

The Democrat

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WHAT is needed at Ithaca is a series of academic convictions for manslaughter.

AN interesting and refreshing feature of summer journalism is the appearance in the St. Louis Republic of an able and exhaustive illustrated article treating of the proper method of raising snow blockades on railways.

THE Paris-born families become extinct in three or four generations, in consequence of their feeble fecundity and high rate of mortality, and the average length of life among them is only 28 years and 1 month, as compared with 49 years and 2 months for the rest of France.

WHEN an Illinois woman learned that her husband had lost \$1,500 she did not repine nor grow hysterical. She calmly sued the keeper of the game for three times the amount of the loss and got judgment. One husband has parted forever from the privilege of sneering at the financiering of the other sex.

PHILADELPHIA is race crazy, and horses of elongated pedigree are being ridden by gentlemen similarly distinguished. It is true that most of the horses tumble down, and most of the gentlemen tumble off, but the sacrifice of a few bones upon the altar of fashion is something at which no Philadelphian worthy the name would pause.

THE craze for old furniture is a full way in which he imitated wormholes in oak furniture to give it an antique effect.

TECUMSEH, O. T., is evidently lacking in the refinements of civilization. Thirty "leading citizens" of that place have been indicted for horse stealing and will probably be sent to the penitentiary unless a mob gets hold of them first. In Chicago leading citizens tap the water mains and steal the city water, and everybody says they are deuced shrewd business men.

THE Hanoverian succession to the British throne is now about as secure as ever the prudent Victoria can make it. Three generations of her descendants stand between it and the not well-beloved Louise of Rife, who would succeed to the crown were the Hanover stock to become extinct. Looking at the situation from all sides it would really seem that the living Hanovers are very likely to outlast the monarchy itself.

WHEN the Columbia is steaming ten knots an hour her furnaces use up coal at the rate of thirty-five tons a day; at fourteen knots, seventy. Governments do not like any better than individuals to pay big coal bills, especially where, as in the case of warships, there are no earnings to offset expenses. Those magnificent bursts of speed, like that of the Columbia last year when she struck more than a twenty-two knot gait, are reserved for occasions when cruisers want to get there, or to get away from there.

PEOPLE who think the world is growing worse instead of better should compare the treatment accorded Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, and Ravallac, who stepped into the carriage of King Henry IV. of France and stabbed him to death. Ravallac was broken on the wheel with most ingenious deliberation and melted lead was poured into his stomach through an abdominal incision. Santo, on the contrary, was protected from the angry crowd by his victim's official servants and will receive a fair and deliberate trial in open court.

THE first step which a man takes in the direction of his own overthrow is not to do some overt act of evil. A boat that lies on the water's edge does not begin to wreck itself by thrusting itself out abruptly into the current; it begins by lying on the beach and letting the current play with it. If it is chained to the rock, no harm can come to it; mischief begins when it half lies on the beach and half floats on the water. The trouble with people is that they are drifting. They are the chip on the wave instead of the watch-tower on the shore.

NEITHER the people of Chicago nor the newspapers of that city will feel otherwise than honored by the attacks of W. C. P. Breckinridge upon them. Chicago is not a puritanical

community. It might be well, indeed, if some of the latitude allowed in this city were curtailed. But Chicago has never sent to Congress or elected to any other public position a self-confessed, brazen rascal and libertine, and she never will. From that standpoint, at least, Chicago has the right to criticize the conduct of Col. Breckinridge or any other systematic and avowed enemy of female virtue.

MR. CORNELIUS, the Chicago tonorial artist who paused in his work only long enough to kill a man and then calmly resumed shaving the customer in the chair, is entitled to praise for his consideration. Mr. Cornelius evidently felt that his personal quarrels should not be allowed to inconvenience his customers any further than was absolutely necessary. This point will probably have little weight with a jury, but it will appeal to thousands of men who have writhed in half-shaved anguish while the officiating barber has been discussing the horse races, the railroad strike, or other topics of interest with the artist at the next chair.

