MUNICIPAL CRIME.

HOW. DR. TALMAGE PROPOSES 1'O DECREASE IT.

A Filthy City Always a Wicked City. The Newspapers of a Place a Test of Its Morality-Compulsory Education

BROOKLYN, June 19 .- This morning at the Tabernacle the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage read, previous to the sermon, portions of Scripture descriptive of ancient cities and gave out the hymn:

"Fields are white, the harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?"

His text was, "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth; but the water is naught and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus said the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day." 'II Kings ii, 19-22.

Dr. Talmage said: It is difficult to estimate how much of the prosperity and health of a city are dependent upon good water. The time when through well laid pipes and from safe reservoir an abundance of water from Croton or Ridgewood or Schuylkill is brought into the city is appropriately celebrated with oration and pyrotechnic display. Thank God every day for clear, bright, beautiful sparkling water as it drops in the shower or tosses up in the fountain or rushes out at the hydrant.

The city of Jericho, notwithstanding all its physical and commercial advantages, was lacking in this important element. There was enough water, but it was diseased, and the people were crying out by reason thereof. Elisha, the prophet, comes to the rescue. He says: "Get me a new cruse; fill it with salt and bring it to me." So the cruse of salt was brought to the prophet, and I see him walking out to the general reservoir, and he takes that salt and throws it into the reservoir, and lo! all the impurities depart, through a supernatural and divine influence, and the waters are good and fresh and clear, and all the people clap their hands and lift up their faces in the gladness. Water for Jericho-clear, bright, beautiful, God

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption, and this morning I propose to show you those fountains. There are four or five kinds of salt that have a cleansing tendency. So far as God may help me, I shall bring a cruse of salt to the work, and empty it into the great reservoir of municipal crime, sin and shame, ignorance

for the broom and the shovel that nothing dirt. The filthy parts of the great cities | magnificent theories, and more hard | back." My brother gave him the \$5, of are always the most iniquitous parts. The gutters and the pavements of the Fourth ward, New York, illustrate and symbolize the character of the people in the Fourth

The first thing that a bad man does when he is converted is thoroughly to wash himself. There were, this morning, on the way to the different churches, thousands of men in proper apparel who, before their conversion, were unfit in their Sabbath dress. When on the Sabbath I see a man uncleanly in his dress, my suspicions in regard to his moral character lack of ablution, God has cleft the contifive great oceans, and all the world ought from our cities, not only because the physical health needs an ablution, but because all the great moral and religious interests of the cities demand it as a positive necessity. A filthy city always has been and always will be a wicked city.

Through the upturning of the earth for great improvement our city could not be expected to be as clean as usual, but for the illimitable dirt of Brooklyn for the last six months there is no excuse. It | kind of lucky at night to say something is not merely a matter of dust in the eyes, and mud for the shoes, and of stench for the nostrils, but of morals for the soul.

Another corrective influence that we would bring to bear upon the evils of our great cities is a Christian printing press. The newspapers of any place are the test of the test of the church of God had of its morality or immorality. The newsboy who runs along the streets with a roll of papers under his arm is a tremendous force that cannot be turned aside nor re- | the subject this morning, it seemed to me sisted, and at his every step the city is as though there was a great brink, and elevated or degraded. This hungry, all that these little ones with cut and torn devouring American mind must have feet were coming on toward it. And here something to read, and upon editors and is a group of orphans. Oh, fathers and authors and book publishers and parents | mothers, what do you think of these and teachers rest the responsibility of fatherless and motherless little ones? No what they shall read. Almost every man you meet has a book in his hand or a parel, no heart to pity them. Said one little girl was found in the streets of Balnewspaper in his pocket. What book is it little one, when the mother died: "Who timore and taken into one of the reform newspaper in his pocket. What book is it you have in your hand? What newspaper is it you have in your pocket? Ministers may preach, reformers may plan, philanthropists may toil for the elevation of the suffering and the criminal, but until all the newspapers of the land and all the booksellers of the land set themselves against an iniquitous literature-until then we shall be fighting against fearful odds. Every time the cylinders of our great publishing houses turn they make the earth quake. From them goes forth a thought like an angel of light to feed and bless the world, or like an angel of darkness to smite it with corruption and sin and shame and death. May God by his omnipotent spirit purify and elevate the American printing press!

