THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSLAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

OUR TRIALS.

6

They Are Very Often Blessings in Disguise.

God's Plan of Helping Men to Overcome ing to pay it with, and bread to buy to Wrestle With Them-He Will Help Us if We Ask Him.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage brought a message of cheer and encouragement to those who are bravely struggling against adversity and temptation. His text was: Genesis 32: 25-26: "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said. Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a severe struggle, that lasts until morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches the thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, the day breaketh."

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast's den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. With financial misfortune some of you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said: "For the sake of my soul, of of my family, of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold, he found himself alone, by the brook of Jabbok; and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and Oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit hat.a roused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all Heaven draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and all hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for a struggle, and they have bitten their lip. and clenched their fist, and cried with a blood-red earnestness, and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!" From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit; but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness. But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry: "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giant of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home: and passers-by knew not that within within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the Pass of Thermopylae, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on: but there were none to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotton to be gracious? No! contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings, coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok, the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children, I will pre-

serve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman: "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross-prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and noth-Their Weaknesses is to Allow Them | and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to the corner of street, I say: 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another

crossing of the street, and again I say: 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage.'

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials, Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent, and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything the world could give him, with the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

- The hill of Zion yields
- A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the Heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets
- Then let our songs abound. And every tear be dry:
- We're marching through Immanuel's round

To fairer worlds on high. It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations. and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in great multitudes, all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and to save. Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expend that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thighbone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! is it because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been troubletouched Are we stoics that we can unmoved. see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of hope put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick. but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-Again: We may take the idea of the text, and announce the approach of the day-dawn. No one was ever more giad to see the morning than was Jacob, after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Chris-tians to cry out with this angel of the text: "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of earth are falling flat in the dust. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the morn, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, "the day breaketh."

As I look around about me, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring yourdead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. 'The day breaketh.' Luther and Melancthon were talking

together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melancthon: "Come, Philip, let us sing the fortysixth psalm, God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble.""

Death to many, nay, to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave, I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its autumnal fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle. but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in Heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of or phanage or widowhood; or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but, if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hours of death's night will pass along; 1 o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 4 o'clock in the morning; 5 o'clock in the morning; "the day breaketh."

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here 20 years and preach this gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgivenesss. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on, and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming, Let me go -let me go! The day breaketh.

Henry Miller's life was saved by a dog the other day. Miller left Chicago on an early train on a nutting expedition and took his dog with him. He got off at the little station at Griggs and went to a point about two miles south, where there is a grove of walnut trees. After filling his sack he amused himself by shooting at sparrows. While engaged at this he saw a woodchuck and ram it into its hole. Leaving his dog on guard, he went to the house of Jacob Meyer, a mile distant, and borrowed a shovel, with which to dig the animal from its burrow. Miller soon dug deep pit in the gravelly soil, when suddenly a portion of the overhanging bank gave way and buried him under a ton of gravel. His face was not entirely covered, and he was able to breathe, but he was so weighted down that it was im possible to move He shouted for aid until he was hourse. and was about to give up in despair, when he thought of his dog. Calling the dog to him, he backe him dig. The dog seemed to comprehend the situation and scratched gravel at an astonishing rate, so that in about half an hour Mr. Miller was able to move one arm and soon succeeded in extricating himself. He was thoroughly frightened at his experience and took the first train into the city. BATTLE WITH AN EAGLE.



Why Are Women So Careless as to Neglect Them?

SEVERE SUFFERING SURE TO FOLLOW

Mrs. C. C. Mott, of Danbury, Conn., Warns Women to Act Promptly-Praises Mrs. Pinkham, and is Thankful One Woman Made Women's Complaints a Study.

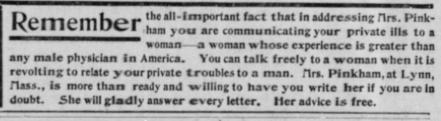
It is wonderful how little importance | "I had inflammation of the womb most women attach to first symptoms, very badly, in fact, the doctors said it and this simple fact is really the cause was chronic, but after giving Lydia E. for half the suffering later in their Pinkham's Compound and Sanative life. Wash a thorough trial, I found myself

A woman's body is the repository of gaining, and now I think I am perfectly the most delicate mechanism in the healthy. The first symptoms of this whole realm of creation, and yet most trouble are backache, bearing-down women will let it get out of order and pains, irritation of the bladder, constikeep out of order just as if it were of pation and leucorrhoea. I am satisfied no consequence. that it is the medicine for female weak-

Their back aches and head throbs ness. I cannot praise your remedies and burns, they have wandering pains enough. I thank God there was one now here and now there. They experi- woman that made woman's complaints ence extreme lassitude, that don't-care her life study. Her remedies have been and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, ex- a blessing to me, and I only wish thoucitability, irritability, nervousness, sands of suffering women could be persleeplessness and the blues, yet they suaded to use them. I never miss a will go about their work until they can chance to recommend it." scarcely stand on their poor swollen A STANDING INVITATION.

feet and do nothing to help themselves. Women suffering from any form of fe-These are the positive forerunners of male weakness are invited to promptly serious womb complications, and un- communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at less given immediate attention will re- Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, sult in untold misery, if not death. opened, read and answered by women

