## SOWING THE SEED.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Lessons From the Farm.

The Seed Must be Well Selected and the Plowing Must be Deep If We Would Reap a Plentiful Harvest of Good Grain.

In his latest effort the popular Washington divine tells his hearers why it is necessary that God should harrow their souls to prevent the precious seed from being stolen out of their hearts. His text was John 15: 1: "My father is the husbandman."

This last summer, having gone in different directions over between 5,000 and 6,000 miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle, our bare feet wet with the dew; and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests untill the feathered occupants went cackborn in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some advenwith better clothes and softer hands. ambition for city life. So we all unis full of them, in Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. ium. David and John, Paul, and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agaiculturist, not eultivating a ten-acre few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Nebraska the United States, government on payment of \$16 years and cultivate the soil.

would have their time entirely occu- and hellebore, oats and henbane. pied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into world-Thomas Frazer said in regard to a well, but lived very ill: "When he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, abroad the right kind of seed. and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between 300 and 400 ears. The rivers and were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Soloheart is in the hands of the Lord. and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will.

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seveneights of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in pro ortion as it is fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote 28 books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject-"The Weeks and Days," Cato was prouder of, his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted hundred thousand-on, on forever. into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country-larger harvests than have run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul-all these sacred

writers making use of that analogy. In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up driving the seed down into the the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there was a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inloathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. it wore a matter of economies or in-

I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said, "Why, this will never do; that isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam. My word is to all Sabbath school

teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers-Plow deep! Plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view

of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin, and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives. You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal

that one drop is enough to kill the soul. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer. and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost ling away. We were nearly all of us their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. turous lad on his vacation came back | As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the and set the whole village on fire with anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns derstand rustic allusions. The Bible up the ghastly skeleton of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megather-

Again, I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer takes the responsibility of calling God going across the field at a stride of about 23 inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the nothing about Cain, the tiller of the field. It looks silly to a man who does soil. Adam was a gardener on a large not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snew may come, the next year lot, for we find him plowing with 12 there will be a great crop. Now, that yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land is what we are doing when we are was so plenty and the inhabitants so preaching the gospel-we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after awhile glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. ago gave pre-emption right to 160 acres | Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will to any man who would settle there come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat All classes of people were expected and wheat will come up. Let us disto cultivate ground except ministers of | tinguish between truth and error. Let religion. It was supposed that they us know the difference between wheat

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system liness that they remind one of what of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" man in his day who preached very don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" Well, I don't is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he believe in the perseverance of the should ever go into it, and when he saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of ciphers. those times, for though the arts were Believe something and teach it; or to resume the figure of my text, scatter A minister the other day preached a

sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister the the brooks, through artificial channels, other day advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unmon refers when he says: "The king's organized forces. What was he sowing? Weeds. The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stock are all the free governments of the earth and on top there shall be a flowering millennium after awhile, All from the gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sunday-school supported by an active and industrious teacher, or city missionary, or other yeomanry. So long ago as before the Christian worker speaks for Christ, comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest-you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand, ten thousand, the ten thousand, one

Again, I mark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the ever before been gathered-I want to birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the underside of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses are hitched to it, it goes tearing and leaping across the field, earth until it springs up in the harvest, Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows sink the gospel truth into your heart. These were truths that. you heard 30 years ago, they have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there. was the gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panie to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street, and up Wall street, down Third street, and up Third street, down State street, and up State street, down Pennsylvania curacy or a mistake, instead of the avenue, and up Pennsylvania avenue, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord.

No harrow, no crop. Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm, there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though

surance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipweeck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual joy a!! ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now, give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on. which you are to snarpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming, there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick bed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of Heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the

straw. That is all. The Saviour folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those those parents. said: "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day; Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep. I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

What is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles-yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got Garnered! Their tears wiped over it. away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after awhile the horses started for the barn, and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after foraful of grain fell into the mow.

O, my friends, our getting to Heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no further. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! harTHE RIVAL CHAIRMEN.

