#### THE BOOK OF LIFE.

In It Are Written the Names of the Redeemed.

The Chirography of the Recording Angel is So Plain that All Can Read-The Blots Are the Work of Christ.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage comments upon the penmanship in the "Lamb's Book of Life" and urges his hearers to see that their names are inscribed on its pages. The text from which he preached was Luke 10: 20: "Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Prof. Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be exactly alike, and in the one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad." In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides his egotism or modesty, and the way one writes the letter "O" decides the height and depth of his emotions. It is declared a cramped hand means a cramped nature, and an easy, flowing hand a facile and liberal spirit; but if there be anything in this science, there must be some rules not yet announced, for some of the boldest and most aggressive men have a delicate and small penmanship, while some of the most timid sign their names with the height and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immortal document. Some of the cleanest in person and thought present their blotted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy-plate set before us in our schoolboy day decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a fashion in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated, and in the next minified; now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autograph album is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the 70 disciples standing before him, he said: "Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."

When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there. you will notice that the penmanship is Christ's and that the letters were trembling with old age, for He had only passed three decades when He expired. It was soon after the thirtieth anniversary of His birthday. Look over all the business accounts you kept or the letters you wrote at 30 years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well, then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in Heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more trouble than ever smote any one else, and all of them troubles assumed for others. Christ was prematerely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Palestine. He had slept out of doors, now in the night dew and now in the tempest. He had been soaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pillows for others, but He had not where to lay His head.

Hungry, He could not even get a fig on which to breakfast; or have you missed the pathos of that verse, "In the morning, as He returned unto the city He hungered, and when He saw a fig tree in the way. He came to it and found nothing thereon?" Oh, He was a hungry Christ, and nothing makes the hand tremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon the nerves, and the agitated nerves make the hand quake. On the top of all this exasperation came abuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunkard? but Christ was called one. What respecter of the Lord's day wants to be called a Sabbath breaker? but He was called one. What man, careful of the company he keeps, wants to be called the associate of profligates? but He was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? but He was charged with it. What man of devout speech wants to be called a blas-

phemer? but He was so termed.

What man of self-respect wants to be struck in the mouth? but that is where they struck Him. Or to be the victim of vilest expectoration, but under that He stooped. Oh, He was a worn-out Christ. That is the reason He died so soon upon the cross. Many victims of crucifixion live day after day upon the cross; but Christ was in the court room at 12 o'clock of noon and he had expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 3 o'clock the time taken to travel from the court room to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, there could not have been more than two hours left. Why did Christ live only two hours upon the cross, when others had lived 48 hours? Ah! He was worn out before He got there, and you wonder, O child of God, that, looking into the volumes of Heaven your name, you find it written with a trembling penmanship, trembling with every letpenmanship, trembling with every letter of your name, if it be your earthly name, or trembling with every letter of signatures and engrossments. But your Heavenly name, if that be differ- your name, put in the Heavenly record,

ent and more euphonious. That will not be the first time you saw the mark of a quivering pen, for you did not, O man, years ago see your name so written on the back of a letter, and you opened it, saying: "Why, here is a letter from mother," or "Here is a letter from father," and after you opened it you found all the words because of old age were traced irregularly and uncertain, so that you could hardly read it at all. But after much study you made it out-a letter from home, telling you how much they missed you, and how much they prayed for you, and how much they wanted to see you, and if it might not be on earth so that it might be in the world where there are no partings. Yes, your name is written in Heaven, if written at all, with trembling chi-

Again, in examination of your name in the Heavenly archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written with a bold hand. You have seen many a signature that because of sickness or old age had a tremor in it, yet it was as bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannonade, has had evidence of excitement in every word and every letter and in the speed with which it was folded and handed to the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups and yet that commander, notwithstanding his trembling hand, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. It was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signed his name to the Declaration of American Independence, but no signer had more courage, and when some one said: "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is," he resumed the pen and wrote Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Trembling hand no sign of timidity. The daring and defiance seen in the way your name is written in Heaven is a challenge to all earth and hell to come on if they can to defeat your ransomed soul. Again, if according to the promise

