

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The Glories of Nature Typical of Higher Things.

Like the Foliage of the Trees of the Forest the Christian's Character is Never So Beautiful as When He is Dying.

Dr. Talmage in his latest Washington sermon drew some very beautiful lessons and pen-pictures from the grandeur of the autumnal scenery of forest and stream.

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the school master takes a blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholars may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of His Bible and draws them out in diagram on the natural world.

Champion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations.

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of smatch than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have taken a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Croysey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant 2,000 miles long.

Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf." First. Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week by week, last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the last of the wind to strike them.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among the leaves to-day, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees get stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now."

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the church nor the state will suffer for it. There will be others to take the places. When God takes one man away, he has another right back of him. God is so rich in resources that he could spare five thousand Summerfields and Saurins, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands—some working on deck; some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin, sound asleep in the hammocks.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams; they will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's lair, and fill the eagle's eyrie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between 50 and 70 people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darkness. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes, and Tyre, and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of Silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clack. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence! Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them is sparkling. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

If, in the moment of time, some great question between the living and the dead should be put, and God called up all the dead and the living to decide it, as we lifted our hands, and from all the resting places of the dead they lifted their hands, the dead would outvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and the dead are as these autumnal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. We march on toward eternity, not by companies of a hundred or regiments of a thousand, or brigades of 10,000, but 1,600,000,000 abreast! Marching! Marching!

Oh, what withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their pictures, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird, and bloom, and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood, and sang, and wore chaplets, and made themselves merry, has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. Frosted!

But, thank God, that is not the way people always die. Tell me, on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day? So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, driven into the kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Why go to the death-bed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any signs of breathing; and when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh, there are many Christian deathbeds. The chariots of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every whither. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of prisons. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The 12 gates of Heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place.

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world, and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had his hand taken off, he said: "Good-by, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan, and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Aha! we shall rise again—we shall rise again. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth Leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments into the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but He will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, and with perfect body. All weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Compression of Feet in China. Native Christian women in China have formed a society to discourage the custom of compressing the feet of children.

Sunlight in Deep Water. In the ocean, at a depth of 500 feet below the surface, the sun has an illuminating power about equal to the light of the full moon.

A REMARKABLE FEAT

A PENMAN PUTS 5,454 WORDS ON AN ORDINARY POSTAL CARD.

On a Space Five by Three Inches, He Puts Pages From One of Zola's Romances. Enough to Fill Five Newspaper Columns.

A most remarkable feat of penmanship is that just accomplished by L. A. Grincourt, a young Frenchman now residing in this city. So remarkable is it that its accomplishment would seem beyond belief, were it not for the positive and tangible evidence that no man, no matter how incredulous he may be, can dispute. As it is, the perfected work stands as the best known record for diminutive pen writing, and marks the author as the possessor of a peculiar talent of which he is very easily a master.

On the back of an ordinary postal card he has written 5,454 words. In doing this he used a steel pen of the pattern commonly used by card writers.

It must not be supposed that the words written on the card were selected because of their brevity, for such is not the case. The written words are a portion of a story—the first eighteen pages of Emil Zola's historical romance, "La Debacle" (The War). Each word is on the card in the order in which it appears in the original text, a space 3x5 inches containing the same phrases, sentences, words, and letters as are contained in eighteen pages of printed matter. So minute are the letters formed by the pen that the naked eye can scarcely distinguish them, and the most perfect vision requires the aid of a powerful magnifying glass to enable one to read them.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of this great work is the perfect form and alignment of the letters. Each of the hundred and ten lines across the card is perfectly straight, every word and letter being as exact in form as if printed from a copper plate. Nothing is missing.

The shading of the capitals, the dots of the i's and crosses of the t's and the punctuation marks are all in proper place and form. The most critical teacher of penmanship would be content to take any portion of the written words and after magnifying them to the proper size, use them as a copy to set before his pupils.

The magnitude of the task which Mr. Grincourt set for himself, can be better understood when the result of his work is considered in comparison with more homely facts. For instance, to a person writing at ordinary speed, from dictation, it would require from four to five hours' time to write what is written on this postal card.

If the person wrote in the size and style used as copies in Spencerian school copy book, it would require between 70 and 100 pages of ordinary note paper to contain the words written on the card. If they were set up in the style of type used in printing the more important news in the Examiner and leaded, they would fill about five full columns of space in the paper.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Novelty in Mining Camps.

