MIDDLEBURG, PA. APRIL 21, 1892

Of the total working expenses of the railways over sixty per cent. goes in various ways to the wage carners.

While New York is talking of resuming executions by hanging. Ohio is talking of abandoning the method to try electrocution.

The Austrian method of execution seems, to the Chicago Herald, to be but a slight improvement on electrocation. The Austrians swing a halter over the neck of a murderer and string him up, while the executioner-in-chief, wearing white kid gloves, calmly beholds the victim wriggle, and two ponderous assistants pull him down by the legs.

It was remarked during the American Civil War that soldiers ordered to some Impossible service pinned papers on their clothes identifying what would shortly be the remains. This reminiscence lends interest to the fact that the Belgium Minister of War has just decided that in future each soldier will be furnished with a small bone disc bearing the name, birthplace and regunental number of the holder, so that in the event of his being killed or injured on the field of battle identification will be easy and rapid.

Instructive, declares the New York Sun, is the failure of some State-aided settlements in New Zealand, Government gives an eligible tract to a colony; if they bring thirty or more children Government builds a school; needful roads are paid for by Government, which hires the colonists themselves for the work, and these are real roads laid out and superintended by engineers. These colonies have very generally failed because the settlers argue, "The Government sent us here and the Government has got to help us out, whether we work or are idle."

Says the Argonaut: A city which it is

natural to compare with San Francisco is

Melbourne, the chief seaport of Victoria in Australia. The two cities are conval. California was admitted to the Union in 1850; Victoria was set apart from New South Wales, of which it had constituted. the southern division in 1851. In 1837 Lord Melbourne consented to give his name to the new city at the head of Port Out this butta was dataged to San France. Barber provide the san and the sporting news. No Saloon cisco. In 1851 a census gave Melbourne a population of 23,000; in 1852 another census gave Sau Francisco 34,870.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848; the like discovery was made in Australia in 1851. In 1859 the adventurous, the hopeful, the enterprising from all parts of the world flocked to San Francisco; two years later the same classes strered for the Autipodes. The two cities are certainly contemporary.

The Paddock Pure Post bill, which recently passed the United States Senata and then went to the House of Representatives, has been denounced by many newspapers as an offensive and unjust attempt to supervise the business of private citizens. The New York Sun says it "opens the way for most offensive and unnecessary inquisitron into the business of private citizens, attending to their own business in their own States; and it confers upon the Department of Agriculture extraordinary powers. It intrusts to a changing body of experts or inexperts, to be known as the Food Section of the Chemical Division of Mr. Rusk's department, the duty of analyzing or having analyzed samples of food and drugs exposed for sale in any State or Territory other than that in which they were manufactured, or in a foreign country if they are in the original package, It makes a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and impresonment, the introduction into one State or Territory from another of any food or drag adulterated or improperty branded, A drug, under the provisions of this act, is any medicine, internal or external. A food is anything plain or mixed, simple or compound, which is used for food or drink by mortal man. Every person who ships food or drugs from one State to another, or exposes the same for sale, must furnish samples to the agents of the Food Section of the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture. Refuse and it casts you from \$10 to \$100, and imprisonment for from thirty to one hundred days. Who asks for the supervision proposed by this bill? What is its real object? Why are the States not able to take care of the food and the drugs that are manufactured or sold within their limits? We need not dwell upon the opportunities which the bill offers of annoying and blackmailing manufacturers of drugs and articles of food. We have not heard that the citizens of the United States are complaining about the quality of their tood or their drugs."

# REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

The Sunday Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

TEXT: "Surely the bitterness of death is post."-I Samuel xv., 32.

So cried Agag, and the only objection I have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless it is true, and in a higher and better sense than that in which it was larged originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a very poor woman by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb was walking through the earth and no one would entertain Him. In vain He knocket at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as He was, none received Him. But coming one day to the hustof this woman, whose name was Misery, she received Him, and offered Him a few crusts and asket Him to warm Himself at the handful of coals, and she sat up all night that the wayfarar might have a pillow to rest on.

a fallow to rest on.