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com- only. A woman can freely talk of her pound will, beyond the question of a private illness to a woman; thus has doubt, relieve all this trouble before it been established the eternal confidence becomes serious, and it has cured many between Mrs. Pinkham and the women after their troubles had become chronic. of America which has never been The Compound should be taken im- broken. Out of the vast volume of exmediately upon the appearance of any perience which she has to draw from it of the symptoms above enumerated. It is more than possible that she has is a vegetable tonic which invigorates gained the very knowledge that will and stimulates the entire female organ- help your case. She asks nothing in ism, and will produce the same bene- return except your good will, and her ficial results in the case of any sick advice has relieved thousands. Surely, woman as it did with Mrs. C. C. Mott, any woman, rich or poor, is very fool-No. 5 Ellsworth Ave., Danbury, Conn., ish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. whose letter we attach:



LEGAL NOTICE

ORPHANS COURT SALE.

Estate of Rosé Ann McCarty, late of Belle-fonte borough, deceased : Will be offered at Estate of Rosé Ann McCarty, late of Belle-fonte borough, deceased : Will be offered at public sale. at the court house, in Bellefonte, on Friday, December 4, 1895, at 1 a.m., the fol-lowing : A. property in Bellefonne boro, front-ing on Bishop street, 19 feet and 8 inches and extending back facing Logan street 20 feet. Thereon erected a large two story dwelling house, with store room on Bishop street, also a double frame dwelling fronting on Logan street. This property is located in a desirable portion of the town, and will prove a good in-vestment for any purchaser. TERMS:-One third in cash: deferred payments in one and two years, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. A. BROCKERHOFF, Orrig Barger & One Attagents

Orvis Bower & Orvis, Attorneys.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS

On the 28th day of October, 1896, I purchased from Charless R. Rine, his entire stock of mer-chandies, consisting of cigars, tobacco, confec-tionarics, etc., and also the building in which the same now is located in the Borough of Belletonte, on High street, where I will con-tinue the business with the same attention and care that has made popular the business as conducted by Chas. R. Rine. I earnestly invite a fair share of public patronage. EDWARD RINE.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Henry Showers, late of Walker township deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamen-tary on the above estate have been granted to S. E. Showers, of Zion, Pa. All persons indebt-ed to said estate are requested to make imme-diate payment, and those having claims to pre-sent them duly authenticated for settlement, without delay. without delay.

S. E. SHOWERS,

CEMENT DALE, Att. 10-12-6t

A UDITOR'S NOTICE-

Estate of Margaret Dooley, decd., late of

Estate of Margaret Dooley, deed., late of Belleionte boro. The undersigned an auditor appointed by the said Court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of H. C. Quigley, trustee, to and among those isgally entitled to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday the 11th day of December, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock a.m., when and where all parties interested in the said es-tate may attend or be forever debarred. Nov. 19 HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

IRVIN HOUSE,-S. Woods Caldwell, Proprietor. LOCK HANEN, PA. Terms reasonable. Good srmple rooms on first

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING COMPANY. Cerner of High and Spring street. Receive Deposits; Disconst Notes. J. D. ShCOERT, Cashier.

WORK FOR MEN AND WOMEN. We pay W \$5 to \$10 per week for easy home work. Child can do it. No Scheme, Books or Ped-dling. This is bona fide. Send stamp or work and particulars at once. THE SEYMOUR SUPPLY CO., Masonic Temple. Camden, New Jersey. April 97x

WANTED-SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN vorwomen to travel for responsible estab-ished house in Pennsylvania. Salary \$780, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-address-ed stamped envelope. The National. Star Building, Chicago. 12-24



DOG SAVES HIS MASTER'S LIFE. Animal Scratches Away the Gravel in Which the Man Was Burled.

Bird of Prey Attempts to Seize One of Two Babies.

The other afternoon while Mrs. F. Corruther and Mrs. A. Stewart were walking with two little babes near St. Joseph river, three miles from Benton Harbor, Mich., they were attacked by an enormous bald eagle. The bird was evidently in search of prey, and when it saw the infants it decided to seize one. The women were attracted by the noise of the wings and saw the bird when it was within a few feet of them. Getting near each other, the and clubs at him. Thus discouraged, he retreated, flying the while in circles and making darts repeatedly at them. The women continued their yelling and throwing till the bird finally flew away.

Strategy Well Employed.

The wise men of the east understand the value of strategy and know when to use it. A rich merchant died. He had one son, who when quite a lad had been sent to an uncle in India. When on his way home the young fellow was shipwrecked. It was believed that he escaped drowning, though no tidings of him could be obtained. His father died, leaving his fortune to the care of an old friend, not to be handed over to any claimant until certain injunctions had been fulfilled. At the end of a year a young man appeared, who declared himself the heir; then a second and a third arrived on the scene. The guardian gave to each a bow and arrow and desired them to use the dead man's picture as a target to aim at the heart. The first nearly hit the mark, the second drove his arrow home, but the third burst into tears and refused to dishonor his father's memory by desecrat-ing the portrait of one whom he had loved and revered. Then the guardian knew which of three was entitled to the fortune.