

THE DYING CENTURY.

It Has Brought to Light Many Great Things.

Its Work, However, Is Not Complete—The Struggle Between Capital and Labor Ought to be Settled by the Gospel of Kindness.

Dr. Talmage's most recent sermon at the national capital was full of interest and is of international importance. His text was II Kings 20: 1: "Thus saith the Lord: Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy; but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbuncle, to the nineteenth century, now closing. It will take only four more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is "The Dying Century." I discuss it at an hour when our national legislature is about to assemble, some of the members now here present, and others soon to arrive from the north, south, east and west. All the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men, so that when on December 7, at high noon, the gavel of senate and house of representatives shall lift and fall, the destinies of this nation, and through it the destinies of all nations struggling to be free, will be put on solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable century, and address it in the words of my text: "Thus saith the Lord: Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

Strenuity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock, that says "Tick" in one century and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand Old Time, who has many children, and they are the centuries, and many grandchildren, and they are the years. With the dying nineteenth century we shall this morning have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and passes out to join the eterities.

We generally wait until people are dead before we say much in praise of them. Funeral eulogium is generally very pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones where we ought to have put in the warm ears of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living, and eulge him into spinal meningitis, and wait until, in the rooms where I have been living the last year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries "Oh!" and is gone, and then we make a long procession in his honor, Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the American senate, accompanying; stopping long enough to allow the dead senator to lie in state in Independence hall, Philadelphia, and halting at Boston state house, where not long before damatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then move on, amid the tolling bells and the boom of minute guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with flowers five feet deep. What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral, to hear the gratitude of the nation! What a pity that one green leaf could not have been taken from each one of the mortuary garlands and put upon his table while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies one little girl, dressed in white, might not have sung to his living ear a complimentary solo! The post-mortem expression contradicted the ante-mortem.

The nation could not have spoken the truth both times about Charles Sumner. Was it before or after his decease it lied? No such injustice shall be inflicted upon this venerable nineteenth century. Before he goes we recite in his hearing some of the good things he has accomplished. What an addition to the world's intelligence he has made! Look at the old schoolhouse with the snow sifting through the roof and the fifty tin cup banging over the water-pail in the corner, and the little victims on the long benches without backs, and the illiterate schoolmaster with his hickory gad, and then look at our modern palaces of free schools, under men and women cultured and refined to the highest excellence, so that, whereas in our childhood we had to be whipped to go to school, children now cry when they cannot go. Thank you, venerable century, while at the same time we thank God. What an addition to the world's inventions!

Within our century the cotton gin. The agricultural machines for planting, reaping and threshing. The telegraph. The phonograph, capable of preserving a human voice from generation to generation. The typewriter, that rescues the world from worse and worse penmanship. And stenography, capturing from the lips of the swiftest speaker more than 200 words a minute. Never was I so amazed at the facilities of our time as when, a few days ago, I telegraphed from Washington to New York a long and elaborate manuscript, and a few minutes after, to show its accuracy, it was read to me through the long distance telephone, and it was exact, down to the last semicolon and comma. What hath God wrought! Oh! I am so glad that I was not born sooner. For the tallow candle the electric light. For the writhings of the surgeon's table God-given anesthetics, and the whole physical mechanism explored by sharpest instrument, and giving not so much pain as the taking of a splinter from under a child's finger nail. From the lumbering stage coach to the limited express train.

And there is the spectroscope of Fraunhofer, by which our modern scientist feels the pulse of other worlds throbbing with light. Jenner's arrest by inoculation of one of the world's worst plagues. Doctor Keeley's emancipation for laetibry. Intimation that the virus of maddened canine, and

zancer, and consumption are yet to be balked by magnificent medical treatment. The eyesight of the doctor sharpened till he can look through thick flesh and find the hiding place of the bullet. What advancement in geology, or the catechism of the mountains; chemistry, or the catechism of the elements; astronomy, or the catechism of the stars; electrology, or the catechism of the lightnings. What advancement in music. At the beginning of this century, confining itself, so far as the great masses of the people were concerned, to a few airs drawn out on accordion or massaged on church bass viol; now enchantingly dropping from thousands of fingers in Handel's Concerto in B flat, or Guilmant's Sonata in D minor.

