CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CORNY'S CATAMOUNT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

(CONTINUED.)

No chance for a bath appeared, so he washed his burning face and took a rest, enjoying the splendid view far over valley and intervale through the gap in the mountain range. He was desperately tired with these hours of rough travel, and very hungry; but he would not own it, and he sat considering what to do next, for he saw by the sun that the afternoon was half over. There was time to go back by the way he had come, and by following the path down the hill he could reach the hotel and get supper and a bed, or be driven home. That was the wise thing to do, but his pride rebelled against returning empty-handed after all his plans and boasts of great exploits.

"I wont go home, to be laughed at by Chris and Abner. I'll shoot something, if I stay all night. Who cares for hunger and mosquito bites? Not I. Hunters can bear more than that, I guess. The next live thing I see I'll shoot it, and make a fire and have a jolly supper. Now, which way shall I go,—up or down? A pretty hard prospect, either way."

The sight of an eagle soaring above him seemed to answer his question, and fill him with new strength and ardor. To shoot the king of birds and take him home in triumph would cover the hunter with glory. It should be done! And away he went, climbing, tumbling, leaping from rock to rock, toward the place where the eagle had alighted. More cuts and bruises, more vain shots, and the sole reward of his eager struggles was a single feather that floated down as the great bird soared serenely away, leaving the boy exhausted and disappointed, in a wilderness of granite bowlders, and with no sign of a path to show the way out.

As he leaned breathless and weary against the crag where he had fondly hoped to find the eagle's nest, he realized for the first time what a fool-hardy thing he had done. Here he was, alone, without a guide, in this wild region where there was neither food nor shelter, and night was coming on. Utterly used up, he could not get home now even if he knew the way; and suddenly all the tales he had ever heard of men lost in the mountains came into his head. If he had not been weak with hunger, he would have felt better able to bear it; but his legs trembled under him, his head ached with the glare of the sun, and a queer faintness came over him now and then. For, plucky as he was, the city lad was unused to exercise so violent.

"The only thing to do now is to get down to the valley, if I can, before dark. Abner said there was an old cabin, where the hunters used to sleep, somewhere down there. I can try for it, and perhaps shoot something on the way. I may break my bones, but I can't sit and starve up here. I was a fool to come. I'll keep the feather, anyhow, to prove that I really saw an eagle; that's better than nothing."

Still bravely trying to affect the indifference to danger and fatigue which hunters are always described as possessing in such a remarkable degree, Corny slung the useless gun on his back and began the steep descent, discovering now the perils he had been too eager to see before. He was a good climber, but he was stiff with weariness, and his hands were already sore with scratches and poison; so he went slowly, feeling quite unfit for such hard work. Coming to the ravine, he found that the only road led down its precipitous side to the valley, that looked so safe and pleasant now. Stunted pines grew in the fissures of the rocks, and their strong roots helped the clinging hands and feet as the boy painfully climbed, slipped, and swung along, fearing every minute to come to some impassable barrier in the dangerous path.

But he got on wonderfully well, and was feeling much encouraged, when his foot slipped, the root he held gave way, and down he went, rolling and bumping on the rocks below, to his death, he thought, as a crash came, and he knew no more.

"Wonder if I'm dead?" was the first idea that occurred to him as he opened his eyes and saw a brilliant sky above him, all purple, gold, and red.

He seemed floating in the air; for he swayed to and fro on a soft bed, a pleasant murmur reached his ear, and when he glanced down he saw what looked like clouds, misty and white, below him. He lay a few minutes drowsily musing, for the fall had stunned him; then, as he moved his hand, something pricked it, and he felt pine-needles in the fingers that closed over them.

"Caught in a tree, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, and all visions of heaven vanished in a breath, as he sat up and stared about him, wide-awake now, and conscious of many aching bones.

Yes, there he lay among the branches of one of the sturdy pines, into which he had fallen on his way down the precipice. Blessed helpful tree! set there to save a life, and to teach a lesson to a willful young heart that never forgot that hour.

Holding fast, lest a rash motion should set him bounding further down like a living ball, Corny took an observation as rapidly as possible, for the red light was fading, and the mist rising from the valley. All he could see was a narrow ledge where the tree stood; and, anxious to reach a safer bed for the night, he climbed cautiously down to drop on the rock, so full of gratitude for safety that he could only lie still for a little while, thinking of his mother, and trying not to cry.

He was much shaken by the fall, his flesh bruised, his clothes torn, and his spirit cowed; for hunger, weariness, pain, and danger showed him what a very feeble creature he was, after all. He could do no more till morning, and he resigned himself to a night on the mountain-side, glad to be there alive, though doubtful what daylight would show him. Too tired to move, he lay watching the western sky, where the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills. All below was wrapt in mist, and not a sound reached him but the sigh of the pine, and the murmur of the water-fall.

