MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 25, 1893.

# KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

TWO HEBREWS HANGED.

FIRST OF THEIR BACE TO SUPPER THE DEATH

PENALTY IN AMERICA. TUNKHANYOCK -Harris Bank and Isaac Rosenswig were hanged here for the murder of a fellow peddler named Jacob Marks on March 18, 1892. The execution forms an eroch in the criminal history of the country as the men were the first Hebrews to suffer the death penalty not only in the United States but in North America. Rabbi Radin of New York, who prepared the condemand men for death, says that only two other Hebrews were ever sentenced to death in this country-Rubenstein, in New York, who died the day before the day set for his execution, and the other was converted to Protestantism. A number of Hebrews of Wilkesbarre have obtained permission to bury the bodies according to the rites of the church

MINE INSPECTION REPORTS.

BITUMINOUS FRODUCT EXCREDED THE ANTHRA-CITE, THE INNORANCE OF FOREIGNERS CAUSED MANY DEATHS.

HARRISHUBI.—The report of the mine in-spectors for 1832 have been received at the department of internal affairs. The total production shown for the eight districts of the anthracite region was 45,831,000 tons. In that region the number of lives lost was less than during 1891 except in the Eighth district, which includes part of Schuyikill district, which includes part of Schuyikill and Carbon countries. The bituminous coal region is also divided

into eight districts, and the total i roduction for 1892 was 40,018-247 tons.

In the First district, comprising parts of Allegheny, Westmoreland and Fayette counties, there were 24 fatal accidents, four more than in the previous year. The num-ber of non-fafal accidents was of: number of days work, 10.500 Inspector Louitit reports a general disposition on the part of the operators to obey the provisions of the law relative to the safety of employes. These were 74 mines operated, three abandoned and five opened. The number of persons employed inside was 9.089 and outside, 2,-919. The number of days that 64 mines and five opened.

werein operation was 221.

In the Third district, composed of parts of Indians, Westmoreland and Jefferson counties and the whole of Armstring, Butler Clarion, Lawrence and Mercer, twere 2 fatal and 26 non-fatal accidents. the latter were caused by falls of roof, 10 by fails of coal and S by mine wagons. The mines in the Fourth district composed of McKean, Potter, Tioga, Bradford, Sullivan, Jefferson, Lycoming Clinton and Cambria countles and a portion of Jefferson are reported to be in much improved condition. The number of fatal accidents increased, while those not fatal diminished. Four of fatal accidents were accidental and the others were lardely due to the care essness

of miners.
In the Fifth district comprising parts of Fayette and Somerset, there were 23 fatal accidents, 18 of which were caused by falls of roof and the others by mine wagons. Of 60 non fatal accidents, 10 were caused by fails of roof and 33 by min- wazons.

In the Sixth district comprising the whole of Cambria and Blair counties, and portions of Clearfield, Indiana Jefferson, Westmore and and Somerset countries, the num-ber of faval accidents was 14. The accidents a the fact that those killed were foreigners, and did not appreciate the dangers to which they were exposed.

The Seventh district is composed of Allegheny, Washington and Westmoreland counties. Inspector Blick reports the num-ber of fatal and serious personal injuries on the increase, because of the large number of foreigners employed in the mines in the district. The number of fatal accidents was 28, and the number of non-fatal accidents 56. Of the 14 men killed by falls of coal and slate, 7 were incommetent. Three others and state, twere incompetent. Three others lost their lives by their own carelessness, little kighth district, composed of Bedford. Center and Huntingdon countries, and a part of Clearfield county. 12 fatalities and 56 non-fatal accidents were reported. 12 fatalities and

ATTACKED BY A ROOSTER.

