

The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.
PUBLISHED BY
J. H. BACCHUS, Proprietor.

A WOMAN never has a valise so large that it can be closed without squeezing.

HUMAN life is very expensive in Brazil. It takes about 50,000 pounds of gunpowder to kill one man.

THERE is a man in De Kalb County, Mo., who can eat dinner with a quid of tobacco in his mouth. They raise all kinds of wonderful beings in Missouri.

A CHICAGO preacher tells us that Moses was the father of socialism. Clearly a mistake. Moses was the father of Gershom. Exodus, ii, 22. And of Eliezer. Exodus, xviii, 4.

NO OLD custom can be overturned and no new one adopted in a day. Public opinion must grow, and growth is never a sudden process. He who realizes this will also realize the benefits of intelligent, not cowardly compromise—one that shall not delay his own steps, but shall lead others gently to follow them.

THERE is often a strong reason why a person prefers his own plan or line of conduct, for it may be one which he is not willing to proclaim. Twenty good arguments adduced for an opposite course may be outweighed by the one which is paramount in his own mind; yet, if he do not wish for any reason to make it public, he is open to the charge of being unreasonable. No one has a right to put another in so awkward a dilemma.

It is certainly a great feather in the cap of American railway managers to be able to say that notwithstanding the greatly increased travel during the Columbian year 1893 the number of deaths from accidents was ninety-nine less than in 1891, and 115 less than in 1890. Considering the number of extra trains and the great speed of through trains the record is remarkable, and wholly creditable to the management of the railroads.

THAT parent loves well but not wisely and is doing wrong who gives unearned rewards to the idle and selfish boy or the fretting girl. If the boy fails to prove half spoiled on becoming a man, it is in spite of his early training. The chances are that he will be wilful, besides idle and selfish. But an early environment of industry, obedience, thought, and faithful religious training can train the will in such a way as to modify natural bad qualities and reinforce natural good qualities, and lead to the acquiring of new good ones.

AS MIGHT have been expected, there is trouble in the Chaska family. Three years ago Miss Fellows, a teacher in the Indian schools, married a young Santee buck—ignorant, greasy, and depraved. She was going to civilize him and make a man of him. After a stormy married life the buck, Chaska, has deserted his wife and eloped with a squaw. No other result could have been expected of such a match. The Indian, like the average fortune-hunting nobleman, wants a wife for revenue only. She is to him a beast of burden, a fawner of wood and a drawer of water. Mrs. Chaska rebelled against this idea and her liege lord has taken a woman of his own people who will be satisfied to drudge while he snores the happy hours away in his tepee.

ANOTHER French anarchist has adopted the bomb method of social reform. He hurled the missile into a crowded restaurant and more than a score of persons were injured. Unlike his predecessor, Vaillant, he selected as victims who were not responsible for and who were powerless to change existing social and economic conditions. The restaurant in which the bomb exploded was the resort for men and women who probably found the struggle for life as hard as he did. Why they should be made even more incapable of fighting it nobody but the hare-brain bomb-thrower can tell. And if justice is given him he will not be long in a position to give the information. This would be murder and enemy of law and order should be supplied with the same environment and accorded the same opportunity to shout "vive l'anarchie" that was given to Vaillant.

A HOST of more or less worthy imitators of Joseph Keppler, the man who made Puck, survive him, but his death leaves a vacant place in modern caricature that cannot soon be filled. Of the young cartoonists of the eastern weeklies few, if any, have the characteristics, the accuracy in drawing, combined with keen humor, that made the dead artist an example for all others of his class. Keppler was a man of strong convictions amounting at times almost to prejudice; his friendships were of a strength that time did not change; his efforts were always in the direction of his understanding of the right. Personally he was so charming a character that even his bitterest political enemies were glad to be in his company. While his home and fortune were in New York Keppler was above the pettiness and jealousy that characterize some newspaper men of that city. He had a sincere admiration for Chicago, where, during his stay last

summer, he added scores to his already long list of friends. He supported Chicago in the pages of Puck, helping to fight the battles for a successful fair with all the ardor of his warm, impulsive nature.

