

The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

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The adding pig has been outdone by a spelling bee.

If King Kalakaua were alive he would call for another stack of chips and endeavor to regain his lost ground.

When you are buying high-priced carpets do not forget that a combination of weaver and jacquard loom can turn out a fifty-yard roll of Brussels in one day.

A TEXAS editor wants a law passed compelling actors to wear clothes on the stage. It will be necessary first to provide against the numerous stage robberies for which the Lone Star State is notorious.

An opera house and a church were destroyed on the same night by a fire at Purcell, in the Indian Territory. Those who are accustomed to draw morals from calamities of whatever kind will find an interesting puzzler in this one.

SIXTEEN rebellious Indians captured by Mexican troops are to be subjected to rigid questioning and then shot. If the Indian character south of the Rio Grande is the same as on this side, time and annoyance would be saved by shooting the prisoners first.

A TRIBE in Africa requires its public speakers to stand on one leg while engaged in discussion. Thus is our boasted civilization put to the blush by the savages of the dark continent. Their plan would spare the American people a vast amount of oratorical bloating and buncombe.

Most people think they should pay a good deal of attention to love as a sort of sacred thing. Bacon dismisses it with half a page, and says it is a weak passion which no man of sense can afford to acknowledge; and one of the most successful family magazines in the world will not allow the subject to be mentioned in its columns.

EVERY breach of faith, every broken promise, every mean advantage taken, however small and trifling each may appear, helps to build up the dishonesty which at some time, and by some one, wrecks the happiness of multitudes and drags down the sinner one to degradation and sin. The honor of the country and the integrity of the nation are in the hands of every citizen; each is responsible for his share in making or in marring them.

IN 1892 the raisin crop of California amounted to 42,000,000 pounds, which was about equal to the consumption of the United States four or five years ago. The first 1,000 car-loads sent East realized the raisers 44 cents per pound. But, says the San Francisco Examiner, owing to an overstock of the market and "insane competition" in November several hundred carloads of the remainder were consigned to Eastern brokers, who in many cases loaned money thereon, and were sold at prices that would bring the grower about 1 cent per pound.

A POLICE JUDGE of San Francisco has stipulated that in his court a woman must always be spoken of as a lady. A point in etiquette, backed by the dignity of the bench, can only be ignored by those willing to run the risk of being in contempt. The saleslady has already won her place, with the kitchen lady a good second and the scrublady a likely candidate. To demand that a police man shall say, "Yer honer, I arrested this lady in Tar Flat howling drunk," and the court responds, "The lady is fined \$6," does seem at first to be stretching politeness, but doubtless the public can be educated up to it.

WHAT in the mischief are we to eat nowadays? After listening to the vegetarians, who say we shouldn't eat meats, and to the sun ripeners, who warn us against eating under-ground growths like potatoes and turnips, we hear the voice of another food reformer who says we mustn't eat anything made of grain, such as wheat bread, corn dodgers, flapjacks, oat cakes, peas-meal bannocks, or macaroni, all of which are hard of digestion and bad for the health. Go to grass, ye humbugs all, and herd with Nebuchadnezzar. Give us all things that are good, wholesome, nourishing, tasteful, and high-toned—such things as make a person feel happy and brave. Give us a show. Let folks loose in the animal, vegetable, graminivorous, cocoanut, chestnut, and apple-sass kingdoms.

Poor old De Lesseps. That will be the verdict of the world. The feeble octogenarian was sentenced to be imprisoned five years and pay a fine of \$1,000. His son was sentenced for the same term and his fine placed at \$750. M. Fontaine and M. Cotter received the same penalties as the younger De Lesseps, and M. Eiffel, of Eiffel tower fame, two years and a fine of \$4,000. It is almost to be hoped that M. de Lesseps' mental condition is as feeble as he has been reported, that he may not realize the disgrace that has clouded his brilliant career. Few will believe that he was criminally guilty in the Panama scandal and all generous persons will hope that the President of the republic may see his way to the exercise of executive clemency. As

to the others, they have made their beds and must lie in them.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS."

Text of Dr. Talmage's Sunday Morning Discourse—He Complains That Certain Advertisers Have Been Using His Name Without Authority.

At the Tabernacle.

Previous to the sermon in the Brooklyn tabernacle Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Talmage, in giving out a number of notices, dwelt upon the fact that certain picture makers of Brooklyn had used his name as a reference in their advertisements and circulars without his authority. Thousands of letters of complaint have come to him in this respect, and he wanted it distinctly understood that he knew nothing of these people or their business methods. The text selected for the morning sermon was Matthew xxiii, 37, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye will not do."

Why This Simile?

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness, and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he burst into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved, and apostrophized, saying, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Not to the apostles of the company I think it was to help public speakers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand: The plainest bird on earth is the barnard fowl. Its only adornments are the red comb in its headress, and the wattles under the throat. It has no grace of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no luster of plumage like the golden finch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing.

Musicians have written out in musical score the song of lark and robin red-breast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text, uttered while looking at doomed Jerusalem, declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens. Christ was thus simple in His teachings, and yet how hard it is for us, who are Sunday-school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those who would gain the ears of audiences, to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity.

We have to run a course of literary disorders to children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies, and out of the theological seminaries weighed down with what the learned fathers said and what we will say of eagles and kingfishers and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the caskets under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spitile on the eyes of the blind man and the hen and chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisles of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the Cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pulls away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath. When the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she begins to prepare the repast and calls all her young to partake.

The Hen as a Type.

I am in sympathy with the unpretentious, old-fashioned hen, because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work, and that success does not lie upon the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society, and the church and the world are so full of failures, so full of losers, so full of dead beats, is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them—that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them, any worth having they must scratch for it.

Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compared Himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ, in a sermon that begins with biting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares Himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominie. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrify, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted chuck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around us and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling around and around, and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shadow it came nearer and lower until we saw it was bent over from base to tip, and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was about to strike.

But all the chickens were under old Dominie's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us, or not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted back into the clouds. So Christ calls with all earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter!

Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air; there are vultures of death ready to plunge; there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." The fact is that the most of them will never find the shelter unless they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most

of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all.

Human Birds of Prey.

What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the croc shops. There are the gambling hells. There are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism. There are the bad books. There are the impurities. There are the business rascals. And so numerous are these assailants that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcass. The falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beat give prolongation of torture.

And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make quick work of death, and others agonize the mind and body for many years, and some like the living blood of great souls, and others prefer those already gangrened. But for every style of youth there is swooping, swooping, swooping.

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