They Settle the Result of the Election to Their Own Satisfaction. CHICAGO, Oct. 28 .- Chairman D. J.

Campau, of the Democratic national campaign committee, yesterday received telegraphic reports from each state chairman in the Union giving estimates based on the latest information as to how the difent states will record their votes next Tuesday. This is the last formal report that will be made by the chairmen of the different state committees. Mr. Campau

"The Democratic national committee awaits the result of next week's election with serene confidence. William J. Bryan will be elected by the largest popular majority given any president in a quarter of a century. He will have more than 300 votes in the electoral college. Michigan, Indiana, Iowa and Minnesota are absolutely safe, and our chances of success in Ohio and Wisconsin are more than flattering. Senator Gorman, one of the most astute political leaders of the Union, guarantees Maryland. Our reports from Kentucky are that Republican monopoly and Democratic treason will be outvoted by more than 40,000.

Republican Chairman Mark A. Hanna has received the final reports of the chairmen of the state committees of Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, Michigan and Tenessee. All the state chairmen claimed that their states were safely for McKinley. According to the reports in Mr. Hanna's keeping the five states named will go for McKinley by the following pluralities: Iowa, 50,000; Kentucky, 15,000 to 20,000; Minnesota, 20,000 to 40,000; Michigan, 15,-000; Tennessee, 15,000.

Fatal Disobedience of Orders.

St. Louis, Oct. 26.-Shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday morning two passenger trains on the St. Louis and San Francisco road collided nearly opposite Windsor station, about thirteen miles from this city, instantly killing eight persons and injuring more than twenty, three of whom will probably die. The killed are all of St. Louis. Their names are: Adolph Hohl, engineer of the accommodation train; Barney McKenna, in charge of the refreshments; Maud McKenna, aged 14, his daughter; Charles Mobine, Conrad Kuntz, C. C. Blevins, H. T. Hall and John Cartwright. One of the trains was carrying an excursion porty to St. James, Mo. The collision was the direct result of disobedience of orders on the part of the excursion train crew.

Fearfully Mangled by Dynamite. HAGERSTOWN, Md., Oct. 28.-James Malone, aged 55, was engaged in thawing dynamite over a small blaze here yesterday, and held one stick in his hand while three others lay by his side a few feet from the fire. The stick he held exploded, causing the other sticks to go off at the same time. The report shook the town, all the windows of houses within a radius of 100 feet being shattered. Malone's eyes were torn out, his right hand blown off, and his face, neck and breast presented a pitiful sight. Pieces of Malone's flesh stuck to the fence for ten feet opposite the spot where the explosion took place. He lived some time after the accident. Malone was a married man without children.

Reed's Reception in California.

Los Angeles, Oct. 28 .- A steady, drizzling rain put a damper on what was calculated to be the grandest political demon-stration southern California has ever known. Most elaborate preparations had been made for Tom Reed day, and alspeak at Athletic park until 3 o'clock, thousands of people, many of them wo men, assembled at the grounds early in the morning and stood waiting in the rain. Twenty-five thousand people greeted Mr. Reed with wild cheering when he stepped to the platform, and the witty points of his speech were received with much approbation.

Horrors of the Egin Massacre.

BOSTON, Oct. 27 .- Advices from Harpoot, eastern Turkey, received in Boston firm the dispatches to the Associated Press in regard to the extent and barbarity of the recent massacre at Egin. These advices state that many of the dead were left in the streets for days as the food for dogs, and large numbers were thrown into the Euphrates. In some cases whole families were obliterated. Exact statistics of course cannot be given now, but it is feared that 2,000 is an underestimate. All the testimony at hand concurs in showing that the massacre was official and that it was wholly without reason.

Murderous Burglar Breaks Jail. WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Oct. 28.-Peter James, alias Edward Jaques, who was arrested for the burglary at Walter B. Adams' on Aug. 20, at Bedford Park Station, has escaped from jail. He sawed his way through the bars of his cell, and a carriage with friends in it were outside the jail. They carried him away. The police at the time of the escape were watching a parade at White Plains. The robbery was a sensational affair, in which Mr. Adams was killed and two burglars shot by Adams' son.

