ENCOURAGING WORDS.

They are Addressed to the Great * Army of Clerks.

Those Who are Honest with God and Mar Will Succeed-We Must Render an Account to God for All Our Deeds.

In his latest sermon Dr. Talmage especially urges the clerks and merchants of the world to be "honest and diligent." The texts he chose as a basis for his address were Acts 16: 14. "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened." Prov. 22: 29: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God had made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the " same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are about to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where cupy. So I feel I am now addressing elerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads-your voice mighty "on 'Change' -standing foremost in the great finan-

cial and religious enterprises of the day.

this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What your grand opportunities. You see an affluent father some day come down a prominent street with his son who has just graduated from the university, the verdancy of a customer, or misrepand establishing him in business, putting \$50,000 of capital in the store Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man-if I only had a father to put \$30,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might/I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso and say: "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why I would sink crew and cargo before I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks.

You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainments to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promises

. But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yea Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercaptile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It was only a little while up? No. Does the indignation go out ago when women knew nothing of toward the employer, who is out at telegraphy, and they were kept out of his country seat? No. It come on the a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time | the taxes! He puts up the rents! Of will go on until the woman who at one counter in the store sells \$5,000 worth of goods a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells \$5,000 about lies behind the counter-there

worth of goods. All honor to Lydia. the Christian saleswoman.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure-between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say: "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no ques-

his canteen, and listens for the command of "March!" Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a

tions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills

Again, I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them.
"Oh," you say, "I should lose my place
then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; you are now, you will take a higher I want to oblige you; it is from no lack position than that which you now oc- of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a people who will yet have a hand on sin against my conscience, it is a sin the helm of the world's commerce, and | against God, and I beg you, sir, to exyou will turn it this way or that; now | cuse me." He may flush up and swear. but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing Be, therefore, patient and diligent in you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for you consider your disadvantages are time and for eternity who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of got out of the harbor, simply because goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape. and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror to see how they look, and then they sail out of the store, saying: "I will not take it today," which means, "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloths, to smooth out a thousand dollars' worth of goods-not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now, I call that dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pelimell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of the employer, I

resent a style of fabric. How dare he

demand of you anything so insolent?

say, too, "Stop thief!" If I were asked which class of persons most needed the grace of God amid their annoyances I would say: 'Ory goods clerks." All the indignation of customors about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" 'A dollar." "A dollar. Outrageous. A dollar." Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed clerk. He got up the war! He levied

course, the clerk! Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk

are fust as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said: "I will tell you what is in your hearts: to buy cheap and sell dear!" Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies-proving yourself to be

a gentleman or lady. Then there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last 20 years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as-well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get

any other place." Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who today are sympathetic with their clerkswhen they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man, you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy.'

Go back forty or fifty years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York-a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They ex-horted. On Monday morning the cierks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many more good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the gospel, and that he is before the throne of God today-forever blessed. If that be fail-

ing, I wish you might all fail. There are a great many young men and young women who want a word of encouragement-Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their places of business than a present of \$15,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said: "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God

and he will see you through." My word is to all clerks: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulerum, you can move earth and Heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the

mountains. After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the custom house steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Washington, and New York, and London, and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire bells of the judgment day have tolled at the burning of a world-on that day all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of accounts books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out-all the labels of goods-all certificates of stock-all lists of prices -all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adul teration of liquors with coppers and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups, with cheaper material. All embezzlement: of trust funds. All swindles in coal and from and oil, and silver, an stocks. On that day when the citic of this world are smoking in the lasconflagration, the trial will go on; an will go those who wronged man o woman, insulted God, and defied thjudgment. Oh, that will be a grea day for you, honest Christian clerk No getting up early; no retiring late no walking around with weary limbs but a mansion in which to live, and realm of light, and love, and joy ove which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone the sea with their gold like a milistone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling glittering, flaming casket.

IN THE PAWNSHOPS.

QUEER INCIDENTS NOTED BY PRO-PRIETORS OF LOAN OFFICES.

An Insignia of the Legion of Honor Often "Soaked"--Trying to Pawn a Glass Eye. The Secret Which a Few Half Inch Boards Kept Dark.

The pawnbroker, the banker of the spendthrift and the unfortunate, the custodian of family skeletons and the receiving teller of hard luck stories, runs across a deal of the pathos of life mixed up with not a little that is strikingly ludicrous.

