Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1891.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

Frequent Defects in Physical Development and How to Remedy Them.

I said in my address at the Health Congress at Brighton what was quite true, that I had never in my life seen a child so healthy that it had not in it some actual or latent constitutional disease. Touching the subject now in hand, it is equally true to say that it is all but impossible to find in the boarding schools of our large towns any assemblance, critically viewed, of health. Constitutional taints, which under favorable circumstances may often be concealed, and which may or may not be apparent, are there. Various conditions of disease are there independently of the tendency from heredity; there of themselves, in some irregularity of function, in some shade of mental abberration. The field of the disease which is presented in some of the schools situated in crowded localities is indeed a sight at once for anxiety and fear. To the eye of a physician who, like myself, has spent many years in a hospital practice it tells a story which is absolutely painful, if he permits the result to be calculated out of his mind at leisure hours, if, that is to say, he compares what he has witnessed in his survey with what he has learned from long observation of the meaning of phenomena in the history of life. It is not necessary for him to strip the children, percuss and sound the chest, examine the spine, or practice any of those refined arts of diagnosis with which he is familiar. He reads from the indications of temperament, of expression of countenance, of color of skin, of position of limb, of build of body, of gait, of voice, sufficient outward manifestations, to discern what is the true physical state, what is the stamp and extent of disease, what is the vital value of the lives generally that are before him. Tell the physician those lives are to be valued for some monetary purpose as they stand and as they are to go on, according to the present system, and he will give in brief time an estimate of the value which the keenest man of business might readily accept and act upon.

Foremost among the evils which are thus presented are those common conditions of disease known as anæmia and cachexia. Strictly these are not disease, like diabetes, bronchitis, or defined affections running a regular course, but they are states of diseased form, which by their presence indicate a faulty nutrition at the period of life when good nutrition is most required, and which cannot long go on without insuring the construction of an impaired bodily organization. The blood is not being duly oxygenated, and food, therefore, though it be even fair in quality or quantity, is not properly applied. The nervous system is imperfectly built up; the muscular system is imperfectly built up and sustained. How can the improvement which is called scholarship be turned to fitting account in such recipients of it?

I watched recently the afternoon working of a large class of scholars, and counted one-third of them under the most decisive influence of these conditions of disease. Of the affected there would not be, in the ordinary averaging of life, twenty years of existence under the course that was being followed. The one saving clause in their case was development by physical training, and that was withheld. The one destroying clause in their case was over-mental work without physical training, and that was assiduously and regularly supplied. With or without the anæmia and cachexia, these is the constitutional disease, struma or scrofula, presented in these classes. The instances of this kind in varying degrees of intensity are most numerous. This condition again is a mal or bad nutrition. It, as much as cachexia or anæmia, with which it is so often allied, is fostered by the prevailing system of mental pressure. With these conditions before the eye there is to be seen, also, here and there in the classes of both sexes, but of the girls especially, the specimen of the phthisical or consumptive subject. In a class of fifty I picked out three thus doomed, if their circumstances be not changed—6 per cent. certainly a moderate proportion. The disease has not positively developed, but the probability of its development is all but certain, unless it be changed by the one only remedial or preventive method—freedom from nervous exhaustion, combined with physical exercise in open breathing-space. Such preventives are not supplied, and so the fatal disease is systematically fanned from latency into activity. Spinal deformity and irregular construction of the skeleton is another condition of disease, or actual disease, readily detectable in these classes.—*Dr. Richardson, in Frazer's Magazine.*

THE oxide of lead found in the bread of the Chicago baker has been traced to the stencilling of the name of the miller on the bag containing the flour from which the bread was made, the color having been put on so heavily that it soaked through the cloth.

IT takes an old horse to have a war record. One died the other day that served through the rebellion under Col. Whittaker, of New Haven, Ind. He was 35 years old. The Grand Army posts of the neighborhood turned out and buried him with military honors.

SOME MODERN BELLS.

