



Address of the Rev. G. W. Pearce Delivered at the Adams County Old Settlers' Reunion at Decatur, on Thursday Last.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentle-

men:  
At this, your annual gathering, you are to be congratulated upon many things; all of which tend to make this an enjoyable occasion. You are favored with beautiful weather, beautiful surroundings and a grand audience of the right kind of people; a people who by their presence and enthusiasm are bound to make a success of whatever they take in hand. You have also the right man presiding over your assembly; and at present I can conceive but one possible drawback, or cause for commiseration rather than congratulation, and that is, that of the speaker of this occasion, you have the "wrong man."

Some men are superabundantly blessed with foresight, and have exercised that gift, and hence have stayed away today, and it may be before I get through, many of you will heartily wish either that you had stayed away, or at least, that I had.

But ladies and gentlemen, I beg of you to be lenient, and to exercise some of that fortitude, patience and forbearance under trying circumstances, which you have so often had to show during the course of your long and honorable lives, and try and remember will you, that whatever pain and suffering I may cause you to endure, it will be like the "mumps" soon over.

And Mr. Chairman, I am but a preacher, and a man of peace, hence I put myself under your kind protection, and if during the course of my remarks, you shall observe any person so hard-hearted and cruel as to be in the act of throwing something (not money) at the speaker, then I beg of you to at once check them, and tell them I am doing the best I can and know how. But sir, I don't think there will be any occasion for interference of this character, for one thing have I well learned during my ministerial career, and that is that farmers love preachers; but be that as it may, it is morally certain that preachers love farmers; they love to visit them at their comfortable homes, and get their legs under the farmer's table, (more particularly, however, those ministers who belong to the Methodist or Brethren denomination) and as they have come away from your homes, I can well imagine they have been heard to sing, "I have been there, and still would go; for it was like a little heaven below." Yes friends, in the course of your past hardships, and later more comfortable lives, preachers have helped you, and I guess they have not forgotten on many occasions to "help themselves." I used to wonder how it was that at Old Settlers' picnics, and gatherings of a like nature gotten up principally by our farmer friends, that so many of the preachers could find time to leave their studies and their many other duties as to be present. However, by carefully watching my Brethren, I have learned much, and today, I find myself in a very teachable mood, willing and desirous to learn more of the farmers, their good wives and daughters, and the good qualities they possess, and hence before I leave this picnic, if, instead of turning me off the grounds, you shall be disposed to return "good for evil," and invite me to a seat to your well spread tables, then my cause for wonderment will completely pass away. May the good things come soon and last long is my earnest desire.

No man, I repeat, honors the soldier more than I do; but I say: "You"

made and preserved the county more than all. It requires courage to go into battle against a human enemy, but oh, what courage it must have required to face the difficulties that you went through in the early days. Our soldier boys have conquered and are sure to conquer, and it is not to be wondered at when it is remembered through what conflicts the fathers and mothers sturdily and triumphantly went. Ah! many and many a time you were cast down but not destroyed, and when knocked down by one disaster after another, you were quickly up and at it again. Yes, I repeat it. You made the country. You conceived it in purity and you have done your level best to keep it pure. In your hands the flag of the nation has meant not only freedom, but upright living. You have tried to keep clean, and like the standard-bearer in a certain battle, who when mortally wounded while carrying the flag as he fell, held up the flag, saying: "It ain't touched the ground, it ain't touched the dirt." So you old settlers, actuated as you have ever been, by honest, upright principles, as honestly carried out have carried the flag aloft, and though sometimes it may have been shot at and you, the standard-bearers of American manliness and womanliness may have been wounded in the fight; you can say to your sons and daughters, you can proclaim to us and to the whole world as you hand over the flag to us and by and by, "Thank God, it ain't touched the ground, it ain't touched the dirt." Unsullied you made the flag, unsullied you have kept it; and unsullied you will hand it over. The terrors, the struggles, the dangers, the hardships, cheerfully endured by you were greater than those of the soldier, and through your conflicts what have we got? Beautiful homes, glorious farms, magnificent cities, splendid churches and schools, all of which are primarily owing to the hard work and sufferings of the pioneers, God bless you. It is the great lesson of biography to teach what men and women can be and do at their best. When you shall have gone to your rest your lives shall speak to us from your graves, and beckon us on in the paths which you have trod. Your noble example will still be with us to guide us, to influence and to direct and bless us, for Sir, nobility of character is a perpetual bequest, living from age to age, adds constantly tending to reproduce its like. Thus the acted life of a good man continues to be a gospel of freedom and emancipation to all who succeed him. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die." The golden words which the good have uttered, the examples they have set live through all time, they pass into the thoughts and hearts of their successors, help them on the road of life, and console them in the hour of death. Yes; your pioneer life was a life of courage, a life of bravery, a life of self-denial; and with such religious examples before us, the country must be right if we follow in your footsteps. There is a contagi-

