

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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National Hymn of Brazil.

It is fresh in the minds of all how
Brazil sprung into existence, as a Repub-
lic in a day. The following is the national
air:

May the glorious sun shed a flood of
light
O'er Brazil, with its hallowed soil,
Despots never again will our land af-
fright—
Never more will we groan 'neath the
rod.

Then with hymns of glory resounding,
With new hopes for the land we adore,
Loyal hearts for our country rebounding,
Let our song sing from mountain to
shore.

The eyes of the day-god ne'er more will
see
The slave in his chains pine and die;
We are brothers who'd die for our liberty,
Tyrants all! We your powers defy!
All are free in our glorious nation,
In the future united are we,
While our flag waves with wild exultation
We will sing of our land of the free.
From the Ypiranga, hark! 'tis the cry
sublime,
Of faith and of hope for our land.
Come, arise! Oh, Brazil, 'tis the holy
time,
Forward, all, 'tis your country's com-
mand.

From thy minds the royal purple banish,
And in glory advance to the fore;
Then, Brazil, all thy foremen will vanish,
And triumphant thou'lt be evermore.
REFRAIN:
Liberty! Liberty! open wide your pinions
grand,
Thro' tempests dire and battles' fire,
Oh, guard our native land.

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetest heart!
I see you in a hour by hour,
Your eyes are like a heart!
Your life is like a waste away,
In vain I weep in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription. It imparts
strength to the falling system, cures
organic troubles and for debilitated
and feeble women generally, is un-
equalled. It dispels melancholy and
nervousness, and builds up both flesh
and strength. Guaranteed to give
satisfaction in every case, or money
paid for it refunded.

NOBLE PRECEPTS

GOOD WORDS TO A YOUNG MAN.

Henry Ward Beecher's Advice to His Son.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4.—The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared on good authority never to have been published. It is reminiscent of the worldly good sense of the advice given to Laertes by Polonius, but it is also permeated by the leaven of Christian experience. The precepts in it are those which if followed would produce a good man as well as a gentleman.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1878.
My Dear Herbert.

You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

(1) You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the Devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

(2) Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

(3) Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

(4) When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

(5) Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

(6) Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

(7) The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

(8) Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money, suddenly, largely and without working for it. They blow soap-bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thou sands every year.

(9) In regard to Mr. B——, he is a Southern gentleman; he is receiving you as a favor to me; do not let him regret it.

(10) I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others; never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding, and severe speech of absent people, is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

(11) You must remember that you go to Mr. B—— not to learn to manage a farm like his. One or two hundred acres, not forty thousand, is to be your future homestead; but you can learn the care of cattle, sheep, the culture of wheat, the climate, country, manners and customs, and a hundred things that will be needful.

(12) If by integrity, industry and well-earned success you deserve well of your fellow citizens, they may in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young—wait; but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honor in Halls of Legislation. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

Read often the Proverbs; the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"OLD ZEB."

HE WASN'T A CANDIDATE.

The Diplomatic View of an old Darkey as to Senator Vance's Salvation.

(New York Tribune.)

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, unquestionably the champion story-teller of the Senate, has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant in the Church. It is told of him that riding along in Buncombe county one day he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought he would have "a little fun."

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah, not edactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—now, ain't you?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, de most of de brethren and sisters about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Methodist neither."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Campbellite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in de name of goodness are you then?" rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fact' is, sah, my old marster was a Herruld of de Cross in de Presbyterian Church and I was fotch up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my Church?"

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again:

"And do you believe in all the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in de doctrines of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name sah."

"Why, do you believe that if a

man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and that if he is elected to be damned he will be damned?"

"Oh! you boss, I believe dat, it's gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the Governor. "What do you say?"

"Well, I tell you what 'His, Marse Zeb, Ise been libin' in dis heah world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' elected 'bout he was a candidate?"

Suicide.

In olden times the burial of a suicide was characterized by impaling the body with a stake. Happily nowadays no such horrible method of discountenancing the act of self-slaughter is practiced, though if it were and virtual suicides included in the list with the actual ones, staked graves would be largely in the majority. Virtual suicides in this connection means that class of people who die rather than save themselves by a specific such as Radam's Microbe Killer, which, according to responsible authorities, will cure all diseases if taken in time. Radam's Microbe Killer testimonials are well worth reading and give hope to the afflicted, who will find it to their interest to send for circulars.


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LEBANON, Ky., April 2, 1890.
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Gentlemen—I have used a part of three jags for indigestion and general debility, and am now in my usual health. Used it with my little for catarrh of the stomach, and it has entirely relieved her when every-thing else failed.

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Mrs. W. W. WYKIN.
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The scientific men of today claim and prove that every disease is CAUSED BY MICROBES.

—AND—
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

ATHERMA, CONSUMPTION, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY AND LIVER DISEASE, CHILLS AND FEVERS, FEMALE TROUBLES, IS ALL THESE FORMS, AND, IN FACT, EVERY DISEASE KNOWN TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

Beware of "Fraudulent Imitations!"

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