The money power, so much denounced and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities, and free libraries, and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press, which at the beginning of the century was an ink-roller, by the hand moved over one sheet of paper at a time, has become the miraculous manufacturer of four or five or six hundred thousand sheets for one daily newspaper's issue. Within your memory, O dying century! has been the genesis of nearly all the great institutions evangelistic. At London Tavern, March 7, 1802, British and Foreign Bible Society was born. In 1816 American Bible Society was born. In 1824 American Sunday-school Union was born. In 1810 American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has put its saving hand on every nation of the round earth, was born at a haystack in Massachusetts. The National Temperance Society, the Women's Temperance Society, and all the other temperance movements born in this century. Africa, hidden to other centuries, by exploration in this century has been put at the feet of civilization, to be occupied by commerce and Christianity.

Glorious old century! You shall not be entombed until we have, face to face, extolled you. You were rocked in a rough cradle, and the inheritance you received was for the most part poverty, and struggle, and hardship, and poorly covered graves of heroes and heroines of whom the world had not been worthy, and atheism, and military despotism, and the wreck of the French revolution. You inherited the influences that resulted in Aaron Burr's treason, and another war with England, the battle of Lake Erie, and Indian savagery, and Lundy's lane, and Dartmoor massacre, and disension, sinner and wild beyond measurement, and African slavery, which was yet to cost a national hemorrhage of four awful years and a million precious lives. Yes, dear old century, you had an awful start, and you have done more than well, considering your parentage and your early environment. It is a wonder you did not turn out to be the vagabond century of all time. You had a bad mother and a bad grandmother.

But my text suggests that there are some things that this century ought to do before he leaves us. "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." We ought not to let this century go before two or three things are set in order. For one thing, this quarrel between labor and capital. The nineteenth century inherited it from the eighteenth century, but do not let this nineteenth century bequeath it to the twentieth. "What we want," says labor, "to set us right is more strikes and more vigorous work with torch and dynamite." "What we want," says capital, "is a tighter grip on the working classes and compulsion to take what wages we choose to pay, without reference to their needs." Both wrong as sin. Both defiant. Until the day of judgment no settlement of the quarrel, if you leave it to British, Russian, or American politics.

The religion of Jesus Christ ought to come in within the next four years and take the hand of capital and employ and say: "You have tried everything else, and failed; now try the gospel of kindness." No more oppression and no more strikes. The gospel of Jesus Christ will sweeten this acerbity, or it will go on to the end of time, and the fires that burn the world up will crackle in the ears of wrathful prosperity and indignant toil while their hands are still clutching at each other's throats. Before this century sighs its last breath I would that swarthy labor and easy opulence would come up and let the carpenter of Nazareth join their hands in pledge of everlasting kindness and peace. When men and women are dying they are apt to divide among their children mementos, and one is given a watch, and another a vase, and another a picture, and another a robe. Let this veteran century, before it dies, hand over to the human race, with an impressiveness that shall last forever, that old family keepsake, the golden keepsake which nearly nineteen hundred years ago was handed down from the black rock of the Mount of Beatitudes: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

Another thing that needs to be set in order before the veteran century quits us is a more thorough and all-embracing plan for the world's gardenization. We have been trying to save the world from the top, and it cannot be done that way. It has got to be saved from the bottom. The church ought to be only a West Point to drill soldiers for outside battle. What if a military academy should keep its students from age to age in the messroom and the barracks? No, no! They are wanted at Montezuma, and Chapultepec, and South Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, and the church is no place for a Christian to stay very long. He is wanted at the front. He is needed in the desperate charge of taking the parapets. The last great battle for God is not to be fought on the campus of a college or the lawn of a church. It is to be fought at Missionary Ridge. Before this century quits let us establish the habit of giving the forenoon of the Sabbath to the churches and the afternoon and evening of the Sabbath to gospel work in

the halls, and theaters, and streets and fields, and slums, and wildernesses of sin and sorrow. Why do Christians who have stuffed themselves with "The strong meat of the word" and gospel viands of Sabbath forenoons want to come up to a second service and stuff themselves again? These old gormandizers at the gospel feast need to get into outdoor work with the outdoor gospel that was preached on the banks of the Jordan, and on the fishing smacks of Lake Galilee, and in the bleak air of Assyrian mountains.

Let the Christian souls, bountifully fed in the morning, go forth in the afternoon and evening to feed the multitudes of outsiders starving for the bread of which if a man eat he shall never again hunger. Among those clear down the gospel would make more rapid conquest than among those who know so much and have so much that God cannot teach or help them. In those lower depths splendid fellows in the rough, like the shoe-black that a reporter saw near New York City hall. He asked a boy to black his boots. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun when a large boy shoved him aside and began the work, and the reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: "Oh, what's all right. I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more's a month; so us boys turn in and give 'im a lift." "Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves, and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im, for he ain't strong yet, you see." "How much percentage does he give you?" said the reporter. The boy replied: "I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they git on his job. 'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would."

