VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1891.

The Central Times.

Published Every Thursday

E. F. Young and G. K. Grantham,

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE: Six Months, - -Three Months, -ADVERTISING RATES:

20 Contract advertisements taken at pro-

portionately low rates. Local notices, 10 cents a line,

22 Entered at the Postaffice in Dunn, N. C. as second-class matter.

The New York News predicts that this will be an exceptional year for immigration. The figures for a recent month indicate a larger influx of foreigners by twelve or lifteen thousand than we had during the same period in 1890. The Italians predominate.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes. He gets \$2 per day for each, and they are always in demand. They are left outside the door the day before turtle soup is served, and create a run the next day for the soup, but they are not in it.

A recent writer suggests that the sciences might receive new names that would be self-explaining. He would give us birdlore in place of ornithology; tishlearning instead of ichthyology; plantlore for botany; starlore for astronomy, etc. Some of these are occasionally used already, and there is no good reason why we should not adopt all of

A New Orleans paper reminds * the Italian press that twenty-two English and American tourists have been captured by brigands in Italy during the last fifteen years, and of this number nine were murdered because they could pay no ransom. The Italian Government moved not a hand in any one case, nor did England or America make

Herbert Spencer opposes socialism because he says that it turns back progress and is a fee to personal freedom. Compulsory co-operation, he thinks, would result in a society like that of ancient Peru, where the people in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 were ruled by officers, tied to their districts, superintended in their work and business and made hopeless toilers for the support of the Government.

The British Medical Journal, in an article commenting on a case of hypnotism described in a New York 'paper, insists that England shall pass laws to prevent the reckless practice of hypnotism in Great Britain. The article expresses regret that reliable information is at hand that several physicians of standing are traveling in England under assumed names and practicing hypnotism upon all applicants, regardless of risk to health and life.

An English engineer of high standing in a recent paper on our new navy said that in general workmanship and in many details the new ships built in this country were equal to England's best, and that the armament of the battle-ships were more powerful than that of any ships of the same class built in Europe. In concluding his address he declared that the work of the American contractors was worthy o' study by all Englishmen interested in the subject.

The German press is not allowed a special rate on its telegraphic correspondence, the Government making no press dispatches are transmitted at greatly reduced rates, but Dr. Stephen, Director of the German Telegraph, recently declared that he saw no reason whatever for favoring the newspapers thus. As a result of his illiberal policy, notes the Chicago Post, the press messages of Germany constitute only 14 per cent. of the total traffic, and the German newspapers are among the dullest

A groom's right to wear a monstache has been tried in England, with the court's decision in his favor. When Mrs, Grimshaw's groom was engaged he was smooth shaven, but after a cold he grews a moustache by his doctor's advice, whereupon Mrs. Grims av ordered him to shave or go without notice. The Judge held that the demand was unreasonable. If he had been a house servant, wearing powder and white silk stockings, suggests the Boston Transhave; but a groom was an outdoor servant, and a moustache was a natural protection against the weather. The plaintiff got \$25 damages.

What does the blind man, blind from in-

Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream?

LIGHT.

What can dreams show him that wor'd lovely be?

would beam 1 Life's radiant beauties in his vision free. One Column, One Year, . . \$75.00 And would not we, reposing in the gloom,

> In awe-struck joy and wonder wake to see, Like the day breaking into sudden bloom, About us burst the rolling sea of light That gilds the white shores of eternity? -R. K. Munkittrick, in the Century,

MISS DILLOWAY.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

chattels was ensured by this simple act among so many. she never stopped to consider; but nothdoor unlocked.

walk she stopped to pull a weed here one. and there from the flower-bed, and to It looked up into her sweet face conthe midst of the flowers. She straight- and pressed the little form close. ened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and "I do love babies so!" she said halfbriskly down the village street.

standing near, who was checking a soli- love babies as well's married folks."

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"

face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How to Miss Dilloway. much is it?" she said. "Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that

"No. Can you change five dollars?" "Oh yes-twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezry's folks move up Preston way, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?" Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office

window at the clock on the wall. "In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down: set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

a slight smile, rather enjoying the anything about his parents?"

"No? H'm-h'm! Wal-" hurrying away, and the ten o'clock wholly alone in the world."

