

OF MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

THE TOPIC OF DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A Wonderful Discourse, Imbued with Living Faith in the Glories That Will be Celebrated in the Home of the Blest in the Lamb's New Song.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 7.—Dr. Talmage's sermon for today was a glowing description of the melodies of the Celestial Land. His text was, "And they sang a new song." Rev. v. 9. Following is the sermon:

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music and associations whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights Ereter hall of London used to resound with the music of first class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and huzzed at the entertainment. At Berlin, at 11 o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or a hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera house for the people. On Easter Sunday in Dresden the boom of canon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipzig comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the street and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with veneration and garlanded by excited admirers.

THE ECSTATIC DELIGHTS OF MUSIC.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manna 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, 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, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set and the harps were strung there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes, and judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have in the glow of my emotions said: "Surely this is music good enough for heaven." Indeed I do not forget that "Luther's Hymn," or "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up from the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its evidences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

HOW THE GREAT COMPOSERS WROTE.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the land is flooded with note 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 suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper 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 sea, And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take! 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.

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This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and manger, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshippers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable hosts of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up today from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting, or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its thrill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beneath to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about! They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh, how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of graces extended! Song of hail! song of sword! song of hot lead! song of ax! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulant, weeping through the cadences, adding existences to the performance, so amidst the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshippers shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified 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!

IT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY HARPS.

Further, it will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments, and even among those who like them there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs, for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship, for I read that when he had taken the book the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, holding every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied.

You say that all this is figurative. Then I say prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal, and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious words of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord! In that worship David may take the harp and Habakkuk the shigionoth, and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Beethoven ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy and the roll of the eternal orchestra.

Further, it will be an antipetitive song.

Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music today for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short 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 exult in glories to come. If at 9 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

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"This, of course, upset my plans. So I ate supper in the village and started on, intending to proceed to the agent's the same night. It was a starlight night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable on very cold nights. As we neared the river this became denser, until finally it was with difficulty I could see anything ahead of me. It was like passing through a storm of sealy ice. Suddenly, as I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river, there came a crackling 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 my waist.

"The water splashed about soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and lodged them both in the ice with a concerted blow like a trip hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and was carried down in under the edge of the ice below. The horse swam onward, dragging the sleigh with it through the rapidly freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded.

"During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first break 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 I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and, strange as the story seems, broke a channel for fifty feet across that river, and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. And he didn't tarry when he got there, but started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road and away we went. I knew that although one danger was escaped, a greater was before us, and I urged the horse on with my voice. My robes and clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been encased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was a jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out, even in that frozen mist, like a speck of snow. I could not move even my hands. We were not yet half way to the agent's house when I found myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice. The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the ice sounded to me like thunder claps and weird, hideous cries. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great balls of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliriously warm. A language, such as De Quincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. I heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake off this fatal spell, and that was all.

"I don't know how far I was from the agent's house when I froze to death, but I fancy such tortures as a victim of the rack might feel. He never felt worse. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a million needles assailed my flesh. Torturing me at that spot a moment, until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly on my leg, stopped an instant, as if glowing 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 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 hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great balls of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliriously warm. A language, such as De Quincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. I heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake off this fatal spell, and that was all.

DEATH OF A WAR HORSE.

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain there were two horses which had always drawn the same gun and had been side by side in many battles. At last one was killed and the other, on having his food brought to him as usual, refused to eat, but turned his head round to look for his old friend and neighed many times as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed on him was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them and he soon afterward died, not having once tasted food since his former companion was killed.—Our Dumb Animals.

Two Arbor Days.

Governor Beaver wisely designated two Arbor days this year, April 11 and 25. Pennsylvania is such a large state that the advance of the season is not the same in all portions. In some sections the first named date is much too early, and these can take advantage of the second. One or the other will be pretty certain to suit everywhere, and there should be a more than ordinary observance of the occasion. The planting throughout the state has received a great impetus within the past few years, and as there cannot 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. J., has been returned through the regular channels to the Newark bank, on which it was drawn, duly indorsed by the pope. The handwriting is neat and even. The check will be kept as a souvenir.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shot at an Iron Dog.

Several days ago Chief Brown, of the 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 he was on, and while faithfully patrolling his beat, he was told that a big vicious dog was running at large on Fifth avenue.

A Wonderful Clock Destroyed.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston, inventor of the wonderful clock which has been on exhibition in all the principal cities in this part of the state, and which was claimed by many to be superior, in point of intricate mechanism, to the famous Strasbourg clock, is prostrated over the intelligence that his instrument was burned and entirely destroyed in the Hoover clock fire at Owego, N. Y.

Franks of the Turnouts.

Hundreds of interesting incidents are related of the franks of the storm. A block of iron casting, weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds, was blown into the second story of the Chesapeake, 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 8:30 p. m.

A large slab of marble found in a residence on West Madison street was never 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 timber. When this came through the cottage the family were sitting around the table in the dining room, and the four uprights simply pinned them in, but did not hurt them in the least.—Louisville Dispatch.

People at Middleborough, 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 Roumel-Hissar to Anatoli-Hissar, and will be 2,500 feet long, with a single arch.

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) were 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 Verkhojansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in "the remotest 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 martial!

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 measures out "a cup of milk, a spoonful of salaratus, a lump of butter, pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four sliced apples and a little pure lard." Today the dough is kneaded by steam and the ovens are vast and hot breasted caverns. In the great kitchen of the modern pie factory are numbers of immense copper kettles stirring brick ovens, and fat male cooks stir the savory masses within. On little tables under the room are dozens 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 300 small pies and the temperature required is graduated with 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 argue on.

