A REAL DIME NOVEL.

The Most Successful Train Robbery that has Been Committed in Texas for Years.

It Occurs in Fayette County, a Few Miles East of Flatonia, on the Southern Pacific Railway.

The Express and Mail Cars and Nearly Every Passenger Robbed--Several Persons Badly Beaten.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN ROBBED.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., June 18.—One of the most thorough and accomplished pieces of train robbery most ever perpetrated in this part of Texas was that which occurred one mile east of Flatonia on the Sunset route between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning. The train held up was the east bound train No. 19 which left this city at 8:55 last evening. The journey was without incident until Flatonia, about sixty miles from San Antonio was reached, which is in Flatonia county. At this point seven men boarded the train as passengers and as it pulled out two of the men went forward and clambering over the tender threw their pistols down on the engineer and fireman and told them to do as they were told and they would not be hurt. When a few miles from the station the train was stopped for business. Then the actual work of the robbery began. Frank Folger, the young express messenger for the Wells Fargo Express Company, seeing their movements, threw away the keys to his safe, and no sooner had he done this than two stalwart robbers confronted him with the demand to open up. Folger hesitated, and told them he did not have his key. They clubbed him over the head, but he was helpless, and they felled him to the floor and cruelly split his ears with a pocket-knife. They then went went through the safe, and secured about $8000 belonging to the Wells Fargo Company. While this was going on the other robbers busied themselves going through the passengers, slighting no one, even robbing the news butcher of $3. One old gentleman sleeping in his berth was awakened and, reaching under his pillow for his valuables, was struck senseless by a pistol in the hands of a robber. The robber then searched under the pillow and found a neat roll of bills amounting to $100, with a watch and some diamonds probably worth $500 more. All the passengers were gone through as easily, most of them kindly getting their valuables out to prevent any inconvenience to the robbers. One young lady was struck on the head for being slow. A Mr. Hohenthal of this city was relieved of $250 in cash. The robbers were very cool and determined in their work, and delayed the train more than an hour. When they had finished they mounted their horses in waiting near by and galloped off. The train proceeded to the next station, where the wounded expressman and passengers were given medical attention. Conductor Lyon, in charge of the train, says the captain of the gang had no mask and was called Dick by his companions. He also describes their clothing and personal appearance of the three who did their work in the coaches so that there will be no trouble in identifying them when caught. Sheriffs and deputies are now out in all directions with strong hopes of making a capture. Railroad officials here are of the opinion that the men engaged in the work here are the same that did a similar robbery near Austin and also in North Texas.

FROM FLATONIA.

Special to the Gazette.

FLATONIA, TEX., June 18.—The east-bound Southern Pacific express train due here at 12:35 a. m. was robbed last night about one mile east of here at the bridge at Mulbury creek. From all that can be learned there were seven men in the gang, and, judging from the manner in which they performed, they were old hands at the business. It is believed that when the train pulled out from here one of the robbers, stationed here for that purpose, mounted the blind end of the express car, and when the bridge was reached crawled over the tender and covered the engineer and ordered him to stop the train. This being done, the rest of the gang, who were concealed in the brush, emerged from their hiding place and proceeded to rob the express car. They ordered the messenger to open the safe, which he positively refused to do, saying he would die first. The robbers beat him over the head most unmercifully with their pistols to make him open up but he would not do it, and seeing that their efforts were fruitless, they took what money they could get hold of which was about $600, that was not in the safe. They proceeded to go through the train and rob the passengers. It is currently reported on the streets that they got $100 from one man. They made a clean sweep except the ladies. It is impossible to ascertain the exact amount of the haul. No one here was aware of the robbery until the arrival of the west bound train at 3:20 a. m. As soon as the news was received Constable Sloan of this place and Ham of Waelder went out with a small posse to the scene of the robbery, but owing to the length of time that had elapsed the robbers no doubt were many miles away. The posse returned about 8 o'clock this morning and reported that they found where the robbers had tied their horses, and also where they had cut the fence on both sides of the railroad. The tracks seem to scatter in every direction, so that it is impossible without the aid of bloodhounds to follow the trail. Sheriff Seapp arrived from La Grange about 1 o'clock, and with a posse is scouring the country in every direction.