Dilloway out of sight and hearing. "Home for the Friendless." She trembled | her arms.

serious lady came slowly into the room. was. that she were safe at home.

all the stern lines from her face. "Ye-es; I did come to get one-to

know that I'd ought to."

from a visit to Boston, where he saw an the old lady's heart.

eve, and went on us what use we'd made of our homes, es- gray in his hair. houses bigger than they needed. He said, without ceremony: wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried 'This is Miss Dilloway, ain't it?" the talent, to keep them shut up; and Tremulously, holding the baby very some little waif who didn't have any you walk in?"

he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted the fellow. There, now, don't get a five-year-old boy from that very asy-lum. They've got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always with him if I had him."

practises what he preaches. "Well, when I sat down that afternoon | press astonishment. with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't "Well, well," said the man, "I guess in the light of subsequent events the sum get my mind off that sermon. When I I'd better introduce myself, I'm Reuben | was a ridiculously small price. But let heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of us suppose that \$25 had been placed out for me, but for married folks; but some- nowhere in particular. I got to Preston at seven per cent. interest in the year script, he might have been required to how the thought of Abby's chamber upshave; but a groom was an outdoor ser. Stairs—Abby's my sister who died last first thing to hunt up my niece Clary. I up to the year 1884, how much would it year-kind of worked its way into my didn't know she was dead until I reached | then have amounted to? Something in the mind, and I wondered if the Lord would the place where she used to board. I neighborhood of \$1,600,000,000. Is the say to me, 'Cynthia Dilloway, have you hadn't heard from her for over a year, Island of Manhattan worth much more

"Then I thought of the cellar full of they told me of her death and her hur

a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old asylum!

Loud would be sing, joy-brimming, suddenly just the thought of having a little girl sorry when I heard it had been adopted. To know the blessing of day's faintest around has been, for I made up my mind, Anyway, what I came here for's to see. Brighter than bright dream pictures then I've been kind of getting ready— sonny—and to make some arrangement and-well, here I am!"

wiping the perspiration from her face. to be living on charity." Dreaming in shadow, reft by death of She had talked an unusually long time

story, "I am sure you will be blessed in larly made out." me show you my 'family.' "

She led the way up a broad flight of account. What's his name?" stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself "I-I've always called him Baby." plain sight near the kitchen window. perhaps, but here were surely a hun- and boy's clothes. How far the safety of her goods and dred. How could she choose from

ing would have induced her to leave the girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dillo- me-Reuben?" way was very fond of babies, and she On her way down the narrow gravel stopped instinctively to speak to this tion," said the little woman, somewhat

pick up an obnoxious piece of paper fidingly, and then held out her small little business down this way that needs which had somehow found its way into arm toward her. She took it eagerly,

tied it more securely to the small stick apologetically, to the matron, who was which served as a prop; then, closing the looking on with a smile. "I often say to quired more "looking after" than he at gate carefully behind her, she walked the folks at home that I don't envy them first supposed, for it detained him is their husbands, their big houses, or their Rentham more than a week. There She had walked rather timidly along rick-rack, as they call their ornaments seemed to be an hour or two in each the platform of the little railroad sta- nowadays; but I do envy them their day, however, when it did not require tion, and was about to enter the waiting- babies. They seem to think it's queer, his attention, and these were spent in room when she was accosted by a man I don't see why old maids shouldn't clooking in to see how Clary's baby was

"Why not adopt a baby." "Not much of a one," she answered, the should take an infant took her so colored sugar soldiers found their way "Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a turned the baby to its young nurse, and mouth. Something was brought for He soon appeared at the ticket-office thing happened; the baby's lip began to jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly window, curiosity written all over his quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and

"She ain't more'n six months old, is

"He was just seven months old yester-"He! Is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he

were to blame for not being a girl. The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled

close to her side. Miss Dilloway cleared her throat. "Well, I never liked boys very much every depot that's got a rocking-chair. after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used "No," answered Miss Dilloway, with to his ways before that time. Do you

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, a day; and it's too ridiculous to see But the good man's curiosity was not and the mother was so affected by his them together-with that baby!" to be gratified that morning. A call death that she never rallied after the baby | Youth's Companion. from the baggage-room necessitated his came. The little fellow seems to be

accommodation soon bore little Miss Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the af-In two hours' time she was standing noon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time | theria," says a Chicago man. "It is before a large brick building, over the in his life, lost his voice as little Miss nothing more nor less than pineapple massive door of which were the words: Dilloway got off the train with a baby in juice. I declare that I have found it to

a little as she ascended the granite steps, Of course the people of Rentham were that ever mortal flesh was afflicted with. and waited a little time before she rang surprised. It seems a very amusing thing I did not discover the remedy. The A white-capped servant showed her should adopt a baby, but those who Two years ago I was engaged in lumberinto a small reception-room. It stemed knew her well and loved her, commend-as if her nervousness increased with every ed her worthy act and rejoiced in her was down with diphtheria, and the ques-

Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed | It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her "You came to see our little ones?" arms. The child crowed, coded and saying he heard of my little one's ilysaid the lady, with a smile which drove was unmistakably very fond of his foster ness, urged me to try pineapple juice.

adopt; but now't I'm here, I don't sacks for baby's wear came in almost "Perhaps you can tell better after cradle. Children came in with toys in- pineapple and squeezed out the juich.