Hear the patrol bell!
What a tale of human failings its clanging notes foretell.
How its ding, ding, ding tells you of the city's sin
Gather in, gather in,
Gather in, in, in,
We gather in, gather in, gather in.
Heedless of the bitter wailings,
Of the mockings, jeers and railings,
Of the curses of human failings
Which brought about the sin!
Gather in! gather in!
'Mid the din, din, din,
We gather in, gather in, gather in!

Hear the mercy bell!
What a story full of sufferings its rapid strokes foretell.
How its bang, bang, bang makes you feel a twinge of pain:
I have a being slain, a human being slain!
There's a sob in every stroke
For the bones that may be broke—
Hissing steam and stifling smoke
Sounding in your ears quite plain:
I have a being slain, a human being slain!
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.
I have a being slain!

Hear the cash-box bell!
What a tale of joy and sorrow its silvery sounds foretell.
How its tinkle, tinkle, tinkle seems to say in store and bar:
Here we are, here, are,
Here we are, here we are.
Visions of fine silks and laces,
Hungry children with wan faces.
Crabbed men with wooden maces
Come to you in store and bar.
How its silvery jingles jar
If your credit's down to par.
While you hear in store, or bar:
Here we are, here we are,
Here we are, are, are,
Here we are, here we are, here we are;
How the jingle and the chinking
Sets your money mind to thinking
Of the out of love and drinking
As you hear in store or bar:
Here we are, here we are,
Here we are, are, are:
Joy and sorrow, here we are, are, are.
Here we are, here we are, here we are!
—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE BURNED WILL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I had been engaged to my cousin Kenneth for two years, and the course of true love had run as smoothly as possible.

Nobody objected. Nobody prophesied evil for the future.

In fact, my uncle Graham, Kenneth's father, had been delighted when he discovered our liking for each other.

"It was what I prayed from the first," he said. "Bessy will make a good wife, and she is the only girl I know that I should like to have about the house. Of course, you will both live with me, and everything I have will be Kenneth's when I go."

Was ever beginning more auspicious?

When I left boarding-school and came to my uncle's to live, I had never seen him or my cousin. I had been left an orphan as a little child, and knew I was to keep house for my uncle Graham when I was old enough: but he had been abroad, Kenneth at school and college, and I had only been able to wonder what my unknown relatives were like.

How delightful it was to find them charming, to be made much of by them, to be petted by the servants so that my housekeeping was a mere position of dignity involving no responsibilities, and finally, to know that in Kenneth I had met my fate.

I had nothing to lose, as those have who leave a happy home for an unknown future, but everything to gain.

Life had just begun for me. For six months no cloud arose upon my horizon.

How could I fancy that a storm was brooding? It came in a most unromantic shape.

That important period in a young man's history, the election day on which he casts his first vote, had arrived for Kenneth, and he voted for the wrong man. I still think it was for the wrong man, for it is not in a woman's nature to set politics before love.

Kenneth voted for the man of whom his father disproved. It was a terrible surprise to my uncle, a great shock, an unendurable offense.

He believed that Kenneth respected his opinions, would be guided by them in all things.

He reproached him bitterly at first, and placed the matter in such a light that my sympathies were his, and I reproached him also, though rather by tears than in words.

Of the question itself I knew nothing, but my uncle was a large man with a loud voice, and a confidence in himself seldom equaled.

Besides, he had been in office, and it appeared to me that he must know which was the right man in the right place.

Kenneth talked a great deal about his principles and how a man could not change them to please everybody. The house rung with reproaches, arguments, and finally with abuse.

Kenneth uttered words he never should have spoken to his father, and my uncle was horribly offensive.

One day they were at it hammer-and-tongs, and in order to escape the noise I went out for a walk.

On my return I found my uncle, white as a sheet, pacing the library floor.

He paused on seeing me, and lifting his hand toward heaven, cried out:

"Stand where you are, Bessy, and listen to me. From this time forth Kenneth is nothing to me, nothing to you. To both of us he is dead."

"Uncle!" I gasped.