of the text you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and shall see your name there, you will find it written in lines, in words, in letters unmistakable. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost unreadable penmanship a mark of genius, and so they affect it. Because every paragraph that Thomas Chalmers, and Dean Stanley, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Choate, and other potent men wrote was a puzzle, imitators made their penmanship a puzzle. Alexander Dumas says that plain penmanship is the brevet of incapacity. Then there are some who, through too much demand upon their energies and through lack of time, lose their capacity of making the pen intelligible, and of the writing of this world is indecipherable. We have seen piles of inexplicable chirography, and we ourselves have helped augment the magnitude. We have not been sure of the name signed, or the sentiment expressed, or whether the reply was affirmative or negative. Through indistinct penmanship last wills and testaments have been defeated, widows and orphans robbed of their inheritance, railroad trains brought into collision through the dim words of a telegram put into the hand of a conductor, and regiments, in this wise, mistaking their instructions, have been sacrificed in battle. I asked Bishop Cowie, in Auckland, New Zealand, the bishop having been in many of the wars, what Tennyson, in his immortal poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," meant by the words, "some one had blundered," and the bishop said that the awful carnage at Balaklava was the result of an indistinctly-written and wrongly-read military order. "Some

one, had blundered." But your name, once written in the Lamb's Book of Life, will be so unmistakable that all Heaven can read it at the first glance. It will not be taken for the name of some other, so that in regard to it there shall come to be disputation. Not one of the millions and billions and quadrillions of the finally saved will doubt that it means you and only you. Oh, the glorious, the rapturous certitude of that entrance on the Heavenly roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified tomb. No, no, Though you came up, the worst sinner that was ever saved. and somebody, who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and dissolute, should say: "I never heard of your conversion and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of the redeemed say: "Read it for yourself. That is my name, written out in full, and do you recognize the hand writing? No young scribe of Heaven entered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as yonder throne, as plain as yonder gate? Is not the name unmistakable? The crucified Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name is written there! There!"

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the state department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper, yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name, and perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations; but he carries also chemicals with which he cats out whole paragraphs from important documents

We talk about indelible ink, but but there is no such thing as indelible

all the millenniums of Heaven cannot dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner. There will be new generations coming into Heaven and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many-mansioned residence, and though your name were once plainly on the books, suppose it should fade out. How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being canceled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a reinforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in Heaven may give out, and will give out. There are records there in which the recording angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writing there cannot be read or even guessed at.

The recording angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots; for did He not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if someone in Heaven should remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about them, the Lord would say: "Oh, I forgot them. I completely forgot those sins, for I promised, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.' " In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all the title deeds, and all the halls of record, and all the librathe 200,000 volumes and the 700,- of the year.' 000 manuscripts of the Alexandrian library went down under the torch of plenty of rice and whiskey. nuts, pre-Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose inhabitants will exclaim: "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be only one conflagration in Heaven, and that will not destroy, but irradiate! I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubied and diamonded walls in the light of the sun that never sets. Indelible! But there is only one word on all

this subject of divine chirographyein Heaver that confuses me, and that is the small adverb which St. John adds when he quotes the text in Revelation and speaks of some "whose names are Lamb slain." Oh, that awful adverb "not!" By full submission to Christ the Lord, have the way all cleared between you and the sublime registration of your name this moment. Why not look up and see that they are all ready to put your name among the blissful immortals? There is the mighty volume; it is wide open. There is the pen; it is from the wing of the "Angel of the New Covenant. There is the ink; it is red ink from Calvarean sacrifice. And there is the Divine Scribe; the glorious Lord who wrote your father's name there, and your mother's name there, and your child's name there, and who is ready to write your name there. Will you consent that He do it? Before I say "Amen" to this service, ask refreshment counter after bowing to the Him to do it? I wait a moment for the tremendous action of your will, for it the visitor is an intimate friend he is is only an action of your wilk Here someone says: "Lord Jesus, with pen or so at the eating place. Ordinary acplucked from angelic wing, and dipped in the red ink of Golgotha, write there either that which is now my earthly name or that which shall be my Heavenly name." I pause a second longer, that all may consent. The pen of the Divine Scribe is in the fincers and is lifted and is lowered, and it touches the shining page, and the word is traced, in trembling and bold and unmistakable letters. He has put it down in the right place.

