

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

How It Is Divided Among the Races in New York City.

New York City has a foreign born population of 647,000 out of a total of 1,800,000. The foreigners are: Germany, 230,000; Ireland, 200,000; Russia, 55,000; Italy, 50,000; Great Britain, 49,000; Austria, 20,000; France, 11,000; Canada and Newfoundland, 9,000; other nationalities, 14,000.

In arriving at the important point as to the number in each race who commit murder and felonious assault as gathered from the police records of eight months past we find that:

One Italian in 574 commits a felonious assault and one in 12,222 a murder.

One Irishman in 3,636 commits a felonious assault and one in 13,333 a murder.

One German in 5,476 commits a felonious assault and one in 32,857 a murder.

One Russian in 3,235 commits a felonious assault and one in 55,000 a murder.

One Frenchman in 3,666 commits a felonious assault and one in 11,000 a murder.

One Englishman in 3,266 commits a felonious assault and one in 49,000 a murder.

One Austrian in 3,625 commits a felonious assault and there were no murders among 29,000.

One North American-Britisher in 9,000 commits a felonious assault. No murder recorded among 9,000.

One Spaniard in 500 commits a felonious assault, while one Hungarian in 4,333 is guilty of this offense. Neither race furnishes a murder.

One American in 7,185 commits a felonious assault and one in 35,294 a murder.

The Chinese Have Few Words.

There are said to be but 450 words in the Chinese language, all monosyllabic. These, with different accents and intonations, are expanded into 1,250 words. Each word has many different meanings, some as many as 40.

Discretion Wins Many a Fight.

"I have met the best tennis players in the land, but I have never been beaten."

"How wonderful! Why don't you enter the tournament?"

"I never play."

The reason that an undertaker is rarely a melancholy man is because he can always bury himself in the business.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

A flower grows wherever a kind word is spoken.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Comments to public approval the California Liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

While one woman is quiet the other ninety-nine are asking her why she is.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the tongue tells the tune.

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to J. J. Hollenwerth & Co., Oswego, N.Y. Price \$1 by mail, \$1.50.

No sympathy is left for the man who is a foot thief.

For pure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malnutrition, Neuritis, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, makes old persons feel young and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

Some men pray without thinking and some think without praying.

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham—no others. 25 cents a box.

When young hearts break they knit again readily.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A verse may find him whom a rascal flies.

Shooting Pains

All over my body and swelling of my limbs have caused me great suffering. In the spring I was completely worn out and ate hardly enough to keep me alive. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling has subsided, the shooting pains are gone, I have good appetite, am better every day. MRS. A. G. OMAN, 24 Newman St., Boston. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Blood and Skin Disorders. 25c. per bottle.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

GOITRE CURED

SEND FOR FREE CIRCULAR. J. N. Kiehn, Baltimore, Md.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Emulsions and Paints which stain the hands, iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Bold Challenge."

Text: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Romans viii., 34.

"This is the last sermon I shall ever preach," said Christmas Evans on the 13th of June. The day after he died. He was a man who did not know what his text was, but I know that no man could choose a better text—though he knew it was the last he should ever preach—than the subject found in this text.

Paul flung this challenge of the text to the feet of all ecclesiastical and civil authority. He feared neither swords or lions, earth nor hell. Diocletian slew uncounted thousands under his administration, and the world has been full of persecution, but all the persecutors of the world could not frighten Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? No, no. I suppose he was very much weakened by exposure and maltreatment. Was it because he was lacking in sensitiveness? No. You find the most delicate shades of feeling playing in and out his letters and sermons. Some of his communications burst into tears. What was it that lifted Paul into this triumph mood? The thought of a Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour coming.

All the world has sang the praise of Princess Alice. One child having died of a contagious disease, she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice, but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of his everlasting love and perished that we might live. "It is Christ that died."

Can you tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the horrible death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon the scaffold we pray for his departing soul; and how could Paul—the great hearted Paul—find anything to be pleased with at the funeral of a God? Besides that Christ had only recently died, and the sorrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the death memory of a Saviour's death could Paul be exultant?

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the executioner's spear in his right hand, into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw the cross five words written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He heard in the dying groan of Christ his own groan of eternal torture taken by another.

Paul said to himself, "Did it not seem that Christ volunteered in my behalf, those would have been my mangled hands and feet, my gashed side, my crimson temples." The man of great physical endurance has something carried by heavy burdens—300 pounds, 400 pounds—and they have still said: "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry out: "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ was limitless. First, there was His own burden of hunger and thirst and bereavement and a thousand outrages that have been visited upon Him, and on top of that burden were the sorrows of His poor old mother, and on the top of those burdens the crimes of the ruffians who were executing Him.

"Stop!" you cry. "It is enough. Christ can bear no more." And Christ says, "Roll on more burdens. roll on. Me the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on Me the sins of the whole world, and then roll on Me the sins of the 4000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awful pressure, cry: "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the head and lip seems to cry out: "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says: "Roll on a greater burden, roll on the sins of the next 1000 years, roll on Me the agonies of hell, agony on the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free. That suffering purchased my deliverance. God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your witnesses," says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul. I defy you. I dare you. I challenge you. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a fiery troop, and they pound away at the gate of his soul, and they say: "We have come for your arrest. Any one of us could overcome you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender." And you open the door, and sin enters, and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their midst. You scatter those sin as quick as you can.