I go on further and say we must depend upon the school for a great deal of correcting influence. A community can no more afford to have ignorant men in its midst than it can afford to have uncaged hyenas. Ignorance is the mother of hydra headed crime. Thirty-one per cent. of all the criminals of New York state can neither read nor write. Intellectual darkness is generally the precursor of moral darkness. I know there are educated outlaws-men who, through their sharpness of intellect, are made more dangerous. They use their fine penmanship in signing other people's names, and their science in ingenious burglaries, and their fine manners in adroit libertinism. They go their round of sin with well cut apparel, and dangling jewelry, and watches of eighteen karats, and kid gloves. They are refined, educated, magnificent villains. But that is the exception. It is generally the case that the criminal classes are as ignorant as they are wicked. For the proof of what I say, go into the prisons and the penitentiaries, and look upon the men I stopped on the and women incarcerated. The dishonesty not more conspicuous than the ignorance in the forehead. The ignorant classes are

gogues marshal them. They are helmless, and are driven before the gale.

while years ago in this country there was 222,000 who can neither read nor write, well done, and beautifully done. But, not give it to them? The officers of the up into the garrets, and bring out these passed through the bath and under the comb, putting before them the spelling book, and teaching them to read the mount: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Our city ought to be father and mother both to these outcast little ones. As a recipe for the cure of much of the woe, and want and crime of our city, I give the words which Thorwaldsen had chiseled on

Still further: Reformatory societies are an important element in the rectification of the public fountain. Without calling any of them by name, I refer more especially to those which recognize the physical as well as the moral woes of the world. There was pathos and a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to Dr. Guthrie when he was could think of nothing else." I believe what are the means for the rectification of | ance are of infinite importance; but they cannot satisfy an empty stomach. You have to go forth in this work with the bread of eternal life in your right hand and the bread of this life in your left hand, and then you can touch them, imitating the Lord Jesus Christ, who first | \$5." My brother said: "Who are you?" and abomination.

In this work of cleansing our cities, I have first to remark that there is a work hungry they will not listen and they will | mother is sick and poor and I want to go else can do. There always has been an not repent. We want more common sense into the newspaper business, and I shall in the distribution of our charities; fewer get a home for her and I will pay you

Still further: The great remedial influence is the gospel of Christ. Take that | boy said: "I will pay it in six months, down through the lanes of suffering. Take | sir." Time went by, and one day a lad that down amid the hovels of sin. Take that up amid the mansions and palaces of your city. That is the salt that can cure all the poisoned fountains of public iniquity. Do you know that in this cluster of three cities, New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, there are a great multitude of homeless children? You see I speak more in regard to the youth and the children of | along nicely. I have got a nice home for the country, because old villains are are aroused, and they are always well | seldom reformed, and, therefore, I talk | founded. So as to allow no excuse for more about the little ones. They sleep under the stoops, in the burned out safe, nents with rivers and lakes, and has sunk | in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, wherever they can get a board to cover to be clean. Away, then, with the dirt | them. And in the summer they sleep all | Worth saving! I go farther that that night long in the parks. Their destitution is well set forth by an incident. A city missionary asked one of them: "Where is your home?" Said he: "I don't have no home, sir." "Well, where are your father and mother?" "They are dead, sir." "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I don't think I ever hear of Jesus Christ?" "No, I shall be entered as a I don't think I ever heard of him." "Did you ever hear of God?" "Yes, I've heard of God. Some of the poor people think it over about that before they go to sleep. Yes, sir, I've heard of him." Think of a conversation like that in a Christian city. If the boys running around the street with a blacking box on their shoulder, or a bundle of papers under their arms, only

How many are waiting for you to come out in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ out here, they wouldn't hesitate about and rescue them from the wretchedness | coming west, but come the first chance enough to take them up! How many of them there are! As I was thinking of through which 2,000 of the little ones hand at home to take care of their apwill take care of my clothes now?" The little ones are thrown out in this great, cold world. They are shivering on the brink like lambs on the verge of a precipice. Does not your blood run cold as

they go over it? And here is another group that come on toward the precipice. They are the children of besotted parents. They are worse off than orphans. Look at that pale cheek; woe bleached it. Look at that gash across the forehead; the father struck it. Hear that heart piercing cry; a drunken mother's blasphemy compelled it. And we come out and say: "O ye suffering, peeled and blistered ones, we come to help you." "Too late!" cry thousands of voices; "the path we travel is steep down, and we can't stop. Too late!" And we catch our breath and make a terrific outcry. "Too late!" is echoed from the

