SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

TEXT: *"Let My people go that they may serve Me; for I will at this time send all My plagues."*—Ex. ix., 13, 14.

Last winter, in the museum at Cairo, Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. While are the very toes that he pushed against the Israelitish brickmakers, the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God, the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arms as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered scepter. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memorable ten plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the ons, none of the locusts sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still stinging and befouling and cursing our cities, and like angels of wrath smiting not only the first born but the last born.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores, until what is true now will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Lycurgus of Sparta, Virgil of Andes, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts or arms or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of prosperity, its artistic embellishments and scientific attainments.

I have noticed that men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Men who have free rides in prison vans never likes the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well. Let us not war against this pride of city, nor expect to build up our selves by pulling others down. Let Boston have its common, its Faneuil Hall and its magnificent scientific and educational institutions. Let Philadelphia talk about its mint, and Independence Hall, and Girard College, and its old families, as virtuous as venerable. When I find a man living in one of those places who has nothing to say in favor of them, I feel like asking him, "What mean thing did you do that you do not like your native city?" New York is a goodly city, and when I say that I mean the region between Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Jamaica in one direction and Newark flats in the other direction. That which tends to elevate a part elevates all. That which blasts part blasts all. Sin is a giant, and he comes to the Hudson or Connecticut River and passes as easily as we step across a figure in the carpet. The blessing of God is an angel, and when it stretches out its two wings one of them covers over that and the other over this.

In infancy the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile; and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe, and there found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong, and the ships of foreign lands brought gold and spices to its feet, and stretching itself up into the proportions of a metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains and off upon the sea—the mightiest of the energies of American civilization. The character of the founder of a city will be seen for many years in its inhabitants. Romulus impressed his life upon Roma. The Pilgrims relaxed not their hold upon the cities of New England. William Penn has left Philadelphia an inheritance of integrity and fair dealing, and on any day in that city you may see in the manners, customs and principles of its people his tastes, his coat, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his plain meeting house. The Hollanders still weild an influence over New York.

Grand old New York! What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw themselves upon the sacrifice! What distant land has tried out in the agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with breadstuffs! What street of Damascus or Beyrout or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries! What struggle for national life in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches! What gallery of exquisite art in which our painters have not hung their pictures! What department of literature or science to which our scholars have not contributed! I need not speak of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and milkman and glassblower stand by the side of the flattered sons of merchant princes; or of the insane asylums on all these islands where they who were cutting themselves, among the tombs, now sit, clothed and in their right minds; or of the Magdalen asylums, where the lost one of the street comes to bathe the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head—confiding in the pardon of Him who said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her." I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf and the dumb, for the incurables, the widow, the orphan, and the outcast; or of the thousand armed machinery that sends streaming down from the reservoirs the clear, bright, sparkling, God given water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who said: "I will; be thou clean."

All this I promise in opening this course of sermons on the ten plagues of these three cities, lest some stupid man might say I am depreciating the place of my residence. I speak to you today concerning the plague of gambling. Every man and woman in this house ought to be interested in this theme.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said, "No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise effected by that evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in Hearne's famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars per night. Another banker and railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying, "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but the railroad people are not injured by this evil," but knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly, this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instrument of gaming may differ but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling, unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards or a ten pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation, but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money or time or skill is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. To not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuals" or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest, for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

It is estimated that every day in Christendom eighty million dollars pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom one hundred and twenty-three billion one hundred million dollars change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about eight hundred confessed gambling establishments. There are about three thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of the eight hundred gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten profess to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to the seven hundred and ninety that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Mephistopheles Drinking Beer" and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell"—a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, the costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel.

Then you come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper-in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, crouching in the grass, know a lion? when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the East River. You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting the "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears instead of his nose, deals the pasks, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

Again, this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores or hundreds or thousands of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say: "What is the use of trying to make these fifty dollars in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at 'Billy's?'" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively engaged in the game, in idleness or intoxication or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society.