A floating mining camp is now being fitted up at Ellensburg, Wash., and next spring it will float up and down the Snake River. The camp will be perfectly appointed in every way with a full battery of mining appliances and quarters for the miners. It is being constructed on an immense flat-bottomed boat, especially built for the purpose. On the boat is a big stationary engine and boilers, dredgers and pumps of various sizes, and all the appliances for extracting gold, and a boarding and lodging house that will accommodate at least 150 miners. The camp is an experiment by a Chicago syndicate, and it will be moved up and down the river, working the banks and bed of the stream for gold.

France Will Make a Splurge.

France means to make a splurge at the Czar's coronation. The Chamber of Deputies has just voted \$70,000 for the supper which the French Ambassador, the Comte de Montbello, who is now the senior member of the St. Petersburg diplomatic corps, will give at his Moscow ball. The fruit, flowers, and vegetables will all be brought from France, and a gilt coach of the 18th century, now in the Cluny Museum, will be sent for the use of the Ambassador.

A New Hatchet Story.

A hatchet bearing the name of Robert La Salle, the French explorer, the motto "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," and the date 1655 was found imbedded in the trunk of a tree which was cut down in a southern Cheboygan County, Mich., a few days ago. The wood of the tree had grown completely around the hatchet, and there was no sign of its presence on the outside. The date is probably that of the manufacture of the hatchet. The motto is that of the Jesuit order to which La Salle belonged.

Maria Theresa After Muscles.

Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria is emulating Sandow. She practices with large dumbbells, and can lift a man with one hand. She is said on one occasion, when a heavy iron column fell on a man, to have lifted it high enough to enable him to be drawn from under. She is a delicate-looking woman of thirty-four, wife of the Archduke Karl Stephan, and mother of five children.

A Hint to the Hostess.

The Romans in the days of Horace used to perfume their drinks with rose leaves. Now, if we wish to do honor to an interesting guest, we may borrow a dainty notion from the Germans, introduced by no less a personage, I am told, than the Kaiser himself. To every glass of champagne, to give the beverages romance and a certain classical flavor, is added some petals of violets.

MRS. PINKHAM'S VICTORY.

Straightforward Declaration by Mrs. Sidney Hamlet.

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ailing Since Junction of Girlhood and Womanhood--Physicians Pronounced Case "Prolapsus Uteri"--Could Not Walk Without Pain--Words Inadequate to Express Her Gratitude for Relief Received.

Red House, Va.—To Mrs. Pinkham: "My heart goes out in sympathy to all who are suffering with troubles peculiar to the female sex. I would like to express my gratitude for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have been a sufferer since girlhood, did not then know the cause of dreadful sick headaches and other troubles. I could not take long walks, lift or carry anything heavy, and was very nervous. Last summer I was almost an invalid, could not walk across my room without pain. I sent for your physician. He pronounced my case a bad one of 'Prolapsus Uteri,' congestion and ulceration of the womb, and said I was to lie abed. I was so distressed to find myself so helpless and useless to my family, I saw your Compound advertised and thought I would try it. I took fourteen bottles and used the Sanative Wash and Pills as directed, and now I am as strong as I ever was, and do all my own household work. I can walk more than a mile without any inconvenience. Oh! I am truly grateful. I cannot write the good you have done me. Words are inadequate to express it. May God bless you for the good you are doing. Mrs. Sidney Hamlet, Red House, Va."



This case is a good illustration of perseverance and faith. Mrs. Hamlet's sickness was severe, it took courage and patience to master the disease, but in good time the Compound produced the happy result as it will always do. The more difficult the case, however, the longer it will take to cure it—many women lose courage before the medicine has time to thoroughly "take hold" of the system.

A 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 woman 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.

Remember the all-important fact that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating 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. Mrs. 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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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.

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

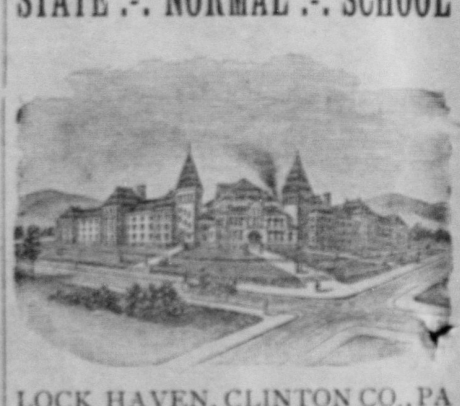
JOHN M. KEICHLIN, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace. Office in Opera House block, opposite the court house.

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