In the morning this divine being asked her as He departed what she would have Him do in the way of reward, and told her that He owned the inverse and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys who stole her fruit, once climism; the tree, might not be able to get down without her consent. So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After awhile Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him.
But she did not want to go, for, however
poor one's lot is, no one wan's to go with
Dooth. Then she wald to Death, "I will go with you if you will first enmis up into my over tree and bring me down a few pears select I start." This he consented to do, selere I start." This he comented to do, at having climbed into the tree he could

of a sin come down.
Then the troubles of the world began, for Death did not come. The paysicians had no patients, the undertakers no uninces, law-yers no wills to make, the people wire waited for inheritances could not get them, the old men stand in all the professions and occupa-tions so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded, and from all the earth the cry went up: "On, for Death: Where is Death:" Then the people came to the poor Death?" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympathy for the world, she consented to let Death come down ou one condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condi-tion Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have Misery

In that allegory some one has set forth the traith that I mean to present on this Easter morning, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ and our coming resurrection—that one of the grandest and mightiest merces of the earth is our divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer most unload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passen-gers enter it, so with this world. What would happen to an ocean steamer

if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a call train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all woo came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradic, What sunk that shipin the Black Sea a few days ago? Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames which, a few years ago, went down with 600 lives? Too many passengers. Now this years ago, went down this years ago, went down the control of the con

It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its staterooms and steerage about

waril was it -- no elbow room-no place walk-to privacy-nothing to est or would, like a shipwrecked crow, navto be put in small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chances would there be for the rising genera-tions? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the word the world started would keep the modern propie back and down, saying: "We are six thousand years old. Bow down, History is nothing, for we are older than history." What a mercy for the human race was death! Within a few years

After you have had fifty or sixty or see enty springtimes, you have seen enough bisessens. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or winters, you have seen enough snowstorms and felt enough chills and wrapped yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length in enough clankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough burdens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough mysteries. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exergise. cised good sense we would realize that life is quite long enough,

if we are the children of God we are at a ban-met, and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be giad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms up stairs. They are better pictured, better uphoistered, better furdefured, better uphoistered, better furnished. Why do we want to stay in the antercom forever, was a apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to

Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have won drous powers, but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrou us, outoutcarry us. The birds have both the ourth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures God that can far surpass us in some lars. Death removes this slower and less arolf machinery and makes room for some-hing letter. These eyes that can see half thing better. These ever that can see an a mile will be received for these that can a mile will be received to world. These ears, will be well as well will be received to world. ch can hear a sound a few feet off, be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These fest will be removed for powers of lessanction swifter than the removed hoof or eagle's plume of lightn-

then we have only five senses, and to these then we have only hive somes, and to have we are shut up. Why only five somes? Why not hity; why not one hundred; why not a mousand? We can have, and we will have them, but not notif this present physical them, but not until this present. Do not muchinery is put out of the way. Do not think that this body is the best that God can do for us. Goddin not half try when can do for us, to did not half try when he contrived your boddy mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and with all physiologists and with all scientists and with the pealmist that 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But I believe and I know that tiot can and will get us better

physical equipment. Is it possible for a man to make improve ment in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication. Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be

able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplication? Beneficent Death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for these supernatural improvements. So also our slow process of getting information must have a substitute.

Through prolonged stady we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book is put before us and the eye travels from word to word and from page to page, and we take

word and from page to page, and we take hole days to read the book, and if from that book of four or five hundred pages we have gained one or two profitable ideas feel we have done well. There must feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull and at the extremity of the nervous system—this centur of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures.

But God can make a better brain, and He sends Deeth to remove this inferior brain.

sends Derth to remove this inferior brain, that He may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?"
Oil, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery-new driving wheel, new bands, new leversand new powers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy. more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal tate or all their intellectual powers com-bined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made His draft of west you will be when the Albambra is

in was right when he sail, "It doth doin was right when he sail, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Bleesed be death: for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances? We cannot go far up or far down. If we go far up we get dizzy, and if we go far down we get suffocated. If men would go high up they ascend the Matterhorn or Mount Blanc or Himalaya, but what discrete have been reported. asters have been reported as they came tumbling down. Or if they went down too far, bark to the explosion of the firedamps, and see the disfigured bodies of the pour miners at the bottom of the coal shaft.

