal' a drama of divine love." How well the master succeeded in this direction the world now knows. No one can witness it, after having seen others of his many productions without recognizing the imprint of his philosophical studies as well as that spirit of oriental mysticism in which he delighted and which at one time he intended to make use of for the stage. During his long forced exile from his native land Wagner consoled himself not only in being actively employed in his writings, but also as a studious reader of the philosophy of Schopenhauer, of whom, to the last, he was a great admirer. It was Wagner's profound knowledge of human nature and his utter lack of bigotry or prejudice that enabled him to reach the hearts and souls of the countless readers and auditors of his works throughout the world. "Parsifal" will be presented in Fort Wayne at the Majestic theater Thursday, April 9. Seats ordered by mail will be forwarded on receipt of remittance and self addressed stamped envelope directed to M. E. Rice, manager Majestic, Fort Wayne, Ind.

DON'T OVERLOOK ANYTHING.

Decatur Man in Alaska Read the Democrat Clear Through.

Fred Martin, formerly of this city, and a son of Councilman Jacob Martin writes us from Fairbanks, Alaska, where he is operating the California hotel and cafe, enclosing the price for the Democrat and says: "Ed. Will Schirmeyer and myself are always looking for the paper every week and the three of us read it 'ads' and all. We do not overlook anything in it." He sends best regards to all his Decatur friends.

THE TRAIN WAS DELAYED.

No. 6 Clover Leaf Train Delayed by Slight Wreck.

This morning the passenger train No. 6, which arrives here on the Clover Leaf railroad at 4:26, was delayed three hours, or more, arriving here about 8:30 o'clock. The delay was caused by the chair car number five jumping the track at the city called Linden Ind., and the passenger train could not possibly pass. No one was hurt and the car was but even damaged, yet it caused a great deal of excitement among the passengers.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe coughs, and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

THE HOLTHOUSE DRUG CO.

TO GIVE RECEPTION

Epworth League Will Welcome Return of Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox

OTHER SOCIETY NEWS

Missionary Meeting Thursday—German Reformed Young People Tonight

The Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church will meet with Mrs. D. H. Heller on Thursday afternoon.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church will give a reception to Dr. Wilcox and family on Friday evening of this week. Music will be furnished by Loch's orchestra, besides a number of instrumental selections by different members of the league. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The attendance of all Knights of Pythias is requested at their hall Thursday night. There will be work in all three ranks.

The Young People's society of the German Reformed church will meet tonight with Miss Bertha Knapp, north Third street.

The Shakespeare club will meet with Miss Hattie Studabaker on Wednesday afternoon at her home. Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison has sent her paper as she had charge of the subject for the afternoon.

There will be a meeting of the C. B. L. of I. order this evening after church. All members are requested to be present.

AN INSIDIOUS DANGER.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble, as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes.

THE HOLTHOUSE DRUG CO.

Many Women Praise This Remedy.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for tritium leaf. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

HE GOT WHAT HE NEEDED.

"Nine years ago it looked as if my time had come," says Mr. C. Farthing of Mill Creek, Ind. Ter. "I was so run down that life hung on a very slender thread. It was then my druggist recommended Electric Bitters. I bought a bottle and I got what I needed—strength. I had one foot in the grave, but Electric Bitters put it back on the turf again, and I've been well ever since." Sold under guarantee at Page Blackburn drug store. 50c.

Democrat Want Ads. Pay.