Tis done! The great transaction's done. I am my Lord's, and He is mine. And if there be in this assembly a hopeless case, so called hopeless by yourself and others, I take the responsibility of saying that there is a place in that Book where your name would exactly fit in, and look beautiful, and you can, quicker than I can clap my Crooke's tube, says: hands together, have it there. A religious meeting was thrown open, and all those who could testify of the converting grace of God were asked to speak. Silence reigned a moment, and then a man covered with the marks of dissipation arose and said: "You can see from my looks what I have been, but I am now a saved 'man. When I left home, a thousand miles from here, I had so disgraced my father's name that he said, 'As you are going away I have only two things to ask of you. first that you will never come home again, and next you will change your name.' I promised. I have not heard my real name for years. I went the whole round of sin, until there was no lower depths to fathom. But I am by the grace of God a changed man. I wrote home asking forgiveness for my waywardness, and here are two letters, one from father and another from my sister. My mother died of a broken heart. But these two letters ask me to come home, and boys, I start tomorrow morning." The fact was that his name was written in Heaven, where I pray God all of our names may be written, though so unworthy are the best of us, and all of us. If you have ever been in the thick woods and heard the sound of village bells, you know the sound is hindered and muffled by the foliage, though somewhat sweet, but as you come to the edge of the woods the sounds become clearer and more charming, and when you step out from the deep shad- | age. ows into the sunlight you hear the full, round, mellifluous ringing of the bells. Oh! ye, down in the thick shadows of unbelief and who hear only the faint notes of this gospel bell, come out into the clear sunlight of pardon and peace, and hear the full chime of

of Heaven. Oh, come out of the woods. Houses in New York.

eternal harmonies from all the towers

New York has 115,000 houses only, with an average of 18 residents to each, which is the highest average of any city of importance in the world. The aver-age number of residents to a house in Brooklyn is only about ten.

## THE YEAR 7,249.

CHINAMEN CELEFRATED ITS COM-ING FEBRUARY 9.

They Pay Their Debts, Take a Bath, and Caress Their Queue and Sally Out to hay "Ching a Fa Toi" to Their Many

Almost six weeks after Christian na tions celebrated the New Year's Day of 1896 the Chinese celebrated the anniversary of their year which is said to have begun February 9, 7,249 years

They celebrate in their own way, and it is an extremely rigid and peculiar way, but one in some respects highly commendable. First of all John makes himself clean-very clean. Several perfumes-a recent fashion among the Chinese-brushes and soft and thick towels serve to attain this end. Then the queue is carefully prepared, but the method of this is a secret which no white man may understand. A short beauty nap serves to make the eyes bright and superinduce a feeling of gen-

Previous to this John has paid up and collected all debts and dues wherever that was possible; but if any remain over, he now goes out to settle them up, for it is his purpose to begin the new year clean of dirt and debt. This is one new year's duty; the second is hospitality; the third is inebriety. Or, to translate a Chinese maxim, "Cleanliness is next to deankenness and a man's house ries will disappear, worse that when is his neighbor's castle on the first day

So John puts his house in order with served fruits, sugared pressed flowers, watermelon seeds, and othey dainties ready for the delectation of his friends. and starts out, with his sleeves full of red visiting cards, on his rounds. It is not until afternoon that the streets of Chinatown take on a really festal appearance, as the morning is consumed n preparation. By 2 o'clock every one of any pretensions to social position is out, dressed in his best. Calls are exhanged, varying in quality from the very ceremonious, which consist in sevrteen bows and one drink to, the sarm and friendly, consisting in one w and seventeen trinks. In general lat house is most frequented which sets forth the greatest array of refreshnot written in the Book of Life of the ments. To any one who knows the copes Chinatown hospitality is boundess on this day. The proper thing to do is to enter the house slowly and with a lignified mien, and, approaching the host with many bows, trill out:

"Ching a fa toi." It is essential that this little ditty be chanted with the proper tonal emphasis, for if the notes are mixed it becomes a very insuling epithet, which the Western man said to the Coroner's jury that "any man what got called that would snoot, even if he was one," whereupon they absolved him of blame without leaving their seats. Properly rendered this selection expresses pleasant new year's wishes, and the host having heard it waves his guest toward the verge of standing on his head. Unless not expected to spend more than an hour quaintances bid their host farewell in a succession of obeisances and depart to the next place. Intimates, however, may invite him to drink with them. As he has been abstaining from alcoholic beverages for weeks in anticipation of the event, and has, moreover, prepared himself by gargles of hot water, he is quite ready for anything in the line of a frink, and compliments fly over the IRA C. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-law .liquor jars. When at length the friend ieparts he makes a low bow, saying:

"May the spirit of your ancestors sbide ever with you, and the noble mansion which is bonored by your august presence shelter your descendants for ten thousand years."