A TALK WITH THE TRAINMEN.

Special to the Gazette.

FLATONIA, TEX., June 18.—Among the arrivals on the west-bound passenger train this evening was Conductor Lyons, Engineer Ben Pickern and the express messenger of last night's ill-fated train; also Mr. Bailey, one of the passengers that was robbed. Engineer Pickern, in conversation with your correspondent, stated that the first intimation he had of anything wrong was when they pulled out from the station two men mounted his engine, with cocked revolvers, and told him to keep the train running till they said stop, and that when about one mile east of here they gave the order to stop. He says they were in a very good humor, but cool and determined.

The messenger says that they treated him very roughly, beating him over the head with their pistols and nearly cutting off one of his ears. He thinks all were green hands except the leader, who seemed to understand his business pretty well. Sheriff Seapp of this county and also Sheriff Townsend of Colorado are here and are making every effort in their power to get some clue to the perpetrators.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Special to the Gazette.

HOUSTON, TEX., June 18.—The arrival this morning of the 6 o'clock east bound express and passenger train on the Southern Pacific Railroad brought the news of a train robbery which for clearness of conception and boldness of execution is the counterpart of the most daring piece of highway work that has ever occurred in the west. The fullest and at the same time the most satisfactory and intelligible account of the affair is best obtained by relating in a connected way what was gathered from the train men and passengers, and then by giving the expression of individuals.

As the train was pulling out from Flatonia, 130 miles west of this city, at 12:30 o'clock this morning, two men mounted the engine and, with drawn revolvers, ordered the engineer to pull out faster. The engineer, Ben Pickee, in the face of such persuasive argument, did as he was ordered at a lively rate. When about three miles from Flatonia, the robbers ordered the engineer to stop. When the train had slowed up it was found that the engine was standing on a trestle over a creek or ravine. The engineer was then told to pull up so that the engine and express car should be on the embankment, while the passenger coaches were left on the trestle. This was the spot which had been selected for the robbery, as a bright camp fire was burning a short distance from the track, around which were grouped the mysterious moving figures of ten or a dozen stalwart men. The engineer and fireman were then taken off the engine and placed under a guard of four men. The rest of the robbers crowded around the combination and express car and demanded that the door be opened. In the meantime the express messenger, M. E. Folger, of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, had not been idle, but had been busy concealing what valuables he could. When the train first stopped over the trestle the conductor, J. K. Lyons, put his head out of the window of the car nearest the engine, and calling to the engineer enquired what was the matter. The engineer replied that he was in the hands of robbers, and that they had ordered the train stopped. Conductor Lyons at once notified the passengers in the day coach that the train

WAS BEING ROBBED,

and that they had better secrete what they could, and he at the same time set a good example by hiding $45 in bills under two of the seats, taking care to leave $5 in his pocket as a blind. When the robbers demanded entrance to the express car Messenger Folger at first refused to open the door, but after holding a consultation with Baggagemaster Hart, he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and opened the door. The robbers then jumped in the car with drawn revolvers and commanded that the safe be opened. The messenger was somewhat dilatory about complying, when one of the robbers commenced to belabor him over the head with a six-shooter. This had the desired effect, and the robbers proceeded to appropriate what valuables were in the safe. While they were going through the safe the express messenger attempted resistance, when he was knocked over the head with a six-shooter and knocked senseless, and they then

PROCEEDED WITH THEIR WORK

unmolested. After the ssfe had been finished they turned their attention to the mail pouches. On this train there is no local distribution of mail matter, and consequently no mail agent, but through pouches are carried, and they are in charge of the baggagemaster. The robbers cut the pouches and took what they wanted, but it is not thought they got any valuable letters, as no registered mail was on this train at all. The robbers then proceeded to the day car and with presented revolvers ordered every body to throw up his hands. It is useless to say that every body's hands went up, including the conductor's, who was in the car. Their method of procedure was to place two armed men

