

THE DOCTORS.

Many Reasons are Advanced Why They Should be Christians.

The Physician and the Minister Should Go to the Sick Chamber Together, and Work and Pray at the Same Time.

Dr. Talmage preaches an encouraging sermon to the medical fraternity, choosing for his text II. Chron. 16: 12, 13: "And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceedingly great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

At this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurers or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatany and empiricism.

"And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceedingly great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics.

If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick; bleed me instrumentally employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diplomas they received from the Head Physician of the universe, on the day when they started out and He said to them: "Go heal the sick and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over! and let all the hospitals, and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and asylums, and domestic circles of the earth respond: "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt to solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it.

In the closing moments of our earthly existence when the hand of the wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moment, if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietic, a disinfectant, a stimulant, and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor he has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under His mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club foot was straightened, and anchylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child.

on the foreheads of innocent persons and people began to chew the cud! But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it has been estimated that one doctor, in 50 years, has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed!

Passing along the streets of Edinburgh a few weeks after the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, I saw a photograph of the doctor in all the windows of the shops and stores, and well might that photograph be put in every window, for he first used chloroform as an anesthetic agent. In other days they tried to dull human pain by the haheesh of the Arabs and the madrepore of the Roman and the Greek; but it was left to Dr. James Simpson to introduce chloroform as an anesthetic. Alas for the writhing subjects of surgery in other centuries! Blessed be God for that wet sponge or vial, in the hand of the operating surgeon in the clinical department of the medical college, or in the sick room of the domestic circle, or on the battlefield amid thousands of amputations. Napoleon after a battle rode along the line and saw under a tree, standing in the snow, Larrey, the surgeon, operating upon the wounded. Napoleon passed on, and 24 hours afterward came along the same place, and he saw the same surgeon operating in the same place, and he had not left it. Alas for the battlefields without chloroform! But now, the soldier boy takes a few breaths from the sponge and forgets all the pang of the gunshot fracture, and while the surgeons of the field hospitals are standing around him, he lies there dreaming of home, and mother, and Heaven. No more parents standing around a suffering child, struggling to get away from the sharp instrument, but mild slumber instead of excruciation, and the child wakes up and says: "Father, what's the matter?" "What's the doctor here to-day for?" "Oh, blessed be God for James Y. Simpson and the heaven-descended mercies of chloroform."

The medical profession steps into the court room, and after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analysis shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematical demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudence.

This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between the nation and Asiatic cholera and the yellow fever! The monuments in Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in southern cities, until staggering in their own sickness they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston when he said to the English nation at a time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him, but he cut off the most of it and only comparatively few years were left—only 700 years of life, and then 500, and then 400, and then 300, and then 100, and then 50, and then the average of human life came to 40, and then it dropped to 18. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century the average of human life has risen from eighteen years to forty-four; and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be 50, and it will be 60, and it will be 70, and a man will have no right to die before 90, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled: "And the child shall die 100 years old." The millennium for the souls of men will be the millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace.

In the first place, the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants, and lawyers, and mechanics cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning, and then they say: "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath morning church service for the physician. Beside that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gourmandizing, which, before night makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken, and death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a foot-bath has become a virulent typhus, and the hacking cough, killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York to the marine office and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient. They blame the doctor.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the divine enactment: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men die at this world immortal, himself died at 47 years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. O, how easy it is when people

die to cry out: "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brain of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick, and who with their salivated mouth curse the doctor, giving him his dues as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rosy form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is 5 degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away; he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help, and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Again: The medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional contingencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not the happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor.

I do not mean to say that piety will make up for medical skill. A bungling doctor confounded with what was not a very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called in. He asked for the first practitioner. "Oh," they said: "he's in the next room praying." "Well," said the skilled doctor, "tell him to come out here and help; he can pray and work at the same time. It was all in that sentence. Do the best we can and ask God to help us. There are no two men in all the world, it seems to me, that so much need the grace of God as the minister who doctors the sick soul and the physician who prescribes for the diseased body."