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, mince, lemon, grape, raisin, plum, gooseberry, whortleberry, strawberry, peach, raspberry, pineapple, pumpkin and custard. Apple, mince, lemon, pumpkin and custard are the favorites. All our material is the finest in the market, and we buy it in large quantities, 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 2,500,000 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 17,300,000 per year, an average of about sixteen pies per capita. These pies cut into quarters the usual sizes output of boarding houses would make 109,200,000 pieces. At an average of five cents—a some of the cheap restaurants charge only three cents, and tinner 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 of the results: In the United States there are eaten every day 2,500,000 pies; each week, 16,750,000; each year, 519,000,000, at a cost of \$163,800,000, an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt and pensions. If the pies eaten daily were heaped one on top of another they would form a pie tower 193,000 feet, or nearly thirty-seven miles high; if laid out in lines they would reach from New York to Boston. With the pie products of a year a tower 13,463 miles high could be erected, and stretched out they would cover a line 89,150 miles long, or sufficient to girdle the earth three times and let a Chinaman in Peking chew at the last pie. These pies before eaten would weigh in a year 802,000 tons. Pie is a great institution, as these figures show.—New York Journal.

The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.

One of the managers of a big eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come out on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 30 seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employees have two 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 congress 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 love's charm and wit; So if I do, what harm is it?

Large, lustrous eyes, yet full of fire, Trench smile and white as you'd desire, And hair as thin as a soft toad's skin, His luxury invites curiosity.

The compass of her vision, 'tis true, Might not please critics such as you; But truth is I cannot sing, So that don't count for anything.

Friends will her sometimes catch and hold, With clasp that's warm, and touch that's bold; No jealous pangs arise thereat, Because my Nelly is a cat.

—Evening Sun.

New to Her.

Mr. Gotham (at the ball game)—Do not Welch's curves, Miss Broxy, remind you of Hogarth's line of beauty? Miss Broxy (from Chicago)—Well, really, Mr. Gotham, I never saw Hogarth's picture.—New York Sun.

How 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 measures out "a cup of milk, a spoonful of salaratus, a lump of butter, pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four sliced apples and a little pure lard." Today the dough is kneaded by steam and the ovens are vast and hot breasted caverns. In the great kitchen of the modern pie factory are numbers of immense copper kettles stirring brick ovens, and fat male cooks stir the savory masses within. On little tables under the room are dozens 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 300 small pies and the temperature required is graduated with remarkable skill.

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"This, of course, upset my plans. So I ate supper in the village and started on, intending to proceed to the agent's the same night. It was a starlight night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable on very cold nights. As we neared the river this became denser, until finally it was with difficulty I could see anything ahead of me. It was like passing through a storm of sealy ice. Suddenly, as I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river, there came a crackling 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 my waist.

"The water splashed about soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and lodged them both in the ice with a concerted blow like a trip hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and was carried down in under the edge of the ice below. The horse swam onward, dragging the sleigh with it through the rapidly freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded.

"During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first break 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 I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and, strange as the story seems, broke a channel for fifty feet across that river, and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. And he didn't tarry when he got there, but started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road and away we went. I knew that although one danger was escaped, a greater was before us, and I urged the horse on with my voice. My robes and clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been encased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was a jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out, even in that frozen mist, like a speck of snow. I could not move even my hands. We were not yet half way to the agent's house when I found myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice. The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the ice sounded to me like thunder claps and weird, hideous cries. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great balls of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliriously warm. A language, such as De Quincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. I heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake off this fatal spell, and that was all.

"I don't know how far I was from the agent's house when I froze to death, but I fancy such tortures as a victim of the rack might feel. He never felt worse. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a million needles assailed my flesh. Torturing me at that spot a moment, until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly on my leg, stopped an instant, as if glowing 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 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 hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great balls of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliriously warm. A language, such as De Quincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. I heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake off this fatal spell, and that was all.

DEATH OF A WAR HORSE.

When the Duke of Wellington was fighting in Spain there were two horses which had always drawn the same gun and had been side by side in many battles. At last one was killed and the other, on having his food brought to him as usual, refused to eat, but turned his head round to look for his old friend and neighed many times as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed on him was in vain. There were other horses near him, but he would not notice them and he soon afterward died, not having once tasted food since his former companion was killed.—Our Dumb Animals.

Two Arbor Days.

Governor Beaver wisely designated two Arbor days this year, April 11 and 25. Pennsylvania is such a large state that the advance of the season is not the same in all portions. In some sections the first named date is much too early, and these can take advantage of the second. One or the other will be pretty certain to suit everywhere, and there should be a more than ordinary observance of the occasion. The planting throughout the state has received a great impetus within the past few years, and as there cannot 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. J., has been returned through the regular channels to the Newark bank, on which it was drawn, duly indorsed by the pope. The handwriting is neat and even. The check will be kept as a souvenir.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shot at an Iron Dog.

Several days ago Chief Brown, of the 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 he was on, and while faithfully patrolling his beat, he was told that a big vicious dog was running at large on Fifth avenue.

A Wonderful Clock Destroyed.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston, inventor of the wonderful clock which has been on exhibition in all the principal cities in this part of the state, and which was claimed by many to be superior, in point of intricate mechanism, to the famous Strasbourg clock, is prostrated over the intelligence that his instrument was burned and entirely destroyed in the Hoover clock fire at Owego, N. Y.

Franks of the Turnouts.

Hundreds of interesting incidents are related of the franks of the storm. A block of iron casting, weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds, was blown into the second story of the Chesapeake, 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 8:30 p. m.