

The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

M. BLACKBURN, PUBLISHER.

It PAYS
to ADVERTISE

No Sane
Man
Need be
Told that
Fact.

Given, then, that you want to do business, the only remaining question is how to do it best. There can be but one general answer to that, and that is the use of the advertising columns of the newspapers.

MR. CLEVELAND has returned to the sender a frank over the lines of an express company. Mr. Cleveland has prospects of a fairly remunerative situation, and believes that by economy he can pay his own bills.

The Idaho "diamonds" prove to be only rock crystals, and the crowds of men who hastened to the San Juan "gold fields" got nothing on the trip but blistered feet. It is evident to old '49ers that the '93ers are getting badly left.

Mrs. M. P. KIMBALL succeeds her deceased husband in the Presidency of the Pennsboro and Harrisville Railroad, and West Virginians have so much faith in her executive ability that they are in no fear of the road suffering by the change.

SAF SMALL has given up evangelical work, and will go back to his old desk in the Atlanta Constitution office. It is hard work to make a thorough newspaper man understand that there is any place where he can be nearer heaven than the one he occupies when he is within easy range of the copy-hook.

THE ENORMITY of the Panama corruption isn't lessened in appearance to Americans because it is measured in francs instead of dollars. The sum of 1,400,000,000 francs impresses an American a good deal more than \$280,000,000 would, and to an Englishman it must seem immensely larger than £56,000,000.

TASCOT is now ascertained to be in Alaska. Possibly this is true. However, there is a growing belief that Tascot is a phantom. He must put his manly form in evidence before there will be many to accept him as reality. History is full of myths. A practical age that abolishes William Tell is not going to be imposed upon by any cheap modern ghost.

A GENTLEMAN who a few months ago tried to squeeze the financial stuffing out of his associates by cornering the corn missed it by \$1,000,000. He has paid the debt with interest, and encomiums upon his honesty are falling in showers. It seems to be forgotten that some people who never tried to gamble in corn may have in them the crude elements of honesty.

ENGLISH newspapers declare that Mrs. Maybrick is only feigning illness. She is credited by them with swallowing needles and thus producing symptoms indicative of a physical system out of repair. How long this rigorous style of sham can continue without merging into something almost genuine is a question that the kindly intelligence of the newspapers above cited should hasten to throw light upon.

TEN of Kentucky's residents, all quoted as "first citizens," met and settled a dispute on principles not laid down by the Peace Congress. Only five of them are citizens of any class now. The coroner tucked the other five away. However, Kentucky has plenty of "first citizens" left. Every time a drunken man gets a gun and a grudge down there the combination, while perhaps disastrous to the neighborhood, gives him a social position concerning which it is not safe to argue.

The gentleman who it is sometimes suspected had the misfortune to turn to stone has been dug up again, this time in Nebraska. His first exhumation was on the coast. It was soon found that he was hand-made, and not even a good freak. Then the stone man started East. He has sought grave after grave and been dragged to light times without number, but people have recognized his true character. He has failed to fool even Nebrascans, a fact that absolutely dashes his hopes.

A CONTEMPORARY is responsible for the statement that at a recent plucking at the Coronado ostrich farm one bird yielded nearly 3,000 feathers, adding that when curled and dressed,

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. A DISCOURSE ON THE BIBLE AND NATURE.

The Bible Abounds in Reference to Fish, and They Are Indirectly Recommended for Food—Why Fishermen Were Chosen for Apostles.

God Is Everywhere.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage last Sunday preached to a great audience in the Tabernacle a remarkably interesting and eloquent sermon on "The Ichthyology of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes," being a continuation of his series of discourses on God everywhere. The text chosen was Genesis 1, 20, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life." What a new book the Bible is! After thirty-six years' preaching from it and discussing over 3,000 different subjects founded on the word of God, the book is as fresh to me as when I learned it, a stretch of infant memory, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," and I opened a few weeks ago a new realm of Biblical interest that neither my pulpit nor any one else's had ever explored, and having spoken to you in this course of sermons on God everywhere concerning the "Astronomical" Bible; or, "God Among the Stars;" the "Chronology of the Bible;" or, "God Among the Centuries;" the "Ornithology of the Bible;" or, "God Among the Birds;" the "Morphology of the Bible;" or, "God Among the Anemones," this morning, as I may be divinely helped, I will speak to you about the "Ichthyology of the Bible;" or, "God Among the Fishes."