Then there are the climatological hin-drances. We run against unocopitions wentier of all sorts. Winter biggard and summer scorcii, and each season seems to hatch a brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fever and sunstrokes, and spring an fever and sunstrokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings and hatch out malarits, and winter spreads its wings and batches out pneumonia and Russian grippes, and the climate of this world is a hindranes which every man and woman and child has felt. Death is to the good transference to superior weather—weather never fickle, and never too cold, and never too but, and never too light, and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blesse I is death! for it prepares the way for change of zone, yea, it clears the path to a semiom

How often we want to be in different place. at the same time! How perplexed we get teing compelled to choose between invita-tions, between weldings, between friendly groups, between three or four places we would like to be in the same morning or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorious kindred, among the martyrs, among the apostles, in the gate, on the battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops

roan world to world as soon as a robin hops from world to world as soon as a robin hops from the property of t scientists tell us that the human body changes entirely ones in siven years, so that if you are twenty-sight years of age you have now your tourth body. If you are forty-two years of age you have had six If you are seventy years of age you have had ten bodies. Do you not, my un-behoving friend, think if God could built for you four or live or ten bodies He could really build for you one more to be called the resurrection body. Ayel to make that resurrection body will not require half as much ingenuity and power as those other bodies you have had. Is it not easier for a sculptor to make a statue out of silent clay than it would be to make a statue out of some material that is alive and moving, and

running hither and thither?
Will it not be easier for God to make the surrection body out of the silent dust of ic crumbled body than it was to make your body over five or six or eight times while it was in motion, walking, climbing, falling or was in motion, walking, climbing, falling or rising? God has already on your four or fivbodies bestowed ten times more omnipotenes than He will put upon the resurrection body. Yea, we have the foundation for the resurrection body in us now. Surgeons and physiologists say there are parts of the human body the uses of which they cannot parts are made for, but have not found out. I can tell them. They are searching what these parts are made for, but have not found out. I can tell them. They are the preliminaries of the resurrection body. God does not make anything for nothing. The uses of those now surplus parts of the body will be demonstrated when the glorified form is constructed.

Now, if Death clears the way for all this, why paint him as a hobgoblin? Why call him the king of terrors? Why think of him as a great spook? Why sketch him with skeleton and arrows, and standing on a bank of dark waters! Why have children so frightened at his name that they dare not go to bed alone, and old men have their teeth chatter lest some shortness of breath hand them over to the monster? All the ages have been busy in maligning Death, hurling repulsive metaphors at Death, slandering Death. Oh, for the sweet breath of Easter to come down on the earth. Right after the vernal equinox, and when the flower, are beginning to bloom, well may all nations with song and with congratulation and gar late's celebrate the resurrection of Christ and our own resurrection when the time i gone by, and the trumpets your through the flying clouds the harmonies that shall wake

By the empty niche of Joseph's mausoleum, by the rocks that parted to let the Lord come through, let our ideas of chang-ing worlds be forever revolutionized. If ing worlds be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, how differently we ought to think of our friends departed. The body they have put off is only as, when entering a hall lighted and resounding with musical bands, you leave your hat and cloak in the cloakroom. What our hat and cloak in the cloakroom. What ould a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him in-to the brilliant reception: What would your departed do with their boiles if they had to be encumbered with them in the king's drawing room? Gone into the light! Gone into the music! Gone into the festivity! Gone among kings and queens and con-querors! Gone to meet Elijah and hear him tell of the chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire and the substation of mounting the sapphire steeps! Gone to meet with Aloses and hear him describe the pile of black basals hear him describe the pile of black basalt that shook when the law was given! Gone to meet Paul and hear him tell how Felix trembled, and how the ship went to pieces in the breakers, and how thick was the darkness in the Mamertine dungeon! Gone to meet John Knox and John Westey and Havard More and Prancis Havard Gone Hannah More and Francis Havergal, Gone to meet the kindred wao preceded them! Why I should not wonder if they had a

larger family group there than they ever had here. Oh, how many of them have got together again! Your father and mother went years apart, but they have got to-gether, and their children that went

years ago got together sgam. Gone where they have more room! Gone where they have more jubilant society! Gone where they have mightier capacity to love you than when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into unbounded liberty! Gone out of January into January Gone out of January into

bounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about you as we always talk about absent friends and say: "I wonder when they will come up here to join us. Hark! the outside door of beaven swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Perha s they are coming?"

