

THE CARUNCLE GATE.

Multitudes Pass Through It In Earthly Life.

Suffering and Trouble in This World, It Endured with a Christian Spirit, It is Rewarded in Heaven, Where Love Reigns Supreme.

Dr. Talmages preaches a very comforting sermon to the afflicted ones on earth from the words found in Isaiah 54:12: "And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles."

Perhaps because a human disease is most painful and oftentimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate his sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision massed into the wall of Heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes: Like the burning coal whence comes its name, Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian.

No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumbnail, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone, he ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in the olden time and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancy of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I had you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it.

Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, aye two gates of it, aye many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb of the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying: "I have trod the wine-press alone," and wrote: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncles? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into.

Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata, and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the 12 gates are 12 pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as he lifted the gate it leaned against his forehead and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that came after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by recency stand clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the 47 who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice.

But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ the victim, human and at once malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporal. There are young men and

older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it very easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac river. Scalping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war-hoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny life, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but eat, drink and be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across three thousand miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Long Island battles, and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, and starvation, and widowhood, and orphanage, and the 13 colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon paper, and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American Revolution has never been told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticize him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives.

Whoever is elected to the presidency, the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia cannot vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be, "O God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hast not where to lay thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who hast brought to perfection the cotton of the south and the flax of the north, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

In all styles of life there come disappointments and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. Do not get soured and cross and think your case peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mugs. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations.

A friend told me the other day of a shoemaker in a Russian city, whose bench was in the basement of a building, and so far underground that he could see only the feet of those who went by on the sidewalk. Seated on his bench, he often looked up, and there went the swift and skipping feet of children, and then the slow and uniform step of the aged, and then feet with shoes old and worn out, and then crippled feet, and he resolved he would do a kindness to each one who needed it. So when the foot with the old and worn-out shoe was passing, he would halt it and make for it a comfortable covering, for he had the hammer, and the pegs, and the shoe lasts, and the lapstone, and the leather to do it. And when he saw the invalid foot pass he would halt it and go out and offer medicine and crutch and helpfulness. And when he saw the aged foot pass he halted it and told the old man of Heaven, where he would be young again. When he saw the foot of childhood pass on the sidewalk he would go

out with good advice and a laugh that seemed like an echo of the child's laugh.

Well, time went on, and as the shoemaker's wants were very few, he worked but little for himself and most of the time for others, and in the long evenings, when he could not well see the feet passing on the sidewalk, he would make shoes of all sizes and stand them on a shelf ready for feet that would pass in the daytime. Of course, as the years went on, under this process the shoemaker became more and more Christian, until one day he said to himself: "I wish among all those feet passing up there on the sidewalk I could see the feet of the dear Christ passing. Oh! if I could only see His feet go by, I would know them because they are scarred feet." That night the shoemaker dreamed, and in the dream he saw the glorious Christ, and he said: "O Christ! I have been waiting for thee to pass on the sidewalk, and I have seen lame feet, and wounded feet, and aged feet, and poor feet, but in vain have I looked for thy scarred feet." And Christ said to the shoemaker, "Man, I did pass on the sidewalk, and you did see my feet, and you did come out and hail me, and bless me, and help me. You thought it was the foot of a poor old man that went shuffling by; that was my foot. You thought it was the foot of a soldier that went limping past; that was my foot. You thought that shoeless foot was the foot of a beggar; that was my foot. The shoes, the clothing, the medicines, the cheering words that you gave to them, you gave to your Lord. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

My hearers, with the humble spirit of that Russian mechanic, let us go forth and help others. Having shoved back the carbuncle gate for yourself, to pass in, and pass on, and pass up, lead a hand to others, that they also may get through the red gate, and pass in, and pass on, and pass up!

But Heaven will not be so much of a Heaven to those who had everything in this world.

A welcoming angel says to some newly arrived soul: "Listen to the music; the orchestra of Heaven is about to render one of the best oratorios." The soul would think: "Why, I have heard in the Academy of Music the 'Creation,' the 'Messiah,' and 'Jephthah.' I have heard all the great living prima donnas and some who are dead." Let the welcoming angel then say to a prospered soul on earth: "Go now and rest; this is the everlasting rest." "Why," the soul would think: "I am not tired; why do I want to rest? I have not done a stroke of work for the last 20 years. I spent my winters in Florida and my summers in the Adirondacks, and I am not in need of rest." My hearers, Heaven will not be so much of a Heaven for those who had no struggle on earth. But when those who had a hard push with the red gate of my text, the gate of carbuncle, come to the gate of pearl and find it wide open, they will say: "Why, how strange this is. This is the first gate of valuable entrance in 40 years that I have found open." And the welcoming angel will say to some Christian mother who reared a large family of children and prepared them for usefulness and Heaven: "Go where you please and sit down on what velvet bank or cushioned throne you may prefer.

