A Wonderful Discourse, Imbued with

sermon for today was a glowing descrip- started in church there is only tion of the melodies of the Celestial here and there a person that can sing land. His text was, "And they sang a it. It is some time before the congrenew song." Rev. v. 9. Following is gation learn a new tune. But not so first soul that ever left earth for glory

and the exciting sounds of trumpet and the faintest note of the new song. Yet drum. When the great fair day of while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes Leipsic comes the bands of music from under it, and seas of glory bear it from far and near gather in the street and beach to beach, and ten thousand times bewilder the ear with incessant playing ten thousand and thousands of thouof flute and horn, violin and bassoon. ands sing it-"the new song." At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers | Further, it is a commemorative song. of music assemble and for three or We are distinctly told that it makes THE RESTATIC DELIGHTS OF MUSIC.

There are many whose most eestatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the streets of heaven we hear from the temple of God and the Lamb the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song." Let none aspire to that blessed place

who have no love for this exercise, IT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY HARPS. for although it is many ages since the

or thrummed from scraphic harps, ten the victory from the beast standing There are many of our fathers on the sea of glass, having the harps of and mothers in glory who would God." be slow to shut heaven's gate Yes, the song is to be accompanied. against these old time harmonies. But You say that all this is figurative. Then this, we are told, is a new song. Some I say prove it. I do not know how of our greatest anthems and chorals much of it is literal, and how much of are compositions from other tunes—the it is figurative. Who can say but that Those who have had much opportunisweetest parts of them gathered up into from some of the precious woods of the harmony; and I have sometimes earth and heaven there may not be though that this "new song" may be made instruments of celestial accord? partly made up of sweet strains of In that worship David may take the their deep, full voices into the new earthly music mingled in eternal harp and Habakkuk the shigionoth, song. This I do know, that in sweet- following their own inclinations, take ness and power it will be something up instruments sweeter than Mozart the colored churches in the south. that ear never heard. All the skill of ever fingered, or Schumann ever the oldest harpers of heaven will be dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote flung into it. All the love of God's for, let all heaven make ready for the heart will ring from it. In its cadences burst of stupendous minstrelsy and the the floods will clap their hands, and it roll of the eternal orchestra. will drop with the sunlight of everlast Further, it will be an anticipative win drop with the stringfit of everlast ing day and breathe with odors from song. Why, my friends, heaven has song—that will be music for you. Adding day and breathe with odors from song. the blossoms of the tree of life. "A hardly begun yet. If you had taken ed to this are all the sixteen thousand ghostly horse and sleigh and driver in the new song"-just made for heaven.

HOW THE GREAT COMPOSERS WROTE. composers just for the purpose of maknote books in which really valuable

tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven and so Charles Wesley Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on sulcide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The began to think of his sin and went back to his home and sat down and wrote:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the cos, And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage taket The clouds you so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that," and while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around, and her father was dead.

HEAVEN'S NEW SONG.

This new song of heaven was not | seep them out. else to do, but Christ, in memory of eross and crown, of manger and wirone, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon

poured this from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in cele-Living Faith in the Glories That Will bration of victory, for worshipers to enough not only for the universe, but to sing in the house of many with the new song of heaven. The Nearly all the cities of Europe and children who went up today from the America have conservatories of music waters of the Ganges are now singing and associations whose object it is, by it. That Christian man or woman who voice and instrument, to advance the a few minutes ago departed from this art of sweet sounds. On Thursday very street has joined it. All know it nights Exeter hall of London used to -those by the gates, those on the river resound with the music of first class bank, those in the temple. Not feelperformers, who gave their services ing their way through it, or halting, or gratuitously to the masses, who came going back, as if they never before had in with free tickets and huzzaed at the sung it, but with a full round voice entertainment. At Berlin, at 11 o'clock they throw their soul into this new daily, the military band, with sixty or song. If some Sabbath day a few notes a hundred instruments, discourses at of that anthem should travel down the the royal opera house for the people. air we could not sing it. No organ On Easter Sunday in Dresden the could roll its thunder. No harp could boom of cannon and the ringing catch its trill. No lip could announce of bells bring multitudes to the its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchurches to listen to the organ peals chanted, dumb, we could not hear it-