AT EACH END

of the car while the man whom the rest addressed as "Captain" and another went through the car and robbed the passengers. In the day car the first man at whose head the captain presented a cocked revolver and told him to give up what money he had was J. H. Mitchell of Tombstone, A. T. Mr Mitchell had previously secreted $300 under the seat and handed over $10. The robbers then went through P. A. Maroux of San Francisco, Cal., who gave up $10, but saved $100, which he had concealed when the conductor gave the alarm. Dan Sweeney of Merced, Cal., next contributed $10 and saved $20. Walter Gregory of San Antonio was then called upon to add to the booty and he handed over all he had, $20. The robbers asked him if that was all he had and, being informed that it was, they handed him back a $2.50 gold piece and passed to the next man, who was a drummer from New York, L. Lasker. Mr. Lasker gave up $7, but saved over $100 by putting it in his shoe. A passenger in the car whose name is not known, but who got off at Gidden, was robbed of a fine gold watch and chain. The conductor was also coralled in this car, but the robbers got only about $5 from him, he having previously concealed his money.

The robbers then adjourned to the Pullman sleeper, but as the lights were all out and the door was on the side of the car instead of in the center as is generally the case, they could not obtain an entrance. Supposing it was locked, they commanded the conductor to unlock it

UNDER PAIN OF INSTANT DEATH.

He protested that he had no key to the door, and that the porter had locked it from the inside and had the key. They insisted that the door must be opened, and threatened his complete annihilation unless it was immediately opened. The conductor was ordered to take up his lantern and go with them. When the door of the Pullman was reached it was found not to be locked, and the party entered, the conductor, with his lantern, sandwiched between the Captain, who carried a deadly looking sixshooter, and another robber, with a Winchester in his hand. They went through the sleeper in a very systematic manner. The conductor was made to pull the curtains back and arouse the sleeping passengers, while the Captain, with his murderous looking weapon, explained the object of the meeting. The first man aroused was Lon Meyer, a traveling man from Cincinnati. He occupied the first berth on the right side of the car. Mr. Meyer did not take in the situation and proceeded to give his disturbers a blowing up, but a blow from the robber's pistol on the head and an emphatic request for "Your money, and that d—n quick," brought out all the money he had, $40. The robbers then proceeded to the berth just across the aisle of the car, in which Mr. M. F. Beers, an insurance man of Galveston, was sleeping, and demanded his money. He handed them $5 and told the leader that was all he had. The robbers insisted that he had more, and made him take an oath that this amount was all he had. He at first put up his left hand to take the oath, but the robbers commanded him to

PUT UP THE OTHER HAND.

R. L. Armistead, a traveling man of New York, next contributed $15 and saved $40 by concealing it under his bed. They then proceeded to the next berth on the left side of the car and ordered William Newbarger, a drummer from New York, to give up all the money he had. He was somewhat slow in complying with the order and the captain hit him several blows over the head, which caused the blood to flow freely. From this gentleman the robbers made a valuable haul. They got $70 in cash, four diamond scarf pins, one collar button with a diamond set, one diamond ring and one diamond stud, the estimated value of the whole lot $1000. By this time the entire car was thoroughly aroused, and the next berth to be robbed in regular order was occupied by Colonel Gruntos of the Mexican army. When the Mexican officer saw it was his turn next he called out in Spanish to his lieutenant, Catarino Cruiz, who was occupying the upper section, to hand him his pistol. Mrs. White, wife of Sheriff White of El Paso, who occupied the opposite section with her husband, heard the Mexican officer call for his pistol, and taking in the situation, implored him in Spanish not to use his pistol as there were too many of the robbers. The robbers probably did not understand what was being said in Spanish, but they saw the lieutenant searching as if for his weapon, so they gave him a severe clubbing over the head and went on with the robbing. They took all the money the Mexican officers had, which was $400. At this moment the conductor informed the robbers that