ousness in every example of energetic upright conduct. The brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels them as it were to follow him. Thus was it in a certain battle when the front was broken and in flight, a young officer sprang forward and waving his hat called upon the soldiers within sight to follow him. Putting spurs to his horse he rushed headlong at the enemy. His comrades were electrified but in a moment they dashed after him and with one shock they broke the enemy's ranks and sent them flying. And so it is in ordinary life, the good and truly great draw others after them, they lighten and lift up all who are within the reach of their influence; they are so many living centres of beneficial activity. When in 1798, Washington, grown old, had withdrawn from public life and was living in retirement at Mount Vernon, it seemed probable that France would declare war against the United States. President Adams wrote to him saying, "We must have your name if you will permit us to use it, there will be more efficacy in your name than in many an army." So it is that in some cases personal character acts by a kind of talismanic influence as if certain men were the organs of a sort of supernatural force. Such is and must be the influence of the lives as lived by the noble pioneers of this country. They and you won glorious battles against tremendous odds during life, and when you shall have died, the memory of your noble deeds, the influence of your sterling characters shall inspire and incite, and encourage to live noble lives, those who shall come after you.

When Douglas lay mortally wounded on the field of Otterburn, he ordered his name to be shouted still louder than before, saying there was a tradition in his family that a dead Douglas should win a battle. His followers inspired by the sound gathered fresh courage, rallied and conquered; and thus in the words of the Scottish poet: "The Douglas dead his name hath won the field." You, old settlers, you will live for many exploits, for womanly heroism in generations yet to come and though we shall speak and sing, and our public speakers shall give vent to their feelings in their impassioned orations, as they shall tell of the deeds of our soldier boys; none the less, nay but with even more earnestness shall the coming generations tell of the struggles and victories of the pioneers. Yes; powerful in life, and powerful after death. Never says history was Caesar more alive than when his old and worn out body, his withered corpse lay pierced with blows, he appeared then purified, redeemed, the man of humanity. Never did the great character of William of Orange, surnamed "the Silent" exercise greater power over his countrymen than after his assassination. On the very day of his murder, the Estates of Holland resolved to maintain the good cause with God's help to the uttermost without sparing gold or blood, and they kept their word. The same illustration applies to all history and mortals. The career of worthy men and women remain enduring monuments of human energy. It is the men and women that advance in the highest and best directions who are the true beacons of human progress, they are lights set upon a hill illuminating the moral atmosphere around them, and the light of their spirit continues to shine upon all succeeding generations. Men and women such as you, are the true life blood of the country, they elevate and uphold it, fortify and enable it and shed a glory over it by the example of life and character.

Some one has said the names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation, but I prefer to say the names and memories of good men and women. It is not great men only, that have to be taken into account in estimating the qualities of a nation; but the character that pervades the great body of the people; not from so-called "society" the fine and superfine ladies and gentlemen so-called, such you meet in all countries, and they are everywhere the same; but it is such as yourselves, men and women who have carved out their own career, it is from such that the national strength and spirit is recruited, and such must necessarily furnish the vital force and constitute the backbone, eye, and the ribs of every nation. Honored old settlers, not only do we learn from your lives the value of hard work, indomitable pluck, energy and perseverance, but we learn the value and see the result of cheerful dispositions as one great means to overcome difficulties. Many and many a time you have been "pushed back," knocked down and almost submerged in the sea of trouble; but like Mark Tapley, you have come up smiling, and with your sleeves tucked up, your feet firmly placed on the ground, and your back against the wall, you stood ready for the next difficulty. Like the cork in the water, you could not be kept down. You have not trusted to luck, but to pluck with your own strong arms. Heretofore, self's the man. If you sit still until some one shall take you on their back you will grow to your seat. Let me say to the young men here, don't be whining about not having a "fair start." You have a far better start than these old settlers. Drop a sensible man out of the window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. Money you earn yourself is much brigadier and sweeter than any you can get out of the dead men's bags. A scanty breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one,