PHILADELPHIA -The 2 year-old son of Mrs Susan Ehlron of No. 54 B odgett street has just list a narrow escape from being killed by a large game rouster that attacked him in a victoris manner. The child was playing on a vacant lot near his home when playing on a vacant lot near his home when the fowl, the property of a resident in the heighborhood, flew at him and piercel his cheek with its sharp spors. The child was too frightened to run a way, and the rooster repeatedly attacked him, each time plunging its spurs into the little one's face and neck. A woman who heart the child's screams ran to his assistance and beat the resident of with a child a displayant way. poster off with a club. A physician was summonded, who pronounced the child's injuries of a serious nature. A warran, was sworn out for the arrest of the owner of the bird, which is said to have attacked and seriously injured other children.

WILL OF FOUR PERCENT.
WILESBARRE - Assignee W.H. Stoddard, of the dyfunct banking house of F. V. Rocksfellow, has filed his first partial account with the court. Four per cent of the \$500.00 represented by the depositors will be paid. This is about the limit of the

A regume train on the J & B division of A restain train on the J & I. division of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg road, north of Du Bos, randown a heavy grade and collided with a work train, Wednesday alternoon. A freight brakeman was killed and three of the mes on the work train were bursed under the wreck. The wreck took fire consuming the bree bodies.

SAMUEL CORNELIUS and William Cleits were carrying a carboy of sulphuric acid into Borbsker's drug store. New Brighton, when the neck of the carboy struck against the wal, breaking it and smiling the con-tents on the unfortunate men. They were

norribly burned and may not recover Near Kensington a big of lamp used to heat a chicken incubator exploded in the

poultry vard of J. B. Sutton, on the Free-port road, causing a fire, in which 250 chick-ens were roasted alive, besides, destroying several hundred eggs in the incubator. John Bowney, charged with killing Ste-

was been sentenced a year and three months in the penit ntiary.

On Friday a set of counterfeiting dies was found near the residence of Jacob Koontz, in Springfield township. Somerset county, by some school children. They also found about \$100 in dollars and 50-cent pieces of the spurious coin

CHARLES WALKER, of Allegheny county convicted at Carlisle of robbing the general store of J. D. Rowe, at Shepherdstown, se-curing some \$8,000 in cash and papers, was ced to seven years in the Eastern Pen-

The recent recommendation of Acting Register Smith, of the United States Treasury, for the destruction of \$152,000,000 of unissued registered 4% per cent bonds of the funded loan of 1891 has been approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the bonds will be destroyed in accordance with the recommendation, specimens of the same being retained after osnocilition.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

"Love, 1 -9 " cooeth the dove, Down in se now green wheat, Flecking the dew from the shimmering blages With each trip-of his little pink feet.

"Love, love !" answereth dove Up on the sunny hill, Where she hovers around-till the new nest

be found-The shell of the old nest still.

Peep, peep : gentle as sleep Creepeth the meadow grass,

Emerald-green, with a silvery sheen Where the glamouring sunbeams pass, Bright, bright, to the amorous light, Leapeth the tender leaves,

While ellent below, to the rivulet's flow The water-rush wakes and weaves.

When lo! cometh rain on the lattice-pane, And falleth all night and day :-Then finsheth the sun on the woodlands dun.

And driveth the mists away.

And high in the boughs where the south wind somehs. The mocking-birds whirl and sing : The new earth is born! 'Tis Creation's

The pledge of God's love is spring. -Belle Hunt, in Frank Leslie's Weekly

### MISS WINGATE

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



UCKLEY was bashful. That was how his business partner, John Harriman, explained his being still a bachelor at thirtyseven.

"Best fellow in the wide world!" Mr. Harriman would declare, emphatically, "And he'd make a superfine husband for any woman-a No. 1! I know him. But he's bashful. Couldn't make up to a woman to save

his neck-wouldn't bother to try. But he's all right!" And Mr. Harriman was wont to drift off into a warm enumeration of Lis partner's endless virtues.

