

ARMAGEDDON.

The Last Great Battle to be Fought on Earth.

All the Forces of Light and Darkness Will Engage in the Final Conflict Between Good and Evil—Christ Will Be Victorious.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage vividly describes the combatants who will engage in the climax of the world's struggles, when Satan will be overthrown. The text he selected was Rev. 18: 16: "And he gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon."

Megiddo is the name of a mountain that looks down upon Esdraelon, the greatest battlefield that the world has ever seen. There Barak fought the Canaanites; there Gideon fought the Midianites; there Josiah fought the invading Egyptians. The whole region stands for battle, and the Armageddon of my text borrows its name from it, and is here used, not geographically, but figuratively, while setting forth the idea that there is to be a world's closing battle, the greatest of all battles, compared with which the conflicts of this century and all other centuries were insignificant, because of the greater number of combatants engaged, the greater victory, and the greater defeat.

The exact date of that battle we do not know, and the exact locality is uncertain. It may be in Asia, Europe, Africa, or America; but the fact that such a battle will take place is as certain as God's eternal truth. When I use the superlative degree in regard to that coming conflict I do not forget that there have been wars all along on a stupendous scale. As when at Marathon Miltiades brought on his men, not in ordinary march, but in full run, upon the horsemen of Persia and the black archers of Ethiopia, and scattering them, and crying, "Bring fire! Bring fire!" set into flame the ships of the invaders. As when Pizarro overcame Peru. As when Philip the Second triumphed over Portugal. As when the Huns met the Goths. As when three hundred Spartans sacrificed themselves at Thermopylae. As when the Carthaginians took Agrigentum. As when Alexander headed the Macedonian phalanx. As when Hannibal invaded Italy. Battle of Hastings. Battle of Valmy. Battle of Pultowa.

Battle of Arbela. Battle of Tours. Battle of Borodino. Battle of Lucknow. Battle of Tolofino. Battle of Fontenoy, where 100,000 were slain. Battle of Chalons, where 300,000 were massacred. Battle of Herat, where Genghis Khan destroyed 1,600,000 lives. Battle of Neislar, where 1,747,000 went down to death. 1,816,000 slain at Troy. And American battles, too near us now to allow us to appreciate their awful grandeur and significance, except you who were there, facing the north or facing the south. But all the battles I have named put together will not equal in numbers enlisted, or fierceness, or grandeur, or triumph, or rout, the coming Armageddon contest. Whether it shall be fought with printer's type or keen steel, whether by brain or muscle, whether by pen or carbine, whether by booming cannon or thunders of Christian eloquence, I do not know, and you may take what I say as figurative or literal, but take as certain what St. John is in vision on the rocks of the Grecian archipelago, is pleased to call "Armageddon."

My sermon will first mention the regiments that will be engaged in the conflict; then will say something of the commanders on both sides; and then speak of the battle itself and the tremendous issues. Beginning with those who will fight on the wrong side, I first mention the Regiment Diabolic. In this very chapter from which my text is taken we are told that the spirits of devils will be there. How many millions of them no one can tell, for the statistics of the Satanic dominions have never been reported and the roll of that host has never on earth been called; but from the direful, and continental, and planetary work they have already done, and the fact that every man and woman and child on earth has a tempter, there must be at least 1,600,000,000 of evil spirits familiar with our world. Perhaps as many more are engaged on special enterprises of abomination among the nations and empires of the earth. Besides that there must be an inconceivable number of inhabitants in realms pandemoniac, staying there to keep the great capitals of sin going from age to age. Many of them once lived in Heaven, but engaging in conspiracy to put Satan on the throne, they were hurled out and down, and they are now among the worst thugs of the universe. Having been in three worlds—Heaven, earth and hell—they have all the advantages of great experience. Their power, their speed, their cunning, their hostility wonderful beyond all statement! In the Armageddon they will, I doubt not, be present in full array. They will have no reserve corps, but all will be at the front. There will not only be soldiers in that battle who can be seen and aimed at, but troops intangible and without corporeity, and weapons may strike clear through them without giving them hurt. With what shout of defiance will they climb up the ladders of fire and leap from the battlements of asbestos into the last campaign of hell!