The reporter gave him a 25-cent piece, and said, "You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim." "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim," said big souls as that, threw all the lower depths of the cities, and get them converted to God, this would be the last full century of the world's sin, and but little work of evangelization would be left for the next century. Before this century expires let there be a combined effort to save the great cities of America and Great Britain, and of all Christendom.

Tell us, O nineteenth century, before you go, in a score of sentences, some of the things you have heard and seen. The veteran turns to us and says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson riding unattended from Monticello, only a few steps from where you stand, dismount from his horse and hitch the bridle to a post, and on yonder hill take the oath of the presidential office. I saw yonder capitol ablaze with war's incendiary. I saw the puff of the first engine in America. I heard the thunder of Waterloo, of Sebastopol, and Sedan, and Gettysburg. I was present at all the coronations of the kings and queens, and emperors and empresses now in the world's palaces. I have seen two billows roll across this continent and from ocean to ocean; a billow of royal joy in 1857, and a billow of blood in 1864. I have seen four generations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug. I have heard the wedding bells and the death knells of near a hundred years. I have clasped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies.

"I have seen more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat, and roused all the hallooos and roundelays and merriments you have ever heard, and unrolled all the pictured sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at. But ere I go, take this admonition and benediction of a dying century. The longest life, like mine, must close. Opportunities gone never come back, as I could prove from eight 100 years of observation: The sternity that will soon take me will soon take you: The wicked live not just half their days, as I have seen in 10,000 instances: The only influence for which the world happy is an influence that I, the Nineteenth Century, inherited from the first century of the Christian era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel, that turns a hundred smaller wheels, which are the years; and each one of those years turns 365 smaller wheels, which are the days; and each one of the 365 days turns 24 smaller wheels, which are the hours; and each one of those 24 hours turns 60 smaller wheels, which are the minutes; and those 60 minutes turn smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion, and pushes us on and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter night between the year 1900 and the year 1901 open before me the dying century.

"I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read: "All that which pleases us is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But over the central door I read: "That only is important which is eternal." O Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! My hearers, as the nineteenth century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because of the fatal horseback ride that Washington took, out here at Mt. Vernon, through a December snow storm. I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or spiritual arrival of the great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen: "And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

THE CAUSE EXPLAINED. Why So Many Regular Physicians Often Fail TO CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Hardly One Woman in a Thousand is Candid Even to Her Own Family Physician --Some Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham's Success is Greater Than a Regular Practitioner's.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the story. She always holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wanted to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame women, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., a woman of great experience and observation, determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her wonderful Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering. In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb. This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician who is in daily communication with his patient. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

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 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.

WEEKLY THE MONTHLY CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Published Every Saturday. 13 Astor Place, New York. The Outlook will be in 1897, as it has been during each of its twenty-seven years, a History of Our Own Times. In various editorial departments The Outlook gives a compact review of the world's progress; it follows with care all the important philanthropic and industrial movements of the day; has a complete department of religious news; devotes much space to the interest of the home; reviews current literature; furnishes cheerful table-talk about men and things; and, in short, aims to give fresh information, original observation, and reasonable entertainment.

Beginning with the fifty-fifth volume, the paper will assume the regular magazine size, which will add greatly to its convenience and attractiveness. The Outlook is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the ordinary issues, together with a large number of pictures. The price of The Outlook is three dollars a year in advance, or less than a cent a day. Send for a specimen copy and illustrated prospectus to The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York City.

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 full term of 12 weeks is only \$60; for the winter 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.

BEEZER'S MEAT MARKET ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. We keep none but the best quality of Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc. All kinds of smoked meat, sliced ham, pork sausage, etc. If you want a nice juicy steak got to PHILIP BEEZER.