"It is Christ that died." Why, then, bring up to us the sins of our past life? What have we to do with those obsolete things? You know how hard it is for a wrecker to bring up anything that is lost after the ship has sunk, so suppose something be lost half way between Liverpool and New York. It cannot be found; it cannot be fished up. "Now," says God, "your sins have been cast into the depths of the sea. Mid-Atlantic! All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness and launched from the doors of eternal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins forgiven and forgotten and sunken into the depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned, it is gone. It is gone out of the books; it is gone out of the memory; it is gone out of existence." Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

From other tragedies men have come away exhausted and nervous and sleepless, but there one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night falling at midnight was the drop scene, the orchestra of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifixion. "It is Christ that died." Oh, triumphant thought!

If you go through the picture gallery of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I was told there was a great change there, that all that multitude of pictures which represented Napoleon's triumphs had been taken away, and in the frames were other pictures representative of German success and victory. Oh, that all the scenes of satanic triumph in our world might be blotted out, and that the whole world might be a picture gallery representing the triumphant Jesus! Down with the monarchy of transgression! Up with the monarchy of our King! Hail! Jesus, hail!

But I must give you the second cause of Paul's exultation. If Christ had stood in that grave, we never would have gotten out of it. The grave would have been dark and dismal as the congerie during the reign of terror, where the carts came up only to take the victims out to the scaffold. I do not wonder that the ancients took the embalming of the body to resist the dissolution of death.

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastliest, most fearful of all things. If there is no light from the resurrection throne streaming into it, but Christ stand in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Sunday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that He might fit it for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that He saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and He has flooded it with His own glory.

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gliding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when He was alive as they do now that He is dead. Gave the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash—an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the angel of the resurrection. O Jesus, from the darkness into the sunlight! Come forth and breathe the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Christ comes forth radiant, and as He steps out of the excavation of the rock He looks down into the excavation, and in the distance I see others coming hard in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long procession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot understand the scene until I see Christ wave His hand over the advancing procession from the rock of the resurrection.

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conscience. We know what we were doing. We know all the time. The plea for our eternal deliverance will be Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: "Look at all these wounds. By all these sufferings I demand the rescue of this man from sin and hell. Consider the scars, knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go free." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All, all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be dependent about anything?

"But," says some man in the audience, "all this is 'good' and very true for those who are inside the kingdom, but how about those who are outside?" Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last day of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Robespierre and the Jacobine Club. The last group of sufferers had had their heads shorn by Monchotte, the prison barber, so that the neck might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine.

The carts came up to the prison, the poor wretches were placed in the carts and driven off toward the scaffold, but while they were going toward the scaffold there was an outcry in the street, and then the shock of firearms, and then the cry: "Robespierre has failed! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretches in the carts were taken on to the scaffold and horribly died.

But that very night these monsters of persecution were seized, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the excited populace were heard pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres. It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us of the sacrifice; but, blessed be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance pounding against the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revolution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound; that where sin reigned unto death, even so grace reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorious truth! A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding!

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

A BAD woman is the best helper the devil has on earth. THERE are too many people who like to tell bad news. THE only people who live right are those who love right. THE devil's sugar-coated pills always have poison in them.

THERE is no poorer man than the rich man who never gives. THE head is never regenerated until God gets into the heart. THE devil has a tight grip on the man whose god is money.

NO one ever found the cross who did not take a burden to it. IF all Christians would keep wide awake no sinner could sleep. THIS only hard step that can be taken for Christ is the first one.

AS LONG as the saloon stays open the gates of hell cannot be shut. ONE use God makes of a good man is to prove that the devil lies. EVERYTHING in the Christian's life that is not good dishonors God.

KNOWLEDGE can help us toward God, but it cannot bring us to Him. IF you want your children to love Jesus show them His face in your life. WHENEVER the devil comes in sight of Heaven he begins to hate himself.

NO HONOR can be conferred upon the memory of a good man by a monument. THE devil's cause prospers most when Christians quarrel among themselves.

IF there is any selfishness in a man, he will be sure to crop out when he is hungry. THE serpent's head is to be bruised, no matter how big or how little it may look.

THERE is no religion in saying that other people are not as good as they ought to be. CUTTING off a rooster's spurs will generally take a good deal of wind out of his crow.

GIVING as God wants us to is the only way by which we can ever become truly rich. EVERY prayer that goes to the throne in the name of Christ is sure to be answered.

FELLOWSHIP with Christ cannot be enjoyed by those who seek happiness in their own way. THE best lighted streets are traveled the most. Wear a smile if you want to be useful.

A good thing to do on cloudy days is to try to push the clouds away from somebody else's windows. "LOVE is not puffed up." In which sense it differs from some people who occupy front seats in church.

IF it were not for the bread and butter question it wouldn't be so hard for some folks to be religious. GIVE some highly respectable men their way in this world, and the devil would never be cast out.

THERE is no use in looking for a revival in the church where the members prefer to sit ten feet apart.

An Anesthetic Made from Frogs.

A curious anesthetic used in China has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of turpentine and irritating it by prodding. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which forms a paste with the flour. This paste, when dissolved in water, has well-marked anesthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.

A Boy's Composition.

The following composition was written by a 10-year-old nephew of Josh Billings when the teacher gave him "Dogs and Cats" for a subject: "Dogs and cats always fite eech other when tha git a chance, but a dog an't no match for a kat because a kat kin make her tail bigger a ball club and run up a tree while the dogs gettin riddy."

The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread:

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonsful Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4½ by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crust too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edson, M. D.

Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

CURED ME.

Doctors Said I Could Not Live.

POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.

Mr. Wilcox is a practical farmer and Postmaster in the village where he resides, and is well known for miles around. He writes: "I had been in poor health for a long time. Four years ago the crisis came, and a number of our best physicians said I would not live a