

The Democrat

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Durrant and Holmes promise to atone in some degree for their performances by the wholesome example which they will furnish.

Holmes will meet the penalty of one of his crimes, but there does not seem to be any conceivable way of making him meet the punishment for the others.

Common sense seems to have ruled the courts both in San Francisco, where Durrant was on trial, and in Philadelphia, where the Holmes case was considered.

Truly the color of our lives is woven into the fatal threads at our births; our original sins and our redeeming graces are infused into us, nor is the bond that confirms our destiny ever canceled.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette several months ago started a great popular subscription for Mark Twain, and it has reached \$15.65 to date. Isn't that about as funny as anything Mark himself ever turned out?

Says the New York Journal: "What power exists that Great Britain has not alienated by her recent aggressive attitude? And echo answers 'What power?' Better look after that echo, Brother Hearst. It evidently is drunk."

News comes from London that a well-known member of the English nobility has succeeded in compromising the claim of Lily Langtry by paying her 50 cents on the dollar. Thats a good settlement; much better than marrying her.

A New York paper says a kind word for Paderewski because he never has written a book on his impressions of America. But it should not be forgotten that he has taken a great many notes here, mostly of the \$5 denomination.

The editor of the Jacksonville, Fla., Times-Union remarks: "Talk about Spain fearing war against this country. Why, we can whip her alone." Well, if the worst comes, perhaps Uncle Sam couldn't do better than to hire this gentleman to do the job.

Editor Stead tells the English Government that "the Monroe doctrine is something more formidable than a mere theory," and that "the United States must be considered as a first-class foreign power." Well, even Stead has lucid intervals, it seems.

If Spain is not satisfied with America can speech it is proper that we send her our sympathies. We cannot stop thinking and do not like to stop talking, and it would be interesting to know what Spain proposes to do in connection with meetings called to express sympathy for Cuba.

There are few, if any, in whom we cannot find something to esteem if we search for it; but we often allow their wrong-doing to form so thick a cloud over their whole nature that all the bright spots are hidden from our view. If we had more of that charity which believeth all things and hopeith all things, we should be quicker to detect the good, slower to mark the evil, anxious to bring out and develop the former, and glad to cast the mantle of silence over the latter.

Dr. Bell of the dominion geological survey claims to have discovered "the sixth largest river in the world" while making an exploration "directly north from Ottawa to Rupert's house on Janus bay." The enthusiastic discoverer speaks of this river as the "Nile of the north," and says it averages a mile in width and is 500 miles long. It would not have been surprising if Dr. Bell had announced the discovery of immense deposits of almost any valuable metal or mineral, for such deposits easily escape the notice of unpracticed eyes. But the announcement of the discovery of so great a navigable stream in the region which is supposed to have been traversed in every direction by hunters and trappers 250 years or more taxes our credulity pretty heavily. The river may be there, but if it is we must suspect that it is the product of some very recent convolution of nature.

The Delaware tribe of Indians in the Indian territory number 754 persons. The court of claims at Washington has rendered a judgment in their favor, and they will in a few days receive \$220,000 in cash. Something over a year ago the Government paid them nearly \$1,000,000 in cash from trust funds belonging to them, held for many years by the Government, and the result of these payments and others which have been made to them makes each member—man, woman and child—of the tribe worth \$6,000. There are one or two other Indian tribes that are even richer than the Delawares, but as compared with the white race, the Delawares are nearly five times as rich per capita as the inhabitants of the British Islands, six times as rich as the people of the United States, nine times those of Germany, and twenty-six times those of Russia. Pretty good authorities say that they are capable of taking care of their property, and there is little danger that they will be cheated out of it by whites.

Dispatches from Constantinople indicate that at last the persecuted Armenians have risen and are prepared to turn upon their Turkish butchers. It

is stated that in the Zetont Mountain there are 26,000 Armenians in open revolt against the rule of the Sultan, and that the Turkish Government, in view of the gravity of the outbreak, has decided to call out the army reserves. If these reports are correct a terrible future is in prospect for poor Armenia. The butcheries which heretofore have been committed in detail, involving the lives of hundreds, will be committed by wholesale, involving the lives of thousands. And yet, what more could the Armenians do than to rise in revolt against the unspeakable Turk? It were certainly better to rise in mass and rush upon their doom than to wait the slow processes of Turkish cruelty and die by neighborhoods. In comparison with such a fate death at once is preferable. But will the powers stand by and see them slaughtered? Is it not time for the whole civilized world to say to the bloody Turk, "hands off," and if he refuses, to drive him out of Europe?