"Not a word," said he—"not a word. I have turned him out of my house. I had reason. I am justified. To-morrow I shall alter my will. Kenneth shall never have one penny of mine. I make your my heiress—you—you—do you hear me? *You* stuck by me. You are all I have now!"

And my uncle flung himself upon a sofa and buried his face in the pillows.

In vain I pleaded, in vain I wept. Nothing touched him.

I hoped time would change his resolution, but he never faltered.

What had become of Kenneth I did not know. He never wrote to me. He never sent any message. He had been vexed with me during the last few days. And as time went on I made up my mind that he no longer loved me. He could easily have communicated with mutual friends had he desired to do so.

I had loved him dearly. This sudden separation made me very miserable.

I was vexed with my uncle, but I could not leave him. He had been a hale, hearty, middle-aged man when the quarrel took place.

From that time he broke down rapidly, changing before my eyes to an old man.

His spirits left him. His temper grew outrageous. He refused to see his friends, and at last he took to his bed. I nursed him tenderly.

One day, as I sat beside him, he said, more gently than usual:

"Bessy, you will be a rich woman very soon. All I have is left to you. I have heard of my son. The unfilial and unnatural boy has not prospered. He is in need, I believe. I am sorry."

I sunk on my knees and implored him to send for Kenneth, to forgive him, to embrace him once more.

"He is your natural heir," I said. "I hope you may live many years. But pray alter your will. Give him your blessing, and forgiveness, and his portion. You will be glad when you have done it—glad whether you live or die."

He shook his head.

"Neither will I give him," he said. "And I have made my last testament so carefully that you cannot help him, as no doubt you would. Anything you attempt to bestow on him you will only lose yourself. He shall live to regret his disobedience and ingratitude to a good father."

Then he fell into a rage that was, I believe, his death warrant, for he died that night. I was alone with him. I had sent for the doctor, but he had not come.

When all was over I kissed him, and said aloud:

"If your spirit is aware of what I do, it will thank me for it. I cannot take my cousin Kenneth's fortune."

Then I opened the desk where private papers were kept, found the will, glanced over it and saw that it indeed gave everything to me, with the proviso that I should, under no circumstances, aid my cousin, and folding it again thrust it deep into the heart of the grate-fire, and watched the flames consume it.

"You will be glad, dear uncle," I said, "when soul has triumphed over the body, and you know how anger warped your mind."

At that instant feet flew up the stairs, and the doctor, followed by the servant I had sent for him, entered the room.

After the funeral I packed my small belongings, put into my purse the money which my uncle's generosity and my natural economy had made my own, and left the house.

I had seen my cousin in the great drawing-room in which we assembled. He was thin and wan, and did not look toward me. In common with everybody else, he still believed himself disinherited, and I resolved that he should always believe that his father had relented and destroyed the will.

I had made all my plans for leaving the town, and soon found a situation as teacher of a country school many miles away.

Through a friend I heard that Kenneth had come into the property, and that everyone felt that my uncle had done well in forgiving his son, and the popular opinion was that he would have left me something had not death come to him so suddenly.

I was not happy in my new position. I did not fill the place well. I had no proclivity for teaching, and I had been too long used to being petted and cared for to take kindly to the hard life of a country school-teacher, but never once did I regret what I had done.

Shame would have been mine if I had taken Kenneth's fortune—grief if he had been in need, and I unable to help him; for though he had forgotten me so easily I still loved him fondly, and always should, I knew. Even though I should one day hear that he had chosen another for his wife, I could still give him a sister's tenderness while life lasted.

The winter passed, spring came. The grass that grew about the rustic schoolhouse was flecked with golden dandelions, when one day, just as my last scholar passed out at the door, a shadow fell across the floor, and looking up I saw my cousin Kenneth.

"Cousin Bessy," he said, advancing and holding out his hand, "I have had a long search for you. Why did you hide yourself away? I am sure my father did not mean to forget you. I know he would be anxious to see that you had a share of what he left. You were a daughter to him. I have come to talk to you of that," he said politely, but coldly: no trace of the lover remained in his manner.

