

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Lessons From a Banquet of Sin—The Sadness of God's Judgments—A Word of Warning—An Echo of the Text.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Since his coming to Washington Dr. Talmage's pulpit experience has been a remarkable one. Not only has the church in which he preaches been filled, but the audience has overflowed into the adjoining streets to an extent that has rendered them impassable. Similar scenes were enacted at today's services, when the preacher took for his subject, "Handwriting on the Wall," the text chosen being Daniel v. 31, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance from many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenades. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and assaual were mingled in every street, and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast tonight at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togamah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

The guests assemble. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. To the chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonian tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ab, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came! All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and rigid with exquisite carvings, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, bewitched with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestarred headband and coronet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain cries to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken hiccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling bloodshot, while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza, huzza, for great Belshazzar!"

Seen on the Wall.
What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting!"

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carnal and came in. I hear the foot of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banqueting hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes any-

thing on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you tonight? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say. "Tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things, but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in his sight: "Ye generation of vipers! Ye whited sepulchres! How can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No. He preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous, of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites, of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I of England, who was James VI of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I of England and James VI of Scotland? He took for his text James i. 6: "He that waveth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dukes and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying: "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the king of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us tonight—there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet. Human blood is the wine and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, brakes in upon the banquet, and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel better. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot, and he cries out, "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says. "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him with her hand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful spirit, with her wand, meets him again, but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demonic laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart and beckon him on with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

An Unexpected Visitor.
I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, death breaks in at the banquet. We have

often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may be bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated in our civil war. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—north, south, east and west. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills? What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the arctic? What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our senates? Ho, to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet, the shepherds and the aviators of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweet fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Carolinian from the rice plantation, and the western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grainfields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the cornfields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the north! Woe to the south! Woe to the east! Woe to the west! Death at the banquet.

Sere and Sudden.
I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the victims and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No. I suppose the morning was clear, that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat catroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.
The Red sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble! They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on a beach—a battered, bruised and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.
I am just setting forth a fact, which I have noticed as well as I. Ananias came to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes. It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. 'Did you sell the land for so much?' 'Yes.' It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! His judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him. They come suddenly.
Words of Warning.
The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! No! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.
Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman and he loves to take men flying on the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from this sin! Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.
Good night, my young friends; may you have rosy sleep, guarded by him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh, art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo

of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."
Oh, that my Lord Jesus would make himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist him, and if you have never prayed before or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that tonight you might pray, saying:
Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou hidest me from all men,
O Lamb of God, I come!
But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter, "Lord save me or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you need not make it. Use the word "help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

A Born Artist.
Sir Frederic Leighton has confided to a contributor to The Young Woman the story of how he came to be an artist. In his youth painting was not considered respectable, and Sir Frederic's parents shared, in some degree, in that strange prejudice, but during a sojourn in Florence, when he was about 11 years of age, the lad prevailed on his father to submit the question of his future profession to Mr. Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. He said to Mr. Leighton, "Let me have a portfolio of your son's drawings, and if you will call on me at the end of a week I will give you an opinion of them."
"It was an anxious time for me," says Sir Frederic. "I remember so well that afternoon on which my father went to see Hiram Powers to receive the momentous verdict. I sat down to my anatomical studies as the best means of passing away the time. Then came the sound of wheels on the gravel outside, and I threw down my work and ran to the window. When father stepped from the carriage he was looking so pleased that I felt sure that he had brought good news."
"Is there reason to expect, Mr. Powers?" his father had asked, "that my son would attain to eminence if he followed the profession of an artist?"
"Sir," was the reply, "your son may be as eminent as he chooses." "Then you think," pressed Mr. Leighton, "that I should make an artist of my son?" "That, sir," was the reply, "it is out of your power to do; nature has done it for you." An artist of less unquestionable modesty than the president of the Royal Academy might have shrunk from relating an anecdote so eminently suggestive of predestined destiny.—London Telegraph.

