

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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SUSPENSE.

Waiting, watching, the long hours through, The slow-paced hours of dark and dew. While just at the threshold, chill and white, Hovers the angel, from dark to light, Who leads the way when, the day's work done, Homeward the Master calls each one. Nothing for tenderest love to do, Watching, waiting, the long hours through.

Gentlest ministries over now, Death-damp cold on the sleeping brow, Tenderest words have all been spoken, Last of the earthly loaf has been broken; If there was anger, ne'ermore Shall its shadow leave the sad heart's door; If there were wrongs, 'tis all too late To right them now at this outer gate. Where stern and steady the angel stands Who guides God's own to the best of lands.

Watching, waiting, through dusk and dew, The tremulous silence a bird breaks through, Sit on the shore the tide creeps in, She sighs, she is living, to toll and spin, To lift the burden, to feel the rod, To longer pray for the vision of God, The night is over, the great sun wakes, Thank God that His heaven no loved one takes. Today from our arms, that could not spare This precious thing from our anxious care.

Check Reins and Blinders.

These are two twin relics of barbarism that still hold their own against all feeling of humanity, in many parts of our country. The blinder was invented probably to keep the horse from seeing anything that might be coming up behind him. Whoever invented it did not understand the functions of the eye of a horse at all. The eye of a horse is made so that he can see through a very wide range, from the front to rear, and the blinder hides from him three-quarters of what he can see without them. It is entered as an expense that it keeps him from shying at the whip or anything that comes up suddenly behind. This plea is not good, for a horse with blinders once held learns that whip is behind him does not forget it and is in constant dread of being struck. He is more easily startled by a noise, the source of which he can not see, than he would be if the blinders were off. The check rein is worse than the blinder, and not a day passes but that we see ladies riding at ease in comfortable carriages while their horses are suffering torture because their heads are pulled up in an unnatural position and held there in a most cruel manner. These spirited nobs are not tossing their heads as they go down the street, because they are proud and high lived. It is because they are in pain as cruel as ever possessed the victim of the rack, and it is downright savagery to drive a team reined up in that manner. We have seen ladies cry out when a horse was struck with a whip as if it had been themselves who received the blow, and at the same time the team in their carriage was in agony constantly because of the check reins. A cruel blow with a whip is a small affair beside the torture of a team with their heads checked up according to the ignorant ideals of the correct position.

The life of a good woman full of the Christian graces, is worth more in a home than all the learning and all the wealth and all the position of the world. Children raised in the fear of God and with love for man make home the citadel of the country. Mothers, guard it well.

CLOSE STUDY.

ITS OBJECT AND REWARD.

Every One Has Time to Study.

What should be the object of study? The answer to this question of some would be—to figure in society; not others, to excel. Was this question asked generally, it would be answered, no doubt, in various ways, but the true object of study should be to improve and enrich the mind, to elevate society as well as to enable the student to figure in good society.

Everyone has time to study. There are intervals daily and in addition to these, the one day in seven in which the most closely occupied can improve their mind.

If man applied himself as diligently and earnestly to study as to other less important duties, he would be exceedingly happier and accomplish vastly more for himself and others. He should be conscious always of the fact that he is somewhat responsible for the conduct of his associates and strive to cultivate his mind and study with this important object in view, viz: to improve when possible the society in which he is thrown. It requires tact and intellect to adapt himself to circumstances and to enable those of less intelligence to feel free in his society.

When God created man He made him an intelligent and an immortal being, hence it is the necessary duty and the interest of every person to improve his understanding and to store up knowledge. And the student should be careful when acquiring knowledge that it is useful knowledge. Knowledge that does not have a tendency to refine, elevate or inform the judgment is far more injurious than beneficial. It may improve the memory some, but it is almost absolutely unnecessary and, for this reason, the judicious student never indulges in acquiring such knowledge.

Every one should acquire the skill of good reasoning as far as his position in life, capacity and understanding turns him with proper means. Every living being has a vocation in life, and man has a comparatively high one. What a world ours would be if every one did the best that his circumstances allow! More would improve their opportunities and study with their entire capacity if they thoroughly realized that "Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more." When studying, then, the student should use all his reasoning faculties. In this world of ours there is much to learn; the amount is so great that we can not afford to drop any of our reasoning faculties or waste our time. The person who studies for the sake of acquiring useful knowledge and realizes that, with all his efforts, he knows comparatively nothing, debars himself from base conceit which is so disgusting in some who have acquired some knowledge, but not altogether the useful kind. Those who are somewhat well informed, but are almost void of practical common sense and are inflated over their knowledge, are to be pitied rather than admired. Nevertheless, those who are unfortunately possessed of this weakness can, by earnest effort, emancipate themselves of it, which would fully reward them for the most earnest effort. Conceit, to the refined, intelligent, mind makes merit contemptible. No one can guard his thoughts too well. Every one should strive as nearly as possible to crush every sinful thought and whatever vocation he may be striving to attain in life, let him make his calling and election sure, that his work may stand approved in the sight of God. If he lack wisdom, "Let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." There is no better advice concerning our thoughts than that which Young has given us. He says: Guard well thy thoughts. Our thoughts are heard in heaven. The greatest reward of him who studies with the true object is, that he has a greater capacity for the joys, beauty, grandeur, and the unspeakable riches which await him in an immortal world!

We have the assurance that "When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Although our knowledge is limited here, in that day "We shall know as we are known."

BEN INVERARY.

A Lefty Purpose.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, then set yourself earnestly to do it, and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.

Our Children Need Sympathy.