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As to a little trouble, why think of what these good old folks went through. After all who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Laziness waits until the river is dry and never gets to market, but pluck swims it and makes all the trade. Young men, the road up the hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. To do good in the world you must try. To succeed in any enterprise you must try. Little by little does it. You can cook in small pots as well as in big ones. Little pigeons can carry great messages. A spark is fire. A sentence of truth has heaven in it. In a word, the old settlers say to you, "Do what you do right, do it thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to Almighty God." Alas, advice is thrown away on some folks, but not on you. Teach a cow for ten years and she'll never learn to sing the Star Spangled Banner, and it is much about the same with many people. It is like putting a fool's cap on a donkey's head, for all the good the advice will ever bring. There is a well known story of an old farmer calling his three idle sons around him, when on his death bed, to impart to them an important secret. My sons, said he, a great treasure lies hid in the estate, which I am about to leave to you. The old man gasped. Where is it hid? cried all the sons together. I am about to tell you, said the old man, you will have to dig for it. But his breath failed him before he could impart the weighty secret and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work with spade and mattock upon the long neglected fields and they turned up every sod and clod upon the estate. They found no treasure, but they learned to work, and when the fields were sown and harvest came, lo, the yield was prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage which they had undergone. For myself, I never had any faith in "luck" at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch, if he jumps far enough. You know the story of the man rushing into the depot panting and perspiring, but just one minute late. A man who was disposed to sympathise with him said, "You didn't run fast enough." He replied, "Oh, yes I did, but I didn't start soon enough." Young man, start early and keep at it and you'll get there.

Let me finish with this parable, which I read the other day. Uncle Sam was once walking the streets of a city with his boy and girl. They came upon a crowd of hoodlums mistreating and robbing a defenceless child. "Come on, Uncle Sam, cried the boy, "you can thrash them, go in and win." "Come away, Uncle Sam," cried the girl, "this is none of your business and you'll get hurt." Uncle Sam hesitated for a few moments, then rushed to the defense of the robbed child and soon put the hoodlums to flight. His clothes were a little torn and muddled in the encounter and he received a bloody nose, but otherwise came off unharmed. "What shall we do with him?" said Sam. "Take him home with us," said the boy, "I want a fag to run my errands and black my boots." "Leave him alone" said the girl, "you have done enough in rescuing him. It is none of your business to provide for him now that you have set him free." "You are both wrong," said Uncle Sam, "I have not rescued him to make a fag of him, nor to leave him to fall again into the hands of the same hoodlums, nor another lot no better. I must see him provided with food, shelter and education." "Are you going to take him home to live with us?" said the girl. "Ah, that is another question," said Sam. "But, Uncle Sam, just look at your clothes, ain't you going to make the hoodlums buy you a new suit?" "No," said Sam. "I can afford to buy my own clothes." Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have done me, and I pray God to abundantly bless you.

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## BROOK AT SAN JUAN

AMERICAN GENERAL FINISHES HIS MARCH ACROSS PORTO RICO.

Natives Appeared Pleased at His Approach and Spanish Soldiers Presented Arms—Alger Orders Certain Charges at Camp Wikoff Investigated.

San Juan de Porto Rico, Sept. 6.—Major General John R. Brooke, his staff and escort, have completed two-thirds of their journey across the island toward this city. The march has been like a march through a friendly territory. On Saturday General Brooke stopped at Cagay. Sunday he reached Caguas, 20 miles from here. Yesterday afternoon he entered Rio Pedras, one of the aristocratic suburbs of San Juan, where he will establish his headquarters.

General Brooke has accepted the hospitality of Captain General Macias, who graciously offered him the use of his private residence at Rio Piedras.

The column, though small, is imposing and is making a deep impression. As it winds its way over stately mountains, covered to their summits with coffee and tobacco plantations and through broad savannas and valleys, General Brooke, with his chief of staff rode at the head of the column. The natives, who had news of the coming of the Americans, lined the roads, their faces showing their pleasure, although there were no demonstrations. At intervals along the way the Spanish soldiers of the Guarda Civil presented arms as our troops passed.

ALGER IS ANGRY.

Demands the Truth as to Statements About Camp Wikoff.

Washington, Sept. 6.—Secretary Alger sent the following order to Montauk Point, yesterday:

To the Commanding General, Montauk, N. Y.—The New York World of about 28th ultimo published a statement of the death of Private Hugh Parrett of the Eighth regulars in which it is charged that when he begged of Dr. — to take him to the hospital, the doctor notified him that the hospital was for sick men, and it is reported that Parrett died that night. This account is sent me by Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, who says there is great indignation in his community over the case, and if it is as reported, there should be. I wish an inquiry immediately instituted to find out about this matter and report made to me. I understand one, Sergeant Rich, of same company or regiment, is under arrest for having complained of this matter. I have heard much of the neglect of the men, much of which no doubt, is fictitious, but if there is any foundation for this statement, or if there are any men ill in the regulars in their tents that are not provided for, I wish to know the reason why and at once, also the names of the officers in command of the regiment and company in each case.

R. A. ALGER, Secretary of War.

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