And I hear the newly-arrived soul saying, "Oh, my! What a good thing it is to rest. I was so tired. I was tired for 40 years. Angel, tell me, is this an unbroken rest? Can it be that there are no children to take care of? My head was so tired, planning for the household on small means, my eyes were so tired with sewing and knitting, my back ached with doing work that made me stoop for many hours. There was nothing in the universe I so much needed as rest. Now I have it. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Heaven! Blessed rest!" Then the welcoming angel will say to some Christian that on earth was deaf and had not heard voice of song or voice of friendship: "Hark now to the choirs in white as they are about to join in the opening piece of the Temple Worship," and as the baton swings and as the deft fingers begin to feel the pulses of the harp, and lips of martyrs breathe on the soft tones of praise, I hear the surprised soul, just entered Heaven, saying: "Music! Why, that is the first I ever heard. Will it keep on? Tell them not to stop. What is the name of that anthem? Why, I never heard anything like that. I never heard anything at all." And a little child, long ago in Heaven, pulls at the white robe and says, "Mother!" and she turns around, saying: "My child, for the first time I hear your voice. On earth I saw your smile and felt the coil of your blond curls on your childish brow, but I never heard your voice, even in play or prattle, and I am confused to know which is the best music, that which the angels of God render or the voice of you, my darling! Music! I read about it, and saw the notes in the music book, and I saw the fingers of pianists run up and down the snowbanks of the keyboard, but I never thought it would be anything like this! Music!"

Then the angel will say to a lifelong invalid, "Did you ever breathe air like this? Such balmy! Such tonic! Such immortal life in every respiration! Did you ever have any climate on earth like this climate of Heaven?" And the soul says, "This is the first time in many a long year I have been freed from pain. As I passed through the river by that gate the last ache left me, and I am well, gloriously well, everlastingly well. I have swallowed the last bitter draught. I have felt the last cut of the knife. I have passed the last sleepless night, and now I realize the beauty of what St. John said in Revelation, 'There shall be no more pain.' And then the martyrs and the prophets and the apostles will take up the chorus, and all the recovered invalids from earth will join in the triumphant refrain that surges to and fro, from east gate of Heaven to west gate. Chorus: 'No more pain; no more pain; no more pain; no more pain!'"

My hearers, it will be a great Heaven for all who get through, but the best Heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle.

DON'TS FOR DEBUTANTES.

Rules for Those Who Have Just Entered Society.

It is a good thing to have some rules with which to work out life's problem, and here are some that have been picked up and tested by a contributor to the Washington Star and found to be good:

Always take it for granted that every one means well by you, unless you have proof to the contrary. The average person in society has a good natured, or at least a cynical, sort of tolerance for you. Very few actually hate you, or want to spite you. When you find out that there is some one who does, don't discuss it or quarrel about it if it can be avoided. Just drop the person from your life as completely as possible, and above all, never descend to abuse him or her. It will hurt you worse than it will your enemy. Never treasure up all a grievance; it will grow out of all proportion with nursing.

Don't snub other women and girls just because there is a man around. This is the most flagrant fault of a girl who has not learned relative values. The man will not like you any better for ignoring a girl friend and earnestly devoting yourself to him. A great many debutantes think their success depends upon the men. It is a sad mistake. It is the married women and your girl comrades who can give you a good time, or not, in the end. Very few women dislike you because of your successes; it is because of your flaunting them.

Never ignore older and married men. They will not forgive it, and they wield a mighty power.

Don't wonder what construction will be put on everything you say, the way you hold your head and the way you laugh.

Don't wonder what people are thinking of your pose and your gown and your hands and the position of your feet. Ten to one they don't even see you, and if they do, they are not bothering their heads about you. This is not kind, but is eminently true. A very young girl's worst fault is her self-consciousness. It may be the consciousness of her shortcomings, but that is even more vexing than an appreciation of her virtues.

Don't be wondering what you will say next. A pause is nothing deadly, if you do not make it so. Probably by the time you've finished saying what you have in mind a new topic will be suggested. Trying to say something—anything—to fill in a hiatus is the most potent cause of that mistake commonly known as putting your foot in it.