But on this frosty February morning Mr. Buckley's admirable qualities seemed to be under a cloud, as it were. He marched into the office and deposited his umbrella in the corner with a

His handsome face was sombre, his bright and smiling eyes were frowning. Mr. Buckley was feeling cross, And why? Be it recorded to his shame that he had eaten too late and too much at a stag-party the evening previous, smoked too many cigars, and wakened with a headache and the

He should have got to the office earlier that morning, since Harriman and the fact that it was after nine o'clock made him grumpier still.

He whirled around in his swivelchair and jerked a dozen papers out of a drawer in his desk, having thrown the merest glance at the young lady who was seated at the typewriter in an opposite corner, busily working it.

He remembered that a new typewriter was to begin her engagement with them that morning, but he remembered it without a quiver of in-

The carrier brought in the morning's mail.

"Late, aren't you?" said Mr. Buch ley, shortly.

And the man murmured apologet-

"Turn off that heat!" Mr. Buckley said to the office boy, who, astonished at his employer's unwonted crustiness,

turned it off hurriedly. Mr. Buckley growled softly over the first letter he opened.

"Long & Beverley will be complaining of something or other in Paradise,

I suppose—if they get there!" he muttered. And he dashed off a reply to the offending firm, more blunt than his prodence usually permitted him to make his business letters. The chirography

was carelessly rough, however, and he took it over to the typewriter. "Kindly transfer this," he said. He did not look at her, and he had forgotten her existence, when her voice -a pretty voice-sounded presently.

"I cannot make out this sentence, the said : "Your complaint regarding our last bill, sent you on Documber 19, strikes measbeing.

"I don't see the sense of it," said the typewriter, pushing back a blonde lock from a pair of lovely darks eyes-

had Mr. Buckley seen them. "Strikes me as being unreasonable, as it were," Mr. Buckley corrected. ""Unreasonable isn't here," said the

typewriter, "I wrote it," Mr. Buckley re-

sponded. "I can insert it, though," said the ypewriter, in a calmway, which made Mr. Buckley frown over his letters.

She was cool, certainly-almost impertinent. Her machine rattled for a space.

"Didn't you mean twenty-two hundred pounds?" said the typewriter. "Didn't I say so?" Mr. Buckley demanded.

"You said twenty-two thousand: and there is a word omitted here-Mr. Buckley dropped his pen with a sounding crack. "Will you be so good, Miss-"

"Miss Wingate," the typewriter supplemented, low-voiced. 'so good as to complete the lotter witnout troubling me further?" said

The sale of the first of the sale of the s

Mr. Buckley, distinctly. "I am not accustomed to criticisms and correc- ing to keep her." tions from my typewriter. I lay out your work and expect you to do it, and latter, sitting in his cosy, firelighted to do it, and to do it quietly. I don't

"I presume you wish your letters to be correct?" said the typewriter,

crisply. "I am the best judge of what is correct" Mr. Buckley answered, with some sternness.

"But this letter!" Miss Wingste cried, softly, yet with the breathlessness of indignation. "It wasn't-why, it wasn't-st all-"

"Kindly finish it," said Mr. Buck-

ley, in tones conclusive. There was silence for ten minutes: then Mr. Buckley, feeling uneasy and vexed and conscience-stricken, turned and glanced at his typewriter.
"Miss Wingate—" he said, falter-

She was sitting with her back to him, her fair head bent on her hand, her fingers idle. "I-Miss Wingste-" stammered

Mr. Buckley. He grew red in the face; he pushed his chair back and marched over to her. There was nothing to be seen save thick, blonde braids. He strode around and faced her.

She got up hurriedly, her face averted, but he pulled her back gently to her chair, and sat down himself in such a way as to pin her into her cor-

He was much flushed-the more so because a pair of beautiful brown eyes were raised to his. They were moist, and the typewriter's sweet, full lips were tremulous.

"I am sorry if I-I am sorry. Miss Wingste-very sorry!" Mr. Buckley

The girl before him was refined, lovely, lovable, charming. That his masculine eyes saw on the instant, and he felt himself the most miserable man on earth.