"This is a firit-class scrape. What a fool I was not to go back when I could, instead of blundering down here where no one can get at me. Now, as like as not, I can't get out alone! Gun smashed, too, in that ugly fall, so I can't even fire a shot to bring help. Nothing to eat or drink, and very likely a day or so to spend here till I'm found,—if I ever am. Chris said, 'Yell, if you want us.' Much good that would do now! I'll try, though." And getting up on his weary legs, Corny shouted till he was hoarse; but echo alone answered him, and after a few efforts he gave it up, trying to accept the situation like a man. As if kind Nature took pity on the poor boy, the little ledge was soft with lichens and thin grass, and here and there grew a sprig of checkerberry, sown by the wind, sheltered by the tree, and nourished by the moisture that trickled down the rock from some hidded spring. Eagerly Corny ate the sweet leaves to stay the pangs of hunger that gnawed him, and finished his meal with grass and pine-needles, calling himself a calf, and wishing his pasture were wider.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sampson County.

ORA, N. C., MR. EDITOR.—I am a little boy nine years old, I live on a farm seven miles west of Clinton, my papa takes your valuable paper and I like to read it very much especially the Children's Corner. I will answer Miss Sallie Williams question in last week's paper. Judge Spencer's death was caused by a turkey gobbler fighting him. I will now ask the boys and girls to tell me when the first window glass was used. I will close wishing you and your paper much success.

Your little friend,
PAUL CRUMPLER.

Union County.

MONROE, N. C., May 20th 1893. MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR.—I think it a great pleasure to write your paper. Papa has been taking your paper for some time and like it very much. I am a farmer's daughter 15 years of age. Papa is a very strong Third Party man, when he gets through reading THE CAUCASIAN he gives it to his neighbors that do not take it to read. I went fishing the other day and only caught two fish. I will ask a question. How many times does the word Jehovah appear in the Bible? I will close wishing you and your valuable paper much success.

LILLIAN W.

Green County.

JASON, N. C., May 13, 1893, MR. EDITOR.—As I have been seeing letters from the girls and boys nearly all over the State, I thought I would let them know there was another family in the State that liked the CAUCASIAN. THE CAUCASIAN is a welcome visitor at our home, I like to read it very much.

I will answer Bessie J. Best, riddle, I think it is dimples in the cheeks are the caves, and mouth the mill.

I will not write any more as this my first letter, for fear it may reach the waste basket.

Correspondence solicited. Judge Spencer came to his death by a turkey gobbler.

Your friend,
LUCY BARRON.

PARTY ORGANIZATION--HOW IT IS MAINTAINED.

HAYWOOD, N. C.
(Special Correspondence.)

In a recent issue, the North Carolinian, in discussing the death of the Republican party in North Carolina, makes substantially the following statement:

The Republican party in North arolin has lost control of nearly all county and State offices. It has also, orwill loose; the entire Federal patronage it will be impossible for the party to rally for another contest.

This statement is no doubt true. But it seems to me that it also discloses the true inwardness of the Democratic organization in the State. What is true of our party would, under like conditions, be true of another.

The Democratic machine has undoubtedly maintained its power by its control of the county and State offices. This control has not been secured by the voice of the people, but by force and fraud some times, and often contrary to the wishes of the majority as expressed at the ballot box.

Take Chatham county for an example. Here the Peoples party secured a majority of about one thousand for its Congressional candidate and elected every township officer. This was done by WHITE votes, for fully as many colored men voted for the Democrats as for the Peoples party. Clearly a majority of the People desired to place the county in the hands of the People's party. But did they do it?

So far as known not a single Populist was appointed magistrate this year. The County Commissioners are all Democrats, and that party will continue to hold at least four years despite every effort of the people. They levy taxes and order expenditures. Besides this they control the election machinery and can, if they desire, refuse to allow a single Populist to act as pollholder or judge of election, although a majority of the people are of that party.

No doubt the same is true in other counties. The machine levies and disburses our taxes and snaps its fingers at the "voice of the People." It holds our elections and counts our votes and laughs in scorn at our protests. It appoints jurymen and, to that extent, certainly controls our courts. It appoints all the officers of the free school system from committee up to county Superintendent, and thus controls the training of the young. And yet they call this Democracy!

Well may the North Carolinian boast that they will win the next election by the same magnificent organization. Magnificient indeed! It is a crime against Democracy and an outrage against civil liberty.

It is time for patriots to arouse. Men who love our free institutions and place patriotism above the love of office are needed. He who can restore the control of our government to the voice of freemen will richly deserve the lasting gratitude of all good citizens.