A TRAIN FROM THE WEST

was about due there and that it would be necessary for him to send back and flag unless they (the robbers) desired the train to be run into and everybody in the Pullman killed. The robbers said it was not their wish to have anybody killed, and at once left the car and told the trainmen they could pull out. There were four passengers on the Pullman who were not molested, the robbers leaving before they were reached in regular turn. They were, Sheriff J. K. White and wife of El Paso, A. J. Beach of Palatka, Fla., and Lionel Hohenthal of San Antonio. The robbers detained the train men about an hour in effecting the robbery, and when the train men were told to pull out they did so with the greatest possible dispatch. When the train arrived at Schulenberg the officers were notified and the Sheriff and posse with bloodhounds started in pursuit. The train reached this city on time—6 a. m.—and most of the passengers on the Pullman disembarked here. Your reporter interviewed several of them. The first one approached was Mr. Lon Meyer, who travels for L. H. Stroble & Co. of Cincinnati.

Mr. Meyer said: "The first thing I knew a rough fellow stuck a pistol in my face and told me to give him my money, and that damquick. I saw at once that the train was in the hands of robbers, and I put my hand under my pillow to pull out my vest, and while doing this I slipped my watch out and left it under the pilow. I saved my watch, but they got all the money I had, $400.

Mr. Robert L. Armistead, who travels for Haben, Brussell & Co. of New York, and a passenger in the Pullman, was also seen by your correspondent. I was aroused by the loud talking and swearing in the forward end of the car and after listening a while I realized that the train was being robbed. I took my pants, put $100 in the watch pocket and the rest of my money about $4000 I concealed between the matting. I put the pants under my pillow and lay down as if asleep. Pretty soon the robbers, having the conductor in tow, came to my berth. The leader stuck a pistol in my face and said: "Give me your money now, and that damn quick." I pulled out my pants from under the pillow and took the money and gave it to them. They demanded mere money, but I protested that that was all I had. They then said they would go through my satchel, but I told them that it was nothing but a sample case. "Oh, then you are one of those damn drummers, are you?" said the captain of the robbers. "I know you have a bigger wad than this." I then saw it was necessary for me to do some good talking if I saved my satchel and my head, so I protested earnestly: "I haven't got any more money," I said to him, "but I have a flask of the best whisky you ever drank. "No, thank you," he replied, "we are Prohibitionists." The leader still insisted that I must give up more money, so I concluded to turn the tables on him, and asked him to give me back the change in silver he had taken from my pockets. He replied that they were not giving any change to-night, and with that they passed on.

Mr. L. Hohenthal, now of San Antonio, formerly of this city, was also interviewed. "I was quite lucky," said he, "for yesterday morning I went to the agent in San Antonio and told him I wanted a berth near the center of the car reserved. Somehow the agent forgot to have the birth reserved, and I had to take a rear section just over the trucks. This is all that saved me from being robbed. I was in the section just in the rear of the one occupied by the Mexican officers. They were just getting ready to come to my berth when the conductor told them a train was then due and they were liable to be killed if a flagman was not sent back at once. You may imagine how much relieved when one of the robbers said, "We don't want to see any body killed, you can run your train along." I heard the robbers leave the car. The train starten.

THE LEADER

is described as a man a little above medium highth and stout built, and apparently about forty years of age. He wore a fierce looking sandy moustache, his eyes were keen, grey and his complexion was florid almost to redness. He was not masked at all and made no attempt to conceal his features. His clothes were rough, his manners were uncouth and his language vulgar. His companions, for the most part, wore maks and some of them false whiskers. They were all rough in dress and manners, and as they walked their spurs clicked and their high boots showed they were mounted. It is impossible to ascertain the exact amount of the booty secured by the robbers, but it is known that they got almost $600 from the passengers and $1000 worth of jewelry. It is that the Wells Fargo & Co's. Express was robbed of about $12,000 to $16,000.

Superintendent, J. W. Nichols of the express company was seen but would not tell the amount of the company's loss. He said that the messenger had been forced to open his safe, but when questioned as to the amount taken he good-naturedly replied that the robbers left them enough to pap off with.

Robert B. Burns, postmaster here, stated that the loss of mail was quite small. The robbers cut open all of the pouches, evidently expecting to get some registered matter, but, continued Mr. Burnes, there were no registered pouches on the train at all.