"I was trying to do it right!" the

typewriter faltered. "I meant to."
"Oh, I know it!" Mr. Buckley responded, unhappily. "I don't know what ailed me—that is, I do know! I'm cross to day. I don't feel exactly well, and-of course that does not excuse me," said Mr. Buckley, letting his eye rove, disconsolately, pleadingly, from her soft curls to her pretty, round chin. "I have been rude in the extreme. I ask your pardon, Miss Wingate!"

But Miss Wingate lowered her thick lashes in silence, her straight nose rather high.

"It makes me feel-wretched!" said

Mr. Buckley. He stared at the typewriter as though dazed or hypnotized. It was not her beauty alone; it was her look of brightness and her pretty pride and her sweetness which thrilled and confused him-which caused him to feel as he had never felt before.

"I supposed you wanted it corrected," Miss Wingate said, with relenting symptoms.

"I did. I was a bear-a-a-" "Never mind it," said the type-writer, with a sudden, bright, upward smile. "I won't if you don't," he wered.

She flushed a little as she met his gaze." A soft radiance overspread Mr. Buckley's distressed face. He was sitting

somewhat close to his typewriter, but he did not move. There was a speaking silence. The office boy, in a far corner, grinned faintly. But the next instant Mr. Buckley

rose hastily and pushed back his chair. The door had opened to admit Mr. Harriman, his partner.

"Oh, there you are !" said Mr. Harriman, looking at the typewriter. "I get to the station and met Farnham just coming in, so I didn't go on to West Amboy, after all," he exclaimed.

"So you did come?" said Mr. Harriman, smiling at Miss Wingate with a familiarity which roused his partner's wrath. "I didn't think you would." Coming nearer, he patted Miss Win-

gate's cheek with two fingers. Mr. Euckley's blood boiled; but Mr. Harriman took off his overcoat calmly.

"You're acquainted by this time, I reckon," he said; "but to perform my formal duty. Kitty, Mr. Buckleymy niece, Miss Wingate, Buckley.

Poor Mr. Buckley! Miss Wingate glanced at him, and then dropped her soft eyes in sheer pity. He was a touching sight.

"She's been learning typewriting for fun of it, you see, Buckley," Mr. Harriman continued, "and when I mentioned to her that our typewriter had failed us-Miss Peace sent me word yesterday that she couldn't come till Friday-Kitty said she could fill the bill, and she would, and she marched off down here this morning like a little major. How has she been, anyhow? \$2 each.

Satisfactory?" "Eminently," said Mr. Buckley,

But he gazed at Mr. Harriman's niece with his handsome face eloquent with many emotions.

"I'm sorry," she said, very sweetly, sold f very prettily. "I did mean to tell \$200. you, indeed; I was going to say who I am, only you were so-so short with me that I was almost frightened.

"And you thought you would pay me back.

"No," Miss Wingute protested. "But you did. And I'm glad you did. I don't feel so miserable about my behavior. I think, Miss Wingate, that we are square, aren't we? Even?"

Miss Wingate, rising and pretending to stretch tired hands, looked up at him with a vivid little smile. And again that odd confusion seized upon Mr. Buckley-that feeling such as he had never known. "We are going to keep Kitty, you

know," said Mr. Harriman, who was looking for a means of turning on the heat which Mr. Buckley's touchiness had caused to be turned off. "Her aunt and I are lonesome, and we're go-But Mr. Harriman, a few months

somewhat close together on the corner sofa, where the light fell dim-Mr. Harriman recalled that same remark of

"I said we were going to keep her, eh, Buckley? Recollect it?" he demanded, with seeming wrath.

"You said so," said Mr. Buckley calmly, pressing Miss Wingate's yield-ing hand between his own, "but I knew better—I knew better."—Saturday Night.