Don't frequent tete-a-tete corners. Only experienced and also much older girls can do that with impunity.

Don't giggle, but, on the other hand, don't look as if you were at a wedding or a funeral.

Use your eyes to say what it doesn't happen to be practicable to say with your tongue.

If you happen to be left stranded for one dance, never sit all alone on one side of the wall, to be pitied. Get up and go over to some group of matrons, and don't fancy that the whole room is watching your transit. It is much too busy talking and dancing. Here again don't think of yourself. There is nothing so wretched as a would-be indifferent wallflower. She can't possibly look as though she liked it, and there is not the least use in trying to smile it off.

Above all things never discuss an affair where you were a failure. Never admit that you were a failure. Keep quiet about it if you can't enthuse. It doesn't do to explain the causes.

SIBERIAN WEDDING TRIP.

Two Young Society People Who Propose Going Far North.

The proposed wedding journey of two young persons who are to be married next month is exceptional enough in the scope to attract attention even in these days, when trips of this sort are more or less unconventional in plan, and the old jokes about the bridal couples at Niagara Falls have lost their point, says the New York Sun. This particular couple propose to go to Japan, which is already a favorite country for young married people to visit, and the unusual part of their plan is their contemplated sojourn for a long period in Siberia.

They expect to stay in Siberia for nearly a year, and the bridegroom-elect, who is something of a politician, expects to learn enough about the social and political conditions there to write a book about the country, when he comes back. When the guests at wedding receptions begin to throw rice and old shoes at couples who have their faces turned toward such remote points as Siberia, the business takes on a more serious aspect.

Wedding journeys in buggies through the Berkshire Hills, bicycle trips, and even the cruise of six months in the Pacific Ocean, which was undertaken by a young couple two years ago, all seem tame and commonplace enough compared with the prospect of a long stay in Siberia, devoted to a study of the Russian criminal system. Last Spring a young married couple made a journey to Alaska, but their enterprise seems to be surpassed by the Siberia project.

Austrian Wheelmen Are Examined.

In Vienna, Austria, all bicycle riders before obtaining permission to ride on the public streets are required to pass an examination. They are required to ride between boards laid on the floor without touching the sides or edges of them. At the word of command they must be able to dismount either right, left, or backward, until the rider passes this examination satisfactorily a license to ride on the public highway is refused him.

Beforehand.

He—That little brother of yours is rather bright, isn't he? He told me just now he should expect a quarter if I kissed you.

She—The wretch! You didn't give him anything, did you?

He—I gave him a dollar in advance.

GLORY OF A GOOD NAME.

Mothers Advise Their Daughters To Rely Upon

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Mrs. Oberg's Invaluable Advice to Her Daughters—Similar to That of Thousands of Other Wise Mothers—They Know from Experience What is the Only Reliable Remedy for Female Ills.

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It takes years to make a good name, but when one generation educates a following one to revere a name which has been endeared to them, then the genuineness of that good name is unquestioned.

Such is the standing of the name Lydia E. Pinkham among the women of America to-day, after years of constancy, faithful and reliable service, her whole life having been spent for the benefit of others, and that her name will be revered by one generation after another is already being demonstrated.

The following letter from a Woburn, Mass., woman illustrates this fact, having been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and remedies herself, recommends the same treatment to her daughters; and on Mrs. Pinkham's files in Lynn, Mass., will be found hundreds of letters from women using expressions similar to the following:

"Years ago my mother was very ill and was cured by your Vegetable Compound; now I need the same help and believe yours is the only remedy."

"My mother told me if I was ever ill to write to Mrs. Pinkham, as her advice and remedies were all but infallible."

All this indicates the reliability of the remedies which bear Mrs. Pinkham's name, and the advice which can be received by addressing her establishment at Lynn, Mass. We have pleasure in publishing Mrs. Oberg's letter, as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I wish to write and inform you of the good results I have obtained from the use of your valuable remedy. I hardly know how to describe my feelings before taking the Compound. I have always been a sufferer from headache since I was a child. My back began to trouble me about a year ago, after my child was born. The pain extended down my hips and thighs. I was utterly unable to walk across the floor. At times I even had to creep on my hands and knees. Sometimes I would have to be lifted from my seat. My family doctor prescribed for me, but the medicine gave me no relief. My husband got me a bottle of your remedy, and after a short treatment with the medicine I could do all my housework. I have been free from headache and entirely cured of backache since I used the Compound. I advise my daughters and every one to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, being fully satisfied that it is a wonderful medicine. I shall never be without it. ISABELL OBERG, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass."

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