LEGAL NOTICE

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of F. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1896, at 10:30 o'clock a.m. the following real estate: All that certain messuage or tenement and tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Philipsburg, county of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the north line of Pine street 133 feet south 60° west of N. W. corner of Pine and Front streets, said point being located by an iron pin being driven into the ground and being the point where the west line of a private eleven foot alley intersects or cuts the north line of Pine street, south 60° west 84-35 feet to an iron pin, said pin being the south west corner of this lot and the point where the east line crosses a public alley cuts the north line of Pine street, thence along the line of said public alley north 30° W. 45 feet to an iron pin, thence further along the same north 23° 25' W. 50-55 feet to an iron pin, thence further along the same north 25° 25' east 42-31 feet to a point on the south side of the public alley, being the premises and property of I. O. O. F. Thence along the last mentioned alley north 60° east 44-2 feet to a point on the west line of the premises and property of I. O. O. F. Thence along the west line of said private alley south 30° east 120-45 feet to an iron pin on the north line of Pine street and place of beginning, thence erected a large two story frame building and a two story brick addition, stand on the premises and outbuildings, known as the Hotel Continental. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Tiersall Ingham, a debtor. TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full. Sheriff's Office, JOHN F. CONDO, Sheriff, Bellefonte, Dec. 1, 1896.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. Pursuant to an order of the Court of Centre county, Pa. in the estate of one J. C. Dinges, deceased at the late residence of Catharine Dinges deceased at Millheim Centre county, Pa. on

SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1896, Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a.m. the real estate of the said Catharine Dinges, dec'd, bound and described as follows, to wit: All that certain tract of real estate in the County of Centre county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the south 80° degrees east 4-1/2 perches to a post, thence north 55° degrees east 1-3/4 perches to a post, thence south 11 degrees east 7 perches to a post, south 55 degrees east 3-1/4 perches to a post, south 47 degrees west 3-1/4 perches to a post, north 1 degree west 1-1/4 perches to the place of beginning in the Millheim borough, Centre county. Thereon is erected a good two story frame dwelling house, bank barn, summer house and all the necessary out buildings and a good young orchard. Same land being under a good state of cultivation. TERMS—Ten per cent of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, balance of one third on confirmation absolute of returns of sale, one third in one year from confirmation absolute. Resolving one year from confirmation absolute. Defered payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises and to bear interest from date of confirmation. J. C. MYERS, Esq., H. F. VICKARD, Auctioneer, Bellefonte, Pa. Coburn.

RULE ON HEIRS. Pennsylvania, Centre county, ss: I, Geo. W. Romberger, Clerk of the Orphan's Court of said county of Centre county, do hereby certify that at an Orphan's Court held at Bellefonte the 25th day of Nov. A. D. 1896, before the Hon. Judge of said county, on motion a rule was granted upon the heirs and legal representatives of Jacob Brickley, deceased, to appear in court on the fourth Monday of January next to accept or refuse to accept at the valuation, or show cause why the real estate of said deceased should not be sold. Same notice is given as in requisition. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court at Bellefonte the 25th day of Nov. A. D. 1896. GEO. W. ROMBERGER, C. O. C. JNO. P. CONDO, Sheriff, Sheriff's office, Dec. 1, '96.

AUDIT NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county, in the estate of Dr. J. L. Dart, late of the Borough of Bellefonte, dec'd. The undersigned auditor appointed by the Hon. Judges of said Court to settle the account, if necessary, and to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant in the above estate, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 15th day of December, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested in the said estate may attend or be forever debarred. Nov. 19. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Margaret Dooley, dec'd., late of Bellefonte borough. 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 legally 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 estate may attend or be forever debarred. Nov. 19. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Henry Showers, late of Walker township deceased, and letters testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, H. C. Quigley, Executor, 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 estate may attend or be forever debarred. Nov. 19. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of a Miss Snarer deceased, late of Walker township. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, J. C. Myers, Executor, to receive the same, and those having claims to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, without delay. Nov. 19. J. C. MYERS, Executor.

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NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 148, Aug. 5, 1896. Notice is hereby given that Max M. Robinson has filed his petition in said court for change of his name to Max Robinson and that the same will be allowed by the court unless exceptions be filed within four weeks. W. F. SMITH, Prothonotary, Centre County, Pa., Nov. 28, 1896, Jan. 3. Atty. for petitioner.

PENNSYLVANIA Railroad Company. Personally Conducted Tours MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE.

CALIFORNIA.—Three tours to California and the Pacific Coast will leave Harrisburg, Allentown and Pottsville, Jan. 27, Feb. 21, and March 27, 1897. Five weeks in California on the first tour and four weeks on the second. Passengers on the third tour may return on regular trains within nine months. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-Gras festivities on the second tour.

FLORIDA.—Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia Jan. 28, February 9 and 23 and March 9, 1897. Rate covering expenses en route in both directions, \$33 from Pittsburg, and proportionate rates from other points. For detailed itineraries and other information, apply at ticket agencies, or address: Thos. E. Wall, Pass Agent, Western District, 300 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. MAR 97

WANTED.—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN (or women) to travel for responsible establishments, in Pennsylvania. Salary \$100 per payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference, Enclosed self-addressed, stamped, envelope, The National Building, Chicago.