late, and they go over. Here is another group, an army of neglected children. They come on toward the brink, and every time they step 10,000 hearts break. The ground is red with the blood of their feet. The air is heavy with their groans. Their ranks are being filled up from all the houses of iniquity and shame. Skeleton Despair pushes them on ous cities of the world have gone down; toward the brink. The death knell has already begun to toll, and the angels of city may be in ruins long before a tower God hover like birds over the plunge of a has fallen, or a column has crumbled, or a and cry: "Help! help!" Oh, church of God, will you help? Men and women bought by the blood of the Son of God, will you help? while Christ cries for the son of God, will you help? While Christ cries for the son cataract. While these children are on the tomb has been defaced. When in will you help? while Christ cries from the heavens: "Save them from going down; I

I stopped on the street and just looked and women incarcerated. The dishonesty at the face of one of those little ones. and every moneyed institution were a sable leather, and lined with hard wood in the eye, the low passion in the lip, are Have you ever examined the faces of the Bank of England and every library were and bolted together. It is in a remarkat the face of one of those little ones.

always the dangerous classes. Dema- | When a group of them rush across the road, it seems as though a spring gust had unloosened an orchard of apple blos-It is high time that all city and state soms. But these children of the poor. authority, as well as the Federal govern- There is but little ring in their laughter, ment, appreciate the awful statistics that, and it stops quick, as though some bitter memory tripped it. They have an old set apart 48,000,000 acres of land for | walk. They do not skip or run on the school purposes, there are now in New Eng- | lumber just for the pleasure of leaping land 191,000 people who can neither read down. They never bathed in the mounnor write, and in the state of Pennsylvania | tain stream. They never waded in the brook for pebbles. They never chased and in the state of New York 241,000 who | the butterfly across the lawn, putting can neither read nor write, while in the their hat right down where it was just United States there are nearly 6,000,000 before. Childhood has been dashed who can neither read nor write. Statistics out of them. Want waved its wizard enough to stagger and confound any man wand above the manger of their who loves his God and his country. Now, in view of this fact, I am in favor of compulsory education. When parents are so of battle. Once in a while one of these bestial as to neglect this duty to the child, | children gets out. Here is one, for in-I say the law, with a strong hand, at the stance. At 10 years of age he is sent out same time with a gentle hand, ought to by his parents, who say to him: "Here is lend these little ones into the light of a basket; now go off and beg and steal." intelligence and good morals. It was a The boy says: "I can't steal." They kick beautiful tableau when in our city a him into a corner. That night he puts swarthy policeman having picked up a his swollen head into the straw, but a lost child in the street, was found appeasing its cries with a stick of candy he had age, poor boy, courage!" Covering up his bought at the apple stand. That was head from the bestiality, and stopping his ears from the cursing, he gets on up oh! these thousands of little ones through | better and better. He washes his face our streets who are crying for the bread clean at the public hydrant. With of knowledge and intelligence. Shall we a few pennies got at running errands he gets a better cont. Rough men, law ought to go down into the cellars, and knowing that he comes from a low street, say: "Back with you, you little benighted little ones and put them under educational influences; after they have from." But that night the boy says: "God help me, I can't go back;" and quicker than ever mother flew at the cry of a child's pain, the Lord responds from Lord's Prayer and the sermon on the the heavens: "Courage, poor boy, courage!" His bright face gets him a position. After a while he is second clerk. Years pass on, and he is first clerk. Years pass on. The glory of young manhood is on him. He comes into the firm. He goes on from one business success to another. He has achieved great fortune. the open scroll in the hand of the statue | He is the friend of the church of God, the of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing: "Let there be light!" day he stands talking to the board of trade or to the chamber of commerce. People say: "Do you know who that is? Why, that is a merchant prince, and he was born on Elm street." But God says in regard to him something better than that: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, for some one to write telling her what a very good woman she | the history of boy heroes and girl heroines ought to be. "Oh," she said, "if you | who have triumphed over want and starwere as hungry and cold as I am, you vation, and filth and rags! Yea, the record has already been made, made by the great want of our city is the Gospel the hand of God; and when these shall and something to eat. Faith and repentwill take a very broad banner to hold the names of all the battlefields on which they got the victory.

Some years ago a roughly clad, ragged

boy came into my brother's office in New York and said: "Mr. Talmage, lend me came into my brother's office and said: "There's your \$5." "What do you mean? What \$59" inquired my brother. "Don't you remember that a boy came in here six months ago and wanted to borrow \$5 to go into the newspaper business?" "Oh, yes, I remember; are you the lad?" "Yes," he replied, "I have got my mother (she is sick yet) and I am as well clothed as you are, and there's your \$5." Oh, was he not worth saving? Why, that lad is worth fifty such boys as I have sometimes seen moving in elegant circles, never put to any use for God or man. and tell you they are not only worth savmember the 1st of next month. I now teach a Sunday school class of eleven boys. I get along first rate with it. This is a splendid country to make a living in. knew what high old times we boys have they got." So some by one humane and Christian visitation, and some by another, are being rescued. In one reform school, passed, 1,995 turned out well. In other words, only five of the 2,000 turned out badly. There are thousands of them who, through Christian societies, have been transplanted to beautiful homes all over this land, and there are many who, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, have already won the crown. A timore and taken into one of the reform societies, and they said to her: "What is your name?" She said: "My name is Mary." "What is your other name?" She said: "I don't know." So they took her into the reform society, and as they did not know her last name they always called her "Mary Lost," since she had been picked up out of the street. But she grew on, and after awhile the Holy Spirit came to her heart, and she became a Christian child, and she changed her name; and when anybody asked her what her name was she said: "It used to be Mary Lost; but now, since I have become a Christian, it is Mary

For this vast multitude are we willing to go forth from this morning's service and see what we can do, employing all the agencies I have spoken of for the rectification of the poisoned fountains? We garret to the cellar, from the gin shop and live in a beautiful city. The lines have from the brothel. "Too late!" It is too fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage; and any man who does not like a residence in Brooklyn must be a most uncomfortable and unreasonable man. But, my friends, the material prosperity of a city is not its chief glory. There may be fine houses and beautiful streets, and that all be the garniture of a sepulcher. Some of the most prosperwhen the streets are filled with crime unarrested and sin unenlightened and helplessness unpitied—that city is in ruins, though every church were a St. Peter's

that of Amiens and a tower like that of Antwerp and traceried windows like those of Freiburg

My brethren, our pulses beat rapidly the time away, and soon we shall be gone, and what we have to do for the city in which we live we must do right speedily or never do it all. In that day when those who have wrapped themselves in luxuries and despised the poor shall come to shame and everlasting contempt, I hope it may be said of you and me that we gave bread to the hungry and wiped away the tear of the orphan and upon the wanderer of the street we opened the brightness and benediction of a Christian home; and then, through our instrumentality it shall be known on earth and in Heaven that Mary Lost became Mary Found!

ODDS AND ENDS.

A workman in a vineyard in Napa valley, Cal., committed suicide the other day by jumping into a cask of wine and

The outside seats of the New York Fifth avenue stages are now largely patronized by ladies in the evening, and consequently the avenue has quite a coaching club pa-

Says a London cable: "The subject is fast resolving into the question whether the Queen's jubilee is to be an incident of Buffalo Bill's capture of London, or whether Buffalo Bill is an incident of the

A law taxing cats in that state ten cents "per capita" is projected by a legislator of Georgia.

Mexico reports a big business boom, with a great rush of foreign capital.

A naval officer, writing home, says that the Japanese calkers who labored on his vessel did three times as much work as the same number of our navy yard work-

A book of rules for playing lawn tennis has been published, but it omits the most important rule of all for beginners, which First get your lawn.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A pension is claimed by a Little Rock woman on the ground of nervous debility produced by seeing a wounded Federal soldier's leg amputated.

Lots of pretty girls in New York wear nutmet around their neck as a charm against malaria. Young men have it sprinkled on top of a glass of milk and things for the same purpose.-Omaha

The White House in Summer Dress.

While the president celebrated his wedding anniversary "far from the madding crowd," the day was observed in a more commonplace way at the White House by sweeping off the back stoop and polishing up the handle of the big front door. The day was entirely given over to housecleaning. Cobwebs were brushed away and spiders driven in terror from their lairs; carpets were torn up and shaken and beaten until a cloud of dust encircled the house like a dense fog. Everything is top side down, bunched together and scattered about. Curtains and old clothes were carefully packed away in camphor and drugs, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal." Hammers resounded through the halls and corridors almost as if another story were in process of con-struction. Marble slabs, floors and furniture are being industriously and vigor-ously scoured by many a brawny arm until, when the president returns, he will miss many old landmarks.