The man I had promised to marry, whose betrothal ring I yet wore, spoke to me of money and money only in this our first hour of meeting.

My pride arose. I drew myself to my full height—I am tall—and came to his side.

"Cousin Kenneth," I said, "thank you very much. I know my uncle intended to remember me, but since fate interfered, the matter is settled."

"It is my duty to protest," he said, "I am merely acting as my father's substitute. *Paying his debts*, remember, not mine, and his fortune was very large."

His manner was as cold as ice as he stood there measuring his words, and looking away from the woman who loved him so, who longed to cast herself into his arms and cry:

"Oh, thank Heaven, we meet once more!"

My heart ached, my brain throbbed.

"I will not accept charity," I cried in my grief and wrath. "I will accept it from no one, least of all from *you*. I can earn my bread."

And I rejoiced that, though he did not dream it and never shall, he owed all that "large fortune" of which he spoke to me.

Now suddenly his face changed.

"Bessy," he said, "how strange that I once thought you had a tender heart! I was disabused of that when you sent me back my letters and told me through the pen of another that you despised me too much to wish to hear from me again."

I stared at him astonished.

"I never received a letter!" I cried.

"I wondered that you did not care to write, but——"

I paused; on the same instant we both understood that a base trick had been played us. I nursed him tenderly.

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AN AZTEC SACRIFICE.

The Human Victim's Heart Torn Out and Offered to the Sun.

Fifty-two years constituted the Aztec cycle. To this cycle was added a supplement of thirteen days, intended to make the solar and civil years agree. It was believed that the world would come to an end on the last night of a cycle, and that the gods, if merciful, would light their fires on the distant mountains. If the world did not come to an end, the Aztecs congratulated themselves that it would survive another cycle, and the thirteen complementary days were passed with feasts, sacrifices and bacchanals.

In the temple of Huitzilipochtli there was to be a gladiatorial combat, which was nothing less than a sacrifice. The six ministers of the ceremony were at hand. Topiltzin, the chief among them, c'ad in a crimson vestment with a crown of war-colored feathers, was performing the duties that preceded a sacrifice to the god and the others, with white robes bordered with black, their faces hideous with somber pigment and mouths painted white, assisted him. A crowd filled the stone walls of the temple to witness the spectacle, surging with impatience about the temalcatl (or round, stone platform, eight feet high) where the combat was to take place.

The victim, a prisoner of war, is brought in. Armed with only a short spear and shield, he is placed upon the temalcatl, tied by one foot and confronted by an Aztec warrior fully armed. The flat nostrils of the victim are distended, his black eyes burn with desperation; his coarse, black hair struggles about his face, and his thick, purple lips quiver as he views the well-armed soldier before him.

At a word they fall to the fray. The spears clash and they fight like demons—the victim with the desperation of certain death, the soldier to uphold his valor among his comrades.

Suddenly, realizing how unequal the contest and that his fate is sealed whatever the outcome of that battle, the prisoner throws away his shield and spear and presents his breast to the soldier's weapon. A pause, a blow and the victim falls heavily on the stone.

In a trice the priests, with frenzied shouts and hair streaming about their demoniacal faces, are upon the temalcatl and have borne the dying man to a block of green jasper, on whose convex surface they throw him. This is the sacrificial stone and Topiltzin, who now takes the name of the god to whom he sacrifices, opens the breast of his victim, tears out his heart and offers it, still palpitating, to the sun. Then the bleeding trophy is placed in the hollow mouth of the idol of Huitzilipochtli, and the lips of the statue daubed with blood. The dead man is decapitated and his head deposited in the Tzompantli, an ossuary where the skulls of sacrificed prisoners of war are set into the walls; the soldier claims the body for his own and bears it away for the delectation of himself and his anthropophagical comrades.

The Aztec annals that come down to us are glutted with scenes like this.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Molasses Schooner.

