

HUMBLE WORKERS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS FOR MOD- EST CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

Not Opportunity and Accomplishment, but Genuine Effort the Standard of God's Justice—A Word for the Nobodies in Life's Battle.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Dr. Talmage today preached his second sermon since coming to the national capital. If possible, the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I Samuel xxx, 24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters you have no idea of the amount of baggage—20 loads, 50 loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expedition, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march 30 miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of those crippled and aged wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in slings, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowardly shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage the Lord watches the sentinels.

Taken by Surprise.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyrations of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings and necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond studded, and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth of plate, and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maddened and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsome drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil war more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccupping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzzas. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says, "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonian garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulents, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no ap-

petite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekites banquet, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Stay at Home.

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman, coming to this land, brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas, that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say, "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars hill, I shall never defy the diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital."

There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school, and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminaries. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Another Class of Workers.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give \$1 and to the other you give \$20. Do you reward the boy that you gave \$20 for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with \$1? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence, or twenty times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you have twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair; that would not be right. These 200 men of the text who tarried by the brook Besor did their whole duty. They watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the watering place, and he flashes past, and you say, "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer; that is the great banker; that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his key off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and he sits away while his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investment this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River railroad, Pennsylvania railroad, Erie railroad, New York and New Haven railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors, but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the carelessness of an engineer or the unfaithfulness of a switch-

man, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Tarrying by the Stuff.

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, yet everlasting service? Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a book-worm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education! His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room, and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: 'Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do.' The mother says: 'Yes; I will get along without any hired help. Although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help.' The father says, 'Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance.' Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on a rigid—yes, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come, and the professors walk on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years; he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale, and then they are very much flushed. Ed gets the garlands, and the old fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self sacrifices made for others he will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Has Beens.

There is high encouragement in this subject also for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These two hundred men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battleax. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the Soldiers' hospital in Paris and I saw these sons of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame, they were all aged. Did the French government turn off those old

soldiers to die in want? No. Their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord is going to turn off his old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they tarried by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those creases in the face are wrinkles? No. They are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities. Now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think he has forgotten their services.

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs, and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on, and they push you up, and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes; that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes; she was with me in the last sickness!" And then the cry will go round the circle: "Come in, come in, come in, come in! We saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'"

The Veterans and the Nobodies.

There is high consolation also in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here today. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life, their names marked on the roll of the general assembly, or of the association, emeritus. They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached 50 years ago on the same subject. They preached more gospel for \$400 a year than some of their successors preach on \$4,000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church, and near by in another pew there are a husband and a wife and a row of children. And after the benediction the lady comes up and says, "Father, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me, and you married me, and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "My eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balklavas and have taken more Sevastopoles than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day standing in the brant of the fray shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought God through the Methodism which he founded he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who, with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched wornout garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder and called them nobodies and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillars and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card table and those cutting passions which attend them.—Steele.

INDUSTRY MENACED.

PROTECTIONISTS THREATEN FREE RAW MATERIALS.

A Return to the High Tariff Policy of Reed and McKinley Would Be a Serious Blow to Manufacturers and Workingmen. Industrial Peace Must Be Maintained.

As evidence of the danger threatened American manufacturers and workingmen by agitation against the new tariff the official returns of trade show that the imports of free raw materials of industry in the seven months ended in July amounted in value to \$105,122,554 against \$62,277,398 in the corresponding period of 1894, says the Philadelphia Record. This enormous increase in the imports of the crude materials of manufacture bears emphatic testimony to the rapid growth of American industries in the new era of freedom that is opened to them. These raw materials consist of wool, hides, hemp, flax, jute, wood and many other articles which cannot be obtained in sufficient abundance in this country. When duties are imposed on them, as in the McKinley tariff, their importation is obstructed, and American manufactures consequently languish.

While the threats of the protectionists are mainly directed against free wool, their policy threatens all free raw materials. There is as much reason for imposing high protective duties on hides, skins, flax, hemp, lumber, etc., as on wool. It is not forgotten that when the McKinley tariff was in the committee on ways and means a majority of the committee proposed to put a protective duty on hides. The chief influence in favor of this duty was the great dressed beef combination in Chicago. But the angry protests of the tanners throughout the country and of the shoemakers in Massachusetts drove the Republicans in congress from their purpose. Hides were struck out of the bill, and the duties on wool were heavily increased. Many sincere protectionists deplored the inconsistency of a measure that taxed the raw materials of the woolen manufacturers and gave the manufacturers of leather goods their materials free. These honest protectionists could not see why the hide of an ox should not be taxed, as well as the wool of a sheep.

If the Republicans obtain sufficient power to re-enact the wool duties, as they threaten, a consistent policy will require them to restore the duties on hides, flax, hemp, lumber and all other raw materials of American industries. Every protectionist must recognize that it is rank injustice to single out the raw material of the woolen manufacturers and exempt the rest from taxation. Besides as long as any raw materials remain free they are object lessons teaching the benefits of free trade. While free wool is openly threatened, all other free raw materials are covertly menaced in the Republican attacks on the new tariff. Should the followers of Governor McKinley and ex-Speaker Reed ever be permitted to frame another tariff bill, they will slash the free list as it never was slashed before. The manufacturers and workingmen of the country whose materials are wool, flax, hemp, jute, hides, wood, dyestuffs, chemicals, etc., cannot too earnestly consider the inevitable consequences of a high tariff reaction. It must be evident to these and to all other manufacturers that their interest in maintaining the industrial peace is bound up with the policy of the Democratic party.

NO MORE TINKERING.

People Are Averse to Ripping Business Down the Back.

"Ohio idea" about the tariff, as set forth in the speeches made by the leaders of the party at the opening of the campaign last week, not only fails to evoke any enthusiasm, but encounters sharp rebuke in other states. The Buffalo Express coolly serves notice upon the McKinleyites that "the Ohio Republicans must not expect that the people are going to rip business all the way down the back for their benefit."

The president of the Massachusetts senate says that in his opinion "the general revival of business is occasioned by the confidence that the business men of the county feel that there is to be no more tariff tinkering for many years." It is true that he adds as an element in the case the confidence of business men that "if the tariff is to be readjusted in any particular, it will be done by the friends of protection to American industries," but this last clause is evidently thrown in only to "keep in line." The weakness of Ohio's candidate for the Republican nomination lies in the fact that McKinley stands not merely for "tariff tinkering," but for an entire overhauling of the present system.

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COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. J. G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 4th Judicial district, consisting of the county of Centre, and the Hon. E. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Benjamin Rich, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day of Oct., 1895, to direct the holding of a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to continue two weeks, Not 13 hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the county of Centre, that they be and they are in the proper persons to be present at the first session of said court, with their records, inquiries, examinations, and their own recognizances, to do those things which to their own satisfaction may be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of the county, to be and they are to be present against them as shall be just. Given under my hand, at Bellefonte the 3rd day of Oct., in the year of our Lord, 1895, the one hundred and eighteenth year of the Independence of the United States. JNO. P. COX, D.D., Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Henry Brown, late of Walker township, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Henry Brown, late of Hubersburg, Walker township, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to pay immediately, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement. SOLOMON PECK, Executor. Oct. 10 95.