Paul, the bravest of men, was impressed with their might for evil when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, and against powers, and against the rulers of the darkness in this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Oh, what an agitating moment, when the ranks diabolic move up and take their places for conflict in the Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march into the fight will be the Regiments Alcoholic. They will be made up of the brewers' companies, distillery owners, and liquor dealers' associations, and the hundreds of millions of their pat-

rons. They will march into the ranks with what the Bible calls the "Song of the drunkard." And what a bloated, and hiccoughing, and nauseating host! If now, according to a scientist, in England there are 50,000 deaths annually from strong drink, and in the United States, according to another estimate, 98,000 deaths annually from strong drink, with an army of living drunkards that implies, coming up from the whole earth to take their places in the last battle, especially as the evil increases and the millions now staggering on their way may be joined by other millions of reinforcements—brigade after brigade, with drunkards' bones drumming on the heads of beer barrels the dead march of souls. These millions of victims of alcohol joined by the millions of the victims of arrack, the spirituous liquor of China, and India, and Arabia, and Egypt, and Ceylon, and Siam!

Other regiments who will march into the fight on the wrong side will be the Regiments Infidel. God gave but one revelation to the human race, and these men have been trying to destroy it. Many of the books, magazines, and newspapers, through perpetual scoff at Christianity, and some of the universities have become recruiting agencies for those regiments. The greatest brigadier of all those regiments, Voltaire, who closed his life of assault upon Christianity by writing: "Happiness is a dream, and only pain is real. I have thought so for 84 years, and I know no better plan than to resign myself to the inevitable and to reflect that flies are born to be devoured by spiders and man to be consumed by care. I wish I had never been born." Oh, the God-forsaken regiments of infidels, who, after having spent their life in antagonizing the only influence that could make the earth better, gather with their low wit and their vile sneer and their learned idiocy and their horrible blasphemy to take part against God and righteousness in the great Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march in on the wrong side in the battle will be the Regiments Mohammedan. At the present time there are about 175,000,000 Moslems. Their plain mission is to kill Christians, demean womanhood, and take possession of the earth in the interest of ignorance, superstition and moral filth. The massacre of 50,000 Armenians in the last two or three years is only one chapter in their effort to devastate the earth of everything but themselves. So determined are they in their bad work that all the nations of the earth put together dare not say to them, "Stop! or we will make you stop." My hope is that long before that last battle of which I speak, the Turkish government, and with it Mohammedanism, may be wiped out of existence. The Turkish power for the last 400 years has been the mightiest hindrance on earth to religious liberty and moral improvement. Her extermination is prophesied in the book of Revelations in the figure of the drying up of the river Euphrates, and she is going rapidly, thank God!

Other regiments on that wrong side will be made up of offenders of all sorts, the defrauders, the libertines, the dynamiters, the anarchists, the oppressors, and the foes of society, the criminals of all nations, by whatever name they are now called, or shall then be called. They may not before that have openly taken sides, but then they will be compelled to take sides. With what venom, with what violence, with what desperation they will fall into line at the great Armageddon! Is it not appalling, these uncounted regiments of the earth, to be joined by the uncounted regiments from perdition! Can any power cope with them? Especially when I tell you who their commander is, for so much in wars depends upon the chieftain. Their leader will not be a political accident or a military "happen so." By talent, and adroitness, and courage, and unceasing industries he has come to the bad eminence. He disputed the throne of Heaven with the Almighty, but no one has disputed the throne of eternal night with this monarch who will in the last battle take the field in person.

Milton calls him Lucifer. Goethe calls him Mephistopheles, the Hebrew calls him Abaddon, the Greek calls him Apollyon. He is the impersonation of all malevolence, of all oppression, of all cruelty, the summing up of all falsehood. In his makeup nothing bad was left out and nothing good was put in, and he is to be the general, the commander-in-chief of all the forces on the wrong side in the great Armageddon. He has been in more battles than you have ever read about, and he has gained more victories than have ever been celebrated in this world. But I guess this old warrior of Pandemonium will not have an undisputed field. I guess there will be an army to dispute with his forces. I have mentioned the supremacy of this world. I guess our troops will not have to run when, on the day mentioned in my text, all the infernal batteries shall be unlimbered. We have been reviewing the troops diabolic, and we have been measuring the calibers of their guns. We have been examining their ammunition wagons. Now let us look at the forces to be marshaled in the Armageddon on the right side.

