Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1896.

THE DEADLY CENTIPEDE.

All Admit It to Be the Most Repulsive of Insects.

Who can look upon a centipede without shrinking with horror and exclaiming that it is one of the most repulsive of insects? Its body is divided into numerous segments of the same length and thickness, each being furnished with a pair of legs, which end in a sharp-pointed claw, backed by three smaller ones, each capable of inflicting a painful inflammatory wound. Its head is ornamented with two short antennæ, composed of seven joints, illuminated by two granulated eyes, formed by the junction of numerous smaller ones. Its mouth is ever lapped by a pair of strong forceps, or hooks, which have openings beneath their points, through which when it bites a poisonous fluid is injected after the manner of the fang of the deadly rattlesnake. An irritable fever follows the bite, accompanied by delirium, and if the patient is of an excitable habit amputation or excision of the bitten part becomes necessary or death ensues. Frequently death is the result, despite all remedies. The centipede is carnivorous in its appetites, and steals about in search of victims and food only in the night. There are two varieties of the largest kind, those nearly white inhabiting the ground, those of a light chocolate brown frequenting the decayed bark of diseased trees, or that attached to fallen timber. The inhabitants of temperate climates are practically free from these dreaded insects, and are thus compensated, in a degree at least, for the loss of the balmy airs and tropical splendors of more Southern climes. A variety of the centipede, however, exists in the North, called "Thousand legs," which fortunately remains always insignificant in size. They are to be more frequently found in regions famous for the accumulation of lumber, particularly about saw mills, and are occasionally met with in the rich loam of decaying trees.

A GIGANTIC CENTIPEDE.

In the West Indies and in the countries bordering on the "Spanish main" the centipede is the greatest pest encountered. The utmost vigilance is necessary to keep them from entering houses and finding their way into beds and clothing. Generally in tropical countries vermin accumulates in immense numbers every two or three years. Scorpions, centipedes, mice, spiders, snakes teem up from floors, arbors, and gardens.

But suddenly a little black ant appears—the advance guard of an invincible army. Human inmates fly from their homes and the little ants in countless numbers cover the locality. There can be witnessed the fluttering of the roaches—can be heard the squeaking of the mice and rats; the serpents come coiling in death agony from their hiding places; every creeping thing in the vicinity is undergoing martyrdom. The ants are everywhere; not a nook or crevice escapes them. In a few hours the work of extermination is completed; commencing their work at night, before morning dawns they have taken their departure leaving behind nothing but the wrecks of their victims.

The centipede is hatched from an egg, and comes forth a perfect insect; and what is most remarkable, the young is the subject of great care on the part of the maternal parent, being fostered by her long after they are able to take care of themselves. When first ushered into being they have but six legs, their additional feet, as well as the rings to which they are attached, becoming developed as they advance in age, one ring and one pair of feet marking the passage of a year. The centipede lives longer, and continues to increase in strength more than any other insect; it survives through many generations. This fact, and its peculiar organization, makes the centipede remarkable among all the varied races of insect life. Our illustration represents a centipede taken in Venezuela, South America, and is one of the largest known. It measures twelve inches; the average centipede seldom exceeds five inches.

THE growth of most of the German cities, according to the census lately complete, is nothing short of marvelous. It rivals, and in several cases exceeds, the increase of population of the chief cities of the United States, and it leaves all recent European precedents far behind.

SENATOR GORMAN is a most methodical man. He rises at just 6 o'clock every morning, sits just sixty minutes at dinner, and never, on any pretext, permits an interruption at his meals. He takes a walk of a fixed length every day, believes in the same hours and never sees lobbyists or humors.

JOE BURKE, of Panther Creek, N. C., is an enthusiast upon the subject of egg eating. He lacks one inch of being seven feet high, and claims a record of having eaten 180 eggs at one meal.

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin,
But nothing but my song.
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robin came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love song.
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless pandering down the lanes
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere
And love and beauty pine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

—Yankee Blade.

"NEVER FAILETH."

A young woman stood on the forward deck of a crowded ferryboat, as it forged its heavy way through the water, making swells which rocked the smaller boats near by and washed high up on the piles at the dock.

The young woman did not notice the shipping, the tall buildings, the noisy landing or the pushing crowd behind. She was thinking; and as the boat jarred against the buffers she said in a low tone to herself, "*Love* is the greatest thing in the world."