Molasses has always been imported in hogsheads, but sugar men have long realized that if they could import it in bulk they would save thousands of dollars on every cargo, for they would escape the cost of cooperage, which is great on a large cargo, and the loss by leakage. It is not long since the Atlantic Works of East Boston equipped the iron brig Nor-elty with immense iron tanks for the carrying of molasses in bulk. The venture was made by the firm of Whitney & Poutland, and would have been a success if the cold in the molasses had not affected the iron and destroyed both its own marketable value and the tanks also. The venture was never repeated. However, at the present time the schooner Senator Sullivan, which is jointly owned by William H. Green and Alderman John H. Sullivan, is being fitted at East Boston with twenty large wooden tanks, built of solid timbers, each having an average capacity of about 10,000 gallons, making a full cargo of about 200,000 gallons. This schooner could carry but 165,000 gallons in hogsheads. It is estimated that besides the increased capacity, the saving to the shippers on one cargo will be $7,500 and as the Senator Sullivan makes four trips to the West Indies for molasses each year, the aggregate saving, if successful, is worth an effort. The tanks will be so arranged that they can be removed after the molasses season is over, so that the schooner can be used in some other business. The cost of the tanks was $6,000.—[Boston Transcript.

A Curious People.

The Japanese are a curious people. The Japanese carpenter planes towards him instead of from him. The Japanese horseman mounts his horse from the right side. The address of a Japanese letter is arranged in strict accord with the progress from the general to the particular. Thus, a Jap writing to a countryman in New York would place on the envelope: "United States of America, New York State, New York, West Tenth street, 115, Hoe, Yank." A Japanese always gives a gratuity upon his arrival at a hotel or restaurant instead of upon his departure. In drawing a cork the Japanese waiter never turns the corkscrew, but whirls the bottle.—New York Sun.

GENTLE SPRING.

I know that winter is over the spring
And that her smiles be dote upon,
For when she merry spring is here
The winter is completely gone.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES

Subject: "The Plague of Bad Books."

TEXT: "*And the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt.*"—Ex. viii., 6, 7.

There is almost a universal aversion to frogs, and yet with the Egyptian they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and to-day their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes. These creatures, so attractive once to the Egyptians, at divine behest became obnoxious and loathsome, and they went croaking and hopping and leaping into the palace of the king, and into the bread-trays and the couches of the people, and even into the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth and on the sides of chimneys, but then were small holes in the earth, with sunken pottery, were filled with frogs when the housekeepers came back to them. If a man sat down to eat a frog alighted on his plate. If he attempted to put on a shoe it was preoccupied by a frog. If he attempted to put his head upon a pillow it had been taken possession of by a frog.

Frogs high and low and everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besieging frogs, innumerable frogs, great plague of frogs. What made the matter worse was the fact that they were no miracle in this, and they could by sleight of hand produce the same thing, and it seemed to succeed, for by sleight of hand wonders may be wrought. After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it by the tail and it became a staff, the serpent charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became the serpent.

So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs, and perhaps by smell of food attracting a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, none of them tried to make it better. "Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, and the magicians did so with their enchantment, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad to-day. It is shifting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. The frogs hop into the store, the shop, the office, the banking house, the factory—into the home, into the chair, into the garret, on the drawing room table, on the shelf of the library. While the lad is reading the bad book the teacher's face is turned the other way. One of these frogs hops upon the page. While the young woman is reading the forbidden novel her mother is retiring at night, reading by gaslight, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. Indeed they have hopped upon the news stands of the country and the mails at the postoffice shake out in the letter trough hundreds of them. The plague has taken at different times possession of this country. It is one of the most loathsome, one of the most frightful, one of the most ghastly of the ten plagues of modern cities.

There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with moral epidemic. The greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair.

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shovel its millions into the charnel house of the morally dead. The longest rail train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough nor large enough to contain the vast lines and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals. Bad books, bad morals.

I begin with the lowest of all the literature, that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business it is to dispose of this kind of literature. They display it before the schoolboy on his way home. They get the catalogues of schools and colleges, take the names and postoffice addresses, and send their advertisements, and their circulars, and their pamphlets, and their books to every one of them.