First of all I mention the Regiments Angelic. Alas! that the subject of demonology seems better understood than the subject of angelology. But the glorious spirits around the throne and all the bright immortals that fill the galleries and levels of the universe are to take part in that last great fight, and the regiments angelic are the only regiments capable of meeting the regiments plutonic. To show you something of an angel's power, I ask you to consider that just one of them slew 185,000 of Sennacherib's hosts in a night, and it is not a tough arithmetical question to solve, if one angel can slay 185,000 troops in a night, how many can 500,000,000 of them slay. The old Book says that "They excel in strength." It is not a celestial mob, but a disciplined host and they know their rank. Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, principalities and

powers! And the leader of those regiments is Michael the Archangel. David saw just one group of angels sweep past, and they were 20,000 chariots. Paul, who in the Gamathan college has his faculties so wonderfully developed, confesses his incapability to count them by saying: "Ye are come to Mount Zion, and an innumerable company of angels."

The next regiments that I see marching into the fight will be the regiments ecclesiastic. According to the last account, and practically only in the beginning of the great gospel movement which proposes to take the whole earth for God, there are 4,600,000 Methodists, 3,725,000 Baptists, 1,280,333 Presbyterians, 1,230,000 Lutherans, and 640,000 Episcopalians. But the present statistics of churches will be utterly swamped when, after all the great denominations have done their best work, the slowest of all the sects will have more numbers than the present enrollment of all denominations throughout Christendom. You see by that time an atheist or an infidel will be a curiosity, and he will be looked at as we look at a man with long hair reaching below his shoulders, and long finger nails that are never cut, and a stare in the eyes indicating inept lunacy—not to be argued with, but to be pitied; while it will not be any unusual thing to see men as much devoted to their religion as Francis Xavier was devoted to his religion, when he went through the streets asking all to come to hear his faith expounded, in ten years planting the gospel in fifty nations and baptizing over a million souls. And the great hosts of believers will fill the earth, making 2,317,000 combatants that Xerxes reviewed a corporal's guard in comparison. I see them, the regiments ecclesiastic, moving into that last battle. The Lutherans headed by some great Martin Luther yet to be born. The Methodists lead by some George Whitefield yet to come. The Presbyterians headed by some John Knox yet to arise. The Episcopalians headed by some Bishop Carnock yet to be enrobed. The Baptists headed by some Missionary Carey yet to bless the world. The Congregational church headed by some Doctor Kirk of pentecostal power yet to take tongue of fire.

I see them moving into the ranks, carrying a standard striped and starred; striped as suggesting Him by whose stripes we are healed, and starred as with the promise that those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever. Into that battle on our side will roll those mighty engines of power, the printing press of Christendom. But who is the commander-in-chief on this side? Splendid armies have been ruined, caught in traps, flung over precipices, and annihilated through the incompetence or treachery of their general. Who commands on our side? Jehovah-Jireh! so-called in one place. "Captain of Salvation," so-called in other place. King of Kings. Lord of Lords. Conqueror of Conquerors. His eye omniscient. His arm omnipotent. He will take the lead. He will draw the sword. He will give the command. And when He plants His foot for the combat, the foundations of the earth will quake, and when He shall give the battle-shout, all the gates of hell will tremble.

But do not let us shout until after we have seen the two armies clash in the last struggle. O, my soul! The battle of all time and all eternity opens. "Forward!" "Forward!" is the command on both sides given. The long lines of both armies waver and swing to and fro. Swords of truth against engines infernal. Black horse cavalry of perdition against white horse cavalry of Heaven. The redemption of this world and the honor of the throne of God to vindicate, how tremendous is the battle! The army of righteousness seems giving way; but no! It is only part of the maneuver of the infinite fight. It is a deploy of the host celestial. What a meeting in this field of splendor and wrath, of the angelic and of the diabolic, of hosanna and blasphemy, of song and curse, of the divine and the satanic. The thunderbolts of the almighty burst and blaze upon the foe. Boom! Boom! By the torches of lightning that illumine the scene I see that the crisis of the Armageddon has come. It is the turning point of this last battle.

The next moment will decide all. Aye: the forces of Apollyon are breaking ranks. See! See! They fly! Some on foot, some on wing; they fly. Back over the battlements of perdition they go down with infinite crash, all the regiments diabolic! Back to the mountains and caves the armed hosts of earth, crying as they retreat to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb, for the great day of his wrath has come and who shall be able to stand?" And while Apollyon, the prisoner of war, is being dragged in chains to his dungeon, and our Conqueror is remounting His throne, I look off upon the battlefield, and among the slain I find the carcasses of Mohammedism, and Paganism, and Atheism, and Infidelity, and Dissipation, and Fraud, and multitudinous Wrong, strewn the plain.