I was told at Johnstown after the fool that many people who had been for months and years bereft for the first time got comfort when the awful flood came to think that their departed ones were not present to see the catastrophe. As the people were floating down on the housetops they said: "On, how giad I am that father and mother are not here," or "How glad I am that the children are not alive to see this horror!" And ought not we who are down here amid the unturnings of this life be giad that none of the troubles which submerge us can ever affrich our friends agended.

unturnings of this life be glad that none of the troubles which submerge us can ever affright our friends ascended?

Before this I warrant our departed ones have been introduced to all the celebrities of heaven. Some one has said to them: "Let me introduce you to Joshua, the man who by prayer stopped two worlds for several hours. Let me make you acquainted with this group of three heroes—John Huss, Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther. Aha! here is Fenelon! Here is Archbishop Leighton! Here are Latimer and Ridley! Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is post's row.-James Montgomery and Anna Barrow-James Montgomery and Anna Bar-

Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is post's row-James Montgomery and Anna Barbauld and Horatius Bonar and Phose Palmer and Lowell Mason."

Were your departed ones fond of music? What oratoris led on by Handel and Hayden. Were they fond of pictures? What Raphaels pointing out skies with all colors wrought out into charlot wheels, wings of seraphim and coronations. Were they fond of poetry? What eternal rhythms led on by John Milton. Shall we pity our plerified kindred? No, they had better pity us. We, the shipwrecked and on a raft in the hurrithe shipwrecked and on a raft in the hurri-cane, looking up at them sailing on over calm sees, under skies that never frowned with tempests, we hoppled with chains; they lifted by wings. "Surely the bitterness of death is past.

Further, if what I have been saying is true, we should trust the Lord and be thrilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going to escape cometh. If our lives were going to end when our hearts ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first installment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford always to stay down in the ceilar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot always be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestra. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule of the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the leves angelic, and we can hear the laughter of those forever free, and the ground quakes with the bounding feet of those who have entered upon eternal play. Ushers of heaven! Open the gates! play. Ushers of heaven! Open the gates! Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music rain on us its calence. Let the hanging gardens the king breath on us their aromatics. L our releaned ones just look out and give us one glance of their glorified faces. Yes, there they are now! I see them. Bull can-not stand the vision. Close the gate, or our eyes will be quenched with the overpowering brightness. Hold back the song or our ears will never again care for earthly anthem.
Withdraw the perfume or we shall swoon in
the fragrance that human nostrils was never
made to breath.

All these thoughts are suggested as we stand this Easter morn amid the broken rocks of the Saviour'stomb, Indeed, I know that tomb has not been rebuilt for I stood in December of 1889 amid the ruins of that, the December of 1889 amid the ruins of that, the most famous sepulcher of all time. There are thousands of tombs in our Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn with more polished stone and more elaborate masonry and part of the control of the cont

world since death entered it."
I could not breathe easily for overmastering emotions as I walked down the four crumbling steps till we came abreast of the niche in which I think Christ was buried. I measured the sepulcher and four ilt fourteen and a half feet long, eight feet high, nine feet wide. It is a family tomb and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. But I rejoice to say that the tomb was empty, and that the door of the rock was gone, and the sunlight streamed in. The day that Christ rose and came forth the sepulcher was demolished forever, and no trowel of earthly masonry can ever rebuild

And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of that Governmental seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the step of the lacerated but triumphant foot of the risen Jesus we to-day celebrate with acclaim of worshiping thousands, while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the shining hosts of heaven we chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Oh, weep no more your comforts slain, The Lord is risen, He lives again.