four days wait upon the great singing reference to past deliverances. Oh, festivals and shout at the close of the how much have they to sing about? choruses, and greet the successful com- They sing of the darkness through petitors as the prizes are distributed- which on earth they passed, and it is a cups and vases of silver and gold. All night song. That one was killed at there comes occasionally the sound of joy new! The song new! the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amidst the stupendons acclaim of the heavenly worshipers shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So splendors, where the oceans of delight urged the horse on with my voice. My against, at and into this wall, and then the glorifled mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed, and the enthroned spirit from the almshouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further, it will be an accompanied thrones were set and the harps were song. Some have a great prejudice strung there has been no cessation in against musical instruments, and even the song, excepting once for about among those who like them there is an thirty minutes, and judging from the Idea that they are unauthorized. I love glorious things now transpiring in God's the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in world, and the ever accumulating tri- triumph at the Red Sea. I love the umps of the Messiah, that was the last harp, for David struck it in praising half hour that heaven will ever be the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I Mark the fact that this was a new love all stringed instruments and or song. Sometimes I have in church gans, for God demands that we shall been floated away upon some great praise him on stringed instruments and choral, in which all our people seemed organs. There is in such music much to mingle their voices, and I have in to suggest the higher worship, for I read the glow of my emotions said: "Surely that when he had taken the book the this is music good enough for heaven." four-and-twenty elders fell down be-Indeed I do not believe that "Luther's fore the Lamb, having every one of Hymn," or "Coronation," or "Old them "harps," and "I heard the voice Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would of the harpers harping with their sound ill if spoken by sainted lips harps," and "I saw them that had got-

But it will, after all, be a new and when the great multitudes shall,

the opening piece of music today for made so great a mistake as to suppose Many earthly songs are written by that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short ing a tune, and the land is flooded with while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days, but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances they will also enkindle at glories to

opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the it-the new song. main audience you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of even are to be its chief citizenship. Atthough millions are already there, cab driver lost his way, and Cowper the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All dral in Europe with an organ at each pared with the little policy and the fryou want. You'll like it. But don't these can take advantage of the second. China is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to music waves backward and forward let anybody fetch you to again."—New One or the other will be pretty certain to timber. When this came through the be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be with indescribable effect. Well, my York Sun. sayed. All Italy is yet to be sayed. All friends, the time will come when earth Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is and heaven will be but different parts yet to be saved. All France is yet to of one great accord. It will be joy be saved. All England is yet to be here and joy there! Jesus here and saved. All America is yet to be saved. Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! All the world is yet to be saved. After Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallethat there may be other worlds to con lujah! "Until the day break and the quer. I do not know but that every shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, star that glitters in our nights is an in- and be thou like a roe or a young hart habited world, and that from all those upon the mountains of Bether!" spheres amighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to

composed because heaven had nothing A HEAVEN LARGE ENOUGH FOR THE UNIVERSE.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory by the raptures of the great eternity, are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole uniprocession is being multiplied. heaven sung when Abel went up-th. -how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, swelve miles further along.

Our happy gatherings on earth are tavern there. chilled by the thought that soon we flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great ereoyment. But soon it is "goodpronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good my waist. bys. At the pearly gate no good-by. on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

WE WILL SING WELL IN HEAVEN. more love, of more triumphs. Always our American cities at times resound Yorktown, and with him it is a battle something new to hear, something new with orchestra and oratorio. Those song. That one was imprisoned for to see. Many good people suppose who can sing well or play skillfully up- Christ's sake, and with him it is a that we shall see heaven the first day idly freezing slush. Once more he on instruments are greeted with vocifera- prison song. That was a Christian we get there. No! You cannot see pounded the ice ahead of him with his tion and garlanded by excited admirers. sailor boy that had his back broken on London in two weeks. You cannot the ship's halyards, and with him it is see Rome in six weeks. You cannot yielded. a sailor's song. That one burned at see Venice in a month. You cannot Smithfield, and with him it is a fire see the great city of the New Jerusalem for help. I might, at the first break, song. Oh, how they will sing of floods in a day. No, it will take all eternity waded, of fires endured, of persecution to see heaven, to count the towers, to suffered, of grace extended! Song of examine the trophies, to gaze upon the I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that hall! song of sword! song of hot throne, to see the hierarchs. Ages on I couldn't have moved to save myself lead! song of ax! As when the organ ages roll, and yet heaven is new! The from death. The horse kept on, and, pipes peal out some great harmony streets new! The temple new! The strange as the story seems, broke a chan-

I staid a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand it and side. And he didn't tarry when he got appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. meet and pour themselves into the robes and clothing had frozen so solid exhaust the song? Never! Never!