When the seismic experts do get down to investigate the nature of the recent earthquake they will have plenty of material. The shock, which at first was thought to be local to a small region, was felt over a large territory throughout the middle western and southern States, and gave easterly points in Ohio a severe shake-up. But the curious feature of the present disturbance is that it should be followed within twenty-four hours by one equally severe in Italy. The earthquake in Italy seems to have been slightly more severe than the one in Chicago, the people of Rome being badly frightened. Houses swayed, pictures fell from walls and the other phenomena incidental to earthquakes were experienced in abundance. It remains for the scientific experts to discover what connection, if any, there was between the two upheavals which followed each other in such a brief interval. If some deep-seated and convulsive change going on in the inner region of the earth was the cause in both cases the earthquake may yet be set down as having been of a general character, the earlier one precipitating the conditions which caused the latter. Italy lies distinctly within the belt of great seismic disturbance and the northern part of the United States does not, but neither region is immune. Within a comparatively short space of time the world has experienced three distinctly felt earthquakes, one along the Atlantic seaboard, one here and one in Italy. The scientific observers may yet determine that each of these convulsions was one of a series of mother earth's spasms, resulting from common causes.

It would doubtless be a waste of effort at this late day to fix the responsibility for the mismanagement—or worse—which resulted in the shabby construction of the Lincoln monument in Illinois. During the last session of the Legislature it was brought to light that the pile reared to the memory of Illinois' greatest citizen was kept in a disgraceful condition. With a view to making it decently fitting for its purpose it was turned over to the care of the State. Now it is finally published to the world that the State can do little or nothing to make the monument presentable. It is a shabbily built structure of brick, with a thin and perishable veneering of granite. Certainly the trustees ought to insist that this wretched sham be taken down. If Lincoln needs any other monument than the reverence and esteem of the people, it must be a monument worthy of the man. It must be genuine, and not a skimp and slovenly eyesore. If the sentiment of the people to-day could be crystallized in some enduring form the pile on Abraham Lincoln's grave would be more beautiful than any temple known to ancient Greece. It is an insult to this sentiment and to the people who cherish it that the monument at Springfield is merely a sham imitation of enduring stone. Let the thing be razed by all means, and the sooner the better. Rather let there be no monument at all than one which insults both the dead patriot and the people who live to remember him. And the next time a monument for such a purpose is erected the people will demand that it be put up of enduring materials and for all time. It must be genuine all the way through and in form and substance worthy of its purpose.

A Host's Politeness.
A Boston young man, who once took a riding journey of five weeks in South Carolina, on one occasion took dinner at a farm house, and afterward sat upon the front porch talking to his host, thinking to postpone his departure till the cool of the evening. The Southerner kept examining the sky as if apprehensive of a storm, and looked with dismay at his crops scattered over the fields, evidently fearing that they would be ruined. "What a piece of Southern shiftlessness," the Bostonian said to himself. After a while, however, the idea came into the Southerner's head that perhaps his host felt it impolite to leave a guest, and so sat asking the news from the North and telling humorous anecdotes, while longing to get at his crops. Accordingly the traveler bade his host a cordial but brief farewell, sprang upon his horse and rode away. Turning in his saddle a moment later, he saw his host, with a pitchfork in his hand, dashing at full speed round the corner of the house to the barn, that he might get out his horses and set to work.

Safest Side of the Stock Market.
"Which do you think is the safer side of the stock market?" said Spotts to Bloobumper, "the long side of it or the short side?"
There is a third side, which I consider much safer than either you have named," replied Bloobumper.
"What side is that?"
"The outside."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE DOWN GRADE.