MEXICAN CHURCHES

(Continued from page 1)
magnificent structure. A painting in this cathedral by Murillo the archbishop refused \$75,000 gold for it. The church was completed in 1618. Two bells in this church are famous, one the Campana del Correo, the bell of the post, which only rings when some event of importance happens. The other San Clemente was rung in former times to ward lightning after the town was struck some years ago they do not ring it. The finest market in Mexico, I believe, we found here. I could write pages about this beautiful city. We next went to Lake Chapala, one of the prettiest bodies of water in the world. It is the largest lake in Mexico, about 100 miles long and 33 miles at its widest point. We sailed about 15 miles to the lovely inn on the shore of the lake where we spent the day. It is an ideal spot. President Diaz' nephew, Felix Diaz, the one he is training to succeed him as president at his death, was there with his wife. There was a band of native musicians played all afternoon. It was an altogether delightful place. We returned by moonlight, to our starting point, and the train started for Queretaro, "the opal town," where opals are said to be "dirty cheap." But there was a freight wreck ahead of us, and we were delayed so many hours we did not have time to stop, so we went on to Guanajuato, which we found most interesting. We had to change cars at Silao and went eleven miles to Marfil, then by street cars up the barranca or gulch to the heart of the city. The houses are perched up on the rocks along the way, and many men and burros and dogs are passed, likewise Indian women in their picturesque dress. Nearly everything about Mexico will have to be left to be told when I get home. I cannot take time to write it, there is so much. The Alondiga or Castilla de Granadas erected in 1785 as a chamber of commerce and now used as a prison was of unusual interest to us, as after the patriots Allende, Aldama, Jimenez and Hidalgo were executed at Chihuahua, by the Spaniards in 1811, and their heads brought here and hung one on each corner of this castle the hooks still showing. After the war for independence was over Hidalgo's head was taken to Mexico City and buried in the cathedral. There were many interesting things to see here, but there is one question asked you always, "Did you see the catacombs at Guanajuato?" We did. I rode a little burro up the hill to the cemetery. It had a pig skin strapped on its back for a saddle. The hair was still on. I rode man fashion. There was nothing to hold to no pommel, no bridle, no string, nothing. I got along very well going up hill, the little boy prodding the donkey and halloing to keep it going. But coming down I met my Waterloo! The road is rather steep, and the donkey was urged to a trot in spite of my English exhortations which the Mexican muchacha did not understand, so in spite of all my efforts I began to slip forward. There was nothing to stop me. I grabbed for the burro's neck, and then his ears, which was all that kept me from sliding over his head. That stayed me a little and my feet slipped sideways to the ground. My wrists were a little scratched, but otherwise not damaged. But the muchacha could not persuade me to mount this animal again. But the catacombs! Well all over Mexico the people are buried only for a few years. Most of the graves are rented too. At the cemetery they are dumped out into a shallow grave. Then in a few years the bones are taken up and dumped in a heap in the corner of

the cemetery or panteon as they call it, and another body takes its place. Here at Guanajuato some bodies were found to be preserved so they are on show, so you go down a sort of well with steps inside to a long underground passage lighted from above. In one end are human bones stacked up like cord wood. In the other end shut off by a glass partition is a double row of ghostly grinning skeletons with the hair still on the heads and the skin dried on the bones. Yes, we saw the panteon at Guanajuato. The city is the capital of the state of the same name and is I think about 250 miles from the City of Mexico. It is a very old mining town and has produced an immense amount of silver. We next went to Leon, a quaint old city. We found many houses had the organ cactus planted around for a fence. Some of the cactus 20 feet high, the shape of the pipes in a pipe organ, hence the name. It is the greatest manufacturing city in all Mexico, especially saddles, bridles, stirrups inlaid with silver, reboosas, zaperas, etc., shoes, shawls. There are ten parks in the city. It is very interesting. We next went to Agua Calientes famous for its hot springs, and drawn linen work. The moment you get off the train you are besieged to buy, and indeed we spent most of our time here in the shops, and I cannot remember much about the town. I think it has about 40,000 people. From here we went to Zacaticas, and a most beautiful view we have as we approach it. Everywhere in Mexico the roofs are flat. Nearly always the better class houses are cemented smoothly outside, and painted pink, blue, green, cream, yellow, etc. The windows all have iron gratings from the plain iron rods to the beautiful wrought iron grill work. Back of these are glass windows or shutters or both. When we get in the horse cars we just roll down into the city. Coming back we have four mules, or donkeys, I should say, to pull us up. The facade of the cathedral here is unusually beautiful. The great sight here is a "Church of Guadalupe" four miles away. We look at the ascent and conclude we have seen enough churches for the day, so turn our faces toward retreat. We are about 450 miles north of Mexico City. These cities are all many hours ride from each other, but we want to go over to Tampico on the east coast and up to Victoria, capital of the state of Tamaulipas. It takes us two days and nights to reach there. Trains in Mexico are very slow, and very curious. Not comfortable like our trains. They have a first, second and third class. In the first class the men smoke continually. They smoke everywhere, but in church. We returned to Agua Calientes and changed cars to Tampico, and changed and finally reached Victoria. We were invited to spend a month in a Spanish family, but we found my Spanish friend was so notwithstanding urging, we staid only four days. Then we went up to Monterrey and got a through train and went back to the City of Mexico, being on the way two days and nights again. We spent another week in the city and then went down

to

Oaxaca, which was another journey of a night and a day. We had to take a narrow gauge. The 'sleeper' was like a play train. We reached Oaxaca the next night. Russ Harruff had a nice room engaged for us and we were soon comfortable. We had the best room in the best hotel—a quaint Mexican hotel run by a Frenchman. We liked Oaxaca very much. The climate was delightful in fact ideal. It is a

very quaint old city. One where Cortez once lived. He was known as the Marquis of Oaxaca, and as such the king of Spain granted him all the land up to Mexico City, and I suppose down to the isthmus. But I must not write more in this letter. I have wanted to say a thousand things I have left out. We are well and enjoying every hour. In very great haste, your loving sister Elizabeth Morrison.