

The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

BLACKBURN, PUBLISHER.

We are exultingly told that there are minarets on the World's Fair ground which pierce the very clouds. Clouds of Chicago smoke explains the apparent exaggeration.

Some of the riotous Russians who killed ten doctors for trying to save them from cholera realize their error now. They have been sentenced to death, and a few of them even to Siberia.

The kind of patriotism which tears down the flags of other nations when they are flying to do honor to this, is not the patriotism which upholds its own flag when active support is necessary.

A RAGGED vagrant who had \$17,000 in bank is the latest sensation in a New York police court. The judge ought to have kept him until he promised to wash up and wear clean clothes.

The surplus of the Pullman Palace Car Company for the past year amounted to over three and a quarter millions of dollars, not to mention tips paid to porters. Stock in such a concern would be well worth having.

Mrs. E. BURD GRUBBS has been elected ensign of her husband's old regiment, the Twenty-third New Jersey, and it will be well for the Colonel to understand that military discipline will have to be velvet lined when she is on duty.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters have attended a memorial service in honor of Tennyson, and having thus made the amende honorable, it is to be hoped the Prince enjoys his races and his visiting in peace.

The admirers of Columbus need not let their angry passions rise at the present attacks on his character and memory. The young man who burnt the temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world, confessed it was the only means he had to bring himself into notice.

EDWARD BLAKE, the Canadian leader who got elected as a member of the British House of Commons, is shrewd enough not to promise too much as to his future work in the House. He does not want to start off like an avalanche and end like a mud puddle.

PROF. C. E. Monroe, who has resigned the post of chemist at the Newport torpedo station in order to accept a chair in the Columbian university at Washington, once received a fright in the laboratory which suddenly turned his hair white, although he now says he cannot recall the particulars.

EX-SENATOR EVARTS is now 74 years of age, and considering that he was never robust, and a worker who didn't know what it was to be tired is remarkably well preserved. He seems to be enjoying, in a quiet way, the sunset of a long and busy life, and still clings to that venerable hat of the 1872 vintage.

WHEN a child is old enough to decide matters for himself, and select his own way in life, it is considered proof of sense, not want of duty, if he does not go on in the old parental path, knowing he can do better. But in dependencies of a nation desirous of going into the government business for themselves, such a course is termed treason.

OYSTERS will be scarce. The reports show that indisputably. Last season Baltimore had to buy oysters from Long Island Sound. The indications are that she will do the same this season—this, too, in the chief market of the Chesapeake Bay, which twelve years ago furnished 17,000,000 of the 26,000,000 bushels of oysters consumed in this country.

It is said that a wealthy brewer has won over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars this season betting on horse-races, and that he intends to stop betting because he has been so successful. Everybody has heard of such things before, but they go on betting as before. It is as old as time to make resolutions to do better, and then break them.

OPEN-AIR mass-meetings are not as popular as they were a few years ago, and perhaps it is better thus. More than one case of pneumonia could doubtless be traced to the exposure at such a meeting, and the orator who stood bareheaded on the platform for an hour was very likely if he woke up the next morning free from a cold. It is better and safer for all concerned that nearly all such meetings are now held within doors.

MARK TWAIN should not go abroad in search of interesting objects of his wit. When he asked a countryman of Columbus who was sounding the praises of the admiral, "Is he dead?" he doubtless fancied that in his own land such questions would be scorned as impudent instead of answered as innocent. One of the decorations in a Gotham window was a portrait of Columbus draped in black. Below in

black letters were the words, "We mourn our loss." The New Yorker evidently thought Gotham was attending the funeral of the discoverer. This is an educational year.

JOHN KATES of Cincinnati, burns with a sense of wrong. Having one sound kidney, and one somewhat out of repair, it was deemed wise to remove the damaged member. The doctor, somewhat distraught at the responsibility of searching out and amputating so important an organ, plucked from its hiding place the sound kidney, leaving the invalid one to do double duty. When Kates awoke to a realization of the disaster he sued the doctor for damages, and, needing material evidence, also sued for the missing cog of his own works. The case is pending, but it is safe to assume that popular sympathy is with Kates.

RAILROAD fares to Chicago from all parts of the country have been fixed at a reasonable sum, but there are indications that when the Exposition is opened and travel in that direction increases the roads will begin a war with each other, and will cut rates to a figure that will prove anything but profitable to them. While special rates for large parties or organizations going to the Fair would be legitimate, yet the average citizen is willing to pay a fair sum for good travelling service, and this is rarely given him while the roads are cutting rates to ridiculously small figures and cutting each other's throats at the same time. Let the roads maintain a reasonable rate, and all concerned will be better satisfied.

ANOTHER poor fellow has been sent to his long home by the fatal and dangerous "knock-out." It is true that one doctors says that the man died from concussion of the brain, caused by the violence of his fall after the blow, while another attributes the death directly to the blow itself. But these small disagreements will not blind the public to the fact that every little while the useless and reprehensible practice of fighting to a finish results in the death of somebody. It is about time to regulate the responsibility of fighters, and to see that their bouts stop short of the "knock-out," which is so often deadly. No man can be trained so that a severe blow may not kill him. People who pound each other stand on the danger line close to manslaughter and murder.