#### Sitting Bull at a Theatre.

Fifteen years ago times were lively in "Dakota," and Fargo was a booming town of 12,000 people. Half a dozen theatrical enterprises were in full blast, and a seventh manager opened a new house, the magnificence of which far outshone those of its competitors. The theatre was to be opened on Monday evening, and that morning the train from the West brought the great Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, with a small party of Indians who were en route to Washington to see the great Father. The new management secured the attendance of the warriors for the opening of his house, and the hundreds of "tenderfeet" who had never yet seen a real Indian in war paint paid fabulons prices for seats.

Sitting Bull and his warriors were on hand early, gaudily arrayed in feathers, headdress, bended blankets and wampum. They were seated in the centre aisle in the space between the orchestra railing and front row of parquet. The red men preserved their monumental stoicism, and throughout the entertainment not a smile wrinkled their faces. Each one of them carried a short vainted stick, one end of which was split.

Into the split was thrust a small piece of looking-glass. Occasionally the Indians held the mirrors up before their eyes and took a careful survey of the audience behind them. This enabled them to see what was going on all over the house without shifting their position. The closing feature of the programme was an act performed by a female trapeze performer who was advertized to possess wonderful strength in her jaws.

The stage manager announced that she would hang suspended from the trapeze bar by her knees and support a heavy cannon with her teeth while it was discharged. At sight of the cannon Sitting Bull and his men began to show signs of uneasiness. They shifted Two about in their seats nervously. men lifted the cannon and left it dangling from the woman's jaws. The muzzle of the weapon swung on a level

with the Indians' headdress. Sitting Bull and his warriors by this time had become extremely nervous, They looked at each other inquiringly, as if they suspected that they had been drawn into a trap and were to be deliberately slaughtered. They jabbered to each other excitedly and two or three times so far forgot their stoicism as to look over their shoulders. Finally, everything was in readiness; the stage manager stepped back, gave the string that he held a jerk, there was a flash and a roar, and out of the cloud of smoke that shot into the parquet Sitting Bull and his warriors sprang, wildly shouting as they made their way down the aisle, striking madly right and left with the long-stemmed stone pipes which they carried. No attempt was made by the audience to stop the Indians, who made their way outside and didn't stop running until they reached the hotel. For once the fearless chief of the Sioux was unnerved .-Kate Field's Washington.

### Selling a Menageric.

The great Wombwell's Royal Windsors Menagerie was recently sold by auction in London, the animals bringing but indifferent prices.

The cockatoos went off at \$2 apiece. Some of the parrots brought higher prices, one going at \$15, this bird being able to speak in two languages with equal fluency. One parrot carefully described, in four languages, each signifying "Mealy Amazon," aroused a wild spirit of competition and was knocked down at \$17. Two vultures were found to be worth only \$20.

The pelicans took no interest in the sale, although many complimentary things were said of him, and was sold

for \$20. When the cassowary was reached prices had gone up, and he went for \$98; but they tumbled when the monkey cage was reached, and these little

fellows were bought for \$2 each. The porcupines brought \$15, the civet cat \$18, the Malayan bear \$23,

ocelot \$17, while the jackals went for The kargaroo was considered valuable and brought \$75, but the sacred

Indian zebu sold for \$11 only. One of the "baby" lions was handed around and caressed amid much growling. A five months' pair of these were sold for \$240, a four months' pair for

The great lion, the piece de resistance of the auction, a magnificent specimen, only brought \$800, while a royal Bengal tiger went for \$625.

Two lions and a lioness brought \$1200, three leopards \$875, and a handsome jaguar - which the auctioneer called a jag-u-ar—was knocked down for \$140.—New York Journal.

### A Three-Decker Pie.

Three-decker porpoise pie is an old time whaling delicacy. It is made by spreading the bottom of a copper kettle with "duff." Upon this goes a layer of porpoise in chunks, then a layer of duff, and so on until the name threedecker is justified. The several strata are then cooked together, and when the pie is done it is cut in wedges. Each piece is about a foot thick, and the share of each man is obtained by dividing \$60, the number of degrees in a circumference, by the number of persons on board. The quotient repsquare hall, his wife being beside him rescuts the number of degrees to the

## TEMPERANCE.

WHAT DO YOU CARE? Strong nen are falling on every hand.
Havoc ippalling is wrought in the land.
Pestilene, famine and war are outdone—
Never pore damning ill under the sun—
Highestand lowest are caught in the snare
Statesmin and patriots, what do you care?