Most people will be puzzled to understand the alternate severity and lenity shown by the police of Chicago in dealing with the violators of the law. On Saturday a thief who robbed a man of a diamond at the Union Depot was captured, but allowed to go free upon giving up the gem. That is one extreme. On the other hand the guardians of the peace will promptly haul out their revolvers and blaze away at any man they see running—the idea being that the runner is a malefactor who is seeking safety in flight. There should be some uniformity in these matters. If the police are to combine the

DR. S. WIER MITCHELL, the famous expert in cases of insanity and nervous diseases, delivered an address in Philadelphia before the American Medico-Psychological Society, in the course of which he severely denounced the administration of insane asylums in this country. As the result of his observations he finds that physicians and nurses get their appointments by political pulls; that asylums are prisons, and not hospitals; that they are not provided with modern appliances; that nurses are not properly educated and examined, and that "if the object of the insane asylum is to restore the patient to sanity and usefulness in society the present methods of procedure are deserving of nothing but denunciation." No man has a clearer authority to pronounce upon this matter than Dr. Mitchell. That he is correct in his observations has been demonstrated over and over again by exposures of insane asylum methods where they have attracted official attention.

THE investigation of the recent murder of a person at Cornell College by frolicsome students who used chlorine gas as the agency of their exuberant spirits has come to nothing through lack of testimony or, rather, through abundance of perjured testimony. The Justice of the Supreme Court who presided in the case gave it as his conviction that "there was a deliberate plan on the part of some unknown parties to thwart justice and that there was no question in his mind that witnesses had deliberately violated their oaths before the grand jury." In the face of this disgraceful and shameful perjury to cover up murder it is astonishing to see that the President of the College at a recent banquet declared that "in all universities, in human nature itself, and even among the brute creation there is a tendency to worry the new comers in a spirit of fun." It is hard to decide which is the most disgraceful feature in this case, the deliberateness with which the students violated their oaths or the levity and unconcern with which the President of this university treats the crime of murder.

ALL in the British Empire. Roughly speaking the British Empire extends over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 100 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. The Assyrian Empire was not so wealthy; the Roman Empire was not so popular; the Persian Empire was not so extensive, the Spanish Empire was not so powerful, is the way the Briton sings.—Toronto Mail.

THE Kiss. In England, down to the reign of Charles II, or a little later, the kiss was the common greeting to friends and strangers alike, and shaking hands was a mark of close intimacy or high favor. In the diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, her ladyship thinks the fact of her shaking hands with any one worth noting.

A MAN stops hoping to be rewarded as he grows older, and prays that he will not be punished.

MIRAGE.

With milk-white dome and minaret
Most fair my Promised City shone;
Beside a purple river set
The waving palm trees beckoned on.

O yon, I said, must be my goal
No matter what the danger be,
The chosen haven of my soul,
How hard so'er the penalty.

The goal is gained—the journey done—
Yet naught is here but sterile space,
But whirling sand and burning sun,
And hot winds blowing in my face.

—[GRAHAM R. TOMSON, in Scribner.

A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-by only two short months before.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, but more than one hundred criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. Last night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the Sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the Sheriff's son, while the Sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if possible. Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well-travelled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute, too utterly exhausted to rise.

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolved to make one last effort for life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse, and appeal to the quiet family circle.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footprint. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted against the doorpost.

The window was but a step away. He crept to it and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger pure, pale clear-cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black brows.

He stood there still hopeless and

helpless, when there came a break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. She looked in and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's sake."

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded. "A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help, or concealment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said, bitterly, wondering.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals do the same? A trial was given thee and aid. Madam will you risk it?—risk feeling that you have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother, piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a lifelong remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked, doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then, opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evildoers—and held them towards Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly in his face. "Come in!"

