

One of those Rebel flags that Governor Cleveland ordered returned to the defunct Southern Confederacy has turned up in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri and they have been shaking it at a Grand Army Post.

Foreign nations are getting on their war paint and the outlook is that there will be some fighting done before long. Let the fight go on. The United States will look on as a silent spectator and will furnish the angry nations bread and meat.

In Freeport, Me., not long ago, the school teachers got such small salaries that when a shoe factory was started in that town the young women abandoned teaching and took to stitching machines. Since then the school committee have got their eyes open and are now trying to get the school teachers back at higher wages.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of last Saturday published a full and complete report of the population of Missouri as will appear in the census returns for 1890. It was a big job to tackle but it was done. The Globe-Democrat never stands back for big jobs when there is news in sight that the people want. As a newspaper the Globe-Democrat is ahead of any other enterprise of the kind in the country.

The departure of the Chilean Ex-Administrator, Senor Lazzano, for Brazil, looks as if he were expecting to join Balnaceda in that country. When interviewed a few days ago as to his future movements he said: "I am waiting for one telegram, and when I receive that I shall go." He doubtless has received it, for he sailed in the steamer Alliance from Newport News for Brazil on Saturday. He has probably gone to meet his chief.

The much quoted phrase "The eyes of Delaware are upon you," originated with George W. Karsner, once a prosperous peach grower in New Castle county, Delaware. Karsner, an ardent Republican, was called as witness in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, and he was so impressed with the opportunity that he assured the assembled Senators in dead earnest that the eyes of Delaware were upon them. Karsner rather enjoyed the notoriety to which the phrase attained, and had scarcely enough humor to realize that the press of the country treated it lightly.

The Atlanta Constitution speaking for the Southern States, says: "Our policy has never been to stimulate immigration by artificial means. The Southern people have no desire to see any sudden rush of settlers, embracing great numbers of foreigners. The Constitution need not have added the word 'foreigners.' The Southern policy has been to encourage no American citizen to immigrate unless he would leave his principles and manhood behind him in the North. That Northern people have come and build up great industrial enterprises has in every case been in spite of the old fogvism that yet rules with an iron hand in the South.

WHEN THE MOON IS SHINING.  
The man in the moon is a very intelligent person. He sees a great many things that he never tells about; but, in this gay autumn time, won't you be a little careful that when he looks down on you he will be able to gossip to the stars and the Sunday newspapers about what you are doing, because it is so innocent? Won't you just remember that while the moon looks down on you smiling at night, she has some favored admirer, he is thinking to himself all the time "How foolish that girl is to go out with just that one man! He cannot talk to her and manage the boat too, and there is certain to be trouble. Why in the world did she not have a whole party come out with her? Now, that is a very wise thought of the gentleman who lives up in the moon. Then, when he sees you strolling through the woods a mile from home, and only one of the most charming fellows in the world with you; sees you hunting for wild flowers under his dim light, and notices the immense amount of interest you take in each other, he apparently shrugs his shoulders and he thinks aloud "Well, well! What a lot of foolishness there is in girls anyway. She will catch cold out in the night air with nothing around her; she won't find half as many flowers as she would if my friend, the sun, was shining bright, and she will probably trip over a stone or a fallen branch. Even if she wanted to come out just to talk to the young man she is very foolish, because he would think she was a great deal more desirable if she insisted on staying at home and sitting on the veranda where all the rest of the people are. He could talk to her quietly, and he would think how much nicer it was for her to be there than to be out rambling in the woods even with him, for, if she went with him, it is just possible she might go with any other man who asked her." The man in the moon is very, very wise. He has looked down upon millions and billions of girls, and he knows what he is talking about, and if you take his advice the little sweetheart that goes on under the moonlight will be where all the rest of the people are, and where you will have the approbation of the wise old gentleman who knows all about moonshine and girls.