This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home, comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through banks, yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If man fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where in the Bible or in society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what source of the poet oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of His children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the feverish brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler?

In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed five guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at Lass a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncovered dishonesties. The game of hazard itself is often a game of cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftimes peeped at. Tricks are practiced by which they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with nutting, so that "doublets" come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers, unobserved by honest men who have come into play; and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, ragged wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gambling house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the aces, and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense excitement comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards want forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul!" "Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced and the bank has won twenty-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

But these dishonesties in carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds which are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling with its greedy hand has swept away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daugeter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature upon the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it reads, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds and thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast; for they have destroyed a thousand noblemen a year.

Notice also the effect of the crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How dreadfully the fire burns of the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all the endearments are consumed in the flames of the domestic hearth. The Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "There goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw of stake my crown in heaven." A young man in London, on coming of age, received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and, through gambling, in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to a southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming table, and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "First rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home and his old father and mother, and wrote thus:

"My Beloved Parents—You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep—never to rise! Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first; but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout: "Foul! Foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul."

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players, souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, first red with the passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clinched fists, and eyes like fire balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes. If losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths curse back red hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha, ha! I have it! I have it!"

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game one he throws the first card, he stakes the last farthing, he sells his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion in dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flame circle about him with joined hands to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail! brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their fangs, fangs and coils up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders inutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! Gaining is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this tremendous sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Heligate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and I have seen the foaming, and the hissing, and the whirling of the horrid deep in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed and died—the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the water gurgled over them.

To a gambler's deathbed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say, "There goes the old carcass—lead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no flowers to vestal shade away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daugeter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature upon the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it reads, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds and thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast; for they have destroyed a thousand noblemen a year.

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To a gambler's deathbed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say, "There goes the old carcass—lead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no flowers to vestal shade away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daugeter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature upon the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it reads, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds and thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast; for they have destroyed a thousand noblemen a year.

Notice also the effect of the crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How dreadfully the fire burns of the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all the endearments are consumed in the flames of the domestic hearth. The Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "There goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw of stake my crown in heaven." A young man in London, on coming of age, received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and, through gambling, in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to a southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming table, and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "First rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home and his old father and mother, and wrote thus:

"My Beloved Parents—You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep—never to rise! Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first; but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout: "Foul! Foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul."

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, first red with the passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clinched fists, and eyes like fire balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes. If losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths curse back red hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha, ha! I have it! I have it!"

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game one he throws the first card, he stakes the last farthing, he sells his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them.

EVENING 6800.

The Moroccan National Dish—Features of Moroccan Life.

Throughout the provinces of Morocco are a few water mills of a most primitive kind for grinding corn, and in the large towns are considerable number of corn mills, each one turned by a horse; but the labor of grinding corn falls mainly on the women. A small hand mill is to be found in almost every dwelling. Good bread in the form of flat cakes is made and sold in the towns, but the national dish of Morocco is kuskussou. This resembles granulated tapioca, and is palatable as well as highly nutritious. It is often cooked with pieces of meat, and butter is usually added, but the latter is, generally speaking, so rancid as to make the mess unendurable to foreigners, unless under the pressure of hunger.

At a distance the city of Morocco has a solid, compact appearance. The houses of the better classes are built with a central court, surrounded by long, narrow rooms. One serves for a kitchen, where the cooking is done by charcoal fires. The other apartments are for general family use.

Near the entrance door a narrow staircase leads to the first floor. This is called the douaria, and here it is that the master of the house receives his friends. Each house has a well which supplies water for the laundry, and for ordinary use, but drinking water is obtained from the public fountains. In some instances the horses of the owner divide with the families the occupation of the ground floor; in other words, one room is used as a stable.

