

KINDNESS TO PARENTS.

'Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother' is God's Command.

Parental Love is the Strongest Passion of Nature—The Story of Jacob and Joseph Tenderly Fold and Held Up as a Pattern.

The latest sermon preached by the popular Washington divine was a strong plea for kindness to the aged. His text was Gen. 45: 28: "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year mile stone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after, persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to 140 years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event 150 years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at 140 years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived 140 years. In 1837 a book was printed containing the names of 37 persons who lived 140 years, and the names of 11 persons who live 150 years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of 140 years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see farther when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph, instead of being dead, is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world! The news was too sudden and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? My dear son who has been dead so long? You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after he had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love which leaves as so much in doubt whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text—"I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and unflinching thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heat; the River Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in his text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh today, in spite of the passage of a half-century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at 17 years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died 50 years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed, are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in Heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him—and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy of 17 years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back

Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of Heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raiment splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh, how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!"

Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindnesses. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you 50 times, the most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town, and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husbands, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over those mosaics! Then, he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions, but I can't take a man from Padanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living, and when he was dead Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents.

If the father have large property, and he be wise enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs, but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his fast sickness, and go up to the drug store and get something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount which they never pay.

I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingratitude ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though my father lived in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of a son who had achieved a fortune. There was the octogenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of carriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming over the past; and there was not a room in the house where he was not

welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when life had passed, the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible, and carried him to the village Machpelah, and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he had lived more than half a century. Share your successes with the old people. The probability is, that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with Jacob the pasture of Goshen and the glories of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The brutal world calls these self-sacrificing ones peculiar or angular; but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children than of one childish old man. Among the best women of our land are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were asleep they were soaking the old man's feet, or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the cotillion they were dancing attendance upon rheumatism, and spreading plasters for the lame back of the septuagenarian, and heating catnip tea for insomnia.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne reserved for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in Heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the district of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to father;" the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother." "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prospered sons; but I think God may find in my text, "Over the hills to the palace."

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct the Bible presents us with the story of Micah, who stole the 1,100 shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epaminondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Aeneas from burning Troy, on his shoulders Anchises, his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth, escorting Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence, burned at the stake at Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said: "O God, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of execration provided for his old mother. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated! Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that embazoned residence; and if you will trust His grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be empalaced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in Heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne room and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauletted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

But oh! how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their feet now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world; but you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here; and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after your ascension." And father will say: "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" And mother will say: "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exaltations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned into resurrection spectacle. That is the "Gutter" Saturday Night" exchanged for the cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd's of Salisbury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of Heaven. That is the famine-struck Padan-aram turned into the rich pasture field of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

GOLD AND SILVER PLATING.

A Process That Is Described as Simple by a Professional.

The following is a very simple method for gold and silver plating: Take an ounce of nitrate of silver, which is made as follows: One ounce of fine silver, one ounce nitric acid, one-half ounce water. Put the silver into a Florence flask, then pour in the acid and water. Place the flask on the sand bath for a few moments, taking care not to apply too much heat, and as soon as chemical action becomes violent remove the flask to a cooler place and allow the action to go on until it nearly ceases, when, if there is any silver still remaining, the flask may be placed on the bath again until the silver disappears. If the acid employed is weak, it may be necessary to add a little more. The fumes formed when chemical action is going on disappear when the acid has done its work.

The nitrate of silver formed during the above operation should be poured into a porcelain capsule and heated until a pellicle appears on the surface, when it may be set aside to crystallize. The uncrystallized liquor should be poured from the crystals into another vessel and heat applied until it has evaporated sufficiently to crystallize. Then you have nitrate of silver. Take an ounce of nitrate of silver, dissolve in a quart of distilled rainwater. When thoroughly dissolved, throw in a few crystals of hyposulphite of soda, which will at first form a brown precipitate, but which becomes redissolved if enough hyposulphite has been added. There must be present a slight excess of this salt. The solution is now complete. Take a sponge, dip it in the solution and rub it over the work to be plated.

A solution of gold may be made in the same way and applied as described. A concentrated solution of either gold or silver may be used for work that has been worn off by applying it with a camel's hair brush and touching it with a strip of zinc. The writer has used this method with the most satisfactory success. The gold or silver used in making must be perfectly fine.—Jewelers' Circular.

WHAT THE YOUTH NEEDED.

The Order Was Given by the Man Whom He Made Tired.

Now and then Chicago draws a chappie in the great shuffle of life. The other day one arrived here from an inland town who had a few points to spare in his trunk.

He took up his residence in an aristocratic family hotel, where he appeared religiously each night at a 7 o'clock dinner in the evening dress of a second class swell. This was all very commendable and cleanly, and not at all extraordinary where 80 per cent of the men did the same thing.