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see Miss Dilloway held council with the boy's throat, and ma short time he was I made up my mind rather suddenly. mothers in the neighborhood as to the cured. The pineapple should be thos-Mr. Thornton, our minister-I come merits of anise and the demerits of oughly ripe. The juice is of so corrosive from Rentham-preached a most power- soothing syrup. Advice was freely a nature that it will cut out the diphful sermon last Sunday from the text, given, but often of such a contradictory theric mucus. I tell you it is a sure Whose shall receive one such little nature that poor Miss Dilloway was cure." child,' and that sermon has been haunt- puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and ing me ever since. He had just come prospered, and made sunshine in the lit-

discrimination. In all other countries heart ache to see so many little children baby's advent in Rentham, a very un northwest part of the State of Colorado who never knew what it was to have a usual sound rang through Miss Dillo- a settlement indicated, called Golden way's dwelling. There were one, two, City. Some of the maps even have a Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her three clangs of the brass knocker on the road leading to it. This, says Goldseldom used front door.

"And then he said, if the Lord was When, with baby in her arms, she going to ask us by and by what use we opened the door, she faced a tall, wellhad made of the talents He had given built man of substantial appearance in

asked them if the people didn't think it "I guess I've struck the right place.

he urged them to open their hearts and tight, and with an awful foreboding at homes-to be mothers and fathers to her heart, she answered: "Ye-es. Will "Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing it remains to this day. "Then he capped it all by saving that I've come all this distance to see the lit-

provisions, and more than enough in the band's, so nigh together. bank to take care of me if I lived to be a "But I was more taken aback when hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said heard she'd left a baby, and that it had aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing poor things a home, and I guess I can be baby, my nevvy-or grand-nevvy-in an

> "I traveled pretty quick to the place. "It's surprising how much company and I don't know whether I was glad or with you about his -- board -- or whatever By this time little Miss Dilloway was vou call it. I don't want Clary's child

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn's charity! You see it belongs to me. "My friend," said the matron, who Miss Dilloway said this with a half-vinhad been listening with interest to her dicative air. "I had the papers regul-

sharing your home with one of God's un-fortunate ones. Come with me and let he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank

in a large room, which contained so haven't thought of any name yet," an-Miss Dilloway locked the back door them almost took her breath away. She this "look ahead," when this bit of huof her small house, and hung the key in had expected to see a dozen or twenty, manity in her arms would need education

"Land o' liberty! Clary's balsy without a name! Well, well. Ahem! Wh-Over in the corner one of the older what do you say to calling him after "I don't know that there's any object

> "Well, you think it over. I've got's looking after, so I shall probably be

round here for a day or two, and I'H come in again." Mr. Russell's business must have re-

getting on." It would not have got on at all if Miss Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt Dilloway had not been present to interan older child, and the suggestion that fere, when gingerbred horses and highlymuch by surprise that she hastily re- from Mr. Russell's pockets to babyls sat down in a chair. Then a strange baby's amusement at every visit-a sheep-until Mr. Russell ar its arms were held out again appealingly | small grand-nephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Pres-She took it instantly, and asked the ton, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a

handsome baby carriage before him. He was hardly seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting room before he cleared

his throat and began: "I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dille: way, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to-to the baby; and-ahem! -it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and I'm alone, and as the baby seems to kind o' belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to made ores family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer. "She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.

"Nature has her own remedy for diplebe a specific. It will cure the worst case to some of them that Miss Dilloway colored people of the South did that. moment's waiting, and when a tall, new happiness-for happy she certainly tion of his death was simply the problem for a few hours to determine. An old colored man, to whom my wife had shown some kindnesses, called at the house, and The old fellow declared that in Louisians, Donations of slips, stockings and where he came from, he had seen it tried a million times, and that in each case it daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent a had proved effective. So .I .secured a After a while we got some of it down the

A Curious Blunder.