Women are weeping worn hearts away, Fastingand watch keeping day after day. Tremblingly waiting steps that were dear, Love sorred to hating, hope chilled to fear. Weak breath more than the strongest can Chivalrius husbands, what do you care?

Children are crying for love and for bread. Needlessy dying, happy when dead; Carrying friendless hearts made for fun Through shadows endless, life just begun: Aimlossy wandering, hungry and bare; Fathers and mothers, what do you care?

Babes are polluted, cursed from their birt's Parentsembruted fixing their worth, Infancy prized by the Spirit of Wine— The molern Moloch—is burnt at his shrine;

The motern Moloch—is burnt at his Daily his pricets for their altars prepare: Champions of Christendom, what do you Daily the weak to slavery sink. Vainly they seek escape from the drink; Household and neighbor, involved in their

thrail, Pruitiesiy labor to break the fall, Piteousy rises the victim's prayer. Lovers of freedom, what do you care?

Jesus ly dying liberty gave.

Love self-denying only can save.

Light b its strength is the temperance cross, Glorious at length the gain of its loss.

Passiot and triumph Love lasks us to share, Friends of the Saviour, what do you care?

—I. F. B. Tinling, in the Voice. GROO ON BRITISH WAR SHIPS.

Visiters to the British flagship Blake noted with some surprise that regularly every day at noon a ration of "grog" is served out to her 500 sailors. This ancient custom, it seems, is still maintained in the British navy, though it was abolished in the American service It was abolished in the American service many years ago. Yankee man-o'-warsmen do not seem to have suffered by it either, if the result of the series of international boat races count for anything. They have won every bontest in which they have entered, and once ortwice their grog-drinking Eritish cousins have brought up the rear of the procession—Boston Journal. cession - Boston Journal

PUBLIC SAPETY. The general public is entitled to the max'mum of security for property and person. It pays for that. It wants sober conductors engineers, firemen, brakemen and switch-tenders. As a rule its wants in this respect are gratified. No railroad company would dare to employ an inebriate in any one of these positions. But the tendebey is to go further, and to refuse to employ any drink-ing man, whether a drunkard or not. No rational man will employ a drinking coach-man. No factory will employ a drinking engineer, supposing the business to be well managed. Few will employ a doctor who is know to drink habitually, and to an extent to cause remark. These consequences may deter some from evil living. Philadelphia

North American. BATAN S SHARE. There is an ancient fable which tell us that while Noah was planting the vineyard, the devil approached him and inquired what he was doing. "Planting a vineyard," replied Noah. "Hum?" grunted Satan, "what's the ase of a vineyard?" To which Noah gave suswer that "its fruit is sweet and good, and is wine gladdens the taste." Whereupon satas, seeing here a good chance for specuation, proposed that they work it on shares, which was agreed upon, and immediately the ievi brought a llon, a bog and a monkey, ind mingled their blood with the soil. Therefore, if a man eats only of the truit of the vineyard, he is as innocent as a lamb, if he drinks wine, he imagines himself a llon, and falls into mischief, if he drinks habitually, he becomes as selfish and unmanuerry as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbers and

jumps about, and is silly and nasty, like a monkey.—Sacred Heart Review. DRINGING HERE AND ACCOAD. In spite of the widespread impression that the United States are a Nation of drungards, its people are in reality the appearest and most temperate in the world, according to the Troy (N. Y.) Times. Whatever drunkenness we have to endure comes chiefly from abroad brought here by people who retain their old world habits, or transmitted by them in the nature of appetite to their children born here. Except for this constant accession to the drunkard list by importation not more than one man in 10,000 among us would be a

