

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

It Affects Both the Body and the Soul.

If We Would Have a Happy Old Age We Must Avoid Dissipation in Our Youth—The Influence of Christian Physicians.

Dr. Talmage's most recent sermon was especially a warning to the young against dissipations of every kind. His text was Prov. 7: 23: "Till a dart strike through his liver."

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently meant the spinal marrow, about which, in our days, Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint, and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps.

Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribed to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the gospel of health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; he also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post-mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the doorkeeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip the Fifth of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away as the result of Henry the Eighth's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of the furies, the liver the fortress of the graces. You may have the head filled with all intellectual attainments, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generousities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God, because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope of Heaven blotted out and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said, "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books and Cecil's books and Baxter's books, and read and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and groaned and groaned and groaned.

My brother, your trouble is not with the heart, it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of Heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says that you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to Heaven, he lies. If you are in Christ you are just as sure of Heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out, of this promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any. Eschol grasps beforehand, and says that you shall have [nothing] but [pridely] pear and crab apple. You are just as much a Christian now under the cloud

as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" My friend Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former is said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and distrust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. "One condition only; the French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated."

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical condition makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of your self are as widely different as the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the Mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him.

Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian, and will be loved in the Christian Church as long as it sings his hymns beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood." "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet was he so overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to the wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of Heaven. Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside, one that cannot only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your prodigate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balance of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in the dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers as well as praise on our tongues.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 15 years and 50? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after-life, and after years of dissipation, you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver.

Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent, and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put on their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage to the devil; and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary. Solomon, in my text, knew what he was talking about, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out west and took possession of lands and held them by right of pre-occupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to 25 years of age and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay, my life 50 years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

What? Will a man's body never com-

pletely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity; but get the liver thoroughly damaged and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure, and says, "Till a dart strike through his liver."

Hesiod seemed to have some hint of this when he represented Prometheus, for his crime, fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night, so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a dissipated early life assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and Death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So, also, others wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver, but there are those here with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Here is another young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God, must drive them back, but he is allowing them to be reinforced by the whole army of mid-life temptations, and what immortal defeat can await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making, in opening the battle against sin too late, for this world, too late, and for the world to come, too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost 15 minutes early on the route and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there; and the man who loses time and strength in the earlier part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through—the first 50 years of life damaging the following 50 years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvases different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country, showing to our young people on blazing canvases the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe and the dart strike through his liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel of health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God, and Christ, and usefulness, and eternal destiny, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers;" or it will be: "Behold what a lobster salad at midnight will do for a man;" or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence;" or it will be: "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here;" or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet;" or it will be: "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats;" or, instead of words, the stonecutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—namely, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen a man who had that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. The sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high-mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned, springhalt, he rides up to the great captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing their battleax through the helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes; for they will get to Heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the prerogative of my sermon. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the prerogative of my sermon.

What? Will a man's body never com-
To mind religion young.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Harrisburg, May 26.—In the senate yesterday a warm discussion was precipitated when the bill providing for an appropriation of some \$66,000 to pay the expenses of the Andrews senatorial committee came up for final passage. The bill finally went through by a vote of 28 to 11.

Altoona, Pa., May 24.—Sebastian Fleischer, who was murdered in Pittsburg Friday morning, leaves a wife and son in this city whom he deserted in Hollidaysburg 14 years ago for another woman, whom he took with him. At that time he was a defaulter to an insurance company and several secret societies with which he was officially connected.

Reading, Pa., May 25.—The body of Mrs. Benjamin A. Price, a bride of six weeks, formerly Miss Jennie Sandt, who died three weeks ago at her home, 216 North Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, was exhumed here yesterday to ascertain the cause of death. She died after a few hours' illness, and the exhumation is made at the request of her relatives.

Pittsburg, May 26.—Henry Bayer and Carl Nold, the anarchists, who were accomplices of Alexander Bergmann in the attempted assassination of H. C. Frick during the Homestead strike of 1892, were released from the Riverside penitentiary yesterday, after serving four years and three months of a five year sentence. The men were given a royal reception by the anarchists of Allegheny.

Philadelphia, May 24.—Wayne MacVough, ex-minister to Italy, who recently returned home, was tendered a complimentary banquet Saturday night at the Stratford hotel by about 150 of his personal and professional friends in honor of his services while representing this country at the Italian capital. Previous to the banquet an informal reception was held in the parlors of the hotel.

McKeesport, Pa., May 22.—M. Lee, an aeronaut employed with the Silver Plate shows, fell from his balloon while making an ascension, and was fatally injured. Lee had gone but a short distance up when he found the wind was too strong. He cut loose from the trapeze and fell on the sharp roof of the Edlies building. An arm and leg were broken and his skull was fractured. When picked up he was unconscious, and it is thought he cannot recover.

Pittsburg, May 22.—E. S. Fleischer, a well known real estate man, was robbed and murdered while on his way home shortly after midnight. The deed was committed on the Lincoln avenue bridge, in the east end. After relieving Fleischer of his money and valuables his assailant threw him over the bridge into the ravine, 50 feet below. When found half an hour later he was still living, but died on his way to the police station. There is no clew to the murderer.