The prophesied Armageddon of the text has been fought, and Christ and his followers have won the day. The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. All the Christian workers of our time, you, my hearers, and you, my readers, and all the Christian workers of all the ages, have helped on this magnificent result, and the victory is ours as much as theirs. This moment inviting all outsiders, through the ransomed blood of the everlasting covenant, to get into the ranks of the conquerors, and under the banner of our leader, I shall not close the service with prayer, as we usually do, but immediately give out grocery, appropriate when written in 1819, but more appropriate in 1896, and ask you, with full voices, as well as with grateful hearts, to chant it.

See Jehovah's banner furled, Sheathed his sword: He speaks—'tis done And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son.

VENICE A DELUSION.

An Englishman Sneers at Its Canals and Distances.

An Englishman who had seen Venice but to be disillusioned, writes of his impressions to the Westminster Budget as follows:

"Here is a description of what these canals are, taken from my diary, and it is literally truthful, which the poets and the painters never are. On either side staggers a crowd of decayed buildings; from the roof downward they are a mass of squalid ruin; broken balconies cling to the stained and discolored walls, great scabs of plaster have fallen from their fronts as if a leprosy had eaten them; for a foot above the water the walls are black with slime, the broken windows are stuffed with rags and paper, the shattered steps lead up to doors that swing by one hinge; the steps themselves are slippery with a greasy scum; to the edge of the lower stairs there is a fringe of foul green weed—it swings slowly in the crawling water; the iron grilles, once so beautiful, are eaten by bitter salt rust; the shutters hang at all angles, flapping and creaking in the wind; the crazy balconies there is a lurid of broken flower pots with dead flowers in them; and through all these reeking alleys the greenish gray water slowly pulses and oozes, covered with straw, egg shells cabbage stalks and nameless refuse. Over all this brood a hundred filthy and obscene smells, each canal contributing a particularly putrid stench of its own. No longer does Venice sit in state; hour by hour and stone by stone she is surely sinking in her dishonored grave.

"Night in Venice and music on the canal—that surely would have its old charm. I had pictured the soft air, pulsing with sweet voices, and over all a sky 'thick inlaid with patiness of bright gold.' Well, every night about 8 the singing certainly began, guitars tinkled, and now and then one heard a fairly good tenor voice, but as a rule the men's voices were harsh and worn. And the women's indescribably shrill. And the songs they sang were Verdi and Bellini at their worst. 'Ah che la Morte' and its companion absurdities. And when once they began they kept on; no sooner had one boat load of singers exhausted their repertoire than another took up its place and repeated the same songs with the same quaverings and tinklings."

MR. PLATT'S BREEZY LETTER.

He Says He Has Made an Ass of Himself and Asks Pity.

In a letter to the Michigan Club, a Republican organization, on the occasion of its celebration of Washington's birthday, ex Senator Thomas C. Platt wrote as follows in an answer to an invitation to attend, addressed to the President of the Michigan Club: MY DEAR SIR: Again am I complimented and honored by the invitation of the Michigan Club to be present as a guest at the eleventh annual banquet on Friday night. I have not married a wife or bought a yoke of oxen, but I have made an ass of myself by assuming certain political burdens which I must carry out at this time. I shall grin and weep while you celebrate, for I have a complete conception of the magnificence of your banquets and the eloquence of your orators. Pity me and pray for the man whom the angelic press pictures as so satanic. T. C. PLATT.

Slow But Healthy.

The Italian battleship Christoforo Colombo has a curious arrangement for furnishing her seamen with drinking water. Experience proved that drinking large quantities of cold water after violent exercise, especially while cruising in the tropics, caused many deaths. The water tanks on the battleship were designed to prevent such indiscretion. The water tanks on the vessel are connected with innumerable little rubber hoses, and on the end of each hose is a rubber nipple. When any seaman wants drinking water he must turn a stop cock and then suck it through the hose and nipple. It is slow work, but it has been found that it preserves many valuable lives.—San Francisco Post.

A Novel Protection for Ships.

An inventor proposes to utilize the compass of a ship to warn the navigators of the approach of danger. He has constructed a compass which is regulated by a chemical which will not be affected by the magnetic force on board the ship, but will be keenly sensitive to minute symptoms from any other magnetic influence excited at a distance from the vessel up to possibly two miles. This compass when affected by the magnetism oscillates about an eighth of an inch, so the inventor asserts. When it is so affected the metal connections on the rim of the dial plate will close a circuit, causing bells to ring in the engine room as well as in the pilot house and on the bridge.—N. Y. Tribune.

For Insulting the Emperor.