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there opens before them such a grand field for Christian usefulness. You see so many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the voice of heaven to their souls. Old Dr. Gasheer, Dr. Witt, a practitioner of New York, told me in his last days: "I always present the religion of Christ to my patients, either directly or indirectly, and I find it is almost always acceptable." Doctors Abercrombie and Brown, of Scotland, Doctors Hey and Fothergill, of England, and Dr. Rush, of our own country, were celebrated for their faithfulness in that direction. "Oh," says the medical profession, "that is your occupation; that belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brothers, there are severe illnesses in which you will not admit even the clergy, and that patient's salvation will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the body in one hand, and the medicine for the soul in the other, O, what a chance! There lies a dying Christian on the pillow. You need to hold over him the lantern of the gospel until its light streams across the pathway of the departing pilgrim, and you need to cry into the dull ear of death: "Hark to the song of Heaven's welcome that comes stealing over the waters." There lies on the pillow a dying sinner. All the morphine that you brought with you cannot quiet him. Terror in the face. Terror in the heart. How he jerks himself up on one elbow and looks wildly into your face, and says: "Doctor, I can't die; I am not ready to die. What makes it so dark? Doctor, can you pray?" Blessed for you and blessed for him if then you can kneel down and say: "O God, I have done the best I could to cure this man's body, and I have failed. Now I commit to thee his poor, suffering and afflicted soul. Open paradise to his departing spirit."

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O doctors, hear my prayer for your eternal salvation. Blessed will be the reward in Heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire: "How is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, barefooted and bareheaded, will stand on the street corner, saying: "Oh, how good he was to us!"

But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the Physician of Heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come, in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me." Insect-Eating Flower. In Borneo there grows an insect-eating flower which has the smell of arrison.

TAXATION OF ALIENS.

The Pennsylvania Law to Take Effect on July 1.

Harrisburg, June 16.—Governor Hastings yesterday signed the Campbell bill imposing a tax of 3 cents a day on all employed unnaturalized foreigners. The tax is to be deducted from the wages of this class, beginning July 1 next. The bill will put about \$1,000,000 a year into the treasuries of the various counties of the state. One half goes to the school fund, on the basis of the number of schools, and the balance for the general expenses of the counties. This proposition was first introduced in the house by Mr. Campbell, of Fayette, in 1889, and he has since been working to have it become a law.

The governor returned to the house without his approval a bill making it lawful to erect and maintain fences constructed in whole or in part of wire along public roads and between adjoining lands. His objection to the measure is that it is indefinite in its description of the character of the fence and inadequate in all its provisions. The executive also states that the bill would likely lead to great confusion in the fence laws and cause much expensive litigation.

The house was thrown into a state of great excitement last night by Mr. Connell, of Lackawanna, moving to discharge the ways and means committee from further consideration of the Bliss horizontal tax bill. The speaker ruled the motion out of order, whereupon Mr. Connell moved to suspend the rules. Mr. Scott, of Philadelphia, called for a division of the question and the motion to suspend was defeated by 39 yeas to 106 nays.

The house killed the bicycle bill by 63 yeas to 79 nays. The measure levied a tax of \$1 a year on pleasure carriages, tricycles and bicycles not equipped with pneumatic tires, and \$3 on traction engines. The money was to have been applied for road purposes. Mr. Baldwin, of Delaware, who had the bill in charge, said it would produce between \$600,000 and \$700,000 revenue annually. Harrisburg, June 15.—The house put itself on record last night in favor of a tax on beer by adopting a resolution introduced by Mr. Wilson, of Lycoming, urging the speedy passage of the Bliss bills. The resolution urges the senate "to give the Bliss bills preference over other revenue bills now pending in the senate, thereby sparing the people of this commonwealth from paying a tax upon the necessities of life and the product of their industry."

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 15.—John Kreskowski, a Polish laborer, employed by the Susquehanna Coal company at Nanticoke, while engaged in unloading lumber from a car last evening was struck by lightning and instantly killed. He was married, and leaves a family.

Lancaster, Pa., June 15.—The jury in the case of Jerry Green, on trial for several days past charged with the murder of his half brother, Abe Henson, at the former's home, in the Welsh mountain, last Christmas, last night brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

Milford, Pa., June 14.—The jury in the case of Herman Paul Schulz, of New York, charged with the murder of his wife, brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out all Saturday night, and rendered the verdict at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Application for a new trial was made.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 15.—Sheriff Martin went to the county jail yesterday and read the death warrant to Peter Vasaik, alias "Terrible Pete" Wassell, who is under sentence to be hanged July 22, for the murder of Joseph Krupersavage. The prisoner was very silent during the reading of the warrant, and after the sheriff had concluded he flew into a passion, protesting his innocence and saying he was the victim of a police conspiracy.