The old preachers in describing the The old preachers in describing the sorrows of the lost used to lift up their hands and shout: "The wrath to move even my hands. We were not yet the banks of the bright river, and yet runners on the ice sounded to me like to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering hard to rouse my will and fight with it heaven, and then to find out that the could be seen but simily through the book that I am satisfied was the 'log' of harpers are only tuning their harps.

Finally, I remark, that it will be a unanimous song. There will no doubt shapes of gigantic ghosts. be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings Still I made one mental effort to shake Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices off this fatal spell, and that was all. now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to atter our voices as loudly as any of them.

GOD GRANT WE MAY ALL SING Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. ty to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give when I say song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new

the whole service you would not have to have gone into glory, and the host self and went down. Then he discovere people the earth and inhabit the stars.

into it every harmony! Crown it with done for me until the robe and clothing every gladness! Belt it with every Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!-and then you have but the faintest conception of what John excome. If at 9 o'clock, when the church perienced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard

> God grant that at last we may all your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathe-

Another Way. keep them out. We do not want to Wamer Besant says that one should write keep them out. We will not want to postry in order to acquire command of iankeep them out. God will not want to guaga. Editors achieve the same result by reading it. -Time.

FREEZING TO DEATH.

A Night's Experience in the Lumber

"In February, 1840," said Cant. R. L. Zeby, of Uniontown, "I had an interest in some lumber way up in the Piscataverse. God could build a heaven large quis region, and I had to go up there and Be Celebrated in the Home of the chant in their temple services, for the for ten thousand universes. I do not was like glass, and I had one of the best that might as well be made of canvas, so know just how it will be, but this I horses that ever stood inside the thills, know, that heaven is to be constantly On my second day out the thermometer BROOKLYN, Sept. 7.—Dr. Talmage's mansions. If a new tune be augmented, and that the song of glory stood at 20 degs. below, and was inclined that should I live to be as old as Maguis rising higher and higher, and the to go lower. I knew I would reach one selam"-If of those queer little villages common to the Maine backwoods early in the evening. There I intended to stay all night, and drive on next morning to the house of the agent of the lumber property, hour by hour and moment by moment! the village and found that there was no

"This, of course, upset my plans, So must separate. Thanksgiving and I ate supper in the village and started on, Christmas days come, and the rail trains intending to proceed to the agent's the but the air was filled with that peculiar cold nights. As we neared the river this "good-by" on the street, "good-by" at | with difficulty I could see anything ahead the rail train, "good-by" at the steam of me. It was like passing through a boat wharf. We meet in church. It storm of scaly ice. Suddenly, as I was is good to be here. But soon the thinking that we must be almost on the ling sound, a loud splash of water, and the next second my horse was floundering about in water, which also covered the sleigh, the robes and myself up to

"The water splashed about soon The song will be more pleasant be drenched the rest of me, and in less cause we are always to sing it. Mightier time than I can tell it I was coated with song as our other friends come in. a rapidly thickening armor of ice, I Mightier song as other garlands are set guess my noble beast must have flour-If the first day we enter heaven we lodged them both in the ice with a consing well, the next day we sing better, certed blow like a trip hammer. The ice powerful fore feet, and again the ice "During all this time I was shouting

have turned and leaped back to shore, but had not collected myself in time. It was now too late, and even if it had not been nel for fifty feet across that river, and drew the sleigh out safely on the other knew that although one danger was esnot have been more motionless. My horse was a jet black, but his icy coating come! The wrath to come!" Today haif way to the agent's house when I I lift up my hands, and looking toward found myself growing drowsy. I could the great future cry: "The joy to come! no longer use my voice. The clatter of The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the horses' hoefs and the creaking of the thunder claps and weird, hideous cries, I knew that I was freezing, but I labored into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years against my fate. The stars looked like listening to the enchanting music of great coals of fire, although before they peculiar haze. The trees, with their the lost ship. According to the book the served all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliciously warm. A languor, such as De Quincy might have described, with attendin voices of the redeemed! Grand music visions of loveliness, took possession it will be when that new song arises. me. I heard the most delightful music