A little girl of Metz, 14 years old, named Louise Fuchs, has just been condemned to eight days' imprisonment for having insulted the German Emperor. The insult consisted in writing a private letter to one of her little friends, in which there was something disrespectful to his Majesty. Such sentences are quite common in Alsace-Lorraine.

Mrs. Bernhardt's Wheel.

Mrs. Bernhardt demonstrated the use of the bicycle last summer during her stay at her quiet little home in Brittany by the sea. The hostess and her guests all wore fisher costumes, and took all their jaunts on their wheels, while once a week the entire party went to Palais to buy provisions, which they carried back with them.

His Calculation.

Inspector—You don't carry enough life preservers. Steamboat Man—Oh, I guess there are enough for the people who would think of them in an emergency.—Puck

THE PINKHAM CURES.

Attracting Great Attention Among Thinking Women

MUST BE SOMETHING BEHIND IT ALL.

Miss Van Horn of Philadelphia Adds her Testimonial and Relates Her Experiences --She is Only One of Thousands Who Have Received Like Benefit During Last Few Months, and Whose Letters Are On File.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies were first introduced skeptics all over the country frowned upon their curative claims, but as year after year has gone by, and the little group of women who have been cured by the new discovery has grown into a vast army of hundreds of thousands, doubts and skepticism have been swept away as by a mighty flood, and the great good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are doing among our female population is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists and thinking people. The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be an article of great merit; otherwise it could not produce the results which are a positive fact, and not a mere claim: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I write to thank you for the good your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. Before taking your remedies I was so bad with backache, liver and kidney trouble that I thought I would never find relief. At the time of menstruation, I suffered so that I could hardly stand, but I had to go to work and stand in misery all day. My blood was in an awful state. I suffered with headache and local discharges. I was sick all over. I doctored for a long time, tried three different doctors, but they did me no good. I did not get any help until I tried your remedies. After taking several bottles of your Vegetable Compound and using five packages of your Sanative Wash, I am completely cured and have no one to thank for it but you. Hoping some other suffering woman may take warning in time, I remain, yours truly, Miss Celia Van Horn, 1912 Sharswood St., Phila., Pa."



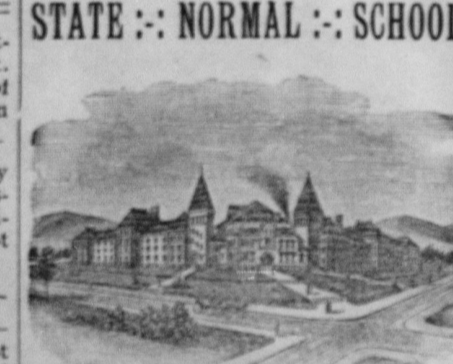
STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

- ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-law.—Offices in Pruener's New Block. German and English. All forms of legal business given prompt attention.
- FORTNEY & WALKER (D. F. Fortney and W. Harry Walker), Attorneys-at-law.—Office in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.
- IRA C. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Prompt service and careful attention to all legal business.
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- WM. J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law.—District attorney. Office in court house.
- SPANGLER & HEWES (J. L. Spangler-C. P. Hewes), Attorneys-at-law.—Office in Fursi building, opposite the court house. All legal business promptly attended to.
- W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Woodring building, opposite the court house. Consultations in German and English.
- J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.
- JOHN M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace. Office in Opera House block, opposite the court house.
- JAMES W. ALEXANDER, attorney-at-law—office, High street, near Court House. Practices in all the Courts.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



Expenses low. To those who intend to teach the State gives 50 cents a week as Aid, and 50 dollars at graduation. Tuition, \$1.25 per week; (State aid deducted 75 cents per week. Heat, light, washing, furnished room and good board, only \$3 per week. The net cost for tuition, board, heat and furnished room for the fall term of 16 weeks is only \$60; for the winter term of 12 weeks, only \$45, and for the spring term of 14 weeks, only \$52.50. The net cost of the whole Senior year of 42 weeks is only \$107.40. The Faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments. Five leading colleges are represented. A well conducted Model School furnishes superior training to professional students. Graduates command good positions and meet with excellent success. The handsome new building, erected at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, is now finished and occupied. Accommodations first class. Electric light in every room, carpets, spring beds, wardrobes, new furniture, fourteen bath rooms. Hot and cold water on every floor. Fan system steam heat. Smead system of ventilation. Everything is new and convenient. Students may enter at any time. Lock Haven is accessible by rail from all directions. We shall be glad to correspond with any who are interested. Send for free catalogue and secure rooms for next term. JAMES ELDON, A. M., Ph. D., Principal.

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