CHICAGO has been in such a condition of delirious excitement that even the animals went on the spree. The great elephant kept chained up in Lincoln Park for the delectation of infant Illinoisans took it into his head that he wanted to celebrate, and he did so by overturning a few blocks of houses, uprooting a small forest or two and making the circumambient prairie tremble with the thundering of his trumpeting. Then he started for the exhibition, and if he had not been diverted by the pleasure of tearing a milk wagon to pieces, and strewing the milkman over a ten acre lot, he would have made short work of the costly Columbian palaces. Before he was captured the majority of the visiting jays were able to swear that they had "seen the elephant" literally, as well as figuratively.

A NEW YORK paper says the military and naval representatives of foreign governments were greatly interested in watching the State troops and the non-military bodies like the Turners, the German shooting societies, etc., which took part in the recent parade in that city. Foreign representatives are acquainted with the extent and resources of our regular army, and what they are most interested in, from military point of view, is the army which the United States could put into the field from civil life. They are quick to recognize the availability of drilled bodies like the German Turners and shooting societies, who are well trained, athletic men and good marksmen. In addition to these there is a vast army of Knights of Pythias, Knights Templars and similar organizations, which are accustomed to drill movement, and could soon be converted into soldiers. Of course, these bodies are not under government control, but in the event of a foreign war most of them would be "in it."

Land for Three Cents an Acre.

One need not go to the far west to get land at low prices. The County Commissioners of Carbon County on Tuesday sold 10,000 acres of unclaimed mountain land. The tracts are in different parts of the county. Some of it was sold for less than three cents an acre. The sale was different from the usual treasurer's sale of unclaimed lands. The County Treasurer every two years puts up at public auction unclaimed lands for the taxes that are charged against them. The purchaser cannot buy a tract for any less amount than the taxes and the former owner can redeem the tract at any time within two years by refunding to the purchaser his money. All tracts not sold at the Treasurer's sale are turned over to the County Commissioners. The County Commissioners hold the tract for five years, and if during the meantime the taxes are still unpaid, it is then advertised, put up at auction and sold for whatever it will bring, regardless of the taxes that are charged against it. That is the kind of a sale that was held on Tuesday. The only requirement was that a tract must not bring less than \$10, so as to pay the costs, etc., of advertising—allentown, Pa., Chronicle-News.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A DISCOURSE ADDRESSED TO VOTERS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Examples of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Sodom and Many More Warn Us—This Nation Is Also Becoming Corrupt and Licentious—Reform Is Necessary.

At the Tabernacle.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected for this sermon a subject sufficiently appropriate for the times. The text shown was Revelation xviii, 10, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for one hour is thy judgment come!"

Modern scientists are doing splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city—mother and child of the same name, Babylon. The ancient mound invites spades and shovels and crowbars while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Oppégo and Loftus and Chesney be rewarded by the present archaeological uncovering!

But is this possible? This is all that remains of Babylon—a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within its gardens on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazars and of market places, unrivaled for aromatics and unguents, and high mettled horses with grooms from their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest perfumes extracted from shellfish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a reprise to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and pickets and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction, so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid North. A solid South. If this goes on we shall, after awhile have a solid East against a solid West; we shall have solid Middle States against solid Northern States; we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the warcloud, and yet at every presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself, "I think sectionalism is dead." But, alas, no! The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties.

Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or sath?

When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime frenzy of the text, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for one hour is thy judgment come!" But do nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, have a middle life; they have a decease; they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up, "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying, "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up and answer, "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition, and of miraculous vicissitude, and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phoenicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction, dead.

Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fisherman dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phoenicia!" Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurielides, after Salamis, after Thermopylae, dead. Roman Empire, stand up and answer—Empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara Desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west; home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owing—Roman Empire, answer. Gibbon in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" says, "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the mass of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge of Triumphs, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Convent of Basilicas of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying, "Dead, dead." After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero—dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after constantine, after Caesar—dead. The eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican Empire—dead. French Empire—dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His infinite mercy and through a purified ballot box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American Government and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institution is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory, but is there any honest man who supposes that this vast amount of money

now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to votes.

Hundreds and thousands of men will be set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful States day after to-morrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street and gold from the Brewers' association, are in all the political headquarters of the undoubtful States, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery; but it held its head in shame. It was under the

utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin Legislature and many other public officials in that State. The Governor of the State at that time received \$50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received \$5,000. Thirteen members of the Senate received \$175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the House received from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. The Lieutenant Governor received \$10,000. The clerks of the House received from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. The Bank Comptroller received \$10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's Island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incandescence. Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation and let my text inscribed upon it these words: "Alas, alas, Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

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