"I don't know how far I was from the agent's house when I froze to death, but the next thing I remembered I was suffering such tortures as a victim of the rack might feel. He never felt worse. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a million needles assaulted my flesh. turing me at that spot a mement, until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly up my leg, stopped an instant, as if gloating in my misery, and then crawled with that awful pain slowly upward, until it seemed that tiny jets of the fiercest flame were being blown into my body, heart that the great German nation will pour and brain. The intensity of this agony was not constant. If it had been I would have died again in a short time. It came in waves, so to speak. Each wave was a little less furious than its predecessor, until at last the storm was passed, and I found myself a weak, speechless, limp and helpless mortal, lying on a robe be fore the fireplace of my friend, the agent

He had brought me back to life, ·When I was strong enough to hear it. he told me that he was awakened in the night by the peculiar and loud neighing of a horse. He looked out of the window and saw a sight that startled himmillions of children that are estimated road before his door. He recovered him of young and old that hereafter shall that the driver was dead. He quickly carried the driver into the house, laid him on the floor before the fireplace, and Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour recognized me. Knowing that even if was not beyond all aid, nothing could be were thawed, he made the fire blaze and splendor! Fire it with every glory! hurried to the rescue of the faithful and intelligent horse that had reasoned with itself that it must stop at the first hous it came to on that terrible night, and that life and death depended on it. time the horse was cared for I was in shape to be resuscitated in case any such thing could be done. I was stripped and rubbed briskly with snow and snow water for more than an hour before I gave any sing it. But if we do not sing the evidence that I might be called back. praise of Christ upon earth we will Then another hour was spent in the same never sing it in heaven. Be sure that treatment, when a spoonful of brandy

Death of a War florse.

and had been side by side in many At last one was killed and the other, on having his food brought to him as usual refused to est, but turned his head round to look for his old frieud and neighed many times as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed on him J., has been returned through the reguwas in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them and he soon afterward died, not having the pope. The handwriting is neat and Hissar, and will be 2,500 feet long, with once tasted food since his former com-panion was killed.—Our Dumb Animala

PUREUING A SLAVER

A Remarkable that Destroys the Lemon "I attended 'Uncle Tem's Cabin' at he Park theatre the other day," said Patrolman Streight to the Ananias club and as I sat in the mallery and watched see how things were getting along. It Eliza canter across the ice—made of was a long journey, but the sleighing canvas—just ahead of four or five dogs far as caninology goes, it brought back "Who?" asked Sergt. Joyce.

"Maguselam, the guy who existed on certain earth for 10,000 years. I say, fellers, if I should live to his age I shall not forget it. I can't remember the exact date, but it was less than a hundred years ago that I was in command of the French man-of-war Sein, and my mission on the high seas was to look out for and capture African slave traders. same night. It was a starlight night, One moonlight night as we were plowing the swelling Atlantic at the nominal frozen mist frequently noticeable on very speed of seventy-five miles an hour the lookout at the most head reported a sail by" in the hall, "good by" at the door, haze became denser, until finally it was on our lee quarter. I ordered the helm thrown down hard and as the huge ship obeyed the rudder her steel prow killed nearly 1,200 tish. But we had more at stake than fish, and we did not stop to doxology will be sung, the benediction margin of the river, there came a crack- take any of them up. In a short time we were headed for the strange sail, and it wasn't long until from the quarter deck I could see her plainly.

"The smolg stacks of the Sein became red bot, and one of them melted to the decks, but I called for water, and the ship was saved from destruction. We did not lessen our speed for a little thing like that, but continued to split the dered at least a minute in that hole before ocean open. Soon a long, sinnous black he knew exactly what had happened, smoke ascended high above the masts of When the situation did come to him he the chase. Then I knew what we were became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and after. Hastily beating the men to quarters I, in the deliberate voice I use on the Lincoln Lane gang, told them that Song anticipative of more light, of was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and was car- miles ahead of us was a slave dhow, and ried down in under the edge of the ice for the honor of ourselves particularly, below. We horse swam onward, drag- and France as a matter of course, we ging the sleigh with it through the rap- must capture her. 'And when we do,' says 1, 'you fellers know your business.' For two days and nights we chased the strange craft, and during that time I did not sleep a wink or eat a mouthful of food, I was so excited. At six bells on the third day we were in shooting range, and I ordered the ten ton rifle cannon to