But the good impression awakened by the chastity of the newcomer's appearance in the ineffable bosom of the man was obscured by his attempt to order his dinner in as much French as he deemed would be intelligible. The sonority of his final order for a demitasse was good for all the surrounding tables, if not for the butler's pantry.

As the first week rolled on the young man grew more French, more mellow, more metropolitan in spirit, and on the occasion of his first evening at home made his way to the smoking room, where he arranged himself languorously and picturesquely in an easy chair.

Near him was the station of a small colored butler. "Garcon! Garcon!" called out the oriental one, but little William stood, with his heavy, swallike eyes rolled upward and his great paws crossed solemnly over his brass buttoned jacket, regardless and heedless of the overwhelming honor being done him.

"I say, there, garcon, won't you bring me—ah—"

"Some brains, William, for this chap," growled an apoplectic man on the other side of the room.—Chicago Tribune.

They Do Not Mind the Pennies.

Experience has made the men of the fruit-stands overcautious in handling coin above the size of a 10 cent piece. The larger pieces they will test upon the pavement or sink their teeth into in a tentative fashion. It is to be noted, however, that whenever a customer makes a penny purchase they pocket his change without scanning it—almost hastily indeed. There is deep reason in this procedure.

For one thing, nobody counterfeits the cent piece; it is too cheap. For another thing, the fruit dealer knows that no coin of smaller denomination is passing into his hands. For a third thing, and this is the most important, there is always a chance that the customer is deceived himself and is handing over a nickel, a dime or one of the minor gold-pieces, under the impression that he is paying but a penny. If he looks satisfied and starts to go away, he is not likely to be called back to get the change. Occasionally some such involuntary wind-fall comes the way of the fruit man.—New York Mail and Express.

Got More Than He Gave.

The London cab and omnibus men are noted for their smart and oftentimes humorous retorts and repartees, of which the following is a good example:

One afternoon a westward going omnibus picked up a lady and gentleman right out of the hands of a cabman at Piccadilly. On pulling up, the omnibus very nearly collided with a heavy van. This was the Jehu's opportunity.

"You are a nice sort of a party to have the charge of the heads of families, you are!" he shouted at the omnibus driver. "Why didn't you bring your mother out to help you 'old the horses on their feet'?"

Like a flash came the retort: "Bring my mother out indeed while there's such faces as yours knocking about the streets! Not me! I don't want to have the old woman scared to death. She's been a good mother to me, she 'as."—London Fun.

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 morphia habit.

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 morphia tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphia 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 re-established. 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 palpitation 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.



NEW PRICES

COLUMBIA - BICYCLES

Table listing bicycle models and prices: 1897 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to \$75), 1896 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to 60), 1897 HARTFORDS (Reduced to 50), HARTFORDS Pattern 2 (Reduced to 45), HARTFORDS Pattern 1 (Reduced to 40), HARTFORDS Patterns 3 and 6 (Reduced to 30).

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now? POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN. Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2-c. stamp. A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, Bellefonte, Pa.

R.I.P.A.N.S.

Packed Without Glass, TEN FOR FIVE CENTS. This essential form of Bismuth Tablets is prepared from the original prescription, but more economically put up for the purpose of meeting the universal demand for a low price. DIRECTIONS.—Take one or two after meals, or whenever you feel poorly, swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water. They cure all stomach troubles, head aches, indigestion, nervousness, and all ailments of the stomach, and will do you good. One gives relief in a few minutes if directions are followed. The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so, but in any case a single carton, containing ten tablets, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 25 E. 12th St., New York. Until the goods are thoroughly introduced to the trade, agents and peddlers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz., 10 cents cartons for \$1.00, 12 small 25 cent, 12 dozen (144 cartons) for \$10.00, 24 gross (288 cartons) for \$20.00, 48 gross (576 cartons) for \$40.00. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. For use 20 years. The only remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, Head Prostration, and all ailments of the system. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 WILSON ST., NEW YORK.

WANTED! Money to Invest

IN FIRST MORTGAGES on city or country real estate worth at least double the amount of loan. Interest at six per cent, payable quarterly or semi-annually. Borrowers pay all expenses and attorneys' fees. Can secure plenty of first-class investments at all times for any one who has money to lend. No risks to run. No uncertain speculation. Write me for further information and I will get you safe investments. E. H. FAULKENDER, Attorney-at-Law, Hollidaysburg, Pa. 8-1-y. GARMAN HOUSE, 8 High Street, opposite the Court House. Entirely new. New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. A. S. & G. M. GARMAN, Proprietors.