Philadelphia, May 25.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the East Penn Traction company T. Howard Atkinson, of Buckingham, Bucks county, Pa., was appointed general manager and placed in charge of the company's business, including the construction and operation of its railway. Active work in the construction of the company's road between Yardley, Morrisville, Newton, Wrightstown, Pineville, Buckingham and Doylestown, a distance of 25 miles, is now going on.

Pittsburg, May 24.—The strike of the American Flint Glassworkers' union, which was inaugurated four years ago, has been declared off. The dispute was over working the "unlimited turn," and of the 7,500 men connected with the American Flint Glassworkers' union 1,900 struck. The strike cost the glassworkers' union over \$1,000,000, and during the four years 400 strikers died. Now that the strike is over it is thought the United States Glass company will reinstate a large number of men.

Bloomsburg, Pa., May 25.—The Knorr-Winterstein dynamite conspiracy was called on in the Columbia county court house, before Judge Ermentrout, of Reading, Attorney A. S. L. Shields, of Philadelphia, and J. H. Jacobs and H. P. Keiser, of Reading, appear for the defense, and District Attorney Graham of Philadelphia, James Scariet of Danville, W. H. Rhawn of Catawissa and ex-Senator Grant Herring for the prosecution. The day will be taken up in securing a jury.

Hazleton, Pa., May 22.—An explosion with shocking results occurred in McGarrity's distillery yesterday. One of the stills, with a steam pressure of 60 pounds, and filled with boiling liquid, burst. The steam and fluid rushed out upon Michael McGarrity, the owner, and a laborer named Andrew Garitz, hurling them with terrific force against the walls of the building. The gauger, Patrick Bonner, was caught by the flood of boiling water and severely burned. Mrs. McGarrity rushed to their assistance, and was badly scalded. McGarrity and Garitz died at the hospital.

Easton, Pa., May 24.—Easton is in gala attire in honor of the Knights Templar of Pennsylvania, who will hold their 44th annual convolve here today, tomorrow and Wednesday. Every business house in the lower section of the city and along the line of march is decorated with bunting, flags and emblems of the order. The electrical displays will be the grandest the city has ever witnessed, and the town will be ablaze with incandescent and arc lights. Tomorrow will be the big day, the parade promising to be the grandest of its kind seen in this section of the state for years. More than 2,000 knights have made arrangements to turn out.

Pittsburg, May 24.—A fight over cards yesterday at Snowden, a mining town in this county, resulted in the murder of Albert Grier by George Douglas, both colored. A game of draw poker was in progress, when Douglas was bluffed by James Smith into laying down three aces against a boobyal flush. This enraged him, and a fight ensued. Douglas then went to his house and returned with a gun. The crowd rushed indoors to escape him and he fired through the door, hitting Grier and killing him instantly. Douglas fled, pursued by a crowd, who captured him in the woods, and were about to lynch him when officers appeared and rescued him.

DOCTORS MYSTIFIED.

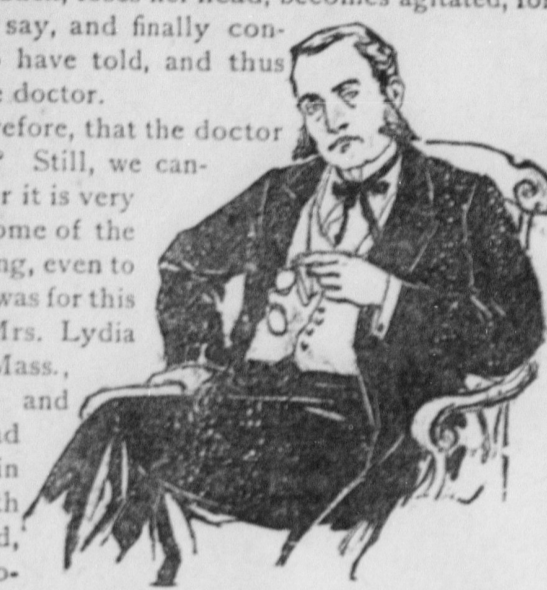
Why So Many Regular Physicians Fail to Cure Female Ills.

Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

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 whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants 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 the woman, 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, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ill with her 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 ill, 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. 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.

Advertisement for Columbia Bicycles. Features a woman on a bicycle and text: 'For Women', 'Model 46 Columbia. A bicycle with which none others compare. Strong, handsome, graceful, easy running.', '1897 Columbia Bicycles are the best and strongest bicycles in the world', '\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.', 'Hartfords, next best, \$60, \$50, \$45', 'POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.', 'Greatest Bicycle Factory in the World. More than 17 Acres of Floor Space.', 'Handsomest bicycle Catalogue ever issued free from any Columbia dealer; from us for one 2-cent stamp.', 'Branch House or dealer in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.', 'A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, Crider's Exchange Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.'

Advertisement for Andy Cathartic Cascarets. Text: 'ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS', '10¢ 25¢ 50¢', 'ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation, Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. SHERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York, N.Y.'

Advertisement for Beezer's Meat Market. Text: 'BEEZER'S MEAT MARKET ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.', '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 go to PHILIP BEEZER.'

Advertisement for Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28. Text: 'HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28', 'In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from overwork or other causes. 25¢ per vial, or 50¢ and 100¢ and 200¢ bottles. Sample and booklet free. Ad. SHERLING REMEDY CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.'

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, & pleasant to take. All Druggists.