

# The Democrat

DECATUR, IND.

M. BLACKBURN. PUBLISHER.

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. That's 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 declaring 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 American 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 hopeth 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 convulsion 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 least the persecuted Armenians have risen and are prepared to turn upon their Turkish butchers. It

is stated that in the Ze'ont Mountain there are 20,000 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 en masse 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 shabby 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 skim 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 Northerner'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 Spatts to Bloombumper, "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 Bloombumper.  
"What side is that?"  
"The outside,"—Harper's Bazar.

## THE DOWN GRADE.

When the engine is a-puffin'.  
An' a-snorin' an' a-bluffin'.  
Like it mighty o'fen will;  
When you hear the thing a-blowin',  
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.

## HALLOWE'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 bery 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 prided himself upon being almost a linguist.

"May I inquire?" he asked respectfully of a tall brunette, 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 Taffylan is 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 brunette.

"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 apple-paring alone, for the sake of the dear old days."

"I think you are silly, Gladys, to let Mr. Griffith influence you. If amusements 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 theyear, with particular reference to the ghosts and hobgoblins which have marked it for their own, as the Welsh people ardently believe, and 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 manwile, 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-riden 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 Phillis, 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 a 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 tenderer 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 straw."

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 a 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 attired 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 wealth 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 recount 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: "Farsion 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 died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship, and the rare and, in some instances, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtained in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures, some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior blazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivaled as the highest example of unwearied art supported by unbounded resources.

## Nosegays of the Past.

Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned gardens is revived. There is a fresh call for the perennials and annuals which enlivened the borders of long ago, and those who are fortunate enough to still possess these old-time gardens show with pride the long-treasured plants which have bloomed for so many years. We are apt to think that we know a good deal more about flowers than our grandparents, but the fact is there was, perhaps, more variety than there is to-day in many of their collections. Much time is given now to the development of perfect specimens and to the cultivation of new varieties, both in greenhouse and garden, but if we were to look over some of the venerable catalogues we should find that if we planted a lot of old granddads that we should have our hands full of gardens full, without anything new. A garden guide printed in 1806 gives a list of 400 hardy perennials, with 120 annuals

## Game in the Big Park.

Superintendent Huntley, of the Yellowstone Park Company, says:

"All large game in the park, except buffalo, is increasing fast. There is still a small herd of buffalo in the park, but it is a constant temptation to the unprincipled hunter. A buffalo head is said to be worth from \$300 to \$500. The troops give them all the protection they can, but once in a while some daring pot hunter gets off with a hide and head. In no place in the country is fishing better than in the park. Seven years ago the Government commenced stocking the streams of Wonderland, and now all afford excellent sport with the rod. Three varieties of trout have been furnished from the Government hatcheries—the rainbow, the Von Baer, and Loch Leven. The latter is the gamiest trout in the world. The Fire Hole River was stocked largely with that variety, and four pounders have been taken from it this summer. Some of the small lakes were stocked with black bass, but bass fishing will not be allowed for a year or two longer. Next year is expected to be a big one. We look for many from the section reached by the Burlington. The road opens a new section of country to Montana and its benefits were felt in the park this year. The hotels were better kept this season than ever before, although the rates were reduced 25 percent. It will not be many years before the Grand Canon, the geysers, springs, and wonders of the Yellowstone Park will be visited and appreciated by tens of thousands of people yearly."

## Cultivating Bacteria.

To the un instructed mind, it may smack of absurdity to say that at no distant day the bacteria of butter and cheese will be cultivated as we now cultivate other commercial products. A writer on this subject says: "The fermentation of cream and of cheese is already as much of an art as the fermentation of malt in the manufacture of beer. In the curing of tobacco the same activity is discovered, and the day is not far distant when commerce in high-bred tobacco bacteria will be an accomplished fact. In short, we may look forward to the day when the bacteria active in agriculture will be carefully cultivated, and the bacteriologist will be found along with those of the Jersey cow and the Norman horse." On a par with this is the sterilization of products, which process is necessary before the thorough bacteria is introduced.

## Uncle Allen Advises.

"I notice, my dear," said Uncle Allen Sparks to one of his nieces, "that when you have a toothache it's the worst you ever had. The young man who was here last night was the ugliest fellow you ever saw. According to your statement a little while ago, took you forever and a day to learn how to make a sponge cake. The house, you say, is full of flies. You have just declared that the room is as hot as an oven, you have the dreadfiest headache you ever had in your life, and the boy across the road is making the fearfulest racket a boy ever made. Don't you see, my child, this sort of thing won't do? Some time in your life you will really have an experience requiring the superlative degree describe it, and you won't be able to convey any idea of it. You will have used up all your adjectives. That's all. You can go to thumping the piano again."

## Postal Telegraphy.

A well known inventor and electrician announces his firm conviction that it is time to get out of the telegraph full working value, and that it ought now to be used for the carriage of mails, not in the physical sense, but literally, all the same. He believes that 40,000 or 50,000 letters of about fifty words each between Chicago and New York could every day be profitably sent over a couple of copper wires at a rate of twelve to fifteen cents a piece. Thousands of such letters now pay twelve cents in the mail to insure the saving of half an hour after a journey of twenty-four hours. The plan is based necessarily on "machine telegraphy," which has been tried before and not gone very far.

## An Odd Ordinance.

Councilman Towle, of Oakland, Cal., recently introduced and engineered second reading an ordinance compelling all bathers within the city limits of that town to tie up their heads in sack while bathing. The ordinance provides that all bathers must wear shirt or jersey covering the entire part of the body except the face. The ordinance passed to the printer, and it was the often-abused intelligence composer who discovered that it passed the Council every bather Oakland would be compelled by it to bag his head. The ordinance was reported back, and is to come up for disposition this week.

## Absorbable Tissue For Wounds.

J. Lustok has patented a process Germany under which the mucous coating of the intestines of animals is divested of both the interior and exterior layers of mucous membrane, and then digested in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibres are half digested. This is then treated with tannin and gallic acid. The result is a tissue which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.