"And now may the God of peace brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good word and work," Halleiujah! Amen.

## Flax in the West

Flax in the West is cultivated to-day on virgin or new soil very successfully; but it thrives better on soil that has been well worked, tilled and pulverized. The seeds demand plenty of fertilizer, both in the shape of well rotted, old manure and commercial fertilizers. From four hundred to six hundred pounds of mineral tertilizers, consisting chiefly of potash and phosphoric acid, are applied to the acre. The seed used is imported from Europe, as this is considered better than the flaxseed grown here. After the planting the flax requires cultivation and attention the same as any other until it attains a large, healthy growth, when it can take care of itself. It is estimated that each acre ought to yield seventy dollars' worth of seed, and about six hundred pounds of fiber. there is a market for the straw the flax growers will have their profits nearly, if not quite, doubled. Labor is also saved by the new method of gathering the straw, for the ordinary grass mower can cut the plates and bundle them into sheaths. Machinery, in fact, can perform nearly all of the work, from the time the seeds are first planted until the straw is converted into fibrous material for wearing. Flax is so exhausting to the soil that it should not be grown on the same field oftener than two out of every six or seven years, for repeating the crop upon the same ground for a number of years in succession will surely injure the soil permanently .- New York Independent.

Arizona has one of the greatest copper mines in the world. The Copper Queen is one of world wide reputation, and during 1891, with copper down to ridiculously low prices and the cost of development work running up into the millions, the mine paid a dividend of \$850,000.

# TEMPERANCE.

TE MAY DRINK, IF YE LIST.

Ye may drink, if ye list,
The red sparkling wine,
From beakers that gleam
With the gems of the vine,
Ye may quaff, if ye will,
When toe foam bends the brim From a flagon or goblet, Till your eye shall grow dim;

But I've sworn on the altar, And my soul is now free, Nor beaker, nor flagon, Nor goblet for me.

Ye may light the avenge. On ruin's wild path, Like a raging volcano In the blaze of its wrath; But your fire-created waves, All gory with blood, Shall be hissing like serpents And quenched in the flood; For I've sworn on the altar,

And my soul is now free, This hand shall no'er falter

In its warfare with thee, Then come to the altar, And come to the shrine,
Dash down your red gobiets
And your flagons of wine;
Young beroes are thronging
Where the battle's begun, And the sheen of their banners Flashes bright in the sun; When the shock of the onset, As a rock meets the flood, Shall roll back the fountains

And rivers of blood. -S. R. Pease, in the Temperance Advocate HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

What a terrible amount of indifference there is among us with regard to drunken-ness! A little intoxication is looked upon as simple thing, a more weakness; while bitual drunkenness is a terrible thing, to be sure, but we all say, "We are certainly safe from that." That brutal, red-faced sot, that breaks his wife's heart, or destroys his home, "we never will degrade ourseives as low as that." There are plenty sinch. We know it well. How do they become such? No man ever becomes such a drunkard intentionally. No man ever takes the glass in his hand and says to himself: "I have a good reputation now. I have good health, a loving wife, children who climb on my knee, and put their loving arms around my neck, but this glass will be the first step to ruin, and blast all this happinesss. This glass I know will lead to another, and in the end my wife will become a broken-hearted woman, my chilwe never will degrade ourselves as low as become a broken-hearted woman, my chil-dren will walk the streets in rags and filth, my health and reputation will be gone; but no matter, here it goes." No man intends it. Drunkenness and the whole host of evils that follow in its train come on a family gradually. Warn a man who is drinking a little; teil him what is before him. He a little; tell him what is before him. He will say: "Do you take me for a fool?" The worst drunkard lying in the slime of bestial degradation said that. No, it is not the fools that become drunkards. They know a little too much. A man says, "I know myself. I can take it or leave it." The poor drunkard of to-day who said that long ago unfortunately in severe was worden.

"he could let it alone when he had a mind to," after awhile had the mind to, but alas! to," after awhile had the mind to, but aims! did not have the power.