On most of the maps in use in our orphan asylum; and he said it made his | One day, about three months after schools and offices may be found in the thwaite's Geographical Magazine, is curious instance of the blunders that get into maps and stick there. As a matter of fact there is no settlement in us, he didn't see why He shouln't ask more senses than one, with streaks of the whole region for miles around. It is in the midst of the Colorado Bad pecially those folks who had been given The man glanced at the baby and Lands, an uninhabited wilderness. When this region was first explored some one dubbed this spot Goblin City on account of the weird and fautastic shapes of the rocks in that remarkable country. Some carcless mapmaker altered the name to Golden City, presuming, possibly, that it was a mining camp, and Golden City

Manhattan Sold for \$25.

According to popular tradition the Island of Manhattan was sold in 1624 Miss Dilloway's face continued to ex- for the sum of \$25. The conclusion one would naturally jump to would be that kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?' and I was pretty well taken aback when than that to-day?-Pharmaceutical Erg.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun-

States of 1820

day Sermon.

Subject: "The Plague of Crime,"

PEXT: "All the waters that were in the riverquere turned to blood."-Exodus vii.,

Among all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. Its fish the food, its waters the irrigation of garden and fields. Its condition decides the prosperity or the doon of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is incarnadined. It is a red cash great river is incarnadined. It is a red gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the rivers into blood. But my text is not a poetic license. It was a fact, a great crimson, appalling condition described. The Nile rolling deep of blocd. Can you imagine a more awful plague?

The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It halts not for bloodshed. It shrinks from no carnage. It bruises and cuts and strikes down and destroys. It revels in the blood of body and soul, this plague of crime rampant for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now.

The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me more suggestive than Dante's Inferno, and all Christian people as well as reformers need to awaken to a pres-Europe come into our own port. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our city.

There are in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn-four their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza and rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you up-set the argument of an opposing counsel, or and forgery. We had all kinds of rings. cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality

Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there are a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft, and ten thousand for assault and battery, and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

Ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year! of that fact It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million do'lars' worth of taxes a year to arraign, try and support the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak thief that snatches a spool of cotton up to some man who swamps a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined who swamps a bank. More than these people go unarrested and unpunished it is putting a high premium upon vice and saying to the young criminroom where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there is such a great that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and

silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue? We are all ready to arraign criminals, We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hopples; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hopples come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villain, go in there and rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ

died for you. Look and live." Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prison; but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suf-fering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go away an hour, what will they do when to prison go again and again and again. during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before, So, in one case the prison, and in the other the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were these two and three hundred thousand lodge.

I want your charities. Because I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. Because I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all children.

only allow them a way into decency and who ought to be helped, and must be helped,

came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decant society had turned its back upon you, and haft you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive elemency which would let crime

Sing would be a comfortable home for them. They would have no objection to the almshouse, for they like thin soup, if they cannot get mock turtle.

I propose this for them: On one side of them put some healthy work; on the other side put a rawhile, and let them take their choice. I like for that class of people the

run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

In some of the city prisons the air is like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the wicket, it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw in one prison a woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison selpt on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people crowded and wan and wasted and half suffocated and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do: you stand it here?" "God knows" said one man "we have to stand it." knows," said one man, "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out. Where they burned down one house they will burn three. They will strike deepar the assassin's knife. They are this minute plot-

ting worse burglaries. Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cutthroats. Yale College is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians, as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that those men do not know of crime after they have been ent and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast in ajority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come into our own port. In 1869 of man.

We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone and women like Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Dr. Wines waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats.

for what Isaac T. Hopper and Dr. Wines and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform, but we

prison, and ye came unto me."

Again, in your effort to arrest this plague when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in iffetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, them for trial, Those were the days of high There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand tollars in one year for serving the public.

when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief, and at a great price handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belonged. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who hover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go and sit down and mourn with families and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a deal child in the house and want to bury it, when they never had a house or family; or they want to go to England and You cannot, as good citizens, be independent get a large property there, and they want'

money back by the very next mail. 'shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the Rogues' Gallery, yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. als of this country, "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal!" Let the law swoop upon them. Let it be known in multitude of the depraved without some. this country crime will have no quarter; what being contaminated. What is the fire | that the detectives are after it; that the police club is being brandished; that the iron door of the prison is being opened; that the judge is ready to call on the case. Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to

