

A SERMON FOR WOMEN

REV. DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES THE NEW WOMAN.

He Has Faith in Evangelical Triumph and Progress in the Right Direction. This is a Good World for Girls—Mothers Too Often Forgotten.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Rev. Dr. Talmage took for the subject of today's sermon "A Word With Women," the text for the occasion being the following letter received by the distinguished preacher:

REVEREND SIR—You delivered a discourse in answer to a letter from six young men of Fayette, Co., requesting you to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Men." Are you justified in asking you to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women?"

LETTER SIGNED BY SIX YOUNG MEN.

Christ, who took his text from a flock of birds flying overhead, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air," and from the flowers in the valley, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field," and from the clucking of a barnyard fowl, saying, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing," and from a crystal of salt picked up by the roadside, saying, "Salt is good," will grant us a blessing if, instead of taking a text from the Bible, I take for my text this letter from Cincinnati, which is only one of many letters which I have received from young women in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Edinburgh, and from the ends of the earth, all implying that, having some months ago preached the sermon on "Advice to Young Men," I could not, without neglect of duty, refuse to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women."

It is the more important that the pulpit be heard on this subject at this time when we are having such an illimitable discussion about what is called the new woman, as though some new creature of God had arrived on earth or were about to arrive. One theory is that she will be an athlete, and boxing glove and football and pugilistic encounter will characterize her. Another theory is that she will superintend ballot boxes, sit in congressional hall and through improved politics bring the millennium by the evil she will extirpate and the good she will install. Another theory is that she will adopt masculine attire and make sacred a vulgarism positively horrid. Another theory is that she will be so aesthetic that broom handle and rolling pin and coal scuttle will be pictorialized with tints from soft skies or suggestions of Rembrandt and Raphael.

The New Woman Will Be Good.

Heaven deliver the church and the world from any one of these styles of new woman! She will never come. I have so much faith in the evangelical triumph and in the progress of all things in the right direction that I prophesy that style of new woman will never arrive. She would hand over this world to diabolism, and from being, as she is now, the mightiest agency for the world's uplifting, she would be the cause of its downfall.

Will you tell me the new woman will be. It will be the good woman of all the ages past. Here and there a difference of attire, as the temporary custom may command, but the same good, honest, lovely, Christian, all influential being that your mother and mine was. Of that kind of woman was Christian Eddy, who, talking to a man who was so much of an unbeliever he had named his two children Voltaire and Tom Paine nevertheless saw him converted, he breaking down with emotion as he said to her, "I cannot stand you, you talk like my mother." And telling the story of his conversion to 12 companions who had been blatant opposers of religion they asked her to come and see them also and tell them of Christ, and four of them were converted, and all the others greatly changed, and the leader of the band, departing for heaven, shouted: "Joyful! Joyful! Joyful!" If you know any better style of woman than that, where is she? The world cannot improve on that kind. The new woman may have more knowledge because she will have more books, but she will have no more common sense than that which tried to manage and discipline and educate us, and did as well as she could with such unpromising material. She may have more health than the woman of other days, for the sewing machine and the sanitary regulations and added intelligence on the subjects of diet, ventilation and exercise and rescue from many forms of drudgery may allow her more longevity, but she will have the same characteristics which God gave her in paradise, with the exception of the nervous shock and moral jolt of the fall she got that day when, not noticing where she stepped, she looked up into the branches of the fruit tree.

But I must be specific. This letter before me wants advice to young women.

Get Right With God.

Advice the first: Get your soul right with God and you will be in the best attitude for everything that comes. New ways of voyaging by sea, new ways of traveling by land, new ways of thrashing the harvests, new ways of printing books—and the patent office is enough to enchant a man who has mechanical ingenuity and knows a good deal of levers and wheels—and we hardly do anything as it used to be done; invention after invention, invention on top of invention. But in the matter of getting right with God there has not been an invention for 6,000 years. It is on the same line of repentance that David exercised about his sins, and the same old style of prayer that the publican used when he emphasized it by an inward stroke of both hands, and the same faith in Christ that Paul suggested to the jailer the night the penitentiary broke down. Aye, that is the reason I have more confidence in it. It has been tried by more millions than I dare to state lest I come far short of the brilliant facts. All who through Christ earnestly tried to get right with God are right and always will be right. That gives the young woman who gets that position superiority over all rivalries, all jealousies, all

misfortunes, all health failings, all social disasters, and all the combined troubles of 80 years, if she shall live to be an octogenarian. If the world fails to appreciate her, she says, "God loves me, the angels in heaven are in sympathy with me, and I can afford to be patient until the day when the imperial chariot shall wheel to my door to take me up to my coronation." If health goes, she says, "I can endure the present distress, for I am on the way to a climate the first breath of which will make me proof against even the slightest discomfort." If she be jostled with perturbations of social life, she can say, "Well, when I begin my life among the thrones of heaven and the kings and queens unto God shall be my associates, it will not make much difference who on earth forgot me when the invitations to that reception were made out." All right with God, you are all right with everything.

This is a Good World for Girls.

Martin Luther, writing a letter of condolence to one of his friends who had lost his daughter, began by saying, "This is a hard world for girls." It is for those who are dependent upon their own wits, and the whims of the world, and the preferences of human favor, but those who take the Eternal God for their portion not later than 15 years of age, and that is ten years later than it ought to be, will find that while Martin Luther's letter of condolence was true in regard to many, if not most, with respect to those who have the wisdom and promptitude and the earnestness to get right with God, I declare that this is a good world for girls.

Advice the second: Make it a matter of religion to take care of your physical health. I do not wonder that the Greeks deified health and hailed Hygieia as a goddess. I rejoice that there have been so many modes of maintaining and restoring young womanly health invented in our time. They may have been known a long time back, but they have been popularized in our day—lawn tennis, croquet and golf and the bicycle. It always seemed strange and inscrutable that our human race should be so slow of locomotion, when creatures of less importance have powers of velocity, wing of bird or foot of antelope, leaving us far behind, and while it seems so important that we be in many places in a short while we were weighed down with incapacities, and most men if they run a mile are exhausted or dead from the exhaustion. It was left until the last decade of the nineteenth century to give the speed which we see whirling through all our cities and along the country roads, and with that speed comes health. The women of the next decade will be healthier than at any time since the world was created, while the invalidism which has so often characterized womanhood will pass over to manhood, which by its posture on the wheel is coming to curved spine and cramped chest and a deformity for which another 50 years will not have power to make rescue. Young men, sit up straight when you ride.

Darwin says the human race is descended from the monkey, but the bicycle will turn a hundred thousand men of the present generation in physical condition from man to monkey. For good womanhood, I thank God that this mode of recreation has been invented. Use it wisely, modestly, Christianly. No good woman needs to be told what attire is proper and what behavior is right. If anything be doubtful, reject it. A hoydenish, boisterous, masculine woman is the detestation of all, and every revolution of the wheel she rides is toward depreciation and downfall. Take care of your health, O woman; of your nerves in not reading the trash which makes up 99 out of 100 novels, or by eating too many cornucopias of confectionery! Take care of your eyes by not reading at hours when you ought to be sleeping. Take care of your ears by stopping them against the tides of gossip that surge through every neighborhood.

Health! Only those know its value who have lost it. The earth is girdled with pain, and a vast proportion of it is the price paid for early recklessness. I close this thought with the salutation in Macbeth:

Now good digestion wait on appetite And health on both.

Appreciate Your Mother.

Advice the third: Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the most universal testimony of young women who have lost mother that they did not realize what she was to them until after her exit from this life. Indeed mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at 18 than their mothers at 45. With what an elaborate argument, perhaps spiced with some temper, the youngling tries to reverse the opinion of the oldling. The sprinkle of gray on the maternal forehead is rather an indication to the recent graduate of the female seminary that the circumstances of today or tonight are not fully appreciated.

What a wise boarding school that would be if the mothers were the pupils and the daughters the teachers! How well the teens could chaperon the fifties! Then mothers do not amount to much anyhow. They are in the way and are always asking questions about postage marks of letters, and asking, "Who is that Mary D.?" and "Where did you form that acquaintance, Flora?" and "Where did you get that ring, Myra?" For mothers have such unprecedented means of knowing everything—they say "it was a bird in the air" that told them. Alas, for that bird in the air! Will not some one lift his gun and shoot it? It would take whole libraries to hold the wisdom which the daughter knows more than her mother. "Why cannot I have this?" "Why cannot I do that?" And the question in many a group has been, although not plainly stated, "What shall we do with the mothers anyhow?" They are so far behind the times. Permit me to suggest that if the mother

had given more time to looking after herself and less time to looking after you she would have been as fully up to date as you, in music, in style of gait, in aesthetic taste and in all sorts of information. I expect that while you were studying botany and chemistry and embroidery and the new opera she was studying household economics. But one day from overwork, or sitting up of nights with a neighbor's sick child, or a blast of the west wind, on which pneumonias are horsed, mother is sick. Yet the family think she will soon be well, for she has been sick so often, and always has got well, and the physician comes three times a day, and there is a consultation of the doctors, and the news is gradually broken that recovery is impossible, given in the words "While there is life there is hope." And the white pillow over which are strewn the locks a little tinted with snow becomes the point around which all the family gather, some standing, some kneeling, and the pulse beats the last thro, and the bosom trembles with the last breath, and the question is asked in a whisper by all the group, "Is she gone?" And all is over.

The Disinterested Friend.

Now come the regrets. Now the daughter reviews her former criticism of maternal supervision. For the first time she realizes what it is to have a mother and what it is to lose a mother. Tell me, men and women, young and old, did any of us appreciate how much mother was to us until she was gone? Young woman, you will probably never have a more disinterested friend than your mother. When she says anything is unsafe or imprudent, you had better believe it is unsafe or imprudent. When she declares it is something you ought to do, I think you had better do it. She has seen more of the world than you have. Do you think she could have any mercenary or contemptible motive in what she advises you? She would give her life for you if it were called for. Do you know of any one else who would do more than that for you? Do you know of any one who would do as much? Again and again she has already endangered that life during six weeks of diphtheria or scarlet fever, and she never once brought up the question of whether she had better stay, breathing day and night the contagion. The graveyards are full of mothers who died taking care of their children. Better appreciate your mother before your appreciation of her will be no kindness to her, and the post mortem regrets will be more and more of an agony as the years pass on. Big headstones of polished Aberdeen, and the best epitaphs which the family put together could compose, and a garland of whitest roses from the conservatory are often the attempt to atone for the thanks we ought to have uttered in living ears, and the kind words that would have done more good than all the calla lilies ever piled up on the silent mounds of the cemeteries.

The world makes applanatory ado over the work of mothers who have raised boys to be great men, and I could turn to my books and see the names of 50 distinguished men who had great mothers—Cuvier's mother, Walter Scott's mother, St. Bernard's mother, Benjamin West's mother. But who praises mothers for what they do for daughters who make the homes of America? I do not know of an instance of such recognition. I declare to you that I believe I am uttering the first word that has ever been uttered in appreciation of the self denial, of the fatigues and good sense and prayers which those mothers go through who navigate a family of girls from the edge of the cradle to the schoolhouse door, and from the schoolhouse door up to the marriage altar. That is an achievement which the eternal God celebrates high up in the heavens, though for it human hands so seldom clap the faintest applause. My! My! What a time that mother had with those youngsters, and if she had relaxed care and work and advice and solicitation of heavenly help, that next generation would have landed in the poorhouse, idiot asylum or penitentiary. It is while she is living, but never while she is dead, that some girls call their mother "maternal ancestor" or "the old woman."

Divine Sympathy.

And if you have a grief already, and some of the keenest sorrows of a woman's life come early, roll it over on Christ and you will find him more sympathetic than was Queen Victoria, who, when her children, the princes and princesses, came out of the schoolroom after the morning lesson had been given up by their governess and told how her voice had trembled in the morning prayer because it was the anniversary of her mother's death, and that she had put her head down on the desk and sobbed "Mother! Mother!" the queen went in and said to the governess: "My poor child! I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I will hear their lessons today, and to show you that I have not forgotten the sad anniversary, I bring you this gift." And the queen clasped on the girl's wrist a mourning bracelet with a lock of her mother's hair. All you young women the world around who mourn a like sorrow, and sometimes in your loneliness and sorrow and loss burst out crying, "Mother! Mother!" put on your wrist this golden clasp of divine sympathy, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

Advice the fourth: Allow no time to pass without brightening some one's life. Within five minutes' walk of you there is some one in a tragedy compared with which Shakespeare's "King Lear" or Victor Hugo's "Jean Valjean" has no power. Go out and brighten somebody's life with a cheering word or smile or a flower. Take a good book and read a chapter to that blind man. Go up that dark alley and make that invalid woman laugh with some good word. Go to that house from which that child has been taken by death and tell the father and mother what an escape the child has had from the winter of earth into the springtime of heaven. For God's sake make some one happy

for ten minutes if for no longer a time. A young woman bound on such a mission—what might she not accomplish! Oh, there are thousands of these manufacturers of sunshine. They are "King's Daughters" whether inside or outside that delightful organization. They do more good for others than 20 years of age than selfish women who live 90, and they are so happy just because they make others happy. Compare such a young woman who feels she has such a mission with one who lives a round of vanities, carcase in hand, calling on people for whom she does not care except for some social advantage, and in sufferably bored when the call is returned, and trying to look young after she is old, and living a life of insincerity and hollowness and dramatization and sham. Young woman, live to make others happy, and you will be happy. Live for yourself, and you will be miserable. There never has been an exception to the rule; there never will be an exception.