"Father," said a man the other day, "I'd give my right hand if I could quit it, but I can't." "I can give it up," is the cry of the young man as he enters the outer circle, but I "won't." "I would," is the cry of the despairing wretch in the vortex, "out I can't." If by sitting in a draught five persons out of every ten caught cool, and it developed into pneumonia, we would avoid a draught. So if by drinking habitually five out of So if by drinking habitually five out of every ten become drundards, why not avoid the drinking habit? The practice of total abstinence is the surest barrier against drunkenness. Touch not, taste not, is the

unfortunately in every case wound up by taking it. Many a time the man who said

p. m. For Palladelid, M. D., in a recent article and Washington, ationalist ston, on "The Progress of Temperance," cites the

safest rule.

following concerning alcoholic medication from Dr. Greene, of Boston: 'While fifty years ago American and English physicians had to offer an apology for their private dissent from the doctrine of the stimulant mongers, Dr. Greene, of Boston, holds that no sophistry can excuse the indirect encouragement which the liquor traffic receives from the precedent of medi-cal prescriptions. He says: 'As a result of cal prescriptions. thirty years of professional experience and practical observation, I feel assured that alcoholic stimulants are not required as a medicine, and I believe that many, if not a majority of, physicians to-day of education and experience are satisfied that alcoholic drugs are worse than useless, and we have only to overcome the force of habit and of prevailing fashion to find a more excellent way, and a time will come when they will all look back with wonder and surprise to find that they, as individuals and members of an honored profession, should have been so far compromised."

THE W. C. T. U. SHUT OUT.

We are just informed that the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been refused space at the World's Fair for a pavilion such as they had at the Paris Exposi-tion. The World's W. C. T. Union was inaugurated in America; it is now building in Chicago for headquarters one of the most imposing editices in that city of lofty build-ings. It will be strange, to say the least of it, if a World's Fair held in America, and in cago, cannot do what the managers of the Paris Exposition did for this same or-ganization—the largest organization of women the world has ever seen. If lack of space is to be pleaded by the managers of the space is to be pleaded by the managers of the World's Fair, we suggest that they cut down the space awarded to the brewers' exhibit. The Voice.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. There are 32,000 families homeless in London through intemperance

The Lord Mayor of London declares that ninety per cent. of the cases that are heard at the Mansion House are due to drink. Certain Peoria (III.) distillers, who were absorbed by the "Whisky Trust," and sub-sequently sold their stock propose to re-

Mary Sparks Wheeler, of Phoenixville, Penn., has been appointed Superintendent of World's Temperance Mission work, and she is to go out raising the money to help send out missionaries.

enter the distilling business upon a large

The Florida Congregational Association has entered its protest against the legalized Equor traffic in a set of splendid resolutions, designing its own influence and recommend-ing the work of the W. C. T. U. to all Christian believers.

By a decision of Judge Lacombe, domestic ine and liquor dealers who have been in the habit of falsifying the brands and labels of foreign articles, will continue to do so at their peril, a forfeit of the liquor and a fine of \$500. An appeal will likely be taken.

A year ago John Greater, a wealthy resident of Washington, Ind., while traveling on an Iron Mountain train near Baid Knob, Ark., shot and killed four men. Isudore Mover was one of the victims. Greater was sent to an insane asylum and quickly recov-ered. Mrs. Meyer then sued, and the evidence showed that Greater was simply drunk at the time; and the jury gave her a verdict of \$18,000 damages.

The Rev. Father McMahon, of Britt, In., at the close of a recent Sunday morning ser-vice called out the names of about a dozen young men, and asked them to stand in front of the altar. The men so summoned have been noted for their fast ways and especially been noted for their last ways and especially for excessive indulgence in intoxicants. Standing in the pulpit before them the priest spoke eloquently on the evils of intemper-ance and implored the young men to reform. When the appealed was ended, each one took the pledge.

Such and the second

# RELIGIOUS READING

ROLD THE TRAIN. "Madam, we miss the train at B \_\_\_"
"But can't you make it, sir" she gaspe
"Impossible! it leaves at three, "Impossible! It leaves at three,
And we are due at quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh. tell me, then,
Are you a christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No-I forgot—
I think the fellow over here,
Oiling the engine claims to be."
She three upon the confiner

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way that God will stay.
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"Twill do no good; its due at three,
And"—"Yes but God can hold the trail My dying child is calling me, And I must see her face again; b, won't you pray?" "I will"—a nod Ob. won't you pray?' 'I will'—a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the hand of God
They grasp the power that rules the ra

She threw upon the engineer A fair face, white with agony.