be fired. The eighty ton shell fell ahead of the slaver nearly two miles. "The effect on the water was terrific. You notice I said the shell weighed eighty tons, and as it fell into the ocean it exploded. The water raised in a solid wall that was, I should judge, 900 feet thick to an altitude of 7,000 yards. It made a there, but started off at the top of his hole that you could put the state house, speed toward our destination. He soon court house, insane asylum, blind asylum struck the road and away we went. I and Union station into all at one and the same time-that is, of course, if you had Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial caped, a greater was before us, and I them there. The slave snip plunged came a mighty crash-a crash that was great heart of God-how soon will we that if I had been encased in iron I could caused, as I afterward learned, by an island sixty miles distant being washed from its base by the waves. The ship penetrating the wall caused it to break and the upheaved water fell in torrents, while the slaver teetered on the brink of the huge abyas for a moment and then fell bow first into the hole, and the scattered fragments of the broken wall falling

upon her buried her from sight forever. "In a few hours the sea was calm and for two months we cruised in that vicinity, but not a sign of the lost slaver was found. Two years after we picked up on the coast of Zanzibar a water soaked branches covered with snow, took on the dhow that we destroyed was the Lemon Eared Nellie, from New Brunswick, and she had 75,000 slaves aboard, all of whom were drowned. I felt so bad about this that I resigned my place in the French navy and got a job on the Indianapolis police force with more pay and less work."—Indianapolis Journal.

Manufacture of Paper Barrels.

After three years of experimental work an English company has succeeded in producing paper barrels which are able to compete favorably with barrels as in actual railroading. made of wood. The paper barrels are used at present principally for the carriage of gunpowder, mining fuses, fruit, flowers, molasses, paint, cement, matches, chemicals, dyes, asbestos, sugar, size and extract of meat. The materials used in making the barrels are waste paper, cardboard and (for the better quality) old sacks. When cardboard is used it is soaked or boiled it. It is feared he will lose his mind for six hours and afterward treated in under the disappointment, as his clock the same manner as the other raw ma- occupied all his thoughts.-Philadelphia terial. This is carefully sorted and put Times. into a rag engine, or beater, where it is beaten and torn to pieces by a series of knives for about an hour and a half. It is afterward mixed with water until a pulp of uniform consistency is gained. This is rolled, joined, shaped and dried, into the second story of the Chesapeake, and the barrel is finally covered with hoons.

Before the tops and bottoms are put in the barrels are painted with a waterproof composition, made of linseed oll and resin, for ordinary purpose barrels, and with a special varnish where they are used for food products. The standard size made is 16 1-2 inches in diameter by 28 inches long. The price at which these barrels can be produced enables them to compete favorably with wooden barrels. A barrel costing 8:20 p. m. 34 cents in wood can, when made of paper, be sold for 28 cents. One great the process, all "wasters" being beaten up into pulp again.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Two Arbor Days.

Governor Beaver wisely designated two Arbor days this year, April 11 and 25, was poured down my throat. After that Pennsylvania is such a large state that the circulation was started, and my agony the advance of the season is not the same began, That suffering lasted for an hour, in all portions. In some sections the and-well, I can say this: Freeze to death first named date is much too early, and When the Duke of Wellington was state has received a great impetus within but did not hurt them in the least,fighting in Spain there were two horses the past few years, and, as there cannot Louisville Dispatch. which had always drawn the same gun be too much of it, should be urged on with enthusiasm by all.-Philadelphia Press.

The Pope's Indorsement. A check for several thousand dollars, sent to Pope Leo XIII from Newark, N. lar channels to the Newark bank, which it was drawn, duly indorsed by The check will be kept as a sou- a single arch. venir.-Brooklyn Lage.

The Latest Siberian Tragedy.