MRS. MYRA BRADWELL of Chicago, is dead at the age of 63, the last three years of her life having been passed in suffering to which she slowly succumbed in spite of the best medical and surgical skill in this country and Europe. She had been a prominent character ever since the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, during which and for several years after her husband was Judge of the County Court of Cook County. She took a leading part in the work of providing for the needs of the soldier in the field and hospital. She was a member of the associations of ladies who conducted the Soldiers' Home and the two Sanitary Fairs in that city. On the return of peace she devoted herself assiduously to the study of law, and soon began the publication of the Legal News, which she had edited ever since with marked ability. She will be long remembered for the ability and zeal with which she conducted her fight to obtain recognition of her claimed right to become a member of the bar and practice in the courts. She led the way in which others have since traveled, and her victory was all the more notable as she did not care for the practice of the law after her right to practice was conceded, but employed her energies and talents in work for the paper, which stands in the front rank of law publications. She was content and pleased that other women reaped the fruits of her struggle to establish the equality of the sexes in the legal profession. She was a most genial lady, to know whom was a privilege, and few names of women will survive longer in the memories of the people than that of Myra Bradwell, while none will be more highly esteemed.

By the death of Hans Guido von Bulow one of the greatest of modern German musicians has passed away. He has been an invalid for some time and his nervous system was so shattered that he had long been on the verge of insanity. He has held an important position in the musical world through his intimate association with Liszt and Wagner, both of whom at one time were his teachers, as well as by his own accomplishments. He was an ardent advocate of Wagner's music-drama and so honest in his advocacy that even when Wagner so poorly requited it as to take his wife (Liszt's daughter) away from him he remained true to the music of the future. Von Bulow has held many high and honorable positions in the Berlin Conservatory, as the King of Bavaria's Capellmeister, and in the same situation at the Hanoverian and Saxe-Meiningen courts. As a composer he has not held first rank, but as a conductor, and particularly as a concert pianist, he has made a world-wide reputation. As a pianist he was a classical purist in the highest degree, and made the world acquainted with the works of Beethoven and others as they were written and as the composers intended them to be interpreted. His genius as a pianist was recognized everywhere, and his remarkable performances in this country will be well-remembered. One of his most valuable legacies is his editions of the works of the classical composers for piano students. In this direction his labors in music, and he was a prodigious worker, have been of the highest value.

To be Rich and to be Married. Is it often said that girls wish to be married, as if it were an accusation against them. But why should not the girls wish to be married? Is there anything wrong? Is there anything censurable? Is there anything to be condemned in either of these wishes? The world is full of good and pleasant things. Have not girls as well as men a right to desire to possess and enjoy them? Must blood flow slowly and sluggishly because it is in woman's veins? Shall her pulses never leap with the thrills of an ambition which is esteemed honorable in man? And why should girls not desire to be married?

Marriage is an institution possessing both human and Divine sanction, which it would be quite impossible to uphold without the co-operation of young women.

Then have they no right to take an interest in it, and in fact to look upon it as opening to them, as it does, their most important sphere of action?

There is a difference of opinion as to whether women should be sailors or doctors or lawyers or even voters; but no doubt was ever entertained about their qualifications to become wives.

It is ridiculous to speak, as if it were to their disparagement, of the high appreciation which they instinctively place upon the most important relation which Nature has ordained for them.

The poet tells us that:

Of course, wealth and marriage, both honorable in themselves, are to be sought only by honorable means.

Honesty, industry, and economy produce wealth.

A woman, who understands thoroughly and in detail all her household affairs judiciously, contributes greatly to her husband's prosperity and her own.

THE ESCAPE OF PAUL.

TALMAGE DESCRIBES IT IN HIS MOBILE SERMON.

He Chose as His Subject "Unappreciated Services"—How Great Results Hang on Slender Threads—Many Helpful Influences Never Acknowledged.

Speaks in the South.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who is now visiting the South, preached in Mobile, Ala., last Sunday, and selected as his subject "Unappreciated Services," the text being taken from II Corinthians xi, 33, "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture—sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for the sword of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabrics, called damasks.

A horseman of the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh; he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after sword and spear he changed to the sword of the spirit and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The Mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police. The Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets.

Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and he evades arrest. "Is that preacher here?" the police shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street he passes incognito through a crowd of clenched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top. At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him.

Paul's Escape. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospeller, and let us hang him by the head on the city gate. Where is he? The emergency is terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds onto the rope with both hands he jumps down, carefully, cautiously and slowly.

Farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth, and the apostle steps out and on foot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and Heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Observe first on what a slender thread great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How it had been broken through a basket of apples had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and ennobling a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean crucifixion, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrs. But the rope holding that basket—how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

The Host Moses Lay In. Did ever ship of many thousands tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made of infinitesimals. Great things are aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it.