Again in your effort to arrest this plague of crime, you need to consider the idle population. Of course I do not refer to people who are getting old, or to the sick or to those who cannot get work, but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said, "I keep on engraving so I may not hang myself." I do not care who the man is, you cannot afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the like water gets putrid if it stands still too who can wonder that in this world, where there is so much to do, and all the hosts of earth and heaven and hell are plunging hito the conflict and augels are flying and God is at work and the universe is a-quake with the marching and countermarching, that God lets His indignation fall

upon a man who chooses idleness. I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard and retouching their toilet and criticising industrious people, and pass their days and ights in barrooms and club houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and cardplaying. They are not only useless but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours! Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while they have all eternity on their hands? Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners These men for a while smoke the best cigars who during the year had been in Sing Sing, land wear the best clothes and move in the four hundred had been there before. In a highest spheres, but I have notice1 that

ings are furnished to able bodied men and The secretary of one of the benevolent | women-people as able to work as you and I societies of New York says a lad fifteen years are. When they are received no longer at of age had spent three years of his life in one police station because they are "repeatprison, and he said to the lad, "What have ers" they go to some other station and so they done for you to make you better!" they keep moving around. They get their "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I food at house doors, stealing what they can was brought up before the judge he said, lay their hands on in the front basement 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And while the servant is spreading the bread in then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he Time and again, in the country districts, jaid, 'You rascal?' And after a while I they have wanted hundreds and thousands committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You cught to be hanged.' That was all have set them to sawing wood in my cellar they had done for him in the way of reforma- to see whether they wanted to work. I oftion and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the saw! They are the past of society, and they prospect of reformation if society would stand in the way of the Lord's poor who

and will be helped. respectability.

"Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who do not want any work come in and who cannot get any work come in any work come i same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a. toration of the old fashioned whipping post sot, and you had started life with a body for just this one class of men who will not stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had work-sleeping at night at public exspent much of your time in a cellar amid pense in the station house; during the day spent much of your time in a cellar amid pense in the station house; during the day obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years getting their food at your doorstep. Imof age you had been compelled to go out and prisonment loes not seare them. They steal, battered and banged at night if you would like it. Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing would be a comfortable home for them.

scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers, "If any work not, neither should he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain gets numb, and then be called upon to sup-port what in the United States are about two million loafers. They are a very danger-ous class. Let the public authorities keep

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the oppressed poor. Poverty to a certain extent is chastening, but after that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears his children cry in vain for bread, it sometimes makes him desperate. I think that there are thousands of honest men lacerated into vaga-bondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half paid. While there is no excuse for criminality, even in oppression, I state it as a simple fact that much of the scoundrelism of the community is consequent upon ill-treatment. There are many men and women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until tit can run no longer, turns round, foaming

and bleeding, to fight the hounds. There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom. tom you find the poor victims on the floor, cold, sick, three-fourths dead, slinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of fresh air in that room for five years, literally. The broken sewer empties its contents upon them, and they lie at night in the swimming filth. There they are, men, women, children; black, whites; Mary Magdalen without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God. These are "the dives" into which the pickneylets and the thieves go. which the pickpockets and the thieves go, as well as a great many who would like a differ-

ent life but cannot get it. These places are the sores of the city. which bleed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caraccas earthquake. It rolls and roars and surges and heaves and rocks and blasphemes and dies, and there are only two outlets for it-the police court and the Potwant something more radical before will come the blessing of him who said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

outlets for it—the police court and the rotter's field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. Oh, you never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on

 There is another layer of poverty and des titution not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear the incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheek bones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of the charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead and the gay laughter of men and maidens and wonder why God gave to others so much and to them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said : 'No; no good God. Just look at me. No

In this cluster of cities whose cry of want I interpret there are said to be, as far as I can figure it up from the reports, about three hundred thousand honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and State charities. If all their voices could come up at ouce it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence gnashing its teeth, and sucking the blood of its own arteries waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them, some extra garment which might have mad them comfortable in cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices to an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of Him who "came to seek that which

Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door step! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The fifty thousand sewing women in these three cities, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lips.

How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am down hearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly; and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are not getting nearer to God, but floating away from Him. Oh, sir, I do wish I

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say: "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with Me on earth; now be giorified with Me in heaven." Oh, thou weeping One of Bethany! Oh, thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these

I have preached this sermon for four or five practical reasons: Because I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. Because I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. Because skillful manipulation of wives and mothers and sisters and daughters; let the spare garments of your wardrobes be fitted to the limbs of the wan and shivering. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or if that garment that you hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day He would run His hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed. Me." That would be putting your garments to clorious uses.

But more than that, I have preached the sermon because I thought in the contrast you would see how very kindly God had dealt with you, and I thought that thousands of you would go to your comfortable homes and sit at your well-filled tables and at the warm registers, and look at the round faces of your children, and that then you would burst into tears at the review of God's goodness to you, and that you would go to your room and lock the door and kneel down

"O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me Thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day, I thank Thee that all my life Thou bast taken thank Thee that all my life Thou bast taken such good care of me. O. Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children to-day, I thank Thee min: are well—some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed, And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace in free, O magnify that grace to me."