The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged, fourteen (including four women) were condemned to penal servitude for life, five (including two women) werd sent to the mines for fifteen years, four boys and girls less than 21 years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years, and two others were sent as forced colonists to the arctic villages of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in "the re-motest part of Yakutsk." And this sentence, the St. Petersburg officials say, is an evidence of the "unusual moderation" of the judges who composed the court

martialt A further proof of this "unusual moderation" is furnished by the fact that the political exile, Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose around his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian "moderation," one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, "We are not afraid to die, but try-you-to make our deaths count for something-write all this to Kennan."

The appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live, the woole English speaking world at least shall know all the details of the most atrocious crime.-George Kennan in Century.

Several days ago Chief Brown, of the argue on. department of public safety, put a number of additional police officers on duty between Soho and East Liberty. They were new men on the force, and one of them was decidedly new to the locality. The first night be was on, and while faithfully patroling his beat, he was told that a big vicious dog was running at large on Fifth avenue.

About 11 o'clock, while walking along

the above named street, he thought he spied the dog on a graveled walk leading up to the residence of a prominent citizen. The officer determined to make a record for himself the first night. He called to the dog, but the latter apparently was not on speaking terms with the guardian of the peace and did not move. Then the officer tried to scare the animal by commanding him in a very loud tone of voice to "get out." The dog did not move, and the officer, who was getting more angry each moment at the utter disregard for military discipline, pulled out his revolver and fired at the dog. The latter maintained his stolid indifference, and the officer fired again and again and again. By the time the last shot was fired the officer was close to the dog and found it to be an admirable piece of work from some iron foundry. The funniest part of the story is that the dog had not been even grazed by the bullets. It is needless to say there is one officer on the force who would not qualify at a shooting match.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Wonderful Clock Destroyed.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston, incities in this part of the state, and which Hoover block fire at Owego, N. Y.

features was a complete miniature railway train, with engine, tender, four pas-pic products of a year a tower 13,468 sensor conclust surgineer frequent and miles high could be erected, and stretched senger coaches, engineer, fireman and conductor. As this train reached the out they would cover a line 89,180 miles small station a crowd of infinitesimal people emerged from a cleverly constructed mansard depot and congregated on the platform, while a humpbacked bridge tender lowered the gates precisely

Another feature was a complete repre sentation of the solar system, with sun, moon, planets and myriads of stars twinkling in the cerulean background. The clock was constructed with no tools excepting a pocket knife and file blade, Fitzsimmons valued it at \$15,000, and had recently refused an offer of \$7,000 for it. Just the day before the fire occurred he took out a \$5,000 insurance policy on

Hundreds of interesting incidents are related of the freaks of the storm. A block of iron casting, weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds, was blown Ohio and Southwestern Railway building, near Union depot. Nobody knows where it came from, and the nearest building from which it could have come is nearly one hundred yards away Great sheets of tin roofing were dropped upon Dr. Barry's farm, near Turner's station, forty miles from the city, on the Short line. In the ruins of a house on West Main street a large office clock was found clinging to the wall, but no one knows where it came from. It was badly broken, but the hands still pointed to

A large slab of marble found in a residence on West Madison street was never feature is that there is no waste with there before. It will weigh over 100 pounds. At Baird's drug store, on Market above Ninth street, two bird cages with the birds were blown in through the skylight. The cages were not injured, and the birds are as full of song

as ever. When the building occupied by Brand & Bethel, the tobacco men, on Green street, went to pieces, a portion of the framework dropped through the roof of a little cottage just east of the factory. It consisted of a heavy timber, to which were mortised four upright pieces of suit everywhere, and there should be a cottage the family were sitting around more than ordinary observance of the the table in the dining room, and the occasion. The planting throughout the four uprights simply penned them in.

> People at Middlesborough, England. are excited over the alleged discovery of petroleum in the ground beneath them. Experimental borings are being made to a depth of 2,000 feet.

French engineers propose to construct a bridge across the Bosphorus. It will reach from Roumeli-Hissar to AnatoliHOW PIES ARE MADE.