No one heard or heeded her but one pale-faced little woman in a black shawl, who stood crowded almost against her. She heard the words, and a look of wonder came into her hungry eyes. But the boat was docked, and the crowd pushed them on, and each went her separate way.

The pale-faced little woman in the black shawl hurried from place to place, but all the time she was turning over in her mind the words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world—in all the world."

Love of what—love from whom? It made no difference. Love was not for her. Youth was gone, hope was gone, there was nothing for her but work. Her husband lived to work, and desired that she should live to work; and love, she could not remember to have heard the word for years—no, nor thought it.

The little children she used to think some day might be hers had never come, and her husband said it was a good thing, for children took time and money, and she had waited and grieved and worked in silence, until she never thought of it, except to think that it was better so.

Was love the greatest thing in the world? Then she must miss the greatest thing as she had missed all lesser things. But the hungry eyes looked out of a hungry heart, and the words said themselves over and over, not only that day, but through all the next weeks in a trip which she and her husband made to the West.

They had bought some land in Kansas, with a little one-roomed house on it, and there the work of living began again with ten-fold push. There was not a house in sight, and the sun seemed to rise so early and set so late—long, long days, when she worked till the very grave would have seemed a pleasant place to rest in.

But all through that summer, as she looked back on it, she could see how the weight that bore her down grew lighter.

She seldom saw any one but her husband. They had no books, and those few words "Love is the greatest thing in the world," began to fill for her the place of books and friends. When the sunlight was bright, and there were fleecy little clouds in the blue sky, and the prairie was blazing with flowers, and the one cottonwood tree rustled its leaves in the light breeze, there came new meaning into those words.

Finally, though she could not have told when or how, she came to feel the love of God very close to her, and she knew that in some way God must mean that she should give out a little love to other things—love the cattle, and the horses, and the pigs, and the chickens; for she was a simple little woman. She loved them all; the work seemed easier, and the living things throve.

"She's got a wonderful knack," said her husband to a passing neighbor.

But as the capacity grew the hunger grew, and then one day there seemed to her to come a very gift from God.

A little sobbing boy came dragging up to the open door—a little boy with dark eyes, with brown hair just long enough to show a tendency to curl, with dirty hands and dirty face, and shoes cut with stones. Such a little boy! About eight years old, she thought.

He cried and reached up his hands to her.

With a hasty look at the milk she was skimming to churn, she picked him up in her arms and held him close. She felt his hot little face against hers, felt the little arms around her neck, and the little heaving chest and beating heart against her own; she held him tight and loved him, and the tears came into her eyes.

But that could only last a minute; there was the milk. Then she gave him water with which to wash his hands and face outside the door, and after that she gave him a slice of bread and a tin cup of milk. He sat there as if he owned the house, his tears dried, and his quick eyes glancing around.

When the mouth was empty enough so that he could talk, he told his story.

"My name is Charlie," he said. "I was in the prairie schooner, and the woman and the man got very mad at me and put me off and shook the whip at me, and I ran across the prairie till I saw this house, and now I'm going to stay here."

"Were the man and woman your father and mother?"

"Oh no; my mother is in a coffin in the ground. She caught a fever, and this man and woman brought me along. Oh, I'm glad they're gone. I'd rather stay with you."

She churned fast and thought faster. Her husband would not let him stay; he didn't like boys, and the boy would eat a half more. Then there were the clothes. No; he would have to go.

Her heart throbbed, had it ever throbbed like that before?

"I want to do that," said Charlie, eying the churndasher enviously.

A brave thought; perhaps he could work! She looked hastily down the hill. There was her husband' hat coming around the stack.

"Here, quick!" she said, and as the boy grasped the dasher, she took her sunbonnet and went out with the chickens fed.

Her husband came up the slope. "Hello, there, Jayhawker," the boy called out. "look at me shove this shover!"

Charlie with his legs apart, his cheeks red, his eyes shining, drove the churn-handle furiously.

The pale face under the sunbonnet was so eager that the man coming up the slope would hardly have recognized it. He smiled in spite of himself at the little figure at the churn. When had his wife seen him smile before?

She came forward with the empty pan, the eagerness schooled out of face and voice. She told what she knew about the boy, and added, "Perhaps he can work."

A gleam came into her husband's eyes. He was beginning to feel his constant labor. His head had ached lately, and his back ached, and he felt stiff in the mornings.

He tried the muscle in the boy's proudly extended arm, and felt his legs. "We'll keep him," he said, briefly; "he can do a sight of chores."