Why not pass through life like a gleam of sunshine, cheering and refreshing the jaded hearts of those we meet? Entering into others' trials and helping to bear their burdens are a blessed service, which is its own reward. We realize the comforts derived from sympathy—that fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind. How much sympathy do we bestow upon the little ones?

Their need for it is greater than we think, for the old are just as apt to forget they were once young as the young are apt to forget that they will one day be old. To us, their sorrows over "dead" dolls and broken carts seem very trivial, yet they grieve them just as much as a fall in stocks and a sick baby disturb us children of a larger growth. Their feeble power and lack of experience place them in a trying position. Every accident appears an irreparable disaster; each little failure an abiding ruin.

A distinguished clergyman was asked what was the most poignant grief of his checkered life. "An unhappy childhood," was the unhesitating response. Dickens was seared by the fires of his younger afflictions. Byron was wrecked by his mother's lack of sympathy. Oh, let us be careful how we treat these tender blossoms of heaven, so shrinkingly sensitive, so quick to accept the loving glance, the kindly word, and so parched, many of them, for want of the dew of affectionate sympathy and tender interest!

Many a man and woman afflicted with a melancholy temperament which distorts and discolors all his or her view of life, owes that terrible Nemesis to an uncareful childhood. Every touch upon such plastic character leaves its impress; every stain defiles. Don't keep your hearts weath'ered and best bon mots for the drawing room. Take them up to the nursery.

Beats the Keeley Cure.

A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, but one night her husband came home very late and staggered into the house. His wife was greatly shocked and told him he was ill and to lie down at once. He did so and in a moment or two was comfortably asleep on the sofa. His face was a reddish purple, his breathing heavy and altogether he was a pitiable looking object. The doctor was sent for in haste and mustard plasters applied to his hands and feet. When the doctor came, felt his pulse, examined him and found that he was drunk, he said he would be all right in the morning.

But the wife insisted that he was very ill and severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I shall send for some one who will."

His head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. All night he lay in a drunken sleep, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into the flesh. It was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he awoke to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agony.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hand to his bandaged head. "Lie still—you mustn't stir," said the wife; "You have been very ill."

"I'm not ill!"

"Oh, yes you are; you have brain fever. We have worked hard with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"But I'm better now; take off the blisters, do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores and his hands and feet still worse.

"My dear," he said groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again do not be alarmed or send for the doctor and, above all, do not blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will! all that saved you was the blisters, and if you should have another spell, I should be more frightened than ever, for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy and from the next attack you would be likely to die unless there were the severest measures used."

He made no further defense; and from that day to this he has not had another attack of drunk.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ALL DIFFERENT.

THIS EXPLAINS MANY THINGS.

Differences in Human Nature.

One of the most striking things in all nature is the difference that exists between the various individuals of the same class. It is said that if our power of vision were sufficiently acute, we should perceive that no two blades of grass, no two grains of sand, no two drops of water were precisely similar. We know this to be true of everything which comes within the scope of our observation; both in the organic and inorganic world, and it is only reasonable to believe that the same law reigns through the entire universe. These differences become more obvious to us as we become more familiar with the type.

We easily recognize the variations in the trees of the forest, in the birds of the air, in the beasts of the fields, in the features and forms of the men and women who surround us, and the oftener we observe them, and the more closely we scrutinize them, the greater is the diversity that we discover between them. When we know a person well it is impossible that we can mistake him for any one else; his peculiar expressions of face and form and manner are stamped upon our memory and excite our instant recognition.

No two minds run in the same channels, or think exactly each other's thoughts. Truth is many-sided, and multitudes of men and women stand still, viewing continually but one of her phases. Did they but move around her, changing their respective attitudes, they would appreciate one another far better. Excellent people sometimes regret that there are so many differences of opinion upon a single subject.

If all were agreed, they say, how smoothly and harmoniously might all work together for the general good! They forget that, were it possible, there would be no consensus of truth, no gathering together of its many features, no comparison of its many aspects. It is just this mingling of sincere convictions that enables men to correct their fallacies, to retrieve their blunders, to arrive at something like wise judgment and correct conclusions. Yet we chafe and fret at these very differences, and attribute to them many of the evils which really belong to our unwillingness to recognize and accept them.

Too often irritation, ill feeling and even anger arise from this innocent cause. Interchange of opinion, whether in ordinary conversation or in discussions and debate, is among the most instructive and valuable means of forming true opinions, yet often it is poisoned by a dogmatism that will brook no contradiction and a temper which regards all dissent as a personal affront.

Irish Mud Cabins.

Corahill Magazine.

The mud cabin in Ireland consists of two rooms and possibly a small store-tatched out-house which is used as a store-room for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose. The doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools atoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or bunks, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex. From 9 to 12 is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the calloogh, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscreened from the live stock of the farm and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds besides the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space respectively, and jealousy resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat-smoke evidently acts a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innocuous to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community is in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant.

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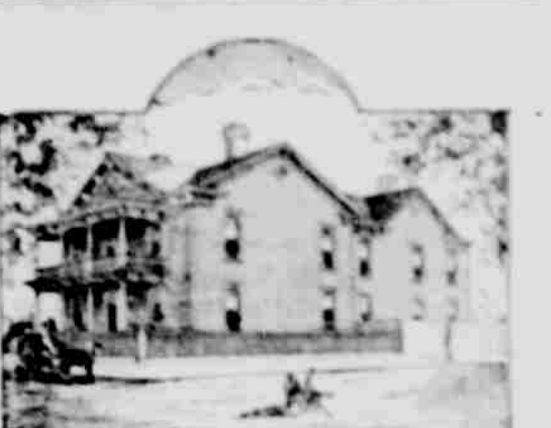
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