Franklin, Pa., June 14.—Yesterday afternoon there was a cloudburst in the oil field about two miles from this city, and Two Mile run was so swollen that ten derricks were washed out, two of them being carried directly across the Lake Shore railroad tracks. A high wind was also blowing, and dozens of derricks were razed to the ground. Only meagre reports are in from the field, but in all over 30 derricks are reported down. The loss to oil property will amount to about \$10,000.

Norristown, Pa., June 15.—Walter Kinney, who was sentenced to prison on Saturday for a term of five years for stealing a bicycle from the vestibule of an Ardmore church, and for robbing freight cars in Lansdale, escaped from jail at an early hour yesterday morning, and has not yet been recaptured. Kinney effected his escape by picking the lock of his cell door with an old spoon, after which he scaled a stone wall about the jail. Kinney is 26 years of age, and came from New Jersey, where it is said he stole a number of wheels.

Bloomsburg, Pa., June 14.—The jury in the Knorr-Wintersteen case failed to agree, and were discharged by Judge Ermentrout at 10:30 Saturday night, after being locked up 34 hours. Ballots were taken every half hour during this time, and varied but little. In fact, from the beginning the ballots were either eight or nine for conviction, to four and three for acquittal, except the last, which stood nine to three for acquittal. The result is what has been expected since Friday evening, and it was simply a question of endurance on the part of the jurors. The case will probably be tried again in September.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 12.—Captain J. W. Reynolds and John Kyler, of Espy, Pa., were burned to death and Maurice Reynolds was fatally burned on the Susquehanna at Pittston last night. The dredge was being used by the Spring Brook Water company in erecting a filter. The men went to bed in the cabin at 10 o'clock, and soon after a fire broke out in the boiler room. To get on deck they had to run through the boiler room, and only Maurice Reynolds lived through the fiery ordeal. He was rescued by a boat from the shore, but was so badly burned that he cannot recover. The dredge burned to the water's edge and sank.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Why Will a Woman Throw Away Her Good Looks and Comfort?

Convincing Testimony That Much Suffering Peculiar to Women Is Unnecessary.

Why will a woman drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence and miss three-quarters of the joy of living, when she has health almost within her grasp? If she does not value her good looks, does she not value her comfort?

Why, my sister, will you suffer that dull pain in the small of your back, those bearing-down, dragging sensations in the loins, that terrible fullness in the lower bowel, caused by constipation proceeding from the womb lying over and pressing on the rectum?

Do you know that these are signs of displacement, and that you will never be well while that lasts?

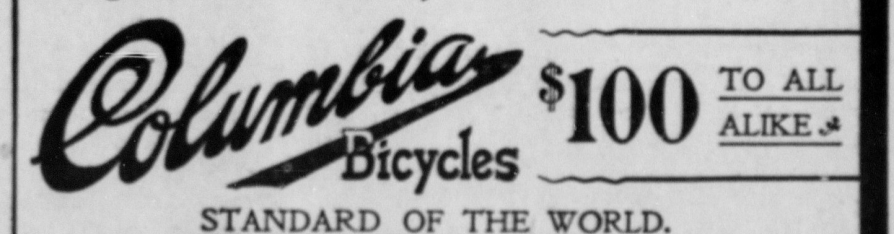
What a woman needs who is thus affected is to strengthen the ligaments so they will keep her organs in place. There is nothing better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The great volume of testimony which is constantly rolling in, proves that the Compound is constantly curing thousands of just such cases.

The following letter from Mrs. Marlow is only one of many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those she has relieved—surely such testimony is convincing:

"My trouble commenced after the birth of my last child. I did not know what was the matter with me. My husband went to our family physician and described my symptoms, and he said I had displacement and falling of the womb. He sent me some medicine, but it did little good. I let it go on about two years, and every time I did any hard work my womb would come down. Finally a lady friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. The first bottle helped me so much, I continued to take it right along. My back was almost the same as no back. I could not lift scarcely any weight. My life was just a drag to me. To-day I am well of my womb trouble, and have a good, strong back, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. L. MARLOW, Milford, Ill.

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