When the engine is a-puffin'.
An' a-snarin' an' a-bluffin'.
Like it mighty of'en will;
When you hear the thing a-blown',
Then you know it's hard a-goin',
For it's climbin' up a hill.

When it goes a-whizzin' by you
In a way that's like to try you
If you're just a bit afraid;
When it's runnin' fast an' faster,
Like it doesn't need a master,
Then it's on a down grade.

When you see a man a-workin',
An' his duty never shirkin',
An' a-sweatin' more or less;
When you see him climbin' higher,
An' he never seems to tire,
He's a-climbin' to success.

When you see one goin' easy,
In a manner light an' breezy,
Like for pleasure he was made,
Just remember he's a-showin'
That it's mighty easy goin'

When you're on the down grade.

HOLLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A man whose dress indicated that he was a clergyman boarded a street car in a western city, and at once found himself surrounded by friends. It was the eve of All-Souls' Day, and he was on his way to church, where he was to preach against superstition, and this bevy of good-looking girls and stalwart young men was composed of his own people. They were on their way to church also, being destined to a scolding for the sins of former years, when they had kept the eve of All-Souls' in the pagan spirit of Hallowe'en, rioting about with mirrors and lighted candles, melting lead and dropping it into a tub of water, ducking for apples, throwing a ball of yarn down some lonely staircase in some secluded building, all for the foolish purpose of finding out in advance of fate and by uncanny means if lovers were coming to woo. They were going to the little church of St. Winifred, and the pastor was the Rev. David Griffith, and he spoke with his parishioners in an unknown tongue, at least it was unknown to the only American passenger, a man who had prided himself upon being almost a linguist.

"May I inquire?" he asked respectfully of a tall blonde, who stood next to him, "what countrywoman you are?"

"American," she answered in the purest English accents.

"But—but you speak another tongue?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot," she said, laughing, "we are Welsh, and that is our native speech. But it is only when we come together, as on this occasion, that we use it."

It was very evident that they had no need of a Welsh vocabulary in which to express themselves, for they not only spoke English fluently, but with a musical intonation that was delightful to a cultivated ear.

But it was the wish of the pastor, the Rev. David Griffith, that they should not forget the language that was to him the most musical in the world, albeit its consonantal speech of Taffyland as trying as it is fascinating to American tongues.

"Did you look for a sprig of ash?" asked a pretty young Cymrian of the tall blonde.

"That did I not, Nell; I promised not to anger Mr. Griffith this year as I did last."

"Would he be very angry if you found an even-leaved sprig of ash, think you, Gladys? We would all know what to name it, in spite of St. David's objections."

"H-u-s-h," interposed Gladys, in a whisper, "we are nearing the church. I promised not to engage in any Hallowe'en games this year, so you will not expect me to-night, Nell, after church. I may spell out an appal-parade alone, for the sake of the dear old days."

"I think you are silly, Gladys, to let Mr. Griffith influence you. If amusesments that the whole world engages in on this night do not please him, he denounces us all as sinners for participating in them. I think he oversteps his power."

But the car had stopped and minister and people were pouring out and soon had ascended the steps of the little church of St. Winifred.

The sermon was in Welsh, and the minister, a young, handsome man, listened to with close attention, both by the elders of the congregation and the younglings, for he had taken a determined stand against the custom of keeping this one special festival of the year, with particular reference to the ghosts and hobgoblins which have marked it for their own, as the Welsh people ardently believe. He invaded Welsh literature to prove that such a being as a fairy never existed, and he substantiated the statement from his bible. He demanded a greater reverence for the holy office of matrimony than the practice of pulling stalks, big or little, crooked or straight, in order to determine the appearance of a future partner. He denounced the fallacy of eating an apple before a mirror, expecting the future husband would look over the shoulder.

"No man," he declared, "would be willing to wed a woman who would wind a ball of yarn, chanting doggerel meanwhile, saying over words that are impious as defying fate, or challenging Providence. Hallowe'en is the Devil's Sunday. It is the Witches' night, and we may well believe that the evil one sends out his myrmidons on that night to do his bidding." It was only last year that on the following morning a witch-ridden sign "Beer Saloon" had been fastened over the door of the sacred edifice. These

were tricks of the devil, and he was there to exorcise him. Nut-cracking was used as an interpretation of the future, and other unholy rites were used in the fireside revelries of the evening. He hoped his parishioners would desist from this custom of pagan worship.