Stories of former opulence and present need of reckless speculation, of dissipation, of oppression, are given over to his safe keeping, along with valued keepsakes and family heirlooms. Some of these heirlooms have strange histo-

In the vaults of a Clark street pawnbroker is a bit of soiled ribbon that was once pinned on the breast of a gallant general by no less a person than Napoleon. The ribbon is soiled and crumpled, but from the bottom of it, bright as the day it was first worn, hangs the insignia of the Legion of Honor. Along with it are papers giving the name of its first holder and the fields of battle on which he achieved the right to wear it. How it made its way to Chicago is unknown history, but time and again has it found its way into the vaults of the broker, only to be redeemed again and brought back. A few doors away is deposited a belt of fine gold and silver interwoven, the last relic of a once distinguished Russian family.

Not long ago a woman, past the prime of life, tall and stately, and with the dark, imperious eyes and haughty bearing of a Castilian, called on a Clark street broker. She said she was of a Spanish family which had been compelled to leave its country for political causes. She would not give her name. "If I did," she said, "you would be incredulous." Then she handed the clerk a casket of jewels-tiaras, bracelets, pendants, all set with gems of the first water. She wanted \$30,000-for only a short while, she explained. Not a cent less would be of use to her. The jewels had doubtless cost a great deal more than this sum, but the broker feared he could not realize that amount on them, and the woman left and never returned,

A few days ago a well dressed, dignified man walked into this same estab lishment and said he would like to secure a loan of a few dollars. On being asked what security he had to offer he gave the dapper broker a fit of nervous prostration by calmly removing a glass

"This is remarkably fine eye," he explained, leisurely wiping the dislodged optic on his handkerchief. "I have been told it becomes me better than my own, but if you would let me have a few dollars on it I think I could get along with

the other for a day or two.' The broker admitted that he had once assisted in putting pennies on the eyes of a deceased relative, but couldn't see way clear to place dollars on th glass eye of a live man, and the visitor secured the address of a second hand clothes dealer, replaced his eye, bowed stiffly and walked away.

In the higher class of pawnshopsthose that restrict themselves solely to diamonds, watches and jewelry-the place loans are negotiated and goods re* ceived are separated from the front showroom by a partition. To give greater

Proved His Love.

They were two working girls, and they happened to meet the other day at the restaurant where they eat luncheon. The brunette ordered taked beans and lemonade, and the blond selected fruit cake and coffee. "Tomorrow is pay day, you know," she said in reply to the inquiring look of the other.

"Oh! Well, have you heard the news about Mary? She's resigned."
"I know," said the blond. "I was in

hopes I'd be the first to tell you. She's going to be married." "Yes; in a lovely blue silk. I forget the name of the man she's going to marry. He isn't very good looking, they

say, but Mary says he's intellectual. She says''-"Oh, pshaw! You can't tell from "No; but Sadie's seen his photograph, and she says he wears glasses.

is redheaded. Why, he would just do anything in the world for that girl." "Humph!" said the brunette. "That's the way she talks now, but you can't tell a thing about it until after they're

"Does he? Well, Mary's lucky, if she

married." "You can tell it easy enough in this case. He's proved it already," said the

blond warmly. "Said he'd die for her, I suppose," returned the brunette scornfully. "Lots of 'em talk that way before they have to pay the butcher.'

'This isn't talk anyhow. He's proved his love, I tell you.' "How? Did be save her life, or tell her that her hair is golden?"

"Neither. He sold his bicycle to buy her an engagement ring."-Chicago Tribune.

A Strange Nursery. On the slopes, of the Himalayas the native women have a most curious plan of disposing of their babies and keeping them quiet while they are engaged at work in the fields during the greater part of the day. Before the mothers set out to work in the morning they wrap their babies in swaddling bands, leaving nothing but their little faces exposed. Then the babies are taken and laid under a ledge of rock from which water is falling, and by means of a bamboo the water is made to drip gently on each baby's forehead. The effect of the dripping water is most soothing, and soon the little ones are all asleep and remain motionless till taken up by their mothers on their return from their work, when they are carried off to be unwrapped, dried and fed.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham's Urgent Appeal to Suffering Women.

She Asks Them to Seek Permanent Cures and Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the mor-

One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the

side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain. This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to

confide to her physician, for fear of an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave!

A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's

and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was reestablished. Here is her own letter about it:

"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself.
I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpita-

tion of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."-Mrs. Lucy Peasley, Derby, Center, Vt.

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