That night, when that pale-faced little woman could hear the sound of the little fellow's breathing over there in his quilt in the corner, and could hear him turn in his sleep and mutter something now and then, her heart beat fast, and all the sounds of the night went to the music of "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

So the boy stayed, and for a time there was peace.

"You're looking so spry, Malviny, and put more heft into your housework. Kansas agrees with you better'n with me," said her husband, one day.

She did feel a difference. The time she could take to sew a button on Charlie's little ragged clothes, the moments when she could bind up one of the little dirty, stubby, cut fingers, the time she could spend knitting little stockings for cold weather, or making coarse little shirts, or cutting down Isaac's worn-out overalls, the times when she could steal out of bed in the dark night, and kneel down by his quilt, and kiss the soft little cheek, and pray with her whole soul that God would bless him—and help her love him well, was a very elixir of life to her.

At first Charlie thought the chores some new sort of play, but that did not last long. By the time he was ten years old he was known by all the neighbors as that good-for-nothing boy of Holt's. He was a "bad boy."

"Charlie, have you fed the calves?" Isaac would say in the morning.

"Yep," came very glibly. And at night, "Charlie, now feed the calves," with the same reply. But perhaps by the time the milking was done Charlie would say, "I ain't fed the calves to-day!"

"You said you had!"

"I was thinking I had, but I hain't fed 'em nor watered 'em."

Then Isaac, with a kick at the boy, which was skillfully evaded, would tramp wearily out into the darkness to do the neglected work.

Charlie would take a horse at four o'clock in the afternoon to go for the cattle off on the prairie, and would drive the cows galloping home long after dark, with his horse foaming with long and heavy riding. He would disappear for a whole day, and when he came home, Isaac, worn out with rage, would try to whip him; but even if the boy were soundly thrashed, in some way he still seemed to have the best of it.

When Isaac would vow, as he often did, that Charlie should never stay under his roof another night, the boy would suddenly work so well, doing almost a man's work, that Isaac's wrath was sure to cool. For Charlie was really skillful with the cattle, and so strong that Isaac never could make up his mind to do without him.

There was one person, and only one, who never said he was a bad boy. At night he had more than once waked up to catch a glimpse of a white face, quite near him in the moonlight, and to feel hot tears drop on his face. Usually he turned over and tried to appear very sound asleep: once he choked, and put his arms around her neck, and gave her a great boyish hug and kiss that she never forgot.

But the next day he was worse than he had ever been before, and was whipped three times by Isaac.

Meaning Isaac was failing. "I'm breaking, Malviny," he said one afternoon, coming in earlier than usual. He sat by the stove, his head in his arms, never heeding milking time, never looking up to growl at Charlie when he entered.

In the morning he started out to milk, but came back and sat again with his head in his arms; and then, not knowing that she could do so, but with a love and pity in her heart that must find expression, his wife coaxed him in timid words to go to bed; and when he was there, the womanly instincts came uppermost, and she tidied the room, and darkened it, and moved quietly and smoothed Isaac's forehead, though it almost frightened her to do it.

She tried to encourage him, and as she walked around she sang in a low voice her only song, "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

He heard the words, and roused himself to listen.

"Come here, Malviny," he said. As she sat beside him he took her small, bony, twisted, hard-worked hand in his large one, and said brokenly:

"I'm sorry I ain't been lovin'er to you, Malviny. No man ever had so good a wife as I've had."

There was a long pause, while the chickens could be heard scratching outside the door

"We ain't made much of life," he went on, at last. "This day, lying here, watching you and your quiet ways, and feeling your hand, is the sweetest thing I ever had, Malviny."

He said no more. He held her hand, and died at sunset.

The neighbors virtuously hoped that now Widow Holt was left alone, Charlie would do better, especially as he was getting so well-grown. He was sixteen now.

But he did not do better: he did worse. He stayed away whole days from the farm. The milking, and all the hard chores, fell upon one little sorrowing woman. She tried to have nice meals, but Charlie was seldom at home to eat them, and the things were put away untasted. Soon she would have nothing to eat, she knew, if Charlie did not help.

Many rumors were afloat about Charlie. Some of the neighbors' boys were becoming reckless and unmanageable. It was all due to Charlie, the neighbors said, and there was talk of driving him out of the country.