drunkard. Our best and most temperate foreign pop-ulation comes from the United Kingdom. But in that country the drink bill for 1891 is placed by Dr. Dawson Burns, of the United Kingdom alilance, at \$705,000,000. In the United States in 1890, according to Wilbur F. Copeland, of the Voice, the drink bill was 21,131,000,000, or about sixty per cent, larger than in the United Kingdom, though the popuiation is eighty per cent. larger, the wealth a cuarter larger, and the average drink twice as high in price. Taking into consideration all these facts, our liquor consumption is not more than one-half that of the next soberest

country in the world.

The accommodations for getting drunk are also greater in the "mother country" than here. In Engiand and Wales, with less than half the population of the United States, crowded into an area about equal to New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, there are 128,000 public houses or drinking places, while in this entire country there are only 141,000, or ten per cent. more. The compact population of England and Wales has a pub every 173 persons: in this country the average proportion is considerably less. Even in New York, the essentially foreign city, there is only one licensed saloon for every 200 inhabi-tants, while in Philadelphia the proportion cants, while in Philadelphia the proportion is about one per thousand. In most of the cities of the country the saloons are closed by law on Sunday; in all of the United Kingdom the law permits them to remain open. The difference in the habits of the people of the two Nations is due mainly to the agitation of the question that has been going on here for seventy years and the legislation here for seventy years and the legislation which has been the fruit thereof. In England there has never been any such temperance agitation or any restrictive act passed by Par-

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Of the 51,000 broweries estimated to be in the world 26,000 are in Germany.

In Christiana, with its 160,000 inhabitants there are only twenty-seven places where liquor is retailed.

It is estimated that of every hundred dollars paid out for drink, sixty dollars are from the pockets of working men. The Aligemeine Zeitung, of Munich, says "Experience in Germany, as elsewhere, has proved that the dangerous alcohol pest can-not be fought determinedly except by radical

The number of suicides in Paris last year was 1930, two hundred and forty-three being by hanging. The growth of spirit-drinking is credited with being an important factor in the remarkable increase.

# RELIGIOUS READIN

BEAR OUT THE BANNER. Bear out the banner from the wall, Obedient to our Captain's call; Be one in heart and one in tongue, Let all the army swell the song:—

CHORUS:-

Now be the banner full unfurled. The Cross or Christ uplifts the wo In love for God and love for man. We hold the Cross high in the van— The symbol of almighty grace, To full emancipate our race.

CHORUS:-Says Jesus, "Go, my gospel preach, And my divine commandments tend My message of salvation send, Lo, I am with you to the end."

CHORUS:-Loud sound the trumpet, call the has Before us goes the Holy Ghost; By words of Christ shall idols fall And earth shall crown bim Lordoft

CHORUS :--[Rev. F. Dens

LIGHT AND JOY.

I want to show you how the work of does create a joy-making people. At as ever we are converted, what is one first things that come of It? Why, joy morning I found Christ it snowed very The snowfakes fluttered around as white doves, as I went home; and I is as light as those, for my soul was a lighter than snow. It was not a given than snow in the state of the stat

Was it not so with you on the day of new birth?

Were you not as happy as ever you; be when you first found the Saviour's you see, the Lord creates joy; and it; ter still further on. When the creat God goes on, and a man is helped to a sin, when the work of grace in his sour and increases, he cries! "Thanks be n which giveth us the victory"; and he s creased joy in his soul over every co-sin. When you and I see sin sub-we not feel happy?

