

HUSKING TIME.

The World's Harvest Awaits the Grim Reaper

Those Who Suffer Pain and Tribulation in This Life for Christ's Sake Will Be the Most Radiant in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preaches a harvest sermon and urges his hearers to strive to be good grain and not "nubbins" that are barely worth the husking.

Going at the rate of 40 miles the hour a few days ago, I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that the corn is nearly all cut.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of the husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields: but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize.

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stable.

Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers.

check, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes.

Of course, the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and a ruthless tearing, and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation.

You will never suffer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice.

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer?

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment.

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to Heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stable. Frost on the ground.

Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers.

clined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras.

Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand in their presence. Now in Heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them.

Yes, Heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to someone who is not so large.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back.

O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night.

Women as Soldiers. "I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia."

TRICKY BABY PETE.

HE COMMITTED THE THEFTS FOR WHICH A MAN WAS DISCHARGED.

A Midnight Adventure in the Winter Quarters of an Elephant Herd - How Sly Pete Got Away From His Stake and Stole a Bag of Oats.

Pete is the baby elephant of one of the big circus herds. During his confinement in winter quarters he played a trick on his keeper, which the man relates as follows:

"Pete is a tiny little fellow and does not weigh more than 600 or 800 pounds, but many pounds of oats if he had access to them.

"Across the room, distant perhaps 20 feet or more from his place, were piled some sacks of grain, containing about 100 pounds each.

"I thought it was about time to make a noise, just to disconcert them. I had seen enough to assure me that a hostler who had been discharged hadn't been instrumental in the disappearance of divers and sundry bags of oats, and, as I walked around toward the other end of the elephant house, I wondered what I should do to punish the thieves.

"I had a good deal of trouble to wake her up and more to make her open her mouth. Much to her chagrin, I imagine, it was full of oats, and she had the empty sack closely rolled up and packed in with them.

Women as Soldiers. "I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia."

"I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia."

MOTHERHOOD.

How Good Constitutions Are Transmitted to Children.

A mother who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

The child fairly drinks in health from its mother's robust constitution before birth, and from a healthy mother's milk after.

Is not that an incentive to prepare for a healthy maternity?

Do you know the meaning of what is popularly called those "longings," or cravings, which beset so many women during pregnancy?

There is something lacking in the mother's blood. Nature cries out and will be satisfied at all hazards. One woman wants sour things, another wants sweets, another wants salt things, and so on.

