

# The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

W. BLACKBURN, PUBLISHER

HERE is hoping that the grip will let up on Congressmen and that Congressmen will get their grip and settle down to solid work.

ONE of the towns laid out in Mexico by the Baron Hirsch colonists is called Mosesville. The natives will be able to furnish the bull rushes for it.

AN enterprising Chicago firm talks of using cranks for book agents. Some of those now in the business are worse than an ordinary bomb thrower.

THE diamond of character is revealed by the concession of misfortune, as the splendor of the precious jewel of the mine developed by the blows of lapidary.

A CHICAGO drummer was thrown off a railway train by Texas cowboys because he wore a red cravat. The man who follows the fashion in Chicago should keep away from Texas.

THE oldest daughter of the house has such a lordly time of it running things to suit herself, that we often wonder why she ever gives it all up to marry a man who will try to boss her.

LIFE is a search after power; and this is an element with which the world is not satisfied—there is no chink or crevice in which it is not lodged—that no honest seeker goes unrewarded.

TO those who are employed and busy, time flies with great rapidity. Life is tedious only to the idle. Nothing is more monotonous than the ticking of the clock to him who has nothing to do but to listen to it.

RECENT occurrences in New York suggest the reflection that it might be well for the landlords there to give less attention to the selection of sonorous names for their flat buildings and more to the work of making the structure fireproof.

THE future of the British peerage is strengthened by the birth of twins to the house of Clancarty. Lady Clancarty was better known under the name of Belle Bilton and Lord Clancarty was not better known under any name.

It takes seven pages of a current magazine for a graduate of one of the women's colleges to tell what is "The Greatest Need of College Girls." Had she come from a co-educational college she could have expressed it in two words—college boys.

THE small size of the postal car is especially designed for the use of ladies by Mr. Wanamaker will result in much saving to the Postoffice Department. It will not take the postmistress one-half so long to read them as the old type.

THE trouble with most men amounting to anything, is that they spend too much time watching the trains come in. Every loafer in the country knows the time-tables by heart, and spends his idle time at the depot to see that the trains come in all right.

WORLD'S FAIR officials complain that the French newspapers refuse to publish items concerning the enterprise except as paid advertising matter. Anopose of this it is pertinent to recall the fact that there are no newspaper men in France, but only journalists.

Most of the astronomers are discussing the probability of the reappearance of the "Star of Bethlehem" at the end of the century. Some insist that it was a spiritual conception, and, of course, not subject to telescopic observation. No way is suggested to determine the question at present.

THE dire tidings from Samoa that aborigines of that flowery isle set upon a party of United States marines and beat them sorely. A series of articles gravely comparing the relative power of the American and Samoan navies may now be expected from the facile pens of the Washington correspondents.

FOR more than sixty years William Ewart Gladstone has been in public life, and during that period no one man has done more to shape his country's history. His statesmanship bears the stamp of the highest Christian character, a pure conscience and honest purposes governing the course of his endeavor. Truly he is the grand old man.

COL. INGERSOLL told the editor of the National Baptist to stop sending that paper to him, adding that he takes a bath every morning and improves on the Baptist method by using soap. If the Colonels were the youthful progeny of a good old-fashioned Baptist, the eloquent scotter would have that mouth of his well washed out with soap, besides a thorough cleaning out generally.

A MANUFACTURER of cars has invented a machine for shaping and polishing the spoon-shaped blades. That is all right as far as it goes, but he can make a fortune by inventing a machine to polish the other end of the cars and bear all the blisters and Verdins might have added: What the Italian agriculturist wants is a little more money and a good deal more instruction.—London Globe.

hour for the craft and 50 cents a dozen for minnows.

THE will of one Schuy Skuats, a late New Yorker of wealth, is being contested. It is of evidence that he snored in church and was the persistent manufacturer of puns. The former, we boldly declare it, is not an example of insanity, but when it comes to continuous punning we respectfully abide the finding of the court.

THE back frame of the big United States defense ram is now in place at the Bath Iron Works, and shows the skeleton of the great hulk in all its oddity. The philosophy of the whole thing is made clear at a glance, and any man with an idea of the comparative ease with which a shot can be deflected when striking upon an angling surface will see that the gun capable of piercing that armed deck is not made yet. The only thing the strange-looking vessel has to fear is a torpedo, and she is no more exposed to them than are any of the big battle-ships.