Adulterated Coffee in England.
Coffee has long been a favorite substitute for adulteration, and it is thought by some that this fact has told considerably against any increase in the sale of the beverage. One interesting experiment spoken of by the honorable secretary of the Coffee association of London may be referred to:
"Some years ago a lot of samples of coffee were collected by different clerks of a city firm in different parts of London, and were analyzed by Dr. Paul, with a result that astonished us. There were 43 samples collected, and M. Pasteur made the following note: 'The average proportion of coffee in the above 43 samples is just 50 per cent, with 50 per cent of chicory, burned sugar and other vegetable substances. Bearing in mind that good, pure roasted coffee can be retailed at 10d. per pound, with a fair profit to the seller, and that chicory is about one-third of the price of coffee, it is easy to see that the sellers of all these French and other coffee mixtures must be realizing profits of something like 100 per cent by the sale of their wretched compounds. The worse the mixture the greater the profit; hence the anxiety of sellers to push their trade and to find attractive names to take in an ignorant and easily deluded public.' That was written by M. Pasteur in 1856."
The witness added that the same trade tricks go on still, while another made the astonishing declaration that much of what is called "French coffee" here is not French, and not coffee!—Westminster Gazette.

New Florida Canal.
One of the greatest projects ever attempted in this state is the reclaiming of 16,000 acres of land by the Meadow Land improvement company. The land which this company is reclaiming is a cypress pond near Orange lake, between Citra and Sparrs, near the Alachua county line. The land is to be reclaimed by digging a canal 15 feet to 30 feet deep and 60 to 80 feet wide at the top. The canal will run from the pond to the Oklawaha river, a distance of nine miles. The completion of the company's canal system from the Florida Central and Peninsular railroad on the west through the tract, a distance of 11 miles, to the famed Oklawaha river on the east, will give a water route via canal, Oklawaha and St. Johns rivers (regular lines of passenger and freight steamers ply these great inland waterways) to the Atlantic seaboard. This will insure a competitive route and corresponding low freightage for marketing crops. The canal will be free to settlers.—Gainesville Sun.

A Bourbon in Italy's Army.
The following, relating to a Naples Bourbon in the Italian army, is from a Naples correspondent: "Signor Luigi di Borbone, a pupil of the Modena Military academy, has been made lieutenant in the Regiment Umberto I at Bologna. He is the grandson of Ferdinand II. The Count of Aquila, who was a Liberal, married a Princess of Braganza at Rio Janeiro, and a son was born to them at Naples, who afterward married Miss Maria Amelia Hamel at New York in 1869. Among their children was the present lieutenant."

Boston's Census.
We hazard the guess that the population of Boston by the new census will not vary many thousands either way from a round half a million. This will not be quite up to the calculation based on the geometrical ratio of increase, but it will closely accord with the facts.—Boston Herald.

SHERIFF SALE.

By virtue of a writ of F. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on
SATURDAY, NOV 20, 1895.

at 10:00 o'clock a. m., the following real estate: All those two certain tracts or pieces of land situate in Penn. twp., Centre county, Pa., one thereof bounded and described as follows: One tract of a stone, thence by land into of W. H. White south 72 1/2 deg west 22 1/2 perches to a stone, thence by land of Sebastian Musser south 19 deg east 11 perches to stone, thence north 72 1/2 deg east 22 perches to a stone and thence north 15 deg west 11 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 82 perches neat measure. And the other thereof beginning at a post, thence by land of Sebastian Musser 8 2 1/2 deg west 30 perches to a spruce, thence across Penns Creek north 6 perches to post, thence down Penns Creek N 75 deg E 90 p to post, and thence across Penns Creek south 9 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 94 perches and allowance of a two story dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Also, all that certain message or tenement and tract of land situate in Penn twp., county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree near the south bank of Penns creek south 75 deg west 45 1/2 p to post, thence along land of General Broderick south 25 deg west 34 perches to the L & S R R, thence along the line of the said railroad N 71 deg east 49 p to a post on line of Penns Creek north 25 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 61 perches neat measure.