The narrowness of the apartments in the best houses of this country cannot fail to attract the attention of strangers. They are, generally speaking, of good height, but are very long in proportion to their breadth. This arises from the difficulty experienced in obtaining native wood of sufficient length for the floors. The width of the room in consequence seldom exceeds ten or twelve feet. The tower of the Katoubia is the only building of stone in the city, there being a great scarcity of this material in its vicinity.

A feature of Morocco is the public baths, there being over twenty. The bath is similar to what is known as the Turkish, with men admitted from sunrise up to noon and women in the afternoon and evening. The price for a bath is about one cent. There are three prisons, with the prisoners fed by their friends or left without food, some being supplied by the government. All prisoners have irons riveted about their legs and connected by chains with an iron band about the neck.

Nine Solemn Owls.

Here is a row of the queerest creatures imaginable, nine solemn owls, whose monkeylike faces—they are well named—are usually enough to cause a general laugh among the beholders. This broad of owls are raised from one that was given to the museum, with the aid of a couple that were taken from the tower of the Smithsonian building. They are not as a rule indigenous to this climate, abounding in such States as Florida and Texas; but of late there have been several broods discovered here. They are about the size of a large dove, of a light brown or snuff color, and they spend most of their time standing on one leg apiece, apparently asleep. But they are not, usually, for it is said by the keepers that each and every one of them has its eyes fixed on a certain small hole in the floor just in front of the perch.

Through this hole it is the misfortune of rats to wander occasionally, but they never go back, for at the first glimpse of a rat each of those nine owls dives down to the hole, and in another minute poor rat has furnished a meal for one of them. It is related that one day a mink escaped from one of the cages and there was a stampede of rats all through the building. A hundred at least tried to escape from the ravenous animal through this hole, but as fast as one would put its head up into the opening it would be nabbed by one of the waiting nine. The owls had more to eat that day than they ever had since.—[Washington Star.

GREAT LOSS BY FLOOD.

Water Fifteen Feet Deep in Several Towns in West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 21.—Reports received from all points on the river in West Virginia show flood damages amounting to nearly $500,000.

At New Cumberland the immense fire-brick and pottery works of McMahon, Porter & Co., Smith, Porter & Co., Freeman's and others were drowned out. The entire loss will be about $50,000.

At Wellsburg and New Martinsville it is reported that the water was 15 feet deep through most of the towns, and dozens of residences were ruined. In the Eureka oil fields at Belmont and St. Mary's the loss was heaviest. No fewer than 60 oil derricks were washed away and the tools left in the holes. It is impossible to compute the loss, but it will not be less than $100,000.

The mills here and at Martin's Ferry also suffered severely.

Doctor and Parson Indicted.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 21.—The grand jury at Catskill indicted the Rev. Henry W. George and Dr. D. D. Erway for manslaughter in the first degree, thus holding them equally responsible for the death of pretty Lottie Townsend, whom George adopted and ruined, and who was made the victim of a criminal operation to conceal her disgrace.

Legislators Threatened by White Caps.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 21.—The Speaker laid before the House a communication dated Elizabethville, Pa., address to the State Legislature, protesting against an increase in the school tax on the ground that six months is a long enough term, and that farmers' children are needed at home. Threats are made to resort to white cap methods if the protest is not heeded, and the request is made that all the members be informed of the intention of the signers. The reading of the communication created considerable amusement, The Speaker referred the communication to the Committee on Education.

Ex-Governor Sibley's Funeral.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 21.—The funeral of the late General Sibley took place from St. Paul's Church at 2:30 p. m. All the State, county and city offices closed in honor of the deceased. The Legislature adjourned at noon, and attended the funeral in a body. The funeral pageant was the largest ever seen in this city.

Legislation to Help Miners.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 21.—The bill providing for the appointment of a commission to revise, amend and make such changes in the mining and ventilation laws of the anthracite coal regions as will secure greater safety to human life and property was finally passed by the Senate.

LA BLANCHE WHIPPED.