Those industrious prevaricators, the Democratic newspapers, generally have to eat muddy earth before they get through with any assault they make upon the present Administration. They have been howling for months about the deficiency in the pension funds, and to-day the bait falls in the face that instead of a deficiency there is a surplus of \$8,000,000 to be carried over to next year's relief of those who so nobly defended the flag and made it possible for these very prevaricators to live in an undivided Union, blessed by Providence with all that makes us the greatest among the nations of the earth, and a country which alone we are ashamed to say contains such an ungrateful set of men, who, for party ends, would use their pens to belittle and falsify the work of their honest brethren.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE DIME.  
The inventor of those little pocket dime savings-banks no doubt used for advertising purposes the old saw "look out for the dime and the dollars will look out for themselves," but he probably had no idea what a wide spread fall he was inaugurating. Let us hope the inventor is reaping a just reward, for the number of people who are practicing it is legion. Some are able to save only \$1 a week in this way, but others accumulate \$1 a day, and the sum total in any case amounts in a few months to a considerable sum. "Nobody misses ten cents," say the enthusiasts as they put away the coins, and after a bit there is a great pile. This can be deposited in the bank as the basis of still further accumulation, or expended for some prized object long deferred. Recently a man started for a two months' trip to Europe with \$400 in his pocket, heaped together in twelve months by contributions of a dime at a time; and another one, who for many years has shivered in the cold of January and March, next winter will have a far overcoat, because he has enough in the savings bank to buy it with, saved from the tea-cent pieces which he declares he has not missed during the months he has refrained from spending them. The DEMOCRAT does not advocate miserliness, but thrift is a good thing, and a little economy here and self-restraint there may mean a tidy bit against a rainy day or for some use in some holiday outing.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.  
An English writer is not quite sure but that the woman best fitted to-day to be a companion and helpmeet and to render wedded life successful is she who may, in a fine, wise sense, be termed the woman of the world. For the average man of to-day is pre-eminently a worldly affair, with a multiplicity of interests and complex nature. "The paragon of animals," as Shakespeare admirably terms him, is not the simple, serene Adama who, it seems, was once blissfully satisfied with his portion of the earth and one woman. He now requires society and clubs and politics and the art and the various contrivances of human ingenuity to entertain him. Usually, however, at some time in life he believes himself ready to worship the woman who represents to him his ideal of a wife—generally an affectionate, devoted, gracious and fraternal creature. But alas! Experience proves every day that gratefulness and devotion are not always sufficient to preserve love's fervent interest, and maintain a sense of companionship. The most faithful and single-hearted woman may have limited interests and very narrow views, possessing, in many things, uncompromising prejudice and intolerance, which a thoroughbred woman overcomes or with wise tact renders unobtrusive. A devoted wife may be the victim of a hypersensitiveness or of a wonderful long-ranged jealousy, which makes sad havoc with the chivalrous sentiments of her liege lord, and destroys her real power over him.

Some one who has not too much to do has started in to kill an incipient presidential boom for Chief-Justice Fuller, by remarking that it was not in the contemplation of the fathers of the Republic that a man with an amon-tache as heavy as his should ever be president. Lincoln wore a beard, so did Grant, so did Garfield. Arthur had side-whiskers. Cleveland wore no amon-tache, but he was a rule clergyman do not wear beards, yet in every idealized portrait of the Savior full whiskers are shown. A beardless Savior would not be recognized. Yet the framers of the constitution of the United States, every one of them, the signers of the declaration of independence, the presidents up to Martin Van Buren's time, all thwarted nature and imagined themselves respectable in so doing. To cultivate a moustache is to make some amends, but the reform is only partial, and it is yet to be determined how far the American public of to-day will tolerate the intrusion of this hirsute bogobolin in popular politics. The babies like to pull whiskers, and the wind has a sneaking regard for them.

The preachers who would deny us innocent amusement look solely upon the serious side of life. If the toad the devil works with can be placed in safe hands he is crippled and discomfited.

There is one Southeast Missourian who wants to see Martin Clardy have the Democratic nomination for Governor, but Mr. Clardy is the particular friend of Jasper Burks and the Democrats of Southeast Missouri will not swallow a Durks Democrat.

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The present Administration is the first and only Administration that took the Lord's labor of his hands and produced rain when and where rain was needed. The Lord was punishing the wicked Democrats down in Texas with a drought, and the Republican Administration sent a delegation down there and produced an abundance of rain.

When Marsh Arnold takes his seat in Congress he will astonish the members of the House every time he opens his mouth, for when he opens that part of his head he will say something. He may keep still for a while till he sizes up and gets at the caliber of his associates in the House, but as far as he will talk as loud and be after that as anybody.

There are half a dozen lawyers in this Judicial Circuit with an eye on Judge O'Bryan's seat, but they will never get that other part of their person on the seat.

The Murphysboro, Ill., papers are quarreling about the recent reunion held in that town. One editor says there was a Democratic affair, the other editor says there was no politics in it.

The Scott County "Newsboys" publishing a series of short stories from the pen of the literary giant of South-east Missouri, Albert DeBeign. Young DeBeign is a fine scholar who writes a better Berlin than a residence in a little town held away in the wilds of Scott county.

Rev. Dr. John Griffin, of No. 29 Bedford street, Strand, London, honorary secretary of the International Federation of Lord's Day Societies, publishes a circular in which it is stated that in Austria "Sunday evening and Monday morning newspapers are prohibited, because of the Sunday work necessary for their production."

They have a lecturer in Kansas against the corset. He is a powerful exhorter, and exhausts himself in pleading with the laced sisterhood to go to their maker as they came from him (sic). Several of the weak-minded sisters in his assemblage pulled off their corsets and fainting. Latitude is sometimes very broad. This preacher should advocate women's pants, that is the not wearing of them.

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Words are idle. No eulogium from us or eulogies in response can do him proud. He has misused the Rubicon, "He needs no monumental pile to rear its lofty head to heaven, nor piously done whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds to tell of his importance. His Grease—his grease alone rendered is immortal.

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