One night Charlie came dashing up on his horse, pale and breathless, and there was a great welt from a whiplash on his neck and cheek. He broke into the little room and waited—

"I'm going. Barnes and Clack and Hall met me on horseback at the Corners, and Nat Hall's run away, and they say it's my fault. Barnes cut me with his whip, and they say they're coming up here by midnight, and if I'm not gone they'll horsewhip me out of the country."

The boy's eyes were like sparks of fire, and his face was white with rage, but not so white as the little woman's who grasped the chair back.

"I've loved you so—Charlie!" she said, in a voice like a cry.

The boy's throat worked; the color came into his face and left it; his hands clenched, and then, with a groan, he threw himself on the bed. His strong young shoulders shook, and he sobbed in a storm of tears.

She knelt down beside him. All she could say was, "Charlie—my little Charlie!" She did not know how to talk.

"I won't go," he said, after an hour. "They can horsewhip all they like, but I can't leave you. I'll be good: oh, I'm so bad—so bad! I—" He put his head in her lap, and she smoothed it as she did it at night when she thought he was asleep. "I want to take care of you—but I'm so bad!"

She sat there and soothed him until he fell asleep. She waited until twelve o'clock, but no one came.

Then she looked and looked on the face she loved so much—the square forehead, the tanned, fresh-colored cheeks—on that dreadful welt, the firm chin, the mouth she thought so beautiful, the brown hair with the wave in it, the long lashes on the cheek. It was a reckless face, but it looked like such a good face to her—it always had looked good to her, no matter what he did!

His brows drew together, and he murmured in his sleep just as he did the first night he came. He was only a boy after all; he said he would be good!

"Is love the greatest thing in the world? Can my love for him, and his love for me, and God's love for both, make him a good boy? If it can, love is the greatest thing in the world."

In the morning, when he awoke, she was sitting beside him, half-afraid to have him waken; for he was a good boy when he was asleep.

He seemed dazed at first. Then he flushed, and looking square into her eyes said, with a new tone in his boyish voice, "You love me; don't you? Well, I'll show I love you—you see."

She did see. He was as good a worker as any man around, and he knew it. He began his farming on a small scale, so that he could do everything himself—so "she" could live "comfortable like."

The little woman could not understand the summer that followed. A different look came into her eyes, and Charlie said there was color in her cheeks. Perhaps it was true, for it was a wonderful thing to have a happy voice asking what she wanted, and telling her not to do this or that, but rest.

Charlie found time to do so many new things! They had a garden with lettuce and tomatoes and sweet peas—things they never had before.

He said that the one room with its shed kitchen was not fit for her to live in, and he worked early and late, and made trade with carpenters, until he added a kitchen and a porch and two rooms for bedrooms.

Then came that wonderful day, the most frivolous day in all that little woman's life, when they took the horses and wagon and started before sunrise for Topeka, and came back by moonlight with a bed, a great rocking-chair, a looking-glass, a carpet, and some dishes.

At night, when everything was all done, and Charlie could hardly contain himself for pleasure, the little woman felt a tickling in her throat, and wondered if she was going to cry while she was frying eggs in the new frying pan.

Such a night as that was, and such a supper—just they two! Charlie was happy, and looked lovingly at the little woman opposite him.

He was very solemn toward bedtime. He hung over her chair, and held her face in his two big hands, and kissed her, and said:

"You think I love you now, don't you, mother? And we think what you sing—don't we—that love is the greatest thing in the world?"—[Youth's Companion.

IN THE FROZEN OCEAN.

The Remarkable Arctic Voyage of the Thetis.

The next day the Thetis overhauled several whaling vessels, one of which, the Jane Grey, manned her rigging and cheered for the Thetis, a compliment returned by Uncle Sam's ship. The Thetis had rescued the Grey in 1888, when the latter had been capsized, and the captain of the Grey had resolved always to honor his preserver; so up in the Arctic, with the pack only a mile away, the vessel manned her rigging and passed the most stately of marine compliments.

At half-past twelve on Sunday, September 8th, the Thetis, standing westward, sighted Hearld Island, high, gloomy, and forbidding—a little, inaccessible rock in the middle of the great Arctic Ocean. Ten years before, almost to the day, Captain De Long had been caught in the ice where the Thetis now sailed free; not a trace of ice was visible now, the high rock bore but little snow, and the Thetis plunged along within two miles of what, until within a few years, had been deemed an outlying spur of a vast Arctic continent, so seldom had it been seen.