On the arrival of the train in this city a special train was made up and Superintendent Nichols of the express company and P. L. Gueyrouze, general agent of the Southern Pacific company accompanied by Conductor Lyons and Messenger Folger left for the scence of the robbery. Five well trained blood hounds of the Marshall breed were taken along to be sent out with the posse in trailing the robbers. It was rumored on the streets to-night that three of the gang had been captured, but the report lacks confirmation. Large rewards for the capture of the outlaws will be offered.

HOW TO SAVE CITIES.

A Work for the Broom and Shovel Naught Else Can Do--Connection Between Iniquity and Dirt.

Filthy Parts of the Great Cities Always the Most Iniquitous—New York's Fourth Ward an Example.

One of the Numerous Blessings of the Sabbath That it is a Day of Ablution. Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 19.—This morning at the Tabernacle the Rev. T. DeWitt 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 springs of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith 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."—2 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-given water.

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption, and this morning I propose to show you what are the means for the rectification of 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 and abomination.

In this work of cleansing our cities, I have first to remark, that there is a work for the broom and the shovel that nothing else can do. There always has been an intimate connection between iniquity and dirt. The filthy parts of the great cities 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 ward.

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 unit in their Sabbath dress. When on the Sabbath I see a man uncleanly in his dress, my suspicions in regard to his

MORAL CHARACTER ARE AROUSED,

and they are always well founded. So as to allow no excuse for lack of ablution, God has cleft the continents with rivers and lakes, and has sunk five great oceans, and all the world ought to be clean. Away, then, with the dirt 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 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 its morality or immorality. The newsboy who runs along the street with a roll of papers under his arm is a tremendous force that cannot be turned aside nor resisted, and at his every step the city is elevated or degraded. This hungry, all-devouring American mind must have something to read, and upon editors, and authors, and book publishers, and parents and teachers rest the responsibility of what they shall read. Almost every man you meet has a book in his hand or a 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 purity and elevate the American printing press!

I go on further and say that we must depend upon the school for a great deal of correcting influence. 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-nine per cent. of all the criminals of New York 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 and women incarcerated. The dishonesty in the eye, the low passion in the lip, are not more conspicuous than the ignorance in the forehead. The ignorant classes are always the dangerous classes. Demagogues marshal them. They are heimless, and are driven before the gale.

It is high time that all city and state authority, as well as the Federal government, appreciate the awful statistics that while years ago in this country there was set apart 48,000,000 acres of land

FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES,

there are now in New England 191,000 people who can neither read nor write, and in the state of Pennsylvania 222,000 who can neither read nor write, and in the state of New York 241,000 who can neither read nor write, while in the United States there are nearly 6,000,000 who can neither read nor write: Statistics enough to stagger and confound any man who loves his God and his country. Now, in view of this fact, I am in favor of compulsory education. When parents are so bestial as to neglect this duty to the child, I say the law, with a strong hand, at the same time with a gentle hand, ought to lead these little ones into the light of intelligence and good morals. It was a beautiful tableau when in our city a swarthy policeman, having picked up a lost child in the street, was found appeasing its cries with a stick of candy he had bought at the apple stand. That was well done and beautifully done. But, oh! these thousands of little ones through our streets, who are crying for the bread of knowledge and intelligence. Shall we not give it to them? The officers of the law ought to go down into the cellars, and up into the garrets, and bring out these benighted little ones and put them under educational influences; after they have passed through the bath and under the comb, putting before them the spelling book and teaching them to read the Lord's prayer and the sermon on the mount: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's 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 the open scroll in the hand of the statue of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing:

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

Still further: Reformatory societies are an important element in the rectification of the public fountains. 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 telling her what a very good woman she ought to be. "Oh," she said, "if you were as hungry and cold as I am, you could think of nothing else." I believe the great want of our city is the gospel and something to eat! Faith and repentance 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 broke the bread and fed the multitude in the wilderness, and then began to preach, recognizing the fact that while people are hungry they will not listen, and they will not repent. We want more common sense in the distribution of our charities, fewer magnificent theories and more hard work.