In the possession of these dealers in bad literature were found nine hundred thousand names and postoffice addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1873 there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing cheap, corrupt literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although over thirty tons of vile literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the just anger of an aroused God.

In the year 1868 the evil had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of bad literature through the United States mails, but there were large loops in that law through which criminals might crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1868. But in 1873 another law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mails—a good law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under that law multitudes of these scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries, where they belonged.

Now, my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature, and how are we to stay the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good postmasters, and United States district attorneys, and detectives, and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague. When Sir Bowland Hill spent his life laboring to secure cheap postage not only for England, but for all the world, and to open the blessing of the postoffice to all honest business, and to all honest intercourse, and kindness, and affection, and healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to allow any easy or to fill the mail bags of the United States with the scabs of such a plague.

We ought not to be in the power of every Hottentot who wants to send his sweetheart a peculiar or a two-headed sheep for a letter to blast a man or destroy a home. The postal service of this country must be clean, must be kept clean, and we must all understand that the swift revelations of the United States government hover over every violation of the letter law.

There are thousands of men and women in this country, some for personal gain, some through innate depravity, some through a spirit of revenge, some through the great avenue of convenience and intelligence, for purposes revengeful, salacious and diabolic. Wake up the law. Wake up the penalties. Let every court room, on this subject be a Sinai, thunderous and aflame. Let the convicted offenders be sent for the full term to Sing Sing or Harrisburg.

I am not talking about what cannot be done. I am talking now about what is being done. A great many of the printing presses that gave themselves entirely to the publication of vile literature have been stopped or have gone into business less obnoxious. What has thrown off, what has kept off the rail trains of this country for some time back nearly all the leprous periodicals? Those of us who have been on the rail trains have noticed a great change in the last few months and the last year or two. Why have nearly all those vile periodicals been kept off the rail trains for some time back? Who effected it? These societies for the purification of railroad literature gave warning to the publishers and warning to railroad companies, and warning to conductors, and warning to newsboys, to keep the infernal stuff off the trains.

Many of the cities have successfully prohibited the sale of that literature even from going on the news stands. Terror has seized upon the publishers and the dealers in impure literature, from the fact that over a thousand arrests have been made, and the aggregate time for which the convicted have been sentenced to the prison is over one hundred and ninety years, and from the fact that about two millions of their circulars have been destroyed, and the business is not as profitable as it used to be.

How have so many of the news stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well talk about the jungle of the East Indies and pat a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade it that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your argument would be an uplifted head and a hiss and a sharp, reeking tooth struck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shotgun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and the law. Jail is a penitentiary. The law! The law! Invoke to consummate the work so grandly begun!

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have no sympathy with the attempt to make the young old. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be abbreviated. But there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no more room for the useless and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are fifty per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States to-day under twenty-one years of age? Many of them under seventeen, under sixteen, under thirteen, under fourteen, under thirteen. Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for yourselves. Bad books, bad newspapers have ruined them. Bad books, bad newspapers in the cradle. Beware of all those stories which end wrong. Beware of all those books which make the road that ends in perdition seem to end in Paradise. Do not glorify the dirk and the pistol. Do not call the desperado brave or the libertine gallant. Teach our young people that if they go down into the swamps and marshes to watch the jack-o'-lanterns dance on the decay and rottenness they will catch the malaria and death.

"Oh," says some one, "I am a business man, and I have no time to examine what my children read. I have no time to inspect the books that come into my household." If your children were threatened with typhoid fever, would you have time to go for the doctor? Would you have time to watch the progress of the disease? Would you have time for the funeral? In the presence of my God I warn you of the fact that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and that unless the thing be stopped it will be to them funeral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day.

My word is to this vast multitude of young people: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a corrupt book or a corrupt picture. A book will decide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read years ago may have decided you for time and for eternity, or it may be a book that may come into your possessions to-morrow.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. Longfellow declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperities. A clergyman, many years ago, starting to the far west, stopped at a hotel. He saw a woman copying something from Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." It seemed that she had borrowed the book, and there were some things she wanted especially to remember.