THE florists of Chicago are an active set. They recently declared against the practice of soliciting trade from houses of mourning before the burial of the deceased, and now they propose to organize a flower trust. A prominent dealer says that the purpose of the trust is to keep prices down by preventing hawkers from overcharging. This subterfuge, however, will not work. The people of Chicago cannot tolerate a flower trust. In a climate of mild and equable as this, flowers should be plentiful and cheap during every month in the year. There is a law against trusts, and it will be applied to protect the beautiful as well as the useful.

CHICAGO's points of excellence are as numerous as the stars. Take the matter of pick-pockets, for instance. Here is Paul de Nezienoff, Vice Admiral of the Russian Navy and aum of the Czar. He passes down Washington street. A crowd impedes his progress, and near the corner of Clark street it presses cruelly against a woman walking near him. She utters an exclamation. The gallant Vice Admiral rushes to her side. With one arm he courteously encircles her waist; with the other he holds the crowd at bay. She looks up with her heart in her eyes. She is petite. Her smile is as dazzling as the diamonds in her ears. She has dimples. She thanks the Vice Admiral so sweetly that he can taste it. They separate. An hour later he discovers that he is sans watch, sans purse, sans letter of credit, sans tickets and passports, sans everything. This is art.

LEAP year is ushered in with the usual arguments in favor of woman's right to propose. "If Jeems thinks kindly of Belinda," says one authority, "very good; he may mention the matter. But if Belinda is enamored of Jeems, her lips are sealed. Out upon any such unreasonable sex discrimination as this!" This is violent nonsense. The attitude of woman toward man in society now is that of a queen toward a subject. The proposal, when rightly analyzed, is not the command of a ruler but the plea of a suppliant. It is the woman who has the final right of choice. A man selects from among his female acquaintances the woman or women whom he will ask; the woman selects from among her suitors the man whom she will have. She has all the power to pick and choose without the humiliation of rejection. If Belinda is enamored of Jeems, neither her lips nor her eyes are sealed. If she is an American and cannot make Jeems understand the condition of her heart without striking him with the sledge hammer of a formal offer of marriage, it would be better for her to take her sentimental wares to another market; Jeems is too stupid to be married. Leap year is a merry joke, but any attempt to put the fancy into serious practice would place a limit upon the supremacy of the sex.

Ineed?

Mrs. H.—is a young married lady, an Episcopalian, says the Philadelphia Record. Her husband is not a member of any church; but, as all good husbands should, he frequently attends church with his wife. His first attempt, however, to conform to the Episcopal form of service was so mortifying that he was almost tempted to forsake church-going altogether. It was on Easter Sunday, and his wife, had to coach him properly beforehand, naturally wishing him to take part with her in the service. "Remember now, my dear," she said; "that the rector will come forward and say 'The Lord is risen,' and you will respond with, 'He is risen, indeed—yea will remember that, won't you?'" "Well, I guess I can remember four words," replied Mr. H.—, a little testily. "An hour later they were at the church. The rector came forward at the proper time, in the beginning of the service, and said, solemnly: 'The Lord is risen.' Promptly and distinctly came the response of Mr. H.—: 'Is He, indeed?'

Verdi on Social Reforms.

Sig. Verdi deserves credit for candor. He has lately written on the social condition of Italy, in which he deprecates the art of which he is an acknowledged master, as well as some other honorable professions, in comparison with the humbler calling of the farmer. What his country wants, he says, is "fewer musicians, fewer doctors, and a few more agriculturists." It is perfectly true, and Sig. Verdi might have added: What the Italian agriculturist wants is a little more money and a good deal more instruction.—London Globe.

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## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### SOME IMPRESSIVE LESSONS ARE FOUND IN THE ECHO.

The Echoes of a Moral Example in One Family and an Example of Moral Influence in Another—Eternity to Echo the Doings of Time.

At the Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "Echoes," and his text, Ezekiel viii, 7. "The sounding again of the mountains."

At last I have found it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight Heavens to the phosphorescence of the gambling sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo, Ezekiel viii, 7.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he heard the sound of Cataracts and of tempests in wreath with oak and cedar, and the voices of the wild beasts; but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so gave us in our text, "The sounding again of the mountains."

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been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's Island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada."

"One of the daughters of the old folks married an infidel with the idea of reforming him, and you know that all ends well—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I can't say." "Is it possible?" My hearers, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of the text heard it again and again.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he heard the sound of Cataracts and of tempests in wreath with oak and cedar, and the voices of the wild beasts; but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so gave us in our text, "The sounding again of the mountains."

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