J. E. SPENCE.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE IN BELGIUM.

After long clamoring for manhood suffrage, the working people of Belgium won that reform suddenly in April. It was refused by a vote of almost six to one on the eleventh of April by present Chamber of Deputies, elected last June for the special work of revising the Constitition. Seeing that their chance of gaining the boon might pass, and not come again soon unless they shaded themselves determined to obtain it at once, tens of thousands of protesting workmen forsook their employments next day

Before six days more had gone by, over a hundred thousand workmen had stopped labor in coal-mines, printing houses, and indeed all sorts of trades. Many factories were idle, and great losses were inflicted on employers. The leaders of the labor party threatened a unanimous strike in Belgium, which is one of the most thickly populated and busiest countries in Europe.

When it become plain that the masses were in earnest and that serious injury to business, if not something worse than that, might ensue if the boon were refused, the Chamber of Deputies yielded, and on April 18th reversed their former decision, and conceded manhood suffrage by a vote of one hundred and nineteen to twelve. At once the country became tranquil, and the people returned to work.

The democratic victory was not, however, so complete as might be, though from the fact that every Belgian male of voting age will hereafter be among the electors.

Men of the propertied classes are to have each from one to four votes, according to the amount, nature and location of their possessions; but this plural voting will not materially decrease the future political strength of the working people.

Hitherto the propertied classes of Belgium monopolized representation under a monarchical system resembling the British. About one Belgian man in ten had a vote in choosing Deputies. If the privileged classes had governed justly, they might long have been undisturbed in their exclusiy suffrage; but they acted as privileged people usually do—they misused their political power to deny reforms to the masses.

All about them—in France, Germany, Holland, Great Britain—the Belgian workers saw in operation laws that required employers to provide for the safety and health of their "hands;" laws favoring trades unions, laws limiting the hours of labor and the employment of women and children; but the Belgian "hands," lacking votes and therefore lacking champions in the Chamber, could obtain no laws of the kind.

This accounts for the many strikes and riots of working people in Belgium of late years. No doubt the country will prosper more quietly under manhood suffrage.

During the turmoil of the great strike the situation was of intense interest to the world because of a fear that it might bring on war between France and Germany. This fear arose from an understanding that the German government is bound by a secret treaty to restore order in Belgium in any case when the Belgian authorities find themselves unable to do so. In this case, Belgian soldiers and policemen were thought unlikely to shoot and club the striking masses at the dictation of the minority of privileged property-owners.

The Belgians are generally French in language and sympathy. Their country would be of vast military value to Germany or France; and France could not afford to stand by and let it be occupied by German forces, with a chance that the occupation might become permanent. So a great war might have occured had not the Deputies been wise enough to yield in time.

Why they did not yield earlier is difficult to understand. The general strike was threatened more than a year ago, in case manhood suffrage was rejected in revising the Constition. All shrewd observers agreed that the reform would have to be granted soon. But Belgian property-owners were afraid of manhood suffrage, though experience shows that property is much safer where all men are voters than where many live under that sense of intolerable wrong which comes of lacking representation.

A New York paper in a double leaded editorial indorses the banker's boycott of Western and Southern business men and says:

"The campaign of education to this end is on, and when congress assembles in extraordinary or regular session, the president will hurl into it a message devoted to one theme—the abolishment of the Sherman law, so that there shall not be another ounce of silver brought or coined."

Bosh! The West and South is too large and the people are too brave to be educated by force. Mr. Cleveland will be much wiser six months hence.

Cotton planters will be amused to learn that the senate commitee appointed to inquire into the cause of the prevailing depression in the price of cotton has decided to commence its investigation in the New York Cotton exchange.—Denver News.

The Commitee is exactly right brother. That is precisely the place to go to see what is the matter. They are now on a hot trail whether they get the fox or not.

GEO. E. HUNT'S APPOINTMENTS.

DEAR BROTHER:—Please publish the following plan of appointments for me in Iredell county, N. C. viz:

Harmony Hill,	May 30, 1893.
Holly Springs,	" 31, "
Union Grove,	June 1, "
Eupeptic Springs,	" 2, "

Speaking to commence at 1 o'clock p. m. each day. Everybody and all parties invited to come out. I will take subscriptions for THE CAUCASIAN and Progressive Farmer, the best papers now published.

GEO. E. HUNT.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

EVIL LITERATURE.

A FIFTH GATE TO HELL IN MODERN BABYLON.

Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.—A Horrible Hour With a Newsboy. Visit to the Newsstands—Cases of Youthful Depravity—The Cause of the Evil.

NEW YORK, May 21.—Extraordinary interest continues to be manifested in New York in the delivery of a series of sermons on "The Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." On some days more people are turned from the doors than gain admission to the hall. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., delivered this morning the fifth sermon of the series. The subject was "Obscene Literature." The text chosen was from Matthew xiii, 25, "While men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat."

