

THE THIRD PLAGUE.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Evils of Bad Literature.

Bad Papers and Novels Lined to the Plague of Frogs in Egypt—The Law Evoked—Power of Good and Bad Books Illustrated.

The plague of pernicious literature was the subject of the third discourse of Dr. Talmage at Brooklyn on the "Ten Plagues of the Cities." His text was from Exodus, vii. 17: "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." Following the sermon, there was 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 they were buried in the same manner as the pharaohs 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 broad trays and the corners of the people, and even the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth, and on the side of chimneys, but then were sent to the earth with stumps of their tails, and when the housekeepers came to look at 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 possessed by a frog. Frogs high and low and everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besetting frogs, innumerable frogs, great plagues of frogs. What made the matter worse, the magicians said, there was no miracle in this, and they could by sleight-of-hand produce the same thing, and they 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, and by miracle it again 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 a serpent. So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs. "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." Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad to-day. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. These frogs hop into the store, they hop into the office, the banking house, the factory, into the home, into the cellar, 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 novelette after retiring at night, reading by gas-light, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. A frog has hopped upon the stands of the country, and the mails at the post office 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 our 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 a moral epidemic. The greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest curse is the one that of unclean literature. The 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 are 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 was a pestilence of thousands, but this modern pest has already shovelled its millions into the charnel house of the morally dead. 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—does not cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business is to disseminate that 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 post office addresses and send the 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 200,000 names and post office addresses, and when this was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1873 there were 165 establishments engaged in publishing cheap, corrupt literature. From that time to this 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 a surplus left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God.

In the year 1888 the evil had become so great in this country that the congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of obscene 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 1888. But in 1873 another law was passed by the congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mails—a grand 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 are being reformed.

Now, my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature and how are 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 concur in their action to stop this plague.

the last few months and the last year or two. Why have nearly all these vile periodicals been kept off the rail trains for some time back? Why do I find these societies for the purification of the 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 most of that literature even from going on the news stands. Terror has seized upon the publishers and the dealers in impure literature. From this 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 190 years, and from the fact that about 2,000,000 of their circulars have been destroyed, the business is not as profitable as it used to be.

How have so many of the newsstands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been banished? By moral suasion? O, no. You might just as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and put 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 that it comes in contact with. It is a shotgun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in the penitentiary.

Another way in which we are to drive from this land the Egyptian frog is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthy literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be a hymn, or every story a fable. 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 are the golden years of life. 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 unclean and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are 50 per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States under 21 years of age? Many of them under 17, under 16, under 15, under 14, under 13? Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for young boys and girls. They are everywhere. 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 let the children 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 Polium 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 bring 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. After you, O men, and women who are tolling the bell of civilization, toll with your faces in the sun-light. "Toll with your faces, who, lady, can be against us?"

Who Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third of Stuart, and after her nearest friends had died, she went to the far east, took possession of a deserted cavern, threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to the poor and the wretched and the sick who were coming in, she made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She expected that the Lord would descend in person, and she thought upon it until she died. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, and all ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and she was waiting for the Lord to come. The south, not having any maritime strength whatever, was utterly unable to break the blockade and with all its six cruisers, yet what those six cruisers did in the way of damage to us Mr. Ingalls explains when he himself summarized the fact that Great Britain compromised on \$15,000,000 in payment of the score.

BEATEN BY THE BARBER. Sad Tale of a Smart Young Man Who Knew It All. He was a smart young man and he thought he knew it all. "I'm going to fool that barber," he said to a friend as they started for a shave. "I'm in for the whole programme to-day and I'm going to fool him."

"How?" queried the friend. "Well, just by telling him. When I go in for a shave he says 'Hait cut?' and I say 'Little oil, sir?' and so on. I'm going to fool him if it costs me \$1.50. Watch me!"

He settled himself in the chair with great deliberation. Then he said: "I want a shave and a hair-cut. I also want a shampoo." "Yes, sir; dry or regular?" broke in the barber. "Dry, sir," he said. "I don't care for any oil on my hair and I wish it parted on the left side. You may wash my neck with a little, but don't curl it too much on the end. I don't want any soap. After you are through with me I will have a shine and my coat brushed off. Then I'll tip the porter. By the way, I want my hair cut short in the back and brushed up a little on the top." "Yes, sir," said the accommodating barber, betraying not the least surprise. "Have your hair shaved, too? It'll do it good."

end. Measure it, the height of R, 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 drawing of the tray, and then on to the bark of the tree, and from the bark of the tree to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the microscope of our modern paper manufacturer had 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 made and the aggregate time for which the convicted have been sentenced to the prison is over 190 years, and from the fact that about 2,000,000 of their circulars have been destroyed, the business is not as profitable as it used to be.

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He and the smart young man looked painfully embarrassed.—Chicago Tribune. —He's a Brag.—During a war dance an Indian warrior may brag to his heart's content and there is no one to dispute him. Each warrior therefore brags of having killed fifty to five hundred white men, and he makes himself believe it for an hour or two. The why the dances are so popular. They are ninety-nine parts brag and one part dance.—Detroit Free Press.

REVOLUTION IN CHILL.

Reported Assassination of President Balmaceda—An Oppressed People Revolt Against the Rule of One Man.

LONDON, March 13.—There are rumors that the Examiners at the club the other night, "but somehow these newspapers pass around an awful lot of unreliable information."

"How that, old chappie?" inquired Freddie Choker, his running mate. "Why, I saw in the Examiner last week that the young fellow in Chicago borrowed an umbrella of a bank president and the next day returned it."

"A awful lie—that." "Oh! but he did, really. He walked into the bank the very next day and returned it. The president was so much astonished that he called the young man back and made him his cashier at a handsome salary."

"Because he was so extra honest, eh?" "Exactly. Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"How is it?" "I know my business said I, just your produce your gingham." "So what?" "Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"What did old Moneybags say?" "Why, he said that it did not look a bit like rain. 'I know my business said I, just your produce your gingham.' So what?" "Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"Great Scott!" "But that wasn't the worst of it. When I looked at the umbrella, I'll be bound to let you know that I had borrowed from me himself down at Los Angeles during the boom."

"And they both lit a fresh cigarette and mused sadly over the utter unreliability of a sensational press.—San Francisco Examiner.

WASN'T HIS HORSE. Stranger—Beg pardon, sir, but what do you value your horse at? Native—Oh, about ten dollars. Stranger—You are very fair in your valuation, sir. Native (hastily)—Oh, the horse ain't mine.—Light.

Fortune Seeking Emigrants. Many a poor family that seeks the western wilds in the hope of bettering their lot is deceived by the promises of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever, and a man of his own kind, who effectively does that incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the malarial influence of the atmosphere and malarial water, that protect by it the pioneer, the miner or the settler, who may safely encounter the danger.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

The Evil Results of Unreliable Information.

"I don't know whether they do it intentionally or not," thoughtfully remarked young Jack Kanebaker at the club the other night, "but somehow these newspapers pass around an awful lot of unreliable information."

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THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, March 13. CATTLE—Shipping steers, 3 1/2 to 4 00. Butcher steers, 2 50 to 3 00. Native cows, 2 00 to 2 50. HOGS—Good to choice heavy, 2 25 to 2 50. WHOLESALE—No. 2 feed, 14 to 16. CORN—No. 2, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4. OATS—No. 2, 75 to 85. RYE—No. 2, 90 to 95. BUTTER—Creamery, 20 to 22. EGGS—No. 1, 18 to 20. LARD—No. 1, 10 to 12. POTATOES—No. 1, 1 00 to 1 20.

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Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who do not. If you happen to be one of those who do not believe, there's a matter of \$500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be. The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means. You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key. The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

Don't let the worms out of the very life out of your children. Save them with these daily candies, called Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. Even to a man who is particularly about the company, the snuff-taker will do you a good turn.—Boston Courier.

ANY ONE CAN TAKE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or cramps or anything. When the mind is unquiet, there is a new loose somewhere.—Philadelphia Item.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE ORIENTAL. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1878. W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa. No Chemicals. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

C. M. HENDERSON & CO'S Fine Calf Shoe. CUSTOM MADE FINE CALF SHOES. Are the BEST in the World. MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES.

"The best is aye the cheapest." Avoid imitations of and substitutes for SAPOLIO—It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning. REAL ECONOMY.

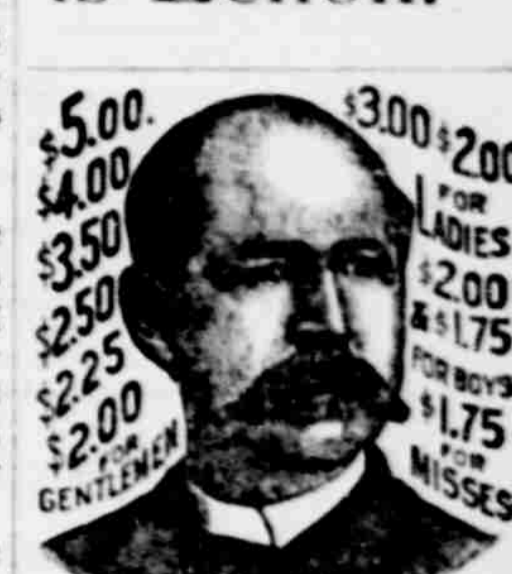
DO YOU WANT A NEW PIANO? Don't say you cannot get it till you know how we will furnish you one. Ask by postal card and we will send you FREE, a CATALOGUE, tell you our prices, explain our plan of EASY PAYMENTS, and generally post you on the PIANO QUESTION.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 113 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. VASELINE For One Dollar. One tin of Vaseline Soap, unscented, 10 cts. One tin of Vaseline Cold Cream, 15 cts. One tin of Vaseline Cream, 10 cts.

PSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Jones' \$68.50 You Wagon Soap. Patents-Pensions-Claims. PATRICK O'NEILL, Attorney at Law.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LEAVENWORTH, KAN. GUY'S HELP. A. K. O. 1339.

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