The Amount Devoured by Pastry Loving New Yorkers-Some Startling Figures. A great revolution has gone on in the manufacture and compounding of pie. No more the housewife carefully me ures out "a cup of milk, a spoonful of saleratus, a lump of butter, pinch of salt, three tablespoorfuls of sugar, four sliced apples and a little pure lard." the dough is kneaded by steam and the ovens are vast and hot breathed caverns. In the great kitchen of the modern pie factory are numbers of immense copper kettles surmounting brick ovens, and fat male cooks stir the savory masses within, On little tables around the room are dezens of wooden tubs holding the linings for thousands of pies. Then the busy bakers take the dough, and before the oven door with deft and rapid touches press it into the shape of the embryo pie, into a pan and a line of pies is soon passing into the oven's mouth with wonderful celerity. The ordinary ovens used will hold about 360 small pies and the

remarkable skill. New York, of course, produces and eats more pies than any city in the world, although its per capita consumption is eclipsed by Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. There are eight or ten large factories dealing exclusively in pies, and between 500 and 600 bakers also make them. The largest factory is on Sullivan street, and its output of pie is something awful to contemplate, and when one thinks of the number of churches and schools the money spent for pie would build, it is a question if the people should not stop and ask, "Whither is this awful habit carrying us?" In a year or two the pie habit may rank with the curse of drink and evils of tobacco as a never failing fountain from which debating societies and lyceums can draw topics to

temperature required is graduated with

One of the foremen in the factory on Sullivan street said:

"In our establishment we turn out every kind of pie so far discovered, but there are certain kinds that are staple. These are apple, minse, lemon, grape, raisin, plum, gooseberry, whortleberry, strawberry, peach, raspberry, pineapple, pumpkin and custard. Apple, mince, emon, pumpkin and custard are the favorites. All our material is the finest in the market, and we buy it in large quan-tities, always keeping our orders ahead." "How much material do you use

daily?" asked the reporter. "In a single day we use about 100 dozen eggs, 850 pounds of lard, 12 barrels of flour, 600 quarts of milk, 2,500 quarts of fruit, and turn out about 7,000 pies, or about 50,000 a week and 2,600,-000 a year. The output from the large concerns in the city will amount to 35,-000 pies daily, and the bakers will turn out about 40,000 more, or 75,000 a day, 525,000 a week and 27,300,000 per year, an average of about sixteen pies per capita. These pies cut into quarters the usual sizes outside of boarding houses would make 109,200,000 pieces. At an average of five cents—as some of the cheap restaurants charge only three cents, and tonier ones ten cents-this would make New York's annual pie bill \$5,460,000, or more than we pay for public schools, or the fire and police departments, or send to the heathen. New York produces about one-thirtieth of the pie crop of the United States,"

This last remark aroused a statistical vein in the reporter, and he figured until his brain was dizzy, and these are some ventor of the wonderful clock which has of the results: In the United States there been on exhibition in all the principal are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies; each week, 16,750,000; each year, 819,000,was claimed by many to be superior, in | 000, at a cost of \$163,800,000, an amount point of intricate mechanism, to the fa- greater than the internal revenue, and mous Strasbourg clock, is prostrated more than enough to pay the interest on over the intelligence that his instrument | the national debt and pensions. If the was burned and entirely destroyed in the pies eaten daily were heaped one on top of another they would form a nie tower The clock cost Fitzaimmons four years 193,000 feet, or nearly thirty-seven miles of unremitting labor. Among its many high; if laid out in line they would reach from New York to Boston. With the long, or sufficient to girdle the earth three times and let a Chinaman in Pekin chew at the last pie. These pies before enten would weigh in a year 803,000 tons. Pie is a great institution, as these figures show, -New York Journal.

The Cost of Tieing Shoestrings One of the managers of a big eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come untied on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 50 seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employes feet, so this entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43,-800,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth \$943.174. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or con-gress gaiters under penalty of discharge. -Detroit Tribune.

To Nelly. Now let me sing my Nelly's fame, For other men have done the same, And praised their idol's charm and witz So if I do, what harm is it?

Large, lustrous eyes, yet full of fire Teeth small and white as you'd desire, And hair so thick and soft to press, Its luxury invites caress. The compass of her voice, 'tis true,

Might not please critics such as you; But truth it is I cannot sing. So that don't count for anything. Friends will her sometimes catch and hol

With clasp that's warm, and touch that's bold; No jealous pangs arise thereat, Because my Nelly is a cat. —Evening Sun.



Mr. Gotham (at the ball game)—Do not Welch's curves, Miss Broony, remind you of Hogarth's line of beauty!

Miss Breesy (from Chicago)—Well, really,
Mr. Gotham, I never saw Hogarth pitch.— New York Sun.