The invention of letters was one of the events in the development of humanity. The power to record man's thoughts and transfer them to future generations without practical limitation meant the endowment of man's personality on the earth with practical immortality. "There is no past so long as books shall live." Books bind age to age, century to century. The power of a book is a power that cannot be estimated because we cannot estimate the different forces it will touch in different generations, ages and centuries. The invention of printing marked the climax of power in the progress of immortalizing thought. It has been said that books are embalmed minds. It is a mistake. They are the incarnation of immortal minds. The wars of the future will not be fought with ironclads upon the seas, with guns echoing from the hills, the charge of cavalry, of infantry, in action. The battles of the future will be battles of thought. The weapons used will be the pen and the printed page. The printing press, with its lever and its wheels, will be the engine of war in the coming centuries. Here the battles of humanity will be fought, and here they will be settled.

Books, after all, are the powers that today are slowly fashioning the characters for the two great armies in this decisive struggle. Well has the poet said:

Hark, the world so loud,
And yet the movers of the world so still.

Emerson has most forcefully said, "In every man's memory, with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views." Benjamin Franklin declares that his character was formed and his life shaped by the reading of a little book of Cotton Mather's entitled "Doing Good." The murderer of Lord Russell confessed before his execution that he was started on his career of crime by the reading of a trashy book. If every wrecked character could be uncovered and its secrets shown to the world, the beginnings of wrongdoing would be found in thousands of cases to have their source in these silent fashioners of men's characters through their thoughts. "All the known world," says Voltaire, "excepting only savages, are governed by books."

Their evil power seems even more subtle and resistless than their power for good. Books are made from books. The power of propagation in evil seems even more marvelously prolific than in good. Australia is cursed with the plague of rabbits. The evil was caused by a foolish colonist, who brought a common species of rabbit from Europe and loosed it in Australia. This senseless act has caused the nation millions of pounds sterling. Crops have been destroyed and whole sections brought to the verge of starvation by this pestilence, developed from so small a beginning. Such is the power of an evil idea to propagate itself when once born into the world of literature, high or low. There seems to be a fatal fascination about evil thus incarnated in letters. Aytoun said of this thought:

I've heard that poison sprinkled flowers
Are sweeter in perfume
Than when, untouched by deadly dew,
They opened in their bloom.
I've heard that with the witches' song,
Though harsh and rude it be,
There blends a wild, mysterious strain
Of weirdest harmony,

So that the listener, far away,
Must needs approach the ring
Where on the savage Lapland moors
The demon chorus sing.
And I believe the devil's voice
Sinks deeper in the ear
Than any whispers sent from heaven,
However soft and clear.

About the printed page filled with evil thought there is a spell, a fascination, which gives a false color to the events described. Could the events themselves be seen in their bald reality and the author or editor stripped of his power to fascinate through the spell of letters the result would be repulsive and disgusting to those brought in contact.

The wise—
Minstrel and sage—out of their books are clay,
But in their books, as from their graves, they rise
Angels that side by side upon one's way
Walk with and warn us.

And the poet might have added with greater truth, "or else damn us."

RIVALS THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The evil book is the book that sells in today's world, and it seems to have been so through the ages of the past. Learning has gained most by books by which the printers have lost, the sage tells us. Books that make history have been sold for a song and have failed of any popular success, while books that live only to curse the thousands are gold mines for their publishers.

The modern city is the center of the book world. It is the center of book production and book distribution. It is the center of letters and of the forces that shape the supply of the world's literature. When Paul preached at Ephesus and men were convicted of sin, they brought out their evil books and burned them in the public places. If all the evil books of the modern city were brought out and made into a bonfire, it would illumine the sky with a splendor that would rival the aurora borealis. From every city of the nation the heavens would be ablaze for hours by such a conflagration.

The printing press in the modern city, as never before in the history of the world, is today lifting the flood gates of hell upon the human imagination, and while men sleep countless hosts are being swept to ruin here and hereafter. We observe the developments of this terrible fact upon every hand.

First—In the character of the newsstand today. In all our public places, in the hotels, the elevated roads, the surface roads, the railroad cars, the character of the books handled and sold is something amazing, something indescribable from the moral point of view. It would be impossible for a decent man and woman in each other's company to read the title of these books without a blush. The placards by which they are announced are simply the concentrated essense of filth. It is an amazing fact that the human mind is capable of producing such trash in such stupendous quantities. This flood of filth pours upon our newsstands with a daily volume that is unthinkable. There is about it not one redeeming feature. The French novel in its native accent has a certain art and a certain worthiness because of its literary excellence, but we are flooded with the most clumsy and brutal and vulgar translations of these filthy French productions. Thus dragged through the mud into the English language, there is about them in their fearful odor not one redeeming trait.

The French novel, as translated by our American scavengers, is bad enough. But the vilest stories of literary corruption seem just now to be pouring from the west. The western rascal, who seeks in a clumsy way to imitate the French, sinks to a depth of infamy, a clumsy bestiality, that would drive the modern Frenchman into a monastery if he had his choice between the perusal of such a book and the abdication of life. Let me quote the announcement of two of these books that are fair samples of the hundreds found on the average newsstand:

This story is considered by many to be the most interesting and entertaining ROMANCE OF GAY LIFE ever written. There is something about it that Charms and Fascinates and wins the admiration of every reader. The heroine is one of those WILD, RECKLESS DAREDEVILS that every now and then dashes upon the world like a Blazing Meteor and by Brazen Audacity and Wonderful Cheek creates a Sensation that makes her at once The Talk of the Town and the Star of the Street. She delights in being called Wicked. Her own words, in one striking passage, tells what she is: "Mother," she said, "I will not go home! I will not be good! I will not reform! I will always be

"A GAY GIRL OF THE TOWN!"

She laughs with Horrid Glee at a Mother's awful Curse, Defies the Officers of the Law, Damns everything Good, and in every possible way endeavors to be the Wickedest Girl in ——. She Drinks, Swears, Fights, Lies, Steals and takes pride in being Abominably Bad. Some of the situations in this story are Frightful in their Fiendishness, while others are Ridiculous in their Ludicrousness. It is a well told tale—one that will be carefully preserved long after trashy yarns are dead and forgotten—and is destined to take Front Rank among the Realistic Romances of this Fast Age.

IT IS THE FASTEST SELLING BOOK EVER PUBLISHED.

Most Liberal Terms to Dealers. Agents wanted everywhere.

Here is a specimen from a second announcement:

A ROMANCE CROWDED WITH WILD EXCITEMENT AND STRANGE ADVENTURE.

The story told by the author is one that relates entirely to the Night Side of ——, nearly every scene, from commencement to end, being at or near the Ghostly Midnight Hour. The characters are all taken from life, many real names being used. Every phase of City Life is depicted so truthfully as to make each chapter of the book one of Sensational Excitement. Nothing is omitted that may be seen Under the Gaslight. "The Tiger" is visited in his lair. The Scarlet Woman is pictured in her Magnificence and her Degradation. The Assignation Fiend plays a prominent part. The plot is one admirably calculated to bring out the Fiery Element in writing that has made the author famous. Every chapter contains something Hairraising and Bloodcurdling. It contains every element of popularity as a Sensational Romance, abounding in Abductions, Street fights, Stabbings, Shootings, Plottings against Virtue, and many more exciting themes that cannot fail to interest those who like to read of city life as it is. It is fully illustrated with full page engravings.

These are not exceptional books taken from the newsstands. They represent the average book now carried by the newsdealers in our public places. I can select from among well stocked newsstands at least 100 books equally as vicious as either of the two described by their publishers. These books are issued by the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and they carry the imprint of a publisher with the advertisements to all dealers and to the public. A man is now serving a term in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ills., for selling obscene literature. He was at one time a bookseller in Chicago, but through drink fell into evil ways and began the vending of evil books. The postoffice authorities at last secured his conviction, and he is now serving his sentence. To show what sort of progress we are making, the books for which this man was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for selling are not one iota worse in any particular than the hundreds of books that are now flaunted before the eyes of the public by thousands of newsdealers from end to end of this nation.

The dime novel is the power that is molding and fashioning the lives of our boys. Here they get their education. The editor of one of our leading dailies, describing recently our newsstands, says with just sarcasm: "The dime novel is more plentiful than the sands of the sea. The old fashioned schools delight to give a certain amount of instruction in worthless branches of knowledge, such as arithmetic, writing and spelling, but they have no value or any important share in developing the character of the boys and of fitting them for the active duties of criminal life. In the department of murder the instruction given by the dime novel writers is all that could be desired. There is not a possible method of murder that is not fully described and illustrated by brilliant examples in these educational works. Our boys are taught where and how to deal effective stabs, in which part of the body to plant pistol bullets to the best advantage and how to understand poisons skillfully without too great danger of detection. Not only are they taught how to kill, but, what is of far more consequence, they are deftly led to look on murder not as repulsive and dangerous, but as an elegant and desirable recreation."

AN HOUR WITH A NEWSBOY.

Nor does this villainy stop at books which are openly sold from our newsstands. It is evident that the business should even go lower. Newsboys accustomed to handle this class of publications so successfully seek matter even more salacious for their prize trade. Going out of Cleveland a short time ago, the newsboy on the train, after I had bought some papers from him, asked me if I would like a very rich book—something choice which he had on haud. I told him I would like to see it. He brought it to me and whispered not to let the conductor see the book. He said that the price was 75 cents; that it sold as high as $1 and $2. It was a little tract of about 25 pages, bound in yellow paper, which cost perhaps a cent and a half to produce. Without any exception it was the vilest book upon which my eye ever rested. If the devil in hell had written it or had appointed a special agent to produce it for the purpose of corrupting boyhood on earth, it could not have been done more successfully.