HERE'S a chance for the female emancipators of women to get up and assert themselves. The galleries of the English House of Commons, from time immemorial open to the fair sex, have been barred against them on the specious plea that the ladies have been misconducting themselves while occupying its vantage ground. This means the loss of a valuable position, ladies; if you can't get into the galleries you certainly can never hope to occupy the seats on the floor. Contest the point tooth and toe nail; it is your only hope and worth the fighting for.

THE home built at Atlanta, Ga., principally through the efforts of the late Henry W. Grady, for the homeless Confederate veterans, will be sold under the auctioneer's hammer. The directors of the home resolved upon this course because the Legislature refused to make any provisions for its support. Georgia is a great, rich State, and her best people will doubtless be heartily ashamed of the parsimonious littleness of her statesmen. If Georgia has any love, or even respect, for her now poor and crippled, and once courageous veteran soldiers, she has a mighty poor way of showing it to the world.

THE Apostolic Fishermen. Our horses were lathered and tired out, and their fetlocks were red with the blood cut out by the rocks, and I could hardly get my feet out of the stirrups on Saturday night we dismounted on the beach of Lake Galilee. The rather liberal supply of food with which we had started from Jerusalem was nigh exhausted, and the articles of diet remaining had by oft repetition three times a day for three weeks ceased to appetize. I never want to see a fig again, and dates with me are all out of date.

For several days the Arab caterer, who could speak but half a dozen English words, would answer our requests for some of the styles of food with which we had been delighted the first few days by crying out, "Finished." The most piquant appetizer is abstinence, and the demand of all the party was, "Let us breakfast on Saturday morning on fresh fish from Lake Galilee," for you must know that lake has four names, and it is worth a profusion of nomenclature, and it is in the Bible called Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gennesaret, and Galilee.

To our extemporized table on Sabbath our extemporized table on Sabbath came broiled perch, only a few hours before lifted out of the sacred waters. It was natural that our minds should revert to the only breakfast that Christ ever prepared, and it was on those very shores where we breakfasted. Christ had in those olden times struck two flints together and set on fire some shavings or light brushwood and then put on larger wood, and a pile of glowing bright coals was the consequence.

Meanwhile the disciples fishing on the lake had awfully "poor luck," and every time they drew up the net it hung dripping without a fluttering fin or squirming scale. But Christ from the shore shouted to them and told them where to drop the net, and 153 big fish rewarded them. Simon and Nathaniel, having cleaned some of those large fish, brought them to the coins which Christ had kindly given, and the group who had been out all night and were chill and wet and hungry sat down and began mastication. "Oh," says some one, "that story of Jonah was only a fable." Say others, "it was interpolated by some writer of later times." Others say, "It was the reproduction of the story of Hercules devoured and then restored from the monster." But my reply is that history tells us that there were monsters large enough to whom ships.

The extinct Ichthyosaurus of other ages was 30 feet long, and as late as the sixth century of the Christian era up and down the Mediterranean there floated monsters compared with which a modern whale was a sardine or a herring. The shark has again and again been found to have swallowed a man entire. A fisherman on the coast of Turkey found a sea monster which contained a woman and a purse of gold. I have seen in museums sea monsters large enough to take down a prophet.

But I have a better reason for believing the Old Testament account, and that is that Christ said it was true and a type of his own resurrection, and I suppose He ought to know. In Matthew xii, 40, Jesus Christ says, "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." And that settles it for me and for any man who does not believe Christ a dupe and an impostor.

Notice also how the Old Testament writers draw similitude from the fishes.

Jeremiah uses such imagery to prophesy destruction. "Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them." Ezekiel uses fish imagery to prophesy prosperity. "It shall come to pass that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea exceeding many," the explanation of which is that En-gedi and En-eglaim stood on the banks of the Dead Sea, in the waters of which no fish can live, but the prophet says that the time will come when these waters will be regenerated, and they will be great places for fish. Amos reproaches idolatry by saying, "The day shall come upon you when I will take you away with hooks and your posterity with fishhooks." Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, declares that those captured of temptation are as fishes taken in an evil net. Indeed Solomon knew all about the fishy tribe and wrote a treatise on Ichthyology which has been lost.