Also, a certain tract of land in Penn twp., county and state aforesaid, beginning at a spruce thence by Penns Creek south 71 deg west 42 1/2 perches to a point, thence by land of Henry E Gentzel east south 21 1/2 deg west 92 1/2 perches to stone, thence north 76 1/2 deg east 44 1/2 perches to stone, thence by land of Sebastian Musser north 21 1/2 deg east 91 perches to a spruce the place of beginning, containing 27 acres and 16 perches neat measure.

Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Emerick.

TERMS.—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full. For the sheriff's office, JOHN P. CONDO, Sheriff, Bellefonte, Nov. 4, 1895.

WARRANT IN PARTITION.—To the heirs and legal representatives of Margaret Reese, late of Union township, deceased, all parties interested, notice is hereby given that a writ of partition has been issued from said court to the sheriff of said county, returnable on Monday, the 24th day of November, 1895, and that an inquest will be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased on Friday, Nov. 22, 1895, at 9 o'clock a. m., at the late residence of the deceased, at which time and place you can be present if you see proper.

A certain message and tract of land situate in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at some corner in line of land of H. W. Thomas and Thomas, thence north 65 deg west 24 1/2 perches to a stone, thence by land of Valentine Reese north 21 deg east 48 1/2 perches to a hickory, thence by land of Sebastian Musser south 10 deg east 21 1/2 perches to a white pine, thence south 21 1/2 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 19 perches and allowance of six per cent, be the same more or less, whereof partition yet remains to be made to and among the heirs of said deceased, at the sheriff's office, JOHN P. CONDO, Sheriff, Bellefonte, Nov. 4, '95.

APPLICATION FOR CHATTEL.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., November term, 1895. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on Monday, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1895, at 10 a. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 22, 1885, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "Citizens Bank and Lumber Co., No. 1," of Bellefonte, Pa., the charter and object whereof is the protection of public and private property from fire and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Catharine Brown, deceased, late of Hubertsburg, Pa.
Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them at once, delay for settlement to the undersigned.
LEGATON, Pa., JOHN BROWN, Adm.

Maryland's Whipping Post.
Since the legislature of Maryland established the whipping post in that state for wife beaters, four husbands have been lashed for brutally assaulting their wives. One of those whipped was colored, and the other three were white. The act was passed at the session of 1882. The first man whipped was Charles Foote, colored, who was convicted of wife beating Nov. 20, 1882. He was sentenced on the 1st of the following December to receive 18 lashes and to be imprisoned 60 days. The number of lashes was reduced to seven, which was the number inflicted. It was not until June, 1885, that the whipping post was again used. The second man received 20 lashes and the third 15 lashes. The last time the whipping post was used was Oct. 9, 1890, when a man received 13 lashes for assaulting his wife. Since then there have been a number of cases in which wives were assaulted by their husbands, but there have been no convictions under the statute prescribing the whipping post as a punishment for the offense.—Philadelphia Press.

Deaths From Snake Bites.
The subject of the prevention of death from snake bite is one which has for many years past engaged the attention of the government of India. The annual reports are interesting, but far from pleasant reading. In 1891 the mortality under this head was no fewer than 21,869; in 1892 it had fallen to 19,025; in 1893 it rose again to 21,213. In other words, in 1892, out of every 11,630 persons in India, one died of snake bite; in 1893, 1 out of 10,424. The fluctuations are probably accidental, but the state of affairs is real and deplorable enough. Of the total number of deaths, almost exactly one-half occurred in Bengal, (10,797); next come the northwestern provinces and Oudh (4,847), Madras, (1,498), and Bombay (1,192)—all showing an increase on the preceding year's figures—while the one province absolutely free is the little province of Kurg, the smallest in India, but still with a population of 173,000.—Chambers' Journal.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
STONE for building purposes, furnished at our quarries, delivered in Bellefonte and vicinity, as well as loaded on the cars of the Bellefonte Central and Pennsylvania Railroads, as customers may require.

FLAG STONES, manufactured from the very best quality of Blue Stone, the strongest and most durable stones for the purpose of the various sizes and thickness, ranging from one inch to six inches in thickness or more, to meet the wants of customers for street crossings, pavements and other walks, as well as window sills, lintels, door sills, steps and curb stones, dressed to order. Will be furnished at short notice for low prices, and quality of stone considered. After a thorough examination of the Flag, paving and other dressed stones, which we propose to add to our already extensive line of Builders' Supplies, we can assure our patrons that they are the best quality of stone for the purpose, ever offered for sale in this community.