Still westward steamed the Thetis, and as gloomy Hearld Island sank behind her, gloomier Wrangel Island rose before her like Hearld Island believed to be an outpost of an unknown continent. The island lifted itself up plainly; Berry's Park towered aloft as the Thetis drew near, grander and more gloomy then ever, in the dusk of an autumn day.

There were no sails in sight, and Captain Stockton determined to put about, more than satisfied with the trip he had made to Hearld Island to Wrangel Island within thirty days! Never before had such a voyage been made.

So the Thetis turned eastward again, leaving the great, lonely island behind her, and the last sank slowly back into the ocean whence it had risen, and the sun went down and the moon came up; and from the land of ice the Thetis steamed southward, out of the frozen ocean, over her in a hand-to-hand struggle with the powers of the Arctic, and deed of deeds that no vessel ever before had done.—Scribner.

Settlers' Making "Shakes."

At odd times the settlers had gone over to the good-lot and had laid out their plans for the future home on that claim. There was more variety to be expected in house-building than in planting, and the boys had looked forward with impatience to the beginning of that part of their enterprise. Logs for the house were cut from the pines on the hillsides, and hauled down to the river bluff. From these, too, were to be rived, or split, the "shakes" for the roof-covering and for the odd work to be done about the premises.

Now, for the first time, the boys learned the use of some of the strange tools that they had brought with them. They had wondered over the frow, an iron instrument about fourteen inches long, for splitting logs. At right angles with the blade, and fixed in an eye at one end, was a handle of hardwood. A section of wood was stood up endwise on a firm foundation of some sort, and the thin end of the frow was hammered down into the grain of the wood, making a lengthwise split.

In the same way, the section of wood so riven was split again and again until such split was thin enough. The final result was called a "shake." Shakes were used for shingles, and even, when nailed on frames, for doors. Sawed lumber was very dear; and, except the sashes in the windows, every bit of the log-cabin must be got out of the primitive forest.—[St. Nicholas.

Florida's Labyrinthian Waterways.

"Where have you been?" said a guest atone of the hotels as a friend walked up the steps, well laden with souvenirs from South Florida.

"Oh!" was the reply, "I've been down to Charlotte Harbor and up that river with the unmentionable name."

"Caloosahatchee?"

"Yes, that's it. I spent six days trying to pronounce it and haven't succeeded yet. These Indian names are beautiful names, but they are deucedly hard to pronounce. By the way, where have you been?"

"Well, I went over to the Suwanee River, cut over the country, and shot 'gators on the Withlacoochee, fished for bass in Tsala Apopka, sailed on Thonotosassa, skipped over to Okonlockhatchee, walked by the shores of the Weyhyakapka, plucked flowers by Highlatchee's limpid waters, visited the strawfields on Tohopekaliga, sailed on the tortuous Kissimmee, was buffeted by the waves of Okeechobee, and have also captured tarpon on the Caloosahatchee. I expect to visit Istokpoga, Jackson, Okapoka, Hatchineha and Ecunatchapoka, Hatchineha and Ecunatchee-hatchee, before I leave the State."

"Gosh!" ejaculated his companion, as he stepped into the hotel.—[Florida Times Union.

Leprosy in its worst form is reported to exist among the Chinamen at Victoria, British Columbia.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Plague of Crime."

TEXT: "*All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood.*"—Exodus vii. 20.

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

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

The annual police reports of these cities as examine them are to me more suggestive than Dante's Inferno, and all Christian people need to be reformers need to awaken to a present and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the prime criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take shelter in Bridge come into our own port. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, thirty-two thousand were foreign-born. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our city, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats.

There are in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn—four thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit suicide. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza and rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and rob and murder for the pastime, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a complicated fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit murder, and if they do not succeed at once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

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

Ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year! You cannot, as good citizens, be independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars' worth of taxes a year to arraign, try and support the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the small thief that snatches a spool of cotton up to some man who swamps a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral division of the criminal world. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there is such a great multitude of the depraved without somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's souls?

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

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

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. "Calooshatchee?" Out of the frozen ocean, over the country, and shot 'gators on the Withlacoochee, fished for bass in Tsala Apopka, sailed on Thonotosassa, skipped over to Okonlockhatchee, walked by the shores of the Weyhyakapka, plucked flowers by Highlatchee's limpid waters, visited the strawfields on Tohopekaliga, sailed on the tortuous Kissimmee, was buffeted by the waves of Okeechobee, and have also captured tarpon on the Caloosahatchee. I expect to visit Istokpoga, Jackson, Okapoka, Hatchineha and Ecunatchapoka, Hatchineha and Ecunatchee-hatchee, before I leave the State." "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison who would leap up at the prospect of reformation if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability.

"Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you to reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had entered life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid whatever rot—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with the executive clemency which would let criminals loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

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

Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cutthroats. Yale College is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Hedge's grocery to make eclectics, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians, as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that those men do not know of crime after they have been in that dungeon for some time, Satanic suggestion cannot teach them. In the miserable stench and sickening surroundings of such places there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind and death for the soul. Stifled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man.

We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone and women like Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for women like Dorothea Dix. Wives and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform, but we want something more radical being will come into the work. Prisons are for men, not for boarding houses. The sooner we make officials, "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning." It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public office. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city had made for the most part were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. Those were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had all kinds of rings. There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief, and at a great price handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belonged. There you will find those who are called the "shinners," the men who hover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go about with shrouds and coffins and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a dear child in the house and want to bury it, when they never had a house or family; or they want to go to England and get a large property that belongs to them, you to pay their expenses and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets" famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the Rogues' Gallery, yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished it is putting a high premium upon vice and saying to this young criminal of this country, "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal!" Let the law swoop upon them. Let it be known in this country crime will be no more quaker; that the impunity has gone by forever; that the police club is being brandished; that the iron door of the prison is being opened; that the judge is ready to pronounce the long, great sentence to criminals is too great severity to society.

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

"I have witnessed those do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard and rebouching their collar and criticising religious people, and pass their days and nights in barrooms and club houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and carding and playing. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours! Alas, for them, to while away the hours! Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while them away an hour, what will they do when they have all spent on their hands? They have a hard time of it, I know. These men for a while smoke the best cigars and wear the best clothes and have in the highest places. But I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse or to the gallows."

The police station of this cluster of cities fatten annually between two and three hundred thousand lodgings. For the most part these two and three hundred thousand lodgings are furnished to able bodied men and women—people as able to work as you and I are. When they are received no longer at one police station because full, "runners" they go to some other station and they keep moving around. They get their little bundle of doors, stating what they can lay their bundle on. In the frozen December while the servant is spreading the bread in the back basement. They will not work. Throughout this country, throughout society, there are hundreds and thousands of laborers. These men will not go. They do not want to work. I have tried them. I have so close to starve, and it is my office to see whether they wanted to work. I offered to pay them well for it. I have heard the saw going for about three minutes, and then I went down, and lo! the wood, half sawed! They are the pest of society, and they stand in the way of the poor who ought to be helped, and must be helped, and will be helped.

While there are thousands of industrious men who cannot get any work, these men who do not want any work come in and make that plea. I am in favor of the restoration of the old fashioned whipping post for just this one class of men who will not work—sleeping at night at public expense in the station house; during the day getting their food at your doorstep. Imprisonment does not scare them. They would like it. Blackwell's Island and Sing Sing would be a comfortable home for them. They would have no objection to the almshouse, for they like thin soup, if they can not get mock turtle.

I propose this for them: On one side of them put some healthy work; on the other side put a starvation, and let them take their choice. I like for that class of people the scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers, "If any work not, neither should he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain aches and we can hardly get up upon to support what in the United States are about two million loafers. They are a very dangerous class. Let the public authorities keep their eyes on them.

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

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

These places are the sores of the city, which bleed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caracas earthquake. It rolls and roars and surges and heaves and rocks and blasphemes and dies, and there are only two outlets for it—the police court and the Potter's field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. Oh, you never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on the day when those staggering wretches shall come up in the night of the vermin and the worm, while all hearts are being revealed, God will ask you what you did to help them.

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

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

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

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

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

I have preached this sermon for four or five practical reasons: Because I want you to know who are the upcoming classes of society. Because I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. Because I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. Because I want you to be make the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all children's aid societies, and Dorcas societies, under the skillful manipulation of wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, let the superfluous ments of your wardrobes be fitted to the limbs of the man and shivering. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or if that garment that you hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe. Inasmuch as you do it to one of these my brethren, even the least, you do it unto Me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

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

"O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me Thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day. I think Thou that all my life Thou hast filled my cup even to overflowing. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children to-day. I think Thou nine are well—some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy good is O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother