

THE COMING SEASON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE LESSONS OF WINTER.

A Sermon Appropriate to Cold Weather. Temptations of the Long Evenings—The Duties of Old and Young—An Eloquent Exhortation.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Today Dr. Talmage chose as the subject of his sermon "The Opening Winter." Although the cold comes earlier or later, according to the latitude, this sermon is sooner or later as appropriate everywhere as it is in Washington. The text selected will be found in Titus iii, 12, "I have determined there to winter."

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He was sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Neopolis, saying, "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who came to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter nights.

Evil Allurements.

In the first place, I have to remark that at this season of the year evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such time, the groghops in one night make more than in four or five nights in summer. At such times the playbills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be captured now, and though his autumn has come from the country and there was lustre in the eye and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September." Slain of one winter's dissipation. At such time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ them, and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come beset in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many levees. Knows with all these wine drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake, but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the devil.

The Evil of Appetite.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christian associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I found in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shrouded in the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year" or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her

woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's day. If we want to go to ruin, let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship London went down, the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festive occasion with the clank of a madman's chain.

Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementos. You sometimes see people with pleased countenances looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window, it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes, but I tell you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the ginshop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what was the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's were an allegory, and that they meant 30 heart-breaks, 30 agonies, 30 broken up households, 30 prospects of a drunkard's grave, 30 ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story, the first chapter I would call "Three X's" and the last chapter I would call "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

Winter Temptations.

The winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening, reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Foster's essays. It would be a very beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want slight exercise, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the winter nights. After tea the man puts on his hat and coat and he goes out. One form of allurements says, "Come in here." Satan says: "It is best for you to go in. You ought not to be so green. By this time you ought to have seen everything." And the temptations here are mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone, for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments, but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves, how can they support others? And, to the curse of modern society, the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune. When the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top.

That is the old fashioned way, and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is, too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Attractive Homes.

Then the winter has special temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a banquet in the vase on the mantel, or the evenings being so short, soon after daylight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world! The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days

to make this world, and he has allowed it 6,000 years to hang upon his holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and creased you for these 50 or 70 years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with \$700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons have gone out and won large fortunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now and all their palaces now cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatism and acting the inglorious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortunes. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house, and I said to the owner of the house, "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone, "Yes, but it will fade." I walked around in his garden and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along, "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said, "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

The Young and the Old.

Alas, that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present—indeed all the Sunday schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise he made, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in, when old Dr. Deaman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair, they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now, while I speak, when you get to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these approaching holidays, let us turn back our nature to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night, when we are sleeping under the blankets of snow, our children shall ride along in the merry party and hushing a moment into solemnity, look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptation will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hooped. If I were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eye a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching languor, hand soft and diamonded, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and French. But I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster and have it stuffed with all pride and bentness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touched with the rod of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lip of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanting, ringleted and diamonded and flute voiced and conversation facile, carefully toned and French.

Words of Warning.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing amid these temptations of city life incurrupt while hundreds are falling! I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning! Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world. I

thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes, little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in groghop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down until, out-cast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsome and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water, which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and the destroyed. Who is it? It is you, oh man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow shower and have gone up into the companionship of him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frosted. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger tones and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of heaven.

A Historian's Privilege.

Mrs. Novikoff was at a Sunday party at Holland House in the days of its splendor, and was seated between Lord Houghton and Mr. Kinglake. The latter observed, in answer to a remark of the Russian lady, that historians were sometimes very badly treated. "What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Novikoff, rather puzzled. "Well," continued Kinglake quietly, as if discussing some grave topic, "just take my case, for example. As you know, I am supposed to be a historian. The other day I got a letter which really touched me; it was signed by two people, husband and wife, and came from one of our colonies. They described their grief. Their only child, it seemed, had been killed in the Crimea. For some incomprehensible reason they were most anxious to have 'their beloved darling' mentioned in my history of the Crimean war. Surprised, but flattered, I replied by return of post—a thing I have not done for many, many years—that I would be happy to do my best for their comfort provided they sent me the necessary particulars. Again a letter written and signed by both mother and father arrived, but with the following cruel addition: 'We have no particulars whatever. He was killed on the spot, like many others, and anything you may kindly invent will be welcome; we leave it entirely to your judgment.'" —New Review.