The clergyman had in his sachel a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and so he made her a present of it. Thirty years passed on. The clergyman came that way, and he asked where the woman was whom he had seen so long ago. "She lives yonder in that beautiful house." He went there and said to her, "Do you remember me?" She said, "No, I do not." He said, "Do you remember a man gave you Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' thirty years ago?" "Oh, yes; I remember. That book saved my soul. I loaned the book to all my neighbors, and they read it and they was converted to God, and we had a revival of religion which swept through the whole community. We built a church and called a pastor. You see that spire yonder, don't you? That church was built as the result of that book you gave me thirty years ago." Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book.

John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham and said: "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back, but that book has haunted me like a specter ever since. I have in agony of soul, on my knees before God, prayed that he would obliterate from my soul the memory of it, but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander thy warrior. Alexander, said so the story of Alexander made Julius Caesar and Charles XII. both men of blood. Have you in your pocket, or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

Another way in which we shall fight back this corrupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rallying the Christian press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women. What are you reading? Abstain from all those books which, while they may some good things about them, had also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged into steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a fence of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries.

You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say, "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie a man put his arm through the bars of the black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand and arm mangled and bleeding.

Oh, touch not the evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not lest you pull from your soul your two bulls lying under the claws of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning rattle.

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The death is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes four, and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form which looks like a detained specter of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and unclose her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it—the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern paper manufactories, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul, waiting for God's inscription.

A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it, and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks, and Hesiod's poems were written on tables of lead, and the Siniatic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing press.

A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the gloom, all the brightness, all the centuries to make it possible.

A book! It is the chorus of all ages; it is the throwing room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians come out to greet you. It is worshiped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any thing I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. Upon the frogs swoop with these eagles. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mothers of the land. Even good books have a hard struggle to live.

Polybius wrote forty books; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books; only thirty-five of them remain. Æschylus wrote one hundred dramas; only seven remain. Euripides wrote over a hundred; only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans. All that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live, what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start! They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the plague. The work of Christianization will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see the illustrious day!

Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against every unclean picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send a Christian song; against every bad book send a good book; and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the Toletum missals were kept by the saints in six churches, and the sacrilegious Romans demanded that those missals be destroyed, and that the Roman missals be substituted; and the war came on, and I am glad to say that the whole matter having been referred to champions, the champion of the Toletum missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals.

So it will be in our day. The good literature, the Christian literature, in its championship for God, and the truth, will beat down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body, and all the depths of my soul, the certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, oh, men and women who are toiling for the purification of society! Toil with your faces in the sunlight. "If God be for us, who, who can be against us?"

Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, and after her nearest friends died she went to the far east, took possession of a deserted convent, threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to the poor, and the wretched, and the sick who might come to them, made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She was waiting for the coming of the Lord. She expected that the Lord would descend in person, and she thought upon it until it was too much for her reason. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses saddled and bridled, and said aloud to herself, "The Lord is coming! The Lord is coming! I must be ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and be on one of them, and she on the other should start for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It was a fanaticism and a delusion; but there was romance, and there was splendor, and there was thrilling expectation in the dream.

Ah, my friends, we need on earthly palfreys decorated and saddled and bridled and caparisoned, for our Lord. When He shall come? The horse is ready in the equurry of heaven, and the imperial rider is ready to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And the armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses and on His vesture and on His thigh were written, King of kings and Lord of lords." Horse men of Heaven mount! Cavalry of God, ride on! Charge charge! until they shall be hurled back on their haunches—the black horse of famine and the red horse of carnage, and the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

Itinerant Quackery in England.

Quackery of this kind, on quite the largest scale yet attempted, is just now proceeding successfully in England. "Sequah" is a limited liability company, regularly registered at Somerset House, with $50,000 capital, a board of directors and a list of stockholders. The function of Sequah is to sell for 50 cents per bottle a liquid called the Prairie Flower, which, according to the company's prosp