To which the other, performing a courtesy that makes him look like a

"I call down upon you the peaceful lessings of a prosperous existence.

May your queue be hung in a Joss house and your bones be preserved as holy relics in golden boxes." This was usually enough for any visi-

tor and he went. Some of the swell Chinamen this year prepared selections from the poets and philosophers, which they rung in upon their host, so the afternoon wore away in feasting and exchanging courtesies. In the evening all the Chinamen went to the Joss house, and laying gifts at the feet of the Jost. prayed for prosperity and wisdom. Having performed this, they went back and had some more to drink,

## The Irrepressible Undergraduate.

It is said that when Tennyson received his degree of D. C. L. from Oxford the decorum of the occasion was greatly marred by a sprig of an undergraduate. The boy sat up in the gallery to see the ceremony, and when he beheld Tennyson, with dishevelled hair, rioting in luxuriant locks about his forehead, and dangling in his eyes, the youth's piping voice broke the solemn silence with the

"Did your mother call you early,

## His Lead,

"Sir," began the high-trowed man with the rolled manuscript, "in me you | J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law .-- Office behold a man who is in advance of the

"Yes," said the editor, "you are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume," "Next summer?"

"Yes, I notice that you have left the door open."-Indianapolis Journal.

"All I demand for my client," shout ed the attorney in a voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice."

"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the Judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years." — Indianapolis Jour-

# THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

## Some Valuable Statistics in Regard to This Period.

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Found To Be Then of Great Assistance-Mrs. N.E. Kriner's Personal Experience Told for the Benefit of Women in Similar Condition.

sometimes painful symptons.

dangerous nervous trouble.

pound will be of great value, as the friends will do as I did. following letter from Mrs. Kriner indicates. The Vegetable Compound is Women suffering from any form of fea tonic especially prepared to act upon male weakness are invited to promptly the female generative organs. It in- communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at vigorates and strengthens those organs Lynn, Mass. All letters are received. in such a manner as to build up the opened, read and answered by women weakened nervous system, and enables only. A woman can freely talk of her. a woman to pass that troublesome private illness to a woman; thus has period triumphantly.

ways glad to answer any personal let- of America which has never been ters, and it is well for any woman broken. Out of the vast volume of exwho is in doubt about her condition to perience which she has to draw from write to Mrs. Pinkham and get a thor- it is more than possible that she has ough analysis of her case, and advice gained the very knowledge that will

says:-My trouble was Change of Life. advice has relieved thousands. Surely, I suffered for eight years and could any woman, rich or poor, is very foolfind no permanent relief until one year ish if she does not take advantage of

It is said that the turn of life is the | table Compound, and relief came almost most important period in a woman's immediately. I have taken two bottles existence, and owing to modern meth- of the Vegetable Compound, three ods of living not more than one woman boxes of Pills, and have also used the out of a thousand approaches this per- Sanative Wash, and must say I never fectly natural change without experi- had anything help me so much. I have encing a train of very annoying and better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, per-Those dreadful hot flashes, sending feetly strong. I give your Compound the blood surging to the head until it all the credit. I have recommended it seems ready to burst, and the faint to several of my friends, who are using feeling that follows, as if the heart it with like results. It has cured me were going to stop, are symptoms of a of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's reme-The hot flashes are just so many calls dies for anything. There is no need of from nature for help. At this time so much female suffering. Her reme-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com- dies are a sure cure. I hope all my lady

A STANDING INVITATION. been established the eternal confident Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., is al- between Mrs. Pinkham and the women

help your case. She asks nothing in Mrs. N. E. Kriner, Kingstown, Ind., return except your good will, and her ago. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege- this generous offer of assistance.

the all-important fact that in addressing Ars. Pink-Remember the all-important fact that your private ills to a woman-a woman whose experience is greater than any male physician in America. You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man. Ars. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., is more than ready and willing to have you write her if you are in doubt. She will gladly answer every letter. Her advice is free.

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