Rents in London and Paris.

Some interesting figures concerning house rent in London and Paris have recently been published in Le Journal des Debats. It appears that in Paris its population of 2,250,000 pays nearly as much rent as London, with twice the number of inhabitants. The 2,250,000 Parisians have only 88,000 dwellings to live in, while the number of houses that the 5,000,000 Londoners occupy is nearly ten times as many. In Paris, where the people live in flats, there are on an average over 270 persons residing in each house. In London the average is only seven persons to a house. Yet for much less comfort and space the Parisians have to pay little short of double the rent paid by Londoners. The total annual rent of Paris, says Le Journal, is now 775,000,000 francs, or \$155,000,000, while Londoners, who are twice the number of Parisians, only pay \$185,000,000 for far more comfortable dwelling accommodation. The average rent paid by Londoners is between \$35 and \$40, while in Paris it is nearly \$70.

An Exciting Life.

Sir J. B. Thurston of Fiji fame has led a highly exciting life. He was a strokerooper in the "bush," when he was prevailed upon to take a trading expedition to the south Pacific. The vessel in which he traveled was wrecked in a terrible hurricane, and after some hairbreadth escapes he succeeded, with a few others, in reaching Fiji. A native monarchy existed at the time on the island, and young Thurston was installed as a clerk in the British consulate. After a time the king—Thakombani by name—appointed him prime minister.

LEGAL NOTICE

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Samuel Gilliland, late of College township, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to J. C. GILLILAND, Oak Hall, or H. SECHLER, Bellefonte, Pa., Executors. 12-6-95

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE. Estate of Catharine Brown, deceased, late of Huhlersburg, Pa. Letters of administration on said estate have 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. Logan, Pa., 11-21-95. JOHN BROWN, Admr.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.—In the assigned estate of Wm. H. Kunkle, of Potter township. The undersigned having been appointed an auditor to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Assignee to and among those persons entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purpose of his appointment, at his office in the court house, at Bellefonte, on Friday, December 13th, 1895, at 10 a. m., when and where those who desire may attend, or forever afterwards be debarred from coming in on said fund. Wm. J. BROWN, Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Mary M. Hall, decd., late of Millersburg, Pa. Letters testamentary upon said estate having been granted by the Register of Wills to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement. 11-21-95. JAMES M. LUGAS, Exr.

PUBLIC HALL. Walker Grange, No. 345, desires to inform the public that the lower room in their Hall, in Huhlersburg, is now ready for rental. Any person desiring to rent for holding, entertainments, etc., call or correspond with J. H. MCMAURY, Huhlersburg, Pa. Oct. 9-2m

LEGAL NOTICE. Harry Rossman, in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre Co., No. 29 Sarah Rossman, Jan. T. '95. Label in Divorce. To Sarah Rossman, Respondent. You are hereby notified that the undersigned, a commissioner appointed by the said court to take testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the court, will meet the parties interested to perform the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Tuesday the 14th day of January, A. D. 1896, at 10 a. m., at which time and place all parties interested may attend. J. W. ALEXANDER, Commissioner.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE. Estate of John Fowwell, deceased. By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned executors will offer at public sale, on SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1896, on the premises, the following described real estate to wit: A FINE FARM and tract of timberland embracing 100 acres and 145 perches, situated in Boggs township, Centre Co., Pa., along the road leading from Millersburg to Marsh Creek. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, barn and outbuilding in good repair. Land is productive and in high state of cultivation. This property is desirable. TERMS: One-half purchase money in cash; balance in one year. Sale at 10 a. m. J. S. FOWWELL, AGENTS MOORE, O. B. & O. attorneys, Executors.

I. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-Law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Ex-District attorney, German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

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