THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

All the World is Invited to Partake of It.

The Ring of God's Forgiveness Will be or the Hand of Every Guest-The Joys and Beauties of Heaven Described.

In his latest sermon Dr. Talmage describes the joys of the Christianpresent and future-and urges his hearers to accept the good things prepared for them. His text was Luke 15: 23: "Bring hither the fatted calf

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity. The signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inaugurations of presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back.

Now having returned to his father's house the father proclaims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him, how glad they are to have him back.

One brother stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastised instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flits across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He ad and he is alive again! He and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth to step back? This, I say to you, is the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new congrandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of our church confessed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said: Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes of serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so." You have seen perhaps a man running for his temporal liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him. and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life, the terrors of the law after him, and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and

You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears, and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water, bright, flashing water, to the morning, roseate, fireworked, moun-

tain-transfigured morning. Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and heaven, and twist them into one garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever; son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh, the joy of the new convert. Oh, the gladness of the Christian service. You have seen sometimes a man in a religious sassembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in Heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience; sorrowful yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he can tell what God's joy is? replied, "since I found the Lord I have

never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!'

Oh, the joys of this Christian religion. Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out. Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry VIII. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket-all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street: "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight. And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices singing: Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting Spring abides And never-withering flowers: 'Tis but a narrow stream divides This heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and Heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down vert's joy. It is no tame thing to be- on the pillow in helpless sickness, she come a Christian. The most tremend- could not move her hand. She was ous moment in a man's life is when waiting for the hour when the minishe surrenders himself to God. The ters of state should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium some times gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood here watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said: "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died.

There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now; now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter; go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclamed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I ometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find out whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain.

Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, I wish I could to-day take all the but a father-kind, loving, forgiving, and He makes all Heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to Heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surrounding, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back, there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe, and who

I notice also, that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the min-

isters of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind, and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. I notice also when the prodigal comes

back all earnest Christians rejoice. If

you stood on Montauk Point, and there was a hurricane at sea and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed onto the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear the Christians sing. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for 20 years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illuminated they are! And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang 50 years ago in the old country meeting house, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of Heaven keep festal. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together, and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to Heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father." that's my mother," "That's my son, 'That's the one I used to pray for.' 'That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say. 'Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; leyond the skies the tidings go, And Heaven is filled with joy

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire: The sinner lost is found they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

From this hilltop I catch a glimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality. Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son whose arm had been torn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'welcome.' " O Heaven, swing open thy gates. O Heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems. O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster.

An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped, and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the pharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So Heaven will after a while come so fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach. leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

A Curious Compliment. Recently the attorney general of Belgium, in the course of an eloquent peech, paid the following curious comliment to the soporific power of the Belgian press: "In the evening, when leep flies from our agitated eyelids, deaf to all our appeals, refractory to our wishes, what immense assistance we derive from the attentive reading of some grave and deep leading article, such as many a high-toned journal enriches its columns with. Under its soothing influence a salutary repose closes in upon us, and the enchanted cup of the queen of night pours down upon us its treasures, in obedience to the mysterious power of the press."

FLYING WAR ENGINES

AMERICAN ENGINEER HAS INVENTED A GREAT DESTRUCTIVE AGENT.

Arranging For Torpedoes to Be Hurled From the Sky on Defenseless Cities. Worse Than an Earthquake-Will Tend to Make War Impossible.

An American engineer now resident in London has at last solved the problem of an aerial war vessel that shall autematically launch tons of dynamite from the sky upon an enemy's city or camp. This is Mr. E. J. Pennington, who has just organized the British aerial war syndicate for the purpose of bringing his invention to the attention of the authorities. The use of the balloon in warfare is no

new thing. But hitherto its only practical application has been under captive conditions. These have been employed either as a means of reconnoitering or for signaling, and in these capacities have unquestionably already rendered valuable military service. As long ago as at the battle of Fleurus in 1794 captive balloons were employed by the French general Jourdan, and the information he gained by their means is said to have largely contributed to his victory over

the Austrians on that memorable occasion Balloons were also used with effect in the American civil war, 1861-4, as well as in Paraguay in 1866, and most notably of all during the siege of Paris in 1871.