Still farther, the great remedial influence is the gospel of Christ. Take that down through the lanes of suffering. Take 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 the country, because old villains are seldom reformed, and therefore I talk more

ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

They sleep under the stoops, in the burned out safe, in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, wherever they can get a board to cover them. And in the summer they sleep all 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 heard of Him." "Did you ever hear of God?" "Yes, I've heard of God. Some of the poor people think it kind of lucky at night to say something 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.

How many are waiting for you to come out in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ and rescue them from the wretchedness here! On that the Church of God had arms long enough and hearts warm enough to take them up! How many of them there are! As I was thinking of the subject this morning, it seemed to me as though there was a great brink, and that these little ones with cut and torn feet were coming on toward it. And here is a group of orphans. O fathers and mothers, what do you think of these fatherless and motherless little ones! No hand at home to take care of their apparel, no heart to pity them. Said one little one, when the mother died: "Who will 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 we 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 we make a terrific outcry. "Too late!" is echoed from the garret to the cellar, from the gin-shop and from the brothel. "Too late!" It is too 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 ten thousand hearts break. The ground is red with the blood of their feet. The air is heavy with their groans. Their ranks are being filled from all the houses of iniquity and shame. Skeleton Dispair pushes them on toward the brink. The death-knell has already begun to toll, and the angels of God hover like birds over the plunge of a cataract. While these children are on the brink they halt, and throw out their hands, and cry: "Help! help!" O Church of God, will you help? Men and women bought by the blood of the Son of God, will you help? while Christ cries from the heavens: "Save them from going down; I am the ransom."

I stopped on the street and just looked at the face of one of those little ones. Have you ever examined the faces of the neglected children of the poor? Other children have gladness in their faces. When a group of them rush across the road, it seems as though a spring gust had unloosed an orchard of apple blossoms. But these children of the poor. There is but little ring in their laughter, and it stops quick, as though some

BITTER MEMORY TRIPPED IT.

They have an old walk. They do not skip or run up on the lumber just for the pleasure of leaping down. They never bathed in the mountain stream. They never waded in the brook for pebbles. They never chased the butterfly across the lawn, putting their hat right down where it was just before. Childhood has been dashed out of them. Want waved its wizard wand above the manger of their birth, and withered leaves are lying where God intended a budding giant of battle. Once in a while one of these children gets out. Here is one, for instance. At ten years of age he is sent out by his parents, who say to him: "Here is a basket—now go off and beg and steal." The boy says: "I can't steal." They kick him into a corner. That night he puts his swollen head into the straw; but a voice comes from heaven, saying: "Courage, poor boy, courage!" Covering up his head from the bestiality, and stopping his ears from the cursing, he gets on up better and better. He washes his face clean at the public hydrant. With a few pennies got at running errands he gets a better coat. Rough men, knowing that he comes from a low street, say: "Back with you, you little villain, to the place where you came 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 the heavens: "Courage, poor boy, courage." His bright face gets him a position. After awhile 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 from one business success to another. He has achieved great fortune. He is the friend of the church of God, the friend of all good institutions, and one 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." O, for some one to write the history of boy heroes and girl heroines who have triumphed over want and starvation, and filth and rags! Yea, the record has already been made—made by the hand of God; and when these shall come at last with songs and rejoicing, it will take a very broad banner to hold the names of all the battle fields on which they got the victory.

Some years ago a rough-clad, ragged boy came into my brother's office in New York, and said: "Mr. Talmage, lend me $5." My brother said: "Who are you?" The boy replied: "I am nobody. Lend me $5." "What do you want to do with $5?" "Well," the boy replied, "my mother is sick and poor, and I want to go into the newspaper business, and I shall get a home for her, and I will pay you back." My brother gave him the $5, of course never expected to see it again; but he said: "When will you you pay it?" The boy said: "I will pay it in six months, sir." Time went by, and one day a lad came into my brother's office, and said: "There's your $5." "What do you mean? What $5?" inquired my brother. "Don't you remember a boy came in here six months ago and wanted to borrow $5 to go into the newspaper business?" "O, yes. I remember; are you the lad?" "Yes," he replied, "I have got along nicely. I have got a nice home for my mother (she is sick yet), and I am as well clothed as you are, and there's your $5." O, 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.