If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pacific beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past—ripping against his shoulder, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steered the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or diminished an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or

In all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had been to say, "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves?" No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us ever will accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison, with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian consular when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that made the walls of his judgment seat tremble. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory. Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about 69,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,000 of them came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessities of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally became bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrible struggles to get the everyday bread. The college and the theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knitted up late at night, her right not so good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student.

The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the gospel, and scores of souls are saved and souls by scores and hundreds accept the gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, and lighting the way and asking them if he can do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall.

And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day and say: "Well, it was worth the years of education that boy went through. He was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it; but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, let us let the boy and his servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw," says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now! I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Oh, men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some kindly ray of light from the home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills, or from Western prairies, or from Southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, or which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The roadway was as long as thirty years, or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose on your neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from them! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the rigging, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascus eyes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of Heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great work on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you see him," and when you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascus peril.

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and awed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool.

Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage and the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked in the light as for the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and so busy a life should waste so much time in so idle a pursuit. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful

hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to stand awhile away
From every comfort here,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service? God Will Introduce Us.

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in Heaven when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household.

What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in Heaven—if it were calculated by years in time—places—have passed we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up with them in arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of Heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and ministered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of Heaven? "I was the mother of a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back of Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the man in it, and I was the one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all."

And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphs, and things which are not to be brought to one of the martyrs, and it said, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised. Hath God chosen—yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

The Story of the Nail. Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunauder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on the wrecking shoals. A stray nail came near wrecking a Cunauder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and lifts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect, called the candlefly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the hearing of a song. Had the wind blown one way on certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England, but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea or hung the spirit of the nation on the rocks. Nothing is unimportant in your life or mine. Three ciphers placed on the right side of the figure 1 make a thousand, and six ciphers on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of man and all the ages of the world are affected by a basket let down from a Damascus balcony!

FACTS THOUGHT REMEMBERING.

Some Things the Wise Men of the East Could Not Do.

PLATO never rode down a toboggan slide.

NERO couldn't have guessed the use of a wooden clothes-pin.

ROME in its palmy days knew nothing of buckwheat cakes or cod-fish balls.

CATO never sat down on a carpet-tack or touched a buzz-saw to see if it was running.

JOAK OF ARC couldn't have set a rat-trap, picked a jar of cucumbers, nor cut the baby's hair.

CICERO shook a nation with his words, and yet he could not bridle a donkey or tack down a carpet.

DEMOSTHENES died without knowing that three duces beat two pairs, and he never saw an educated hog in his life.

HELEN OF TROY couldn't have sharpened a table-knife on a stove-pipe nor hit the head of a 10-penny nail once in forty times.

EMPERDOLES was called the greatest of all Greek philosophers, but he couldn't tell where the material went to when he found a hole in the heel of his stocking.

THE DISCOVERER OF SWAMP-ROOT.

A GREAT TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

What a Great and Living Physician Has Accomplished by Devoting a Life to the Study and Relief of Disease.

If a great General is born to the world like Grant, or a noted statesman like Bismarck, or a brilliant lawyer like Evans, or an eloquent clergyman like Bocher, newspapers are full of their praise and everyone knows of their remarkable achievements, biographers spring up to flatter and extol

was no known specific for kidney disease, which is so prevalent, and in many cases so fatal. He determined, therefore, to devote his talents to the study and discovery of the means not only to relieve, cure and restore those all important organs to health when they were diseased, but to strengthen and stimulate them so that they should properly perform their necessary functions. The result of his exhaustive investigation and experiments tested in every-day practice, resulted in the discovery of the compound now known as Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The phenomenal success of this great remedy has demonstrated the fact beyond a doubt that it is now the true specific, not only for Kidney and Bladder difficulties, but seldom fails to cure that much dreaded Bright's Disease



S. ANDRAL KILMER, M. D., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

them in volume after volume; but the one who is greatest and noblest of them all—who is the leading benefactor of mankind—the great physician, labors on modestly in his grand work of saving life and relieving pain and distress, and is content to do without biographers, and leaves his praise to be sung by the grateful patients he has cured. What grander, nobler, or holier career can there be than that of ministering to the sick and suffering.

To say that Dr. Kilmer is the leading physician to-day, among the many skillful men in the medical profession, is true if a man's success and achievements are counted in the scale. For over forty years he has devoted his life and talents—of which nature has most richly endowed him—to the study of disease and its successful treatment. During that time he has personally examined, prescribed for and successfully treated nearly a half million patients, in addition to those who are now under his professional care at his magnificent Sanitarium which he has recently established for the benefit of such cases as require his personal supervision.