A Political Injunction Dissolved. HARRISBURG, Oct. 28 .- The Dauphin county court last night dissolved the injunction against the McKinley Citizens' ticket in Philadelphia. This case has grown from the Republican faction fight in Philadelphia. The supporters of Ashbridge for sheriff secured the injunction prohibiting the county commissioners from printing the McKinley Citizens' ticket, which includes the name of Crow for sheriff, on the official ballot. This injunction is now dissolved.

Fusion on Electoral Ticketa, CHICAGO, Oct. 26.-The Republicans have a straight electoral ticket in fortyfour of the forty-five states, having e fected a fusion in only one-Texas, with the "middle of the road" Populists and gold Democrats. The Democrats have a straight eletoral ticket in only fifteen of the states, having effected a fusion with the Populists and silver Republicans in the thirty others.

Li Hung Chang in Disgrace. PERIN, Oct. 27 .- Li Hung Chang has been appointed minister of foreign affairs. Simultaneously with his appointment as minister of foreign affairs an imperial edict orders Li Hung Chang to be pun-Ished for presuming to enter the precincts of the ruined summer palace while visiting the dowager empress.

Steamer Foundered, Seventeen Drowned COLOMBO, Ceylon, Oct. 27.-The British steamer Talf, Captain Lemere, from Mauritius for Bombay, foundered at sea on Sept. 24. Seventeen of her crew and pas-sengers, all natives of India, were drowned. The remainder of the passengers and crew

## PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

Woman in an Unconscious Condition Found on Sidewalk.

## THERE WAS SUSPICION OF FOULPLAY

Upon Examination at the Hospital, Her Body Was Discovered to be Covered with Scars Caused by the Hypodermic Injection of Morphine Facts Published as Warning to Other Women.

experience of a poor wreck of a woman | 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to house in New York. Her health be- what you have done for me. I suffered gan to fail, and instead of taking nearly seven years with backache and rest and proper medical treatment, sideache, leucorrhœa and the worst she resorted to stimulants and mor- forms of womb troubles. Doctors failed

tion of the womb, which could readily Pills and used one package of Sanative have been cured in the first stages. If Wash, and new can say I am well and ous trouble was in store, and com- good health I am now enjoying." menced a regular treatment with the Pinkham Remedies, as did Mrs. Bertha Women suffering from any form of fe-Lehrman of Pittsburg, Penn., whose male weakness are invited to promptly letter follows, the polypus in the womb communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at would have been dissolved and passed Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, away, and to-day she would have been opened, read and answered by women

cure female ills:

The above headlines recite the actual | Mrs. Bertha Lehrman, No. 1 Eric St. who had once held an honorable and Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find lucrative position in a large mercantile words with which to thank you for to do me any good. I have taken four The hospital physician discovered bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetathat her primary trouble was an affec- ble Compound and one box of Liver when she had first felt those severe have been steadily gaining flesh; am pains in the back, the terrible head- stouter and heartier now than I have aches, the constant sense of fulness, been for years. I am recommending soreness and pain in the pelvic region, your Vegetable Compound to my she had heeded the warning that seri- friends. Again I thank you for the

A STANDING INVITATION. only. A woman can freely talk of her Why will women let themselves drift private illness to a woman; thus has along into terrible suffering and siek- been established the eternal confidence ness in this way, when there is monu- between Mrs. Pinkham and the women mental proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's of America, which has never been Vegetable Compound is daily relieving broken. Out of the vast volume of exthousands of women from this very perience which she has to draw from it trouble? There is no excuse for any is more than possible that she has woman who suffers to go without help. gained the very knowledge that will Mrs. Pinkham is very glad indeed to help your case. She asks nothing in give her personal advice to any one return except your good will, and her who will write for it, and the following advice has relieved thousands. Surely, letter simply goes to prove that the any woman, rich or poor, is very fool-Vegetable Compound will positively ish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

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