The green, blue and red parlors have been deprived of their carpets, and matting has been substituted. The blue room carpet, upon which the famous wedding took place, has seen its last days of service. A designer from New York has made a design for a new moquette carpet for that apartment. It will be of blue shading from indigo to robin's egg, to correspond with the Tiffany frescoes of the walls, and sprayed with delicate flowers. Mrs. Cleveland superintended the arrangement of this design, and the carpet is now being made, but will not be laid until autumn. The east room carpet will retain its place during the summer, and in the autumn it will be superseded by an Axminster carpet of a creamy and gold ground, to harmonize with the walls and ceiling, and partially covered with intertwining sprays of fern. The silk covers of the east room furniture will be replaced with plush, and the furniture of the green parlor will be covered .- Washington Cor. Baltimore American.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The announcement made that a novel based on the woman suffrage question was being written by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has apparently no founda-tion whatever. In a letter from Miss Phelps lying before me she writes: "There is not one syllable of truth in

the statement. I am not writing a woman suffrage novel, I have not written a woman suffrage novel, and I never intend to write a woman suffrage novel. "I have had a very ill winter, and have

now completely lost the use of my eyes, which makes it difficult, if not impossible, for me to answer all the letters from strangers that come to me.

"It would be a courtesy to me if the fact might be made known that my illness makes it impossible for me to attend to the numerous letters which I constantly receive from unknown friends and readers of my books. This might prevent some wounded feeling on the part of strangers who may misunderstand my silence. "ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,"

Ben: Perley Poore's Work.

Aside from his work as a news gatherer and political spectator, Ben: Perley Poore earned the gratitude of every writer in the land through the great number of reference works which he published. He taught the teachers of men. The book of Webster in the proof rooms and the manuals and directories of Pen: Perley Poore in the editorial rooms have been for the last quarter of a century the volumes most often open to consultation. If a young man write a book nowadays, of which 100,000 copies are distributed, the papers begin drafting his grandfather's history; but 800,000 copies of Major Poore's "Life of General Taylor" were sold over thirty years ago.—Chicago Herald.

John Conrad, Preston, Ills., has in his possession a German Bible which was printed in the fifteenth century, being 365 years old. It is 16 inches long, 10 inches deep, and 61-2 inches thick, and weighs from fourteen to sixteen pounds. It also has a register of the Conrad family for 200 years. Its binding is made of neglected children of the poor? Other children have gladness in their faces. Bank of England and every library were and bolted together. It is in a remarkable ably good state of preservation.—New

SHAKER BOY!

SHAKER BOY is a Dark Bay pacer, 154 hands high, weighing 1,200 pounds. His close, compact form and noted reputation for endurance makes him one of the best horses of the day. He has a record of 2:26, and paced the fifth heat of a race at Columbus, Ohio, in 2:25. He was bred in Kenfucky, sired by Gen'l Ringgold, and his dam was Tecumseh. He has already got one colt in the 2:30 list—a marvelous showing for a horse with his chances—and stamps him as one of the foremost horses in the land.

The old pacing Pilot blood is what made Mand S., Jay Eye Sec, and others of lesser note trot. The pacer Blue Bull sired more trotters in the 2:30 list than any other horse in the world, and their net value far exceeds all horses in Cass county. Speed and bottom in horses, if not wanted for sporting purposes, are still of immense benefit in saving time and labor in every occupation in which the horse is employed. It is an old saying that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor;" why less a benefactor he who produces a horse, which, with same care and expense, will with case travel double the distance, or do twice the work of an ordinary horse. It costs no more to feed and care to raise a good horse than a poor one. The good are always in demand, and if sold bring double or treble the price of the common horse.

SHAKER BOY will stand the coming season in Cass county, at the following places and times: W. M. Loughridge's stable at Murray, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Owner's stable, one mile east of Eight Mile Grove, Wednesday and Thursday. Louis Korrell's, at the foot of Main street, Plattsmouth, who has a splendid and convenient stable fitted up for the occasion, Friday and Saturday.

To insure mare with foal, \$10.00, if paid for before foaling, and if not, \$12.00. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible, if any occur. Any one selling mare will be held responsible for fees of service.

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