All were duly impressed with the earnestness of the pastor, but the Welsh people, as the Rev. David knew to his cost, were naturally stubborn, and they loved their traditions. Chloe and Cynthia and Phyllis, with Lubin, their brother, might be influenced, being American-born, but the Llewellyns and Gonerils, of Welshland, merely shook their high-hatted heads, and went home to prepare for roaring farce in their own homes with such embellishments as they might deem proper—behind the pastor's back.

Nell Gwynne could not prevail on Gladys to accompany her home, so she went on without her, and David Griffith, waiting, as was his wont, offered to see Gladys safe to her own door. But the girl shook her head.

"I am not afraid," she made answer, "and I could not enjoy the walk after your sermon."

"Has it made such an impression on you?" he asked, forgetting his clerical intonation in a tender cadence.

"It has made me unhappy," said the young woman, regarding him with sorrowful, uplifted eyes.

"I am glad," he said with the fire of an enthusiast. "I am tired of preaching to deaf ears. I am glad that one soul is convinced."

"I am convinced in one way only—that you are fighting a great war against evil with straws."

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

Rev. David Griffith had received such a blow straight between the eyes that he saw nothing but the firmament of stars, and leaving the old sexton to close the church, he, too, went home, a humbled and disappointed man, for he dearly loved this same Gladys Allyn and was set on having her for a wife if she would consent. He knew that the Welsh women make the most faithful wives in the world, but he had not found courage to declare himself, and there were several likely young Cornishmen in the field.

Gladys went home and found the house holding high carnival. Her younger brothers and sisters had not attended church, and instead were carrying out all the unholy rites, as David Griffith called them, of Hallowe'en. Bonfires were burning in the yard, and in the kitchen a twirling stick with a lighted candle on one end and an apple on the other amused the youngsters. Three dishes were on the hearth, one empty, one filled with soapy, and one with clear water. Bob, her brother, invited Gladys to try her luck.

"Dunno bout you mout get th' parson," he said with a grimace.

But the girl had no heart for the usual festivities since they had been denounced as sinful, and went up to her own little room and sat there alone until at last love and superstition got the better of her resolution.

"I'll try it just this once," she said to herself, "and never again."

Then she went to an old chest and took out one of the high chimney-pot hats, worn by the Cymri, and a short mother Hubbard cloak and attire in these slipped out and wended her way to the church.

Under her cloak she carried a candle and this she now lighted, and shielding it from the wind she began a circuit of the building. If there was anything in the stories they told she would see an appearance—the wraith of the man she desired to marry. She carried out this Hallowe'en ritual to the letter, and then in the gloom and shadow of the church Gladys saw a figure approaching and an immediate fear took possession of her.

It was a tall figure wrapped in the folds of a Llandudno shawl, the figure of a man, and a very resolute one, too, for he threw open a door which led to the basement and producing a round object from his pocket began an incantation of some sort.

"I wind, I wind, I wind, who holds?" he cried out excitedly, and Gladys recognized the voice, and a great joy effaced every vestige of her fear.

"I hold, I hold, I hold," she answered boldly.

But her voice had exactly the opposite effect of that which she anticipated. It was the young rector as she knew who was holding an end of the yarn, the ball of which he had dropped down the basement stairs. When she spoke in answer to his question he wheeled round and beholding, as he supposed, an ancient woman, he made no doubt that she was one of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:

"Mr. Griffith."

No answer.

"David," very softly.

A deep groan.

Her candle was still burning. She slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"

With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified parson who had so recently rebuked his people for levity and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to re-mount the stairs, but he called her back.

"Can I assist you, Mr. Griffith?"

"No, no, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the

captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?"

"And shall Trelawney die?"

Then thirty thousand Cornishmen

Will know the reason why."

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:

"Parson munna seen a witch."

TAJ MAHAL.

The Wonderful Monument to an Indian Princess.

The central point of attraction at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design however, the beloved empress was ill.

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

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