

HEAVENLY INHABITANTS

The Seraphim is the Most Exquisite and Radiant.

Seasons to be Learned from the Six Wings That Isaiah Describes—Humility, Reverence, and the Swiftless with Which we Should Do God's Bidding.

In his latest sermon Dr. Talmage urged his hearers to cultivate more reverence for sacred things and talked about the Heavenly pinions with which our souls will be clothed.

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the Heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose.

Isaiah's dream quivers and flutters with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now bent in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." The most practical and useful lesson for you and me, when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many missteps they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologists and anatomists are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs aloft in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath stricken, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your life-time. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what direction, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making mistakes, so often going in the wrong direction, God knowing every step, the patriarch saying: "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear, not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity or human nature is braggadocio, sin. Our nature started at the hand of God, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William Von Kysom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and 300 dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has been a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean. Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much reverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the graves of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though 50 George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad.

How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of Heaven bow the head, and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of Heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master orator. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandajos. You study it in the architecture of the Abolobas and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer by the name of Straticrates, who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth, and all oceans, while He has the stars of heaven for His tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I. to Henry II. and Henry III., from Charles I. to Charles II., from Louis I. to Louis II. and Louis III., but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which He sees everything; His omniscience. He has one bridge with which He crosses everything; His omnipresence. He has one hammer with which He builds everything; His omnipotence. Put two tablespoonsful of water into the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Arctic and Antarctic and the

Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of His hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, to Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadths, or it is a ten hand-breadths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two pans at the extremity of equal weight. In that way what vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balance Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America, so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds, the milligrammes—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against, oh, what a God to disobey, oh, what a God to dishonor, oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with it. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text: The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraph has wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They must not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles, and God has wings." "Under the shadow of His wings." "Under whose wings hast thou come to trust." The soul with folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under certain of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rattle of pinions in Juggernaut's poem which we sometimes sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. I hear the rattle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, where he says:

I mount, I fly, O Death where is thy victory?

A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon, nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God.

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphires domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wings this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant in the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead, people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to depart; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity!" Rather standing here may they see a sign more vivid in your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

Eliot's Indian Bible. It is asserted by typographical authorities that the first Bible printed in America was "John Eliot's Indian Bible," in 1663. The language into which this Bible was translated is extinct, and it is said only one or two persons are able to read it.

QUEER WEDDINGS.

OCASIONS WHEN ODDITY WAS AN IMPRESSIVE FEATURE.

Freaks Who Have Been Joined In Wedlock—Many Cases of Marriage by Proxy, Wedded by Phonograph—Symbolical Marriages of India.

The conventional idea of a wedding does not agree with the tastes of some people, and occasionally very eccentric and sometimes romantic marriage ceremonies are solemnized. Men and women entirely opposite in disposition and character frequently unite in the holy bonds of matrimony—sometimes much to their mutual regret. This peculiar fact, it would seem, also applies to oddities of human nature. In many of the traveling shows the freaks who help to draw money from the public intermarry, and it is not an unusual thing to find the fat man wedded to the skeleton woman and the tattooed man to the bearded lady.

Mrs. Hannah Battersby, who one time tanned the country as a fat woman, was married to a Pennsylvania man, and it is stated as a curious fact that no sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon took to exhibiting himself as a fat man. An exception to this rule of contrast, however, was Colonel Glover, the giant who stood 6 feet 7 inches. He was wedded to Martha Peabody, the American giantess. Several years ago, when they appeared in public together, they used to receive as much as \$750 a week.

The Italian consular agent at Cincinnati performed the most peculiar marriage ceremony on record. The groom was a well-to-do resident of the Ohio city, and his bride lived in Italy. The contracting parties were thousands of miles apart when the wedding was performed, the marriage being by proxy. The consul filled in a blank certificate, which he forwarded to authorities in Italy, who in the presence of the parish priest exhibited it before the bride, who affixed her signature, accepting it as her action. The marriage was perfectly binding.

A very similar ceremony was performed some time ago. The affair took place by proxy, and Miss Maple was married by a clergyman in New York to a man who at the time of the marriage lay dying in a Texas town. The bridegroom was represented in the ceremony by the bride's cousin, who made the necessary responses and signatures as his proxy. The two lovers had been engaged for a long time, and Miss Maple wished to bear the name of her betrothed even though she could do so only as a widow.

The all important ring is sometimes forgotten, and in more than one case the door key of the church has had to do duty, but it is not often that portions of the marriage service are omitted. In a southern town, however, a little while ago, after the party had left the church, it was discovered that the clergyman had forgotten the words, "with this ring I thee wed," etc., thus relieving the bridegroom of the most serious part of his obligations, and the fair bride was minus a wedding ring. Instead of sitting down to the breakfast the party hurried back to the church and were thus practically married twice in one day.

Cupid ran amuck some years ago among the old folk of a Georgia town. An old soldier, 78 years of age, led to the altar an aged damsel who had seen 72 summers. There were three bridesmaids, whose ages respectively were 60, 68 and 70. They were all spinsters. The best man, who was 75, brought the combined ages up to 423 years.

An unusual kind of marriage was celebrated in New York recently. This was between a couple both deaf and dumb. They held prayer books while a friend pointed out the different passages in the service as they were spoken by the clergyman, and they made the customary responses in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

An ingenious couple once conceived the idea of being married by phonograph. In the place where the bridegroom resided he and the minister went over the marriage service, and he recited the proper responses into the instrument. The phonograph was sent to the lady, she willingly supplying the requisite, "I will," and "I do" in the presence of her pastor, who then pronounced the pair united in matrimony. No explanation is given of how they got over the difficulty of the ring.

A well known anthropologist, in describing various marriage customs, refers to a strange sort of symbolical marriage which is supposed to have originated in India. It is a marriage with trees, plants, animals and inanimate objects. If any one proposes to enter upon a union which is not in accordance with traditional ideas, it is believed that ill luck which is sure to follow may be averted by a marriage of this kind, the evil consequences being borne by the object chosen. In various regions a girl must not marry before her eldest sister, but the difficulty is overcome by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree. Then the wedding of the younger daughter may safely be celebrated.—Buffalo Express.

Contradictions. "The more the merrier." Not so. One hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes, lack of meat. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so. A ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so. The sun goes over it every day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so. It is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so, for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so. The labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.—New York Ledger.

THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Valuable Statistics in Regard to This Period.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Found To Be Then of Great Assistance—Mrs. N. E. Kriner's Personal Experience Told for the Benefit of Women in Similar Condition.

It is said that the turn of life is the most important period in a woman's existence, and owing to modern methods of living not more than one woman out of a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the head until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, as if the heart were going to stop, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble.

The hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. At this time Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be of great value, as the following letter from Mrs. Kriner indicates. The Vegetable Compound is a tonic especially prepared to act upon the female generative organs. It invigorates and strengthens those organs in such a manner as to build up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that troublesome period triumphantly.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., is always glad to answer any personal letters, and it is well for any woman who is in doubt about her condition to write to Mrs. Pinkham and get a thorough analysis of her case, and advice about what to do.

Mrs. N. E. Kriner, Kingstown, Ind., says:—My trouble was Change of Life. I suffered for eight years and could find no permanent relief until one year ago. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-

table Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills, and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give your Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends, who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure. I hope all my lady friends will do as I did.

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.

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.

Chosen by the Government. Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. The War Department proposes to test the bicycle for army use, and recently asked for proposals for furnishing bicycles for the purpose. Result: Bids from \$50 to \$85 each for other machines; our bid of \$100 each for Columbias, their invariable price. And the Government selected. Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia Agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know. A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, Crider's Exchange Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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