In the early days of his practice and later on Dr. Kilmer found the same old difficulty confronting him that had baffled every physician from the days of Galen to the present time—there

THE DEEPEST MINE.

America Now Has Penetrated the World's Crust the Furthest.

The United States has now, we believe, the deepest metal mine in the world. For some time that claim has been made for the Maria shaft at the mines of Pribram in Austria, which was 3,675 feet below the surface at the time of the great fire in 1892; and nothing, we believe, has been done upon it since that time. It has now been surpassed in depth by the No. 3 shaft of the Tamarack Copper Mining Company, in Michigan, which, on December 1, was 3,640 feet deep, and is now more than 3,700 feet, the average rate of sinking being about 75 feet a month. This makes it beyond question the deepest metal mine in existence, and only one other shaft has reached a greater depth, that of a coal mine in Belgium, for which 3,900 feet are claimed.

For the attainment of this distinction we have to congratulate Capt. John Daniels, the general manager of the company, for the skill and success with which the work has been carried on. "In Germany the completion of the Adalbert shaft to a depth of 1,000 meters (3,281 feet) was thought worthy to be the occasion of a public festival; and though the Tamarack shaft has been carried down to the present great depth entirely as a matter of business, and no especial formalities have marked its progress, the remarkable achievement certainly deserves recognition. For not only has it been sunk to a greater depth than any before it, but it has been sunk with much greater rapidity and at less cost than probably any European shaft of any kind like its depth or in ground as hard—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Comfort and Luxury.

No one can say where comfort slides into luxury. What seems like elysium to one is commonplace to another, what one esteems a daily necessity another regards as a luxury not to be thought of. There is no precise standard to which we are bound to conform, no exact limit which we can measure our neighbor for overstepping. But, though the iron rule can be laid down in this matter, each one for himself or herself can and ought to decide how far to yield to the desire for comfort, and where to resist it. Of course the first and most obvious tests is how far we are able rightly to afford it. To gratify it at the expense of honesty, to spend money for it when we do not pay our debts, to minister to our own comfort when those dependent upon us are pined or suffering—these are

which after all is nothing but advanced kidney disease.

We say now, if Dr. Kilmer has done nothing else to make his name immortal the discovery of this one great remedy alone has given him a reputation that will continue as long as the world stands. Dr. Edward Jenner died in 1823, but his discovery of vaccination still exists throughout the civilized universe; Dr. William Thomas Morton has long been dead, and yet he lives to-day through his wonderful discovery of anesthetics, and long after our distinguished Dr. Kilmer has passed from earth his name will be familiar as the discoverer of Swamp-Root, the greatest remedy of this nineteenth century.

It has become an axiom that a man is a benefactor who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before; then what shall we say of the man who is able to increase the average duration of human life? This, we freely concede, has been accomplished by S. Andral Kilmer, M. D., through the discovery of his famous remedy Swamp-Root, and we say it without fear of successful contradiction. Its wonderful cures, and its power over the kidneys have done and are doing more to increase the average duration of human life than all physicians and medicines known.

of all things the most despicable. Yet how much of this is done, and how eager is the attempt at justification!

A Charitable Girl.

Whether by bribe, by flattery, or by both, history does not say, but by some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, as mothers will be; and as for the daughter, she had aspirations. She had been taught to play, she thought she played well, and to make a long story short she ardently desired Paderewski's opinion of her prowess.

She came then, saw the piano, and attempted its conquest. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother rushed with pleasure.

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist, "tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands together.

"If think she must be very charitable."

"Charitable! Charitable!"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated. "Charitable. Surely she leaveth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

How Canada Got Its Name.

The origin of the word "Canada" is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "Aca Nada," (there is nothing here.)

The French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards, came on the same errand, were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence "Aca Nada."

The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name Canada, which has borne ever since.

Ubiquity of Micro-Organisms.

Micro-organisms are present in the air, the water, and the earth. They are not only on the earth, but the upper layers of terrestrial crust are teeming with them. They are carried by the atmosphere as dust and deposited upon the surface of all objects. They exist in vast numbers upon and in the human body. They are present with the body in life and do not leave it in death until it is resolved into the elements. Hence there can be no doubt but they are an important factor in nature.—Ohio Dental Journal.