Even so used, it appears that these vessels have been very serviceable in all cases where and when the equipment has been properly organized and prepared, whereas they have only failed in the absence of these essential conditions. But a dirigible or navigable aerial vessel which could be applied to other branches of warfare as well has hitherto been looked for in vain. It is this vexed problem which, after a long and elaborate course of experiments, has been tackled by Mr. Pennington.

The first difficulty he had to overcome was that of the relative weight of the flying machine. Would the ultimate and ideal machine be lighter or heavier than its medium, the air? Some experts believe that it should be slightly heavier; others hold

that it should be lighter. Mr. Pennington has taken a neutral ground. His invention is neither heavier nor lighter than air. It is exactly the same weight as the volume of air which it dis-Thus it will not rise from the ground unaided by mechanical means. It is analogous in character to the fish tribe. It requires, however, but a slight lifting impulse, which is supplied by four small fans on vertical axes. Propulsion in a horizontal plane is of course also mechanically effected. For this latter purpose Mr. Pennington applies his extremely light and efficient petroleum motor, the former end being effected by very small and specially light high speed electric motors.

There are besides pivoted rudder planes, vertical and horizontal-and these are also so actuated through the medium of a high speed motor driven worm-gearing with sectors, which gear also serves to lock the rudders in position.

The most important feature of the new machine is that it is automatic. It dispenses with the necessity of carrying intelligent control in the form of human pas sengers to steer and direct it. Such passengers not only risk their lives from assaults of the enemy, but with their lives risk the further utility of the machine. If they are killed, the machine becomes itself a dead and useless thing. A further and notable advantage is gained by this innovation. The machine may be made smaller and consequently cheaper, and being smaller it affords a less obvious target to the enemy. Reduction of size also means reduction of leeway, windage and of regist ance to propulsion

M. Gifford and Captain Renaud invented motor flying machines which were propelled respectively by steam and electricity. These made a speed of 12 miles an hour under favorable conditions. But where the conditions were not favorable the machines became feeble and wind ridden.

The steam motor had one great advantage over the electric motor. It was far lighter. But the lightest steam motor possible is much heavier than the Pennington petroleum motor, which is the lightest oil engine now produced.

Mr. Pennington has been at work on the problem of military flying machines for more than 16 years. But it was only after he had perfected his oil motors that he could say the problem was solved. For years inventors had been crying, "Give me a light, powerful motor, and I will soar to the clouds." That cry has now been answered. The movable and detachable load of this vessel will consist wholly of explosive shells or bombs, and these can only be discharged by concussion with the ground or some other object below, being released from the bottom of the car automatically and falling by gravity. By preference nitroglycerin would be used, inclosed in comparatively light shells, as giving perhaps the greatest destructive effect for a given weight. The bombs would be released, according to circumstances, either by time fuses or by a special mechanical device, which, together with the automatic controlling mechanism for rising, remaining at one altitude and steering, is as yet

Of course, even when the enemy detected this machine flying over their heads, they would have no anxiety to bring it to the ground. With its freight of violent explosives it would be safer in the air. The machine would not return to the point of departure after it had accomplished its deadly work, though it is possible that some such boomerang tendencies may be supplied by future inventions. In the interim, however, the vessel might be so arranged as to work its own destruction by some form of suicide at its journey's end to avoid the possibility of capture by the

Finally it is not as a destructive agent, but rather as a peacemaker, that Mr. Pennington most values his invention. In an interview with a representative in London of the Paris edition of the New York Her-

ald he is quoted as saying: 'Well, I think it will make war well nigh impossible, for it does not aim so much at destroying life as property. People will always risk their lives, however great the odds against them, but property first-class investments at all times -that is another matter. Now, let us as sume that a few bundred of my aerial torpedoes are set in motion, and each, loaded No risks to run. No uncertain with a ton of dynamite, is sailing within measurable distance of some great cityand remember this is no mere romancing -the moral effect will be like that of an earthquake."-New York Herald.

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