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at the touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness, "There is an old bed there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless, and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up, quickly, Ernestine, I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs. She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He heard the girl's quick step, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs just as there came thundering knocks at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother's at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mighty as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would be searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. The out buildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the Sheriff for letting the prisoner escape.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trap door and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before day-break," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl; "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Good-by, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee" showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner, "And may He bring out the truth? I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little; her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

The Sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the Sheriff was hailing them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell, Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm handclaps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us."

Ernestine said blushing. "I know we were not over-polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil." And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride. —[Overland Monthly.

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

Not Matrimonial Ones, but Those Made to Burn.

The wood used in the manufacture of matches is principally white pine, aspen and yellow pine. In the United States white pine is used almost exclusively. It burns freely, steadily, slowly, constantly and with a good volume of flame. The wood is soft, straight grain, easily worked, and its light weight is of no small consequence in the matter of transportation charges, which are usually high on combustible articles.

For the best grade of matches the choicest quality of cork pine is used, a variety of white pine, the trees being large and well matured. The Diamond Match Company about twelve years ago secured hundreds of millions of feet of choice standing cork pine timber on the waters of the Ontonagon River in the upper peninsula of Michigan. This company now cuts annually upward of 30,000,000 feet of this timber, but this is by no means all that is used in the manufacture of matches in this country. Millions of feet more of choice white pine timber are bought every year and made into matches by a number of factories under the control of this corporation.

In Sweden the method of manufacture is as follows: The timber is cut into blocks about fifteen inches long and placed in a lathe. With each revolution a slice or veneer is peeled off the thickness required for the match sticks, while at the same time eight small knives cut the slice into seven pieces, like ribbons and of the length required for the sticks. These ribbons are then broken into lengths of six to seven feet, knotty or many pieces, the thickness required for a match, as there are cutters. One machine will turn out from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 match splints a day.

In this country choice, clear two, three and four inch planks are used, also pieces from the ends of planks and timbers, edgings and other suitable parts of the log not utilized. These are cut the required length and sliced or split by machinery adapted for the purpose. After passing through these machines the match splints are dried in heated revolving drums, during which process the loose splinters clinging to the splints are separated. They are then placed in a sieve and sifted, an operation which finally places the sticks in parallel order so that they can be conveniently bundled, after which they are ready for the dipping operation.

The head of each stick, to be thoroughly dipped or covered, must be separated from the others, that no danger shall ensue from ignition, as would be done if they came in contact with the inflammable material used in the coating. The sticks are separated by machinery and placed each by itself in a dipping frame, which is fitted in a movable lathe, and a number of these lathes are placed on a machine. One person can arrange with one of the machines nearly 1,500,000 splints in a day. The splints are then heated so as to more readily absorb paraffin, which is confined in its molten state in shallow pans.

The first dipping covers the head of the match sticks with the paraffin preparation; by the second operation it is covered with the igniting composition, different devices being used for this purpose. A competent person will dip 8,000,000 matches in a day. After the last dipping the frames containing the matches are placed in a heated room, that the igniting composition may be dried. They are then removed from this room and packed in boxes ready for shipment.—[Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Nest of a Tree Ant.

The nests of an extraordinary tree ant are cunningly wrought with leaves, united together with web. One was observed in New South Wales in the expedition under Capt. Cook. The leaves utilized were as broad as one's hand, and were bent and glued to each other at their tips. How the insects manage to bring the leaves into the required position was never ascertained, but thousands were seen uniting their strength to hold them down, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying the gluten that was to prevent them returning back. The observers, to satisfy themselves that the foliage was indeed incurved and held in this form by the efforts of the ants, disturbed the builders at their work, and as soon as they were driven away the leaves sprang up with a force much greater than it would have been deemed possible for such laborers to overcome by any combination of strength. The more compact and elegant dwelling (C. virens) is made of leaves, cut and masticated until they become a coarse pulp. Its diameter is about six inches; it is suspended among thickest foliage, and sustained not only by the branches on which it hangs but by the leaves, which are worked into the composition and in many parts project from its outer wall.—[Popular Science Monthly.