The Ancients Fishermen.

Furthermore, in order that you may understand the Ichthyology of the Bible, you must know that there were five ways of fishing. One was by a fence of reeds and canes, within which the fish were caught. But the Herodic government forbade that on Lake Galilee, lest pleasure boats be wrecked by the stakes driven. Another mode was by spearing, the waters of Galilee so clear good aim could be taken for the transfixing.

Another mode was by a casting net or which was flung from the shore; another, by a dragnet or that which was thrown from a boat and drawn through the sea as the fishing smack sailed on. How wonderful all this is inwrought into the Bible imagery, and it leads me to ask in which mood are you and I fishing, for the church is the boat, and the gospel is the net, and the sea is the world, and the fish are the souls, and God addresses us as he did Simon and Andrew, saying, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." But when is the best time to fish for souls? In the night, Peter, why did you say to Christ, "We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing?" Why did you not fish in the daytime? He replies, "You ought to know that the night is the best time for fishing."

At Tabbahanna Mills, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, I saw a friend with high boots and fishing tackle starting out at 9 o'clock at night, and I said, "Where are you going?" He answered, "Going to fish." "What in the night?" So vast the majority of souls captured for God are taken in times of revival in the night meetings. They might just as well come at 12 o'clock at noon, but some of them will not. Ask the evangelists of olden times, ash Flinney, ash Nettleton, ask Orson, ask Daniel Baker, and then all the modern evangelists which is the best time to gather souls, and they will answer, "The night; by all odds, the night." Not only the natural night, but the night of trouble.

Suppose I go around in this audience and ask these Christians when they were converted to God. One would answer, "It was at the time I lost my child by membranous croup, and it was the night of bereavement," or the answer would be, "It was just after I was swindled out of my property, and it was the night of bankruptcy," or it would be, "It was during that time when I was down with awful sickness, and it was the night of physical suffering," or it would be, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life."

Do you realize that the first living thing that God created was the fish? It preceded the bird, the quadruped, the human race. The fish has priority of existence over every living thing. The next thing done after God had kindled the sun and the silver chandelier of the moon was to make the fish. The first

motion of the principle of life, a principle that since all the thousands of years since have not been able to define or analyze—the very first stir of life—was in a fish.

Importance of Plain Food.

The Lord, by placing the fish in the first course of the menu in paradise, making it precede bird and beast, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. The reason that men and women lived three and four and five and nine hundred years was because they were kept on parched corn and fish. We mix up a fantastic food that kill the most of us before 30 years of age. Custards and whipped sal-labes and Roman punches and chicken salads at midnight are a gauntlet that few have strength to run.

We put on many a tombstone glowing epitaphs saying that the persons beneath died of patriotic services or from exhaustion in religious work when nothing killed the poor fellow but lobster eaten at a party four hours after he ought to have been sound asleep in bed. There are men to-day in our streets so many walking hospitals who might have been athletes if they had taken the hint of Genesis in my text and of our Lord's remark and adhered to simplicity of diet.

The reason that the country districts have furnished most of the men and women of our time who are doing the mightiest work in merchandise, in mechanics, in law, in medicine, in theology, in legislative and congressional halls, and all the Presidents from Washington down—at least those who have amounted to anything—is because they were in those country districts of necessity kept on plain diet.

No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought up on floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradisiac diet if it is to get paradisiac morals and paradisiac health. The human race today needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus—phosphorus, that which shines in the dark without bairing.

Miracle of Jonah and the Great Fish.

Know also in order to understand the Ichthyology of the Bible that in the deeper waters, as those of the Mediterranean, there were monsters that are now extinct. The fools who become infidels because they cannot understand the engulfment of the recreant Jonah in a sea monster, might have saved their souls by studying a little natural history. "Oh," says some one, "that story of Jonah was only a fable." Say others, "it was interpolated by some writer of later times." Others say, "It was the reproduction of the story of Hercules devoured and then restored from the monster." But my reply is that history tells us that there were monsters large enough to whom ships.

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But Christ from the shore shouted to them and told them where to drop the net, and 153 big fish rewarded them. Simon and Nathaniel, having cleaned some of those large fish, brought them to the coins which Christ had kindly given, and the group who had been out all night and were chill and wet and hungry sat down and began mastication.

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