Worth saving! I go farther than that, and tell you they are not only worth saving, but they are being saved. One of these lads picked up from our streets, and sent west by a benevolent society, wrote east, saying: "I am getting along first rate. I am on probation in the Methodist church. I shall be entered as a member the first 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. If the boys running around the street with a blacking-box on their shoulder, or a bundle of papers under their arms, only knew what high old times we boys have out here, they wouldn't hesitate about coming west, but come the first chance they got." So some by one humane and Christian visitation, and some by another, are being rescued. In one reform school, through which 2000 of the little ones passed, 1995 turned out well. In other words, only five of the 2000 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 little girl was found in the streets of Baltimore 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 Found."

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 live in a beautiful city. The lines have 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 sepulchre. Some of the most prosperous cities of the world have gone down, not one stone left upon another. But a city may be in ruins long before a tower has fallen or a column has crumbled, or a tomb has been defaced. When in a city the churches of God are full of cold formalities and inanimate religion; when the houses of commerce are the abode of fraud and unholy traffic; when 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, and every moneyed institution were a Bank of England, and every library were a British Museum, and every house had a porch like that of Rheims, and a roof like 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 at 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.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

A Sermon from San Angelo With General Application.

San Angelo Record.

There is hardly anything of greater importance in the rapid development of a country than good public roads. Often these means of communication have been compared to the veins of the body through which the blood of life is circulating, and certainly such a comparison is good. The life of the body politic, whether it be a state or a smaller district, is partly dependent on roads establishing the necessary connection between the different parts. All commerce would have to stop without them, and the cosmopolitan aspect of modern countries is due to the vast improvements of the means of communication. This is known and appreciated by our citizens, and not altogether in vain have been their efforts in this direction; on the contrary, we think we can safely predict that in less than six months the iron rails of the Santa Fe Railway Company will connect us with the rest of the world, and silence the only objection which is sometimes raised against San Angelo. Other railroads are contemplating to extend their lines towards our city, and the time is near at hand when San Angelo will be the industrial and commercial center of the western part of our state. But to make railroads efficient there must be country roads of all the different classes provided by the Legislature to connect ranches, farms and settlements with distributing points. They are the feeders, and without them railroads would be but to little purpose.

The peculiar conditions under which our town attained its first growth have made the necessity of well established roads less apparent than it ought to have been. Land was of little value. Roads were selected wherever the convenience of the traveler required them. Not until late years, when the development of the country enhanced the value of the lands and consequently caused the lands to be fenced, did the road question receive the attention at the hands of the Commissioners' court its importance deserved. Our present Commissioners' court is fully alive to the fact that public roads are a public necessity. At their last meeting they took the preliminary steps to establish a number of much-needed roads in our county. Their action ought to be encouraged and meet with the hearty approval of all good citizens. Especially ought the law be carried out that requires roads to the county seats of adjoining counties. Good roads make intercourse easy and encourage trade. All classes of citizens are directly interested in this manner, but especially is it to the interest of the towns to have good roads approach them in all directions, for all things being equal, that town most easily reached by the public will secure the largest trade. It goes without saying, that roads ought to be secured now when this can be done with comparatively little expense. Land is cheap now, but is rapidly increasing in value. Let Tom Green county, therefore, work at once with a will to secure these avenues of trade so necessary to her welfare. Many of our streams should be bridged in order to facilitate communication and trade. Heavy loads can only be hauled with difficulty across the rough beds and up the steep banks of our larger streams, and frequently communication is stopped by rises. The expense of building a large bridge, it is true, is heavy, but the benefit derived will amply compensate for the outlay. Every one interested in the development of the Concho country ought to form himself into a committee to secure roads and bridges, assured that they will add a hundred fold to the wealth and prosperity of our county.

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