Whenever the news comes to me a or a woman is saved from the str when I bear of a bard-hearted sho penting, I rejoice in the Lord. Convidays are our high holidays; revivals a jubilees. Thus the Lord gives us opposed ties for joy and rejoicing as his new-ra work proceeds stage by stage. Bette are in store, it may be: and I trust in years to come we shall more and me hold God working and shall rejoice t But by and by there will be a still

We shall enter into heaven, and the be joy among the angels and joy heart over God's new creation-work will proceed at a glorious rate, nations will be converted to God. not when or exactly how, but the da come when Christ shall reign from pole. And what a joy that shall be shall indeed be glad in that which G atcs, as the islands of the sea shall; his praise! Then Christ the Lord will and what rejoicing there will be in day when he has fully feshioned th earth and the new heavens! His as people, the seed of Abraham, shi gathered in with exultation. We will our bands when the long wandering shall turn unto the true God, and on shall turn unto the true God, and ow rejected Messiah of the house of David Gentlies will not be jealous. They w joice as the Jew comes in; and then w Jews rejoice over the Gentiles, as th

them worshipping Abraham's God. Everything that is to come in the future flashes light into the eyes of beil and calls upon them to rejoice in ant tion. Nothing prophesied should be dr by us. There is nothing foretold by a beheld in vision that can alarm the tists. He can stand serenely on brink of the great eternity and "Come on! Let every event told become a fact! Pour out your vis angels! Come, Gog and Magog, to its great battle of Armageddon!" Nothin be dreaded, nothing is to be feared by who are one with Jesus. To us remain thing but joy and rejoicing, for Gol made his people a rejoicing; yea, his a a joy.—[C. H. Spurgeon.

"BY NAME." In the wilderness wanderings, t mighty God uttered words to Mose ever seemed to me to involve a we meaning far greater than appear their surface. "And the Lord said to I will do this thing also that the spoken: for thou has found grace sight, and I know thee by name." and glory! What familiarity! what and glory! None! ut a friend could friend by name! And what must it to be the friend of the Deity itself! this is sure for any one of us, whom

knows and cads by name.

The prophet compares the starry a flock of sheep, scattered through it of space. "Lift up your eyes on life behold who hath created these, that behold who hath created these, that out their host by number: he called by names, by the greatness of lies for that he is strong of power: a faileth." But surely one, for whom died, is worth more to Him than all the control of the of heaven! And if the stars are so so cause He is responsible to maininguide them, shall not we too be equal whom He calleth by name? Wen have entered into such intimate relati with us, if that were not to issue in a

nal union?

Three is one sure sign of the true Three is one sure sign of the true of "They know His voice." They citinguish its sweet tones among at sounds; and to hear is to obey, "He's them not." In heaven He is said to be redeemed as a flock, and to lead them. tain to another deeper and deeper in heart of heaven. But this gracious is equally His work on earth. He is leading us out-out from the old new: out from the familiar to the out from the attained to the unattain from experiences and confessions have become familiar, to the glorion sibilities of Christian tiving. These is come in many delicate and tender was circumstances, by friendships, by hos passages of Scripture; but when they it will well repay us to obey and the will well repay us to obey and there is no experience in the Blesse in which Jesus will not lead us, if of are faithful to the slightest intinsish His will.—[Rev. F. B. Meyer, in Branches

SYMPATHY. It is not merely the words and the

It is not merely the words and the into which they are cast when symple expressed that will do good, though itimes, when delicately and appropriate appropriate the sortowing one will provided, the sortowing one will provided the form of their own sake, that they may future day be applied to the healing of elsewhere. There is value in the sexpression of unexpected interest and concern. It deprives sorrow of the miless inseparable feeling of loneliness. less inseparable feeling of loneliness a proof to the stricken heart that the is shared by others. With God's bies applies help and comfort. He so words at command will do well to us As the Catholic goes to its readers to-day an unfortunate man in this city pays the penalty of his misdeeds on the gallows. At one end was whisky, then the murder, now the hangman's rope. They all fit.—Pittsburg Catholic.

What is the good of "moderate drinking" any way you please to look at it? Can't men manage to be social without sticking their goes in the same beer bottle or pouring some of the same heer bottle or pouring some of the same heer. The Moravian is the same heer bottle or pour her bottle or b

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