BRICK for building, brick for paving sidewalks and streets, as well as fire brick of every description will be furnished on short notice. We carry a limited stock on hand at our Yard Warehouses.

SAND of the very best quality for building purposes. We make a specialty of Mt. Eagle sand for building purposes, on the principle that the best sand is the best. We also furnish Mine Bank sand, washed, for building purposes.

LIME for building purposes, of our own make.

CALCINED PLASTER and hair for plasterers use.

PATENT WALL PASTERES. We are agents for the sale of the Paragon Patent Wall Plaster, which has given by actual experience to be the best wall plaster now offered for sale in this community. After mixing it with water, it is ready for use.

ALUMINITE CEMENT PLASTER. This is a natural product which comes from the far west, and has the advantage of requiring two parts of sand to one of cement; it is easily mixed and makes an excellent wall plaster for less money than the average patent wall plaster cost. The advantages in the use of these plasters is that they can be put on in the same manner as the old mortar of lime and sand, after mixing, requires from four to six weeks in the masonry before it reaches its full strength; if put on sooner, it does not make a good job; hence the advantage of the patent wall plasterers for immediate use.

HYDRAULIC CEMENTS. We sell the Cumberland and Potomac, one of the very best standard cements produced in this country; also the Hoffman Brand of the Rosendale Cements, which has the highest reputation for strength and quality. We also keep a small stock of English Portland Cement for special use, which comes to us in high esteem, and is considered as the best quality. With these facts in our favor, we invite the patronage of those who want the best, and in evidence that we furnish the best articles for the money, a share of public patronage is solicited.

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STONE for building purposes, furnished at our quarries, delivered in Bellefonte and vicinity, as well as loaded on the cars of the Bellefonte Central and Pennsylvania Railroads, as customers may require.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
FLAG STONES, manufactured from the very best quality of Blue Stone, the strongest and most durable stones for the purpose of the various sizes and thickness, ranging from one inch to six inches in thickness or more, to meet the wants of customers for street crossings, pavements and other walks, as well as window sills, lintels, door sills, steps and curb stones, dressed to order. Will be furnished at short notice for low prices, and quality of stone considered. After a thorough examination of the Flag, paving and other dressed stones, which we propose to add to our already extensive line of Builders' Supplies, we can assure our patrons that they are the best quality of stone for the purpose, ever offered for sale in this community.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
BRICK for building, brick for paving sidewalks and streets, as well as fire brick of every description will be furnished on short notice. We carry a limited stock on hand at our Yard Warehouses.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
SAND of the very best quality for building purposes. We make a specialty of Mt. Eagle sand for building purposes, on the principle that the best sand is the best. We also furnish Mine Bank sand, washed, for building purposes.

McCalmont & Co.
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THE PENNA. STATE COLLEGE.
LOCATED in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in the Allegheny Region; Undiscriminatory; Open to both sexes; Tuition free; Board and other expenses very low.

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GEO. W. ATTRICKTON, LL. D., President,
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LEGAL NOTICE
COURT PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS the Hon. John G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Centre, and the Hon. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Benjamin Rich, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 25th day of Oct. 1895, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace at Bellefonte, for the 4th Monday of Nov., the 23rd day of November, 1895, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to all persons who are indebted to the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they lie then and there in the prison of the County Jail in the forenoon of said day, with their records, requisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do these things which their office appoints to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.
Given under my hand, at Bellefonte the 20th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord, 1895, and the one hundred and eighteenth year of the Independence of the United States.
J. P. CONDO, Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Centre county, estate of Mary Nell, late of Boggs twp., dec'd.
The undersigned, an auditor appointed by said court to pass upon the accounts, certify the account and to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountants, in said estate, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purpose of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Friday, November 15, 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where those who desire any attend or foregoer afterwards be disbursed from the estate in an said fund.
G. W. HUNKLE,
Auditor.