It was written with the sole purpose of debauching the imagination of the boy or the girl who should read it, and its language was as direct as is the language of the dissecting room itself. There was left absolutely nothing to the imagination. It was the description of the debauchery of a boy of 12 years of age, to describe which is impossible either in print or in speech for the eye or ear of decent men or women. This book is published in the city of Chicago, so the newsboy informed me, and is sold upon thousands of trains. It bears the imprint of no publisher and is sold, as the boy said, from 75 cents to $2 apiece. This same youngster also asked me if I would like some very rich pictures—photographs of girls. I told him I would like to see them. He said that he had sold out all his samples that day, but that when I got back to Cleveland he would bring me around the sample album from which I could make orders, and he did.

Second—We see the development of this curse in the obscene pictures which grow in number and in villainy apparently each day. Tradition tells us of an artist who painted a lewd picture and after death was held a prisoner in purgatory so long as the picture lived on the earth, and his soul was never released until by the intercession of some saint the picture was destroyed. If some soul answers in the underworld for every lascivious picture now in circulation, the chambers of hell must surely be crowded by this time.

We have a class of weekly newspapers which have been flooding our nation with filth now for nearly a generation. Instead of growing fewer they grow in number from day to day. The Police Gazette and The Police News now have their scores of rivals. There is scarcely a day that passes o'er our head that a set of dirty scoundrels do not originate a new scheme for flooding the world with this illustrated filth. At least a half dozen of these villainous publications have originated in New York within the past year and have met, some of them, with remarkable sales. A paper called Music and Drama is now being issued in New York which is dirtier to the square inch that even The Police Gazette has dared to be since its publication. Another villainous sheet called Broadway likewise touches lower depths than The Police News. So we might name scores of other papers that seek to live as the distributers of filth.

WORSE THAN SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

The amount of obscene matter circulated today in pictures is something incalculable to those who have not investigated it. The picture has come to be a part of literature as much as the letters itself. Our daily newspapers are now all illustrated. Our weekly newspapers are using illustrations. The power of a picture to bless or to curse is as the power of the living, vital personality itself. We look at the frescoes of buried Pompeii with disgust and horror and strive in our imagination to picture the depth of their degradation. We look with amazement upon the scenes at Corinth in which the worship of Aphrodite was conducted. But Corinth in her degradation and Pompeii in her vulgarity of art, if they should rise from the dead, would certainly find new lessons in their art from their modern ancestors.

The venders of obscene matter in our cities have gone to lower depths than the ancient debauchee of these old world centers. And not only so, but men who pretend to respectability in the business world use these means of public debauchery to advertise their wares. Every saloon is filled with lascivious pictures. Every cigar store is full of the most vicious prints. Every whisky and beer manufactory uses the vilest possible pictures which they think will pass the notice of the police and the district attorney for the purpose of attracting the crowd of boys that passes the open show window.

When I returned to Cleveland on the day referred to after the conversation with the newsboy on the train, he brought to my hotel his sample album of pictures. If a man had told me there were persons in America mean enough to take such pictures, devil enough to sell them as a business, I would utterly have refused to credit the statement for a moment. This album represented a stock of negatives representing hundreds of subjects both of men and women in every conceivable condition and position. Their bestiality is something indescribable, is something inconceivable to those who have not seen them. It simply passes the power of the average human mind to believe such things to be possible till after they have been seen.

These pictures not only are made to represent every possible sin of lust and lustful passion, but every unnamable sin and debauchery of the human body. Not only those for which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, but acts of degradation at which Sodom and Gomorrah would stand aghast if they could rise from the dead and see them today. These pictures are issued by the hundreds and the thousands in almost every great city—and by great city I mean a city of 100,000 inhabitants—in America. The photographer who took them from life, who prints and sells them, is doing business on one of the principal streets today in Cleveland, and the newsboys running out from Cleveland have acted and are acting, unless arrested, as his personal agents. This is but a sample of what is carried on on a larger scale from Chicago as a center, and from all our great cities, with more or less secrecy, but with large success.

Third—We note the fact in the growing power and influence of the criminal daily newspaper. This successful sheet, which is practically a report of daily crime, is the mother of the whole brood of modern vicious letters. The editor of the modern newspaper is the one man who in our daily life sweeps its whole gamut. He alone is in a position to speak with authority and with freedom. Carlyle declares: "The true Church of England at this moment lies in the editors of its newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly, admonishing kings themselves, advising peace or war with an authority that only the first reformers and the long past class of popes were possessed of, inflicting moral censure, imparting moral encouragement, in all ways diligently administering the discipline of the church." This is undoubtedly the position and the privilege of the modern editor, and yet what are the painful facts with which we are confronted?

The motto of the successful newspaper in the line of successful news of today is to give the people what they want and give them the very worst of it. This editor has the power to poison the minds and unnerve the arms of thousands daily with hatred, lies, slanders and appeals to the basest instincts of the animal, or to lift the world from the slumber of a night to the beauties of a day in the arms of love, hope, courage, faith. The successful monger editor chooses the former. He should be the minister of the Most High God, charged with keeping the great fires of truth that burn along the world's highways, that sweep through darkness into the infinite and eternal, and yet, like Judas Iscariot of old, he betrays for gold and silver this sacred trust. Charged with the life of those to whom he ministers, he betrays innocence and weakness for the sake of gain. Charged with protecting the wayfarer, he is the friend of the highwayman and the assassin. And he knows better. These sheets are edited with genius, and their editors present to the world the most shameless example of the intellectual prostitute.

THE CROTON RESERVOIR.

A distinguished reformer who has made this subject a life study says on this point: "Let a man be discovered throwing a barrel of paris green or arsenic into the Croton reservoir, and he would be almost lynched. What name shall be applied to the newspaper that covers up the letters of the libertine, the secret doings of the rake, the minute descriptions of revolting crimes, the utterances of lips lost to all shame, the ooze of corruption from the debauched, and weaving that into a highly sensational story decks it with flying colors and peddles it out each day for the sake of money? They make these successful details of crime their stock in trade. The details thus published familiarize their readers with crime and tend even to glorify it."

It is said that a flower has sprung up on the old Dan Farris lot, near McCombs' blacksmith shop in Marion county, which has proven a great curiosity. It is called the Dragon's Tongue. The flower is somewhat on the lily order, but larger. The upper portion of the bloom leaf is a dark reddish color, the under side green. At the stem of the bloom is an egg shaped receptacle from which a dark reddish tongue about 6 inches long protrudes through the orifice at the upper end of this globe shaped receptacle. It gives a very striking resemblance to the mouth of the dragon. The plant is insectivorous. The odor can only be likened to that of a decaying carcass of a dead horse. Nature has endowed it with this offensive odor that it might collect and gormandize all sorts of insects.

I can think of nothing more striking as an illustration of this modern newspaper. Such is the flower that has grown up in the putrid conditions of our modern city life. Its color is as gorgeous as its perfume is offensive. Its roots take hold of the saloon, the gambling hell the dive and the brothel, and from them draws its richest life. When the streets and sewers of our civic life are at last flushed with pure water, it must disappear with the filth from which it springs and on which it feeds. I make this statement without the fear of challenge from any source: Place in the hands of an average boy and girl, in average home conditions in the great city, every day in the year, such newspapers as the New York Sun or World, give them only these papers every day in the year to read from the time they are 10 years of age until they are 15, and I will guarantee my life upon the issue that the boy will land in jail and the girl in a house of prostitution before either of them are of age.

What are the inevitable results from this flooding of the world through the daily and the weekly press and through vicious books and pictures? The result is what any sane man must expect—a generation of toughs and criminals, even from childhood, and the consequent lowering of the average life of the nation. Let us take up the tabulated returns from our newspaper through the past two years. Let us quote but a few examples to show what is constantly going on from this cause.

A dispatch from Belleville, N. J., about a month ago told of the destruction by fire of a large barn in which the owner suffered a loss of $3,000. It was discovered that the fire was of incendiary origin, and the guilt was clearly fixed on two boys. One of the boys was heard to reply to his chum as they were talking the matter over in secret that he would like to fire Mr. McCarthy's two Washington avenue houses, kill him and then die like a man. No reason is known for the act, except that the boys read dime novels. They were lodged in Essex county jail for trial.

Three boys recently broke into a saloon to rob it. As the proprietor entered, aroused by the noise, one of the young toughs deliberately drew his revolver and shot him down. After his arrest the young murderer said when told that the man was dead, "Well, I must be a tough if I have killed a man."

AT THE TOMBS.

Not long ago, at the Tombs, a boy of 12 was arraigned for felonious assault. He shot a boy of his own age. They were at cards, gambling. One called the other a liar. The young gambler, acting out the story he had read, rose with dignity and said, "Johnny, that has got to be wiped out with blood," and drawing a revolver sent a bullet into the head of his companion.

A boy of 16 years of age, after reading about train wrecking, tied a log across a railroad over a culvert and stationed himself on a fence a short distance away to see the train wrecked. Providentially the engineer saw the obstruction in time to save the train, but one man was killed. The young desperado said after his arrest he had been reading about a train which had been wrecked and thought he would like to see one himself.

In April a year ago a boy 15 years of age was arrested after three attempts to wreck a train just beyond Saratoga.

Three boys, 9, 12 and 13 years of age, were arrested at 3 o'clock in the morning some time ago in New York city. Four loaded revolvers were found in their possession and a quantity of filthy stories. They had run away from home in Worcester, Mass., and were on their way to Leadville to seek their fortune. They had stolen money with which to start and armed themselves in a junk store.

A boy of 14, of respectable parents, was discovered stealing money from his brother. He had in his pockets one of these dirty publications. He promised to reform, but his character was wrecked. A short time afterward he was seized for a like offense. Two of these 5-cent series were found in one pocket, a package of cigarettes and his plunder in another.

Last March a year ago a boy of 11 years of age committed a burglary in Red Bank, N. J. He imagined himself a hero when arraigned. His poor old mother came into court. When she asked him a question, he turned upon her and in loud, defiant tones said to her, "Who's running this thing—me or you?"

In Missouri recently a boy 13 years of age was tried for murder and convicted. He had killed his own father.

A girl 12 years of age recently shot down her father because he would not consent to her marrying a young man whom the father thought unworthy of her.

John Tibbitts, aged 14, was lynched by armed men in Minnesota. He had murdered two men. When he addressed the mob, the young villain declared that he was about to die for an act to which he had been incited by reading sensational novels and the irresistible impulse to make a noise in the world by some bloody act. While they were preparing to hang him he remarked coolly: "Hurry up. Don't keep a fellow waiting."

In Texas a boy shot a girl summer before last because she refused to put down a pail she was carrying when he commanded her to.

There can be no question as to the origin of this scourge. In the general sessions court of New York, May, 1882, the grand jury, after being in session 23 days, passed upon 236 complaints, and in making their final presentment to the court said, "Not far from three-quarters of the complaints are against boys ranging from 12 to 18 years of age." Judge Cowing, in passing sentence upon a batch of youthful culprits, said: "To see the number of bright, intelligent young men brought into this court every day is a painful spectacle. A great majority of the prisoners arraigned here are young men between the ages of 17 and 25. The judges are doing all they can to put a stop to the commission of crime by the young, but it seems of little effect."

One of the officers of the Prison association recently said, when asked how many criminals of those arraigned in New York courts were under 21 years of age, the reply was, "Fifty per cent." When asked how many were 16 years of age and under, his reply was, "Unmistakably at least one-third."

The time has come when those who love the people and who seek to save their fellow men must make a direct demand upon our lawmakers for the extension of the law governing this scourge. Anthony Comstock has done a glorious work. His society should be duplicated by hundreds and thousands, and his hands should be strengthened by the enactment of more and more stringent laws, and every publisher who admits to his bookshelves or his newsstands such doubtful publications should be shunned by every decent man and woman.

I appeal to the people who buy newspapers, who patronize bookstalls and newsstands, to make it a point to let the newsdealer understand that if he deals in such deadly publications he cannot have their patronage. Do not hesitate to speak to him on the subject and express your indignation in no uncertain language. When the line is thus drawn and the power of public opinion is brought to bear, we will begin to see the purification of the literature supply.

THE MAN WHO MAKES IT AND THE MAN WHO GETS IT.

(Denver Times.)

JUST notice the real difference between the salaries paid to our present President and the martyr Lincoln and the salaries they received.

"Abraham Lincoln received $25,000 a year in greenbacks, which were worth in gold much less than one-half what they now are worth. Cleveland, the present incumbent, receives $50,000 a year in gold. This is not only double the number of dollars paid to Lincoln, but the dollars have double the value. That is to say, Lincoln, in the service of his country received $25,000 as an annual salary, while Cleveland, in the same service, receives what is relatively equivalent in value to $100,000—just four times as much as Lincoln."

The above extract is a good example of currency inflation. The same applies to county and all other public service salaries remain to day as they ever did and in fact there is a tendency that salaries in private employment have been reduced fifty per cent during the past fifteen years.

Wages, cotton, corn, in fact everything labor produces has gone down in the same period never has declined. Yet public officers have seen to it that their salaries have not been reduced. We ask our readers to carefully think for a moment and we believe they can recall a single instance where the people holding town, county or national office have asked for a reduction in salary at any time in the history of the nation.

Labor produces all.

Labor's earning capacity has been curtailed.

Labor stands the taxation and sustains government.

What part the merchant, manufacturer, corporation, or capitalist pays is taken out of the sweat of the work for them.

That is correct, isn't it?

Labor pays all.

Is it right to reduce the purchasing capacity of labor through the action of the money volume and at the same time reducing his taxes in the same ratio?

Answer that.

Still in face of all this the agitation is now on foot to further reduce the salaries of public officials.

It is a burning shame.

Stick to your old party, if you have little sense!

$100. REWARD, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Are You Any Good at Puzzles?

The genious who invented the "Fifteen" Puzzle. "Pigs in Clover" and many others has invented a new one, which is going to be the greatest on record. There is fun, fascination and entertainment in it. Anyone and learned will find as much mystery in it as the young and unlearned. This great puzzle is the property of THE NEW YORK PUZZLE CO., for whom it was invented by Sam Loyd, the great puzzlist. It is for the benefit of the movement to erect a great home for aged