Out from the station swept the train On time—swept on past wood and lea; The engineer with cheeks aflame, Prayed, 'O Lord, hold the train at 1:-Then flung the throttles wide, and like Some giant monster of the plain, With panting sides and mighty strides, Past bill and valley swept the train.

A half-a minute-two-are gained. Along those burnished lines of steel His glances leap, each nerve is straine. And still he prays with fervent zeal Heart, hand and brain, with one according to the Mork while his prayer ascends to it. "Just hold the train eight minutes, L. And I'il make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow Past cottage home and green hillside The panting thing obeys his hands, And speeds along with giant strides.

rney say an accident delayed The train a little while; but He Who listened while His children pra In answer, held the train at 13-- [New Orleans P]

### WOMANLINESS PIEST,

Miss Frances E. Willard says, ed the higher education of woman take up the classics, she must lay dust-brush and broom; if, while brightens, her manners rust; i Homer is incompatible with home; if, in fine, she must put of to of womaniness ere she can wreath with laurely of colors. with laurels of scholarship, then sake of dear humanity, let her fling laurels that she may keep the cromust gain without losing or all is this her motto: Womanliness fir ward what you will."

FALSE HUMILITY, The master is robbed of much ser a false humility which belittles importance. It would not have around to the kitchen like a tram father opened the front door for and offered a full reinstatement joys and privileges of sonship, a lesson of the grand parable wh well lay to heart. We may not to place than that to which God call is quite a general tendency to humble spheres of service. S churches contract their efforts w selves and withhold their cont the Boards, because what they consignificant. Individuals the they do not stand on high pedestrone light for to shed. But if God's the Measured against ness of the work to we do not small according to the standard on a small according to the standard does not seem decision all one soldier is called upon to a can and does make use of the and the one man power very ofttimes. One Moses was purpose in bringing his church One Luther was enough to fir which set the reformation Stanley is enough for God's pla continent so far. His work ventire church enough to do ere are'redeemed in units, not in redeeming blood rescues each r from insignificance. There is member in all the is that in thy hand? Let no man tal

od

Genev

d's

ve beer

consti

one ar

was s

it to n

ended

annot c

hich I h

w lease

urden.

derful m

to every

a and b

. Printer

R. KIL

BELPING THE MINIST Wallace is seven years old.

He loves Sunday school; but, not liked going to church. It was so much pleasanter stay at home, as he was some with mamma, who is an inva to her stories from the Bible

-[Christian Intelligencer.

One day last spring a great into Wallace's life; his papa, was suddenly killed. When the next Sabbath asked "Mayn't I come home school and stay with you?"

But his lonely, heart-broke the courage to say, "No, my ber papa will not be there to the minister looks from his the empty seat, it may trou he will like to see you in pa So that morning, at the school, the little man went a

and took the seat his father from week to week, with re for years back. After service he hurried h mother: "I guess I helper cause he came and spoke to Since then, every Sunday

that he has a place to fill in When, sometimes, the us gers to that pew, the little small that they may pass in

up "papa's seat" to an Not only the paster, our hearts ache with pity. such a boy, with such a day take his good father's and the world.-[National

If the shocking traged the liquor traffic were not lar indignation against itzation would speedily on so frequent that they have ever norrible, accepted generally as a matter of a dissipated driver na city, whose drunken ha married life wretched evening flercely drunk, his wife Working his rage, he finally struck h such force that she fell ground, her right arm be he lifted the mouning wo and despite her shricks and carried her to the stove an and held her there until side were terribly hurus

Kindness comes with a tenderness from the old; of years, as if it had survive the selfishness of youth.

Advocate.

to Health"for 000

ey, Liverand

Rheum

sordere

ure !

ria, gen'l w contents of will refund to