Knocked Out in the Twelfth Round by Young Mitchell.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 21.—George La Blanche, "the Marine," and Johnny Herget, better known as "Young Mitchell," contested before the California Athletic Club last night for a purse of $2,500.

Mitchell had the advantage in height and reach and was a slight favorite in the betting. Both men trained faithfully for the fight, but in the Marine's case some fears were expressed that he had drawn too fine. He felt confident, however that he would win.

The pugilists were loudly cheered by their friends. In the first, second, third and fourth rounds the fighting was tame but in Mitchell's favor.

In the next seven rounds there was some hard fighting. Mitchell easily stopped the Marine's rushes and sent him to the floor several times.

About the middle of the 12th round after a few blows had been struck, Mitchell hit the Marine lightly on the jaw. The Marine dropped and rolled over on his face. He remained in this position until counted out. A storm of hisses greeted him as he left the ring.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 21.—A man giving the name of Harvey Rollin was asphyxiated at a hotel in this city last evening. A card bearing the name "S. Dieches, Coudesport" was found in the man's pocket.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

PROSE AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Question of Will—Too Hasty—Two Views of the Case—A Mercenary Beauty, Etc., Etc.

A QUESTION OF WILL.

He—I think before I go out I'll alter my will.

His Wife (who believes in letting nothing alone)—Indeed you won't. You seem to forget that when I married you I absorbed all the will power of this concern.—[Frank Leslie's.

TOO HASTY.

Coal Dealer (anxiously)—Hold on! That load hasn't been weighed. It looks to me rather large for a ton.

Driver—Tain't intended for a ton. It's two tons.

Dealer—Beg pardon. Go ahead.

TWO VIEWS OF THE CASE.

Jake Jimpson—What agonies Juliet must have suffered when Romeo left her!

Cora Bellows (yawning)—I would suppose she must have felt relieved.

A MERCENARY BEAUTY.

He—Do you like my brother better than you do me?

She—What salary does he get?—[Munsey's Weekly.

NOW FOR AN EXPLANATION.

"He was awfully flattering. He said my cheek was the color of his favorite rose," said Maude.

"He told me he liked yellow roses best," returned the genial Estelle.

THERE MIGHT BE SOME THERE.

Goslin—Do you see any green in my eye?

Dulley—No, but then I am color blind.—[Epoch.

MUST HAVE A DELL AUDIENCE.

Optim—Why do you talk to yourself about yourself?

Pessim—Because then I converse with the only person who thoroughly understands and appreciates the subject.—[Philadelphia Item.

HE WOULD GO TO THE ANT.

"This is the greatest country in the world for progress; you're fast in everything."

"You must make one exception—the messenger boy, you know."—[Philadelphia Times.

MARITAL REPARTEE.

Mrs. Brown—I don't half like that friend of yours—that fellow Smith.

Mr. Brown—Do you think you are a very good judge of men, my dear?

Mrs. Brown (with expression)—No, I do not.

AN UNREASONABLE GIRL.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said;
And then he deemed it strange,
After his inmost thought she'd read,
That she should ask for change.

THE FLY WAS TOO FLY.

"Will you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."
But the fly was fly in answer,
For fly he said, "I cannot be,
I am a little fly, 'tis true,
But there are no flies on me."
—[Philadelphia Times.

VALUABLE ANCESTORS.

Mrs. Bilger (reading)—The body of a petrified man found near Fresno, California, has been sold for $10,000.

Mr. Bilger—Ten thousand dollars! By the way, my dear, your family used to live in California. Are any of them buried there?—[New York Weekly.

A WAG'S SEVEN CHILDREN.

"How many children have you?" a wag was once asked by a person whose intellect was not his strong point.

"I have three sons," was the reply, "and each of them has four sisters."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the other in amazement, "why, that makes fifteen."—[Eulenspiegel.

HE PREFERRED THE EXPRESS.

Morris Towne—I thought you said this watch had a train movement!

Jeweler