I have noticed on many of the railroads that the porter will go around and light the lamps while it is broad daylight, and I am at first surprised, but I afterward find that we are about to enter a tunnel, and its darkness is thus illuminated. Oh, kindle a light for those who are plunging into financial or domestic or spiritual midnight.

The Scale of Life.

Advice the fifth: Plan out your life on a big scale, whether you are a farmer's daughter, or a shepherdess among the hills, or the fattened pet of a drawing room filled with statuary and pictures and bric-a-brac. Stop where you are and make a plan for your lifetime. You cannot be satisfied with a life of frivolity and giggle and indirection. Trust the world, and it will cheat you if it does not destroy you. The Redoubtable was the name of an enemy's ship that Lord Nelson spared twice from demolition, but that same ship afterward sent the ball that killed him, and the world on which you smile may aim at you its deadliest weapon. Be a God's woman. This moment make as mighty a change as did a college student of England. He had neglected his studies, rioting at night with dissipated companions and sleeping in the classroom when he ought to have been listening. A fellow student came into his room one morning before the young man I am speaking of had arisen from his pillow and said to him: "Paley, you are a fool! You are wasting your opportunities. Do not throw away your life." Paley said: "I was so struck with what he said that I lay in bed until I had formed my plan for life. I ordered my fire to be always laid over night. I arose at 5 and read steadily all day, allotted to each portion of the day its proper branch of study and became the senior wrangler." What an hour that was when a resolution definitely placed changed a young man from a reckless and time-wasting student to a consecrated man who stopped not until all time and all eternity shall be debtor to his pen and influence!

Clasp Hands With the Almighty.

Young woman, draw out and decide what you will be and do, God helping. Write it out in a plain hand, not like the letters which Josephine received from Napoleon in Italy, the writing so scrawling and scattered that it was sometimes taken as a map of the seat of war. Put the plan on the wall of your room, or write it in the opening of a blank book, or put it where you will be compelled often to see it. A thousand questions of your coming life you cannot settle now, but there is one question you can settle independent of man, woman, angel and devil, and that is that you will be a God's woman now, henceforth and forever. Clasp hands with the Almighty. Pythagoras represented life by the letter Y, because it early divides into two ways. Look out for opportunities of cheering, inspiring, rescuing and saving all the people you can. Make a league with the eternities. I seek your present and everlasting safety. David Brewster said that a comet belonging to our system called Lexell's comet is lost, as it ought to have appeared 13 times and has not appeared at all. Alas, it is not only the lost comets, but the lost stars, and what were considered fixed stars. Some of the most brilliant and steady souls have disappeared. The world wonders at the charge of the Light brigade, immortalized by Tennyson. Only a few of the 600 got back from the charge, under Lord Cardigan, of the Muscovite guns, and all the have was done in 25 minutes, the charge beginning at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock, and closing at 35 minutes past 11, and yet nothing left on the field but dying and dead men, dying and dead horses. But a smaller proportion of the men and women who go into the battle of life come out unscathed. The slaughter has been and will be terrific, and we all need God and we need him now and we need him all the time. And let me say there is a new woman, as there is a new man, and that is the regenerated woman made such by the ransacking, transforming, upbuilding, triumphant power of the spirit who is so superior to all other spirits that he has been called for ages the Holy Spirit. Quicker than wheel ever turned on its axis; quicker than fleetest hoof ever struck the pavement; quicker than zigzag lightning ever dropped down the sky, the ransacking power I speak of will revolutionize your entire nature. Then you can start out on a voyage of life, defying both calm and cyclone, saying with Dean Alford:

One who has known in storms to sail I have on board; Above the roaring of the gale I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smile; I shall not fall; If short 'tis sharp, if long 'tis light; He tempers all.

The Subject Solved.

Visitor—But this portrait of Mr. Bulger is a good deal more than life size?

Artist—I know it. That is the size he thinks he is.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

SHERIFF SALE

By virtue of a writ of F. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

SATURDAY, NOV 30, 1895,

at 10:00 o'clock a. m., the following real estate:

All those two certain tracts or pieces of land situated in Penn. twp., Centre county, Pa., one thereof bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence by land late of Win. Wise south 72 1/2 deg west 22 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, thence north 19 deg west 11 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 62 perches neat measure. And the other thereof beginning at a post, thence by land of Sebastian Musser, thence south 23 deg west 30 perches to a spruce, thence across Penns Creek north 9 perches to post thence across Penns Creek north 9 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 91 perches and allowance of 6 per cent, for roads etc., thereon erected a two story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Also, a certain tract of land 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 perches to post, thence along land of Gentzel north 23 deg west 24 perches to the L & S C R R, thence along the line of the said railroad N 71 deg east 40 per to a post on line of land of Sebastian Musser, thence along said line and land N 42 deg east 30 perches to the place of beginning, containing 6 acres and 61 perches neat measure.

Also, a certain tract of land in Penn twp., county and state aforesaid, beginning at a spruce tree by Penns Creek south 75 deg west 45 1/2 perches to post, thence by land of Henry E Gentzel east, south 21 1/2 deg west 92 1/2 per to stone, thence north 76 1/2 deg east 45 1/2 perches to stone, thence by land of J. P. Liden, north 21 1/2 deg east 94 perches to a spruce the place of beginning, containing 27 acres and 66 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. J. P. CONDO, Sheriff, Bellefonte, Nov. 4, 1895.

WRIT IN PARTITION

To the heirs and legal representatives of Margaret Reese, late of Union township, deceased: T. M. Reese, Conrad, Fulton county, Pa.; Anna E. Homan, Phillipsburg, Centre county, Pa.; J. Snyder, Tyrone, Blair county, Pa.; Bella Weld, Clearfield, Pa.; Euretta E. Hoover, Flemington, Centre county, Pa.; Lacey Y. Reese, Ligonier, Ligonier county, Pa.; Francis M. Reese, Milesburg, Centre county, Pa.; George B. Reese, Pennsylvania, Pa.

Take notice that in pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pa., 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 decedent on Friday, Nov. 22, 1895, at 9 o'clock a. m., at the late residence of the decedent, at which time and place you can be present if you see proper.

A certain message and tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a stone corner in north of Valentines and Thomas, thence north 60 deg west 25 1/2 perches to stone, thence by land of Valentine Reese north 21 deg east 45 1/2 perches to a hickory, thence by land of Reuben Hiddings south 16 deg east 24 1/2 perches to a white pine, thence south 23 1/2 perches to the place of beginning, containing 4 acres and 100 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 decedent.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 11th day of November, 1895. J. P. CONDO, Sheriff, Bellefonte, Nov. 4, '95.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., November term, 1895. Notice hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on Monday, the 24th 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, 1895, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "Citizens Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1," of Milesburg, Pa., and all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

H. C. QUIGLEY, Solicitor.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

Estate of Catharine Brown, deceased, late of Hubersburg, 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 without delay for settlement to the undersigned.

Loganton, Pa. J. H. McALEY, Admr.

PUBLIC HALL

Walker Grange, No. 548, desires to inform the public that the lower room in their Hall, in Hubersburg, is now ready for rental. Any person desiring to rent for holding entertainments etc., call or correspond with

J. H. McALEY, Hubersburg, Pa.

ESTRAY HORSE

Came to the residence of F. Bosch, Spring Creek, Benner twp., an iron gray horse, 5 feet 6 inches high, weight about 1000. The owner is notified to prove property and pay costs otherwise it will be disposed according to law.

10-31-95 F. BOSCH.

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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, in principle that is the best and cheapest. We also furnish Mine Bank Sand, washed, for building purposes.

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PATENT WALL PLASTER. We are agents for the Paragon Patent Wall Plaster, which has been proven 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.

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LEGAL NOTICE

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. Jehn G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 9th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and the Hon. P. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Benjamin Rich, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 20th 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 in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of Nov., the 23th day of November, 1895, and to continue two weeks; I do hereby give to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and all other returns, to do the things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners, that they be then and there in 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 Orphan's Court of Centre county, estate of Mary N. late of Benner twp., deced. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the said court to pass upon the exceptions, restate the account and to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, in said estate, and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purpose of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, November 15, 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where those who desire may attend or, forever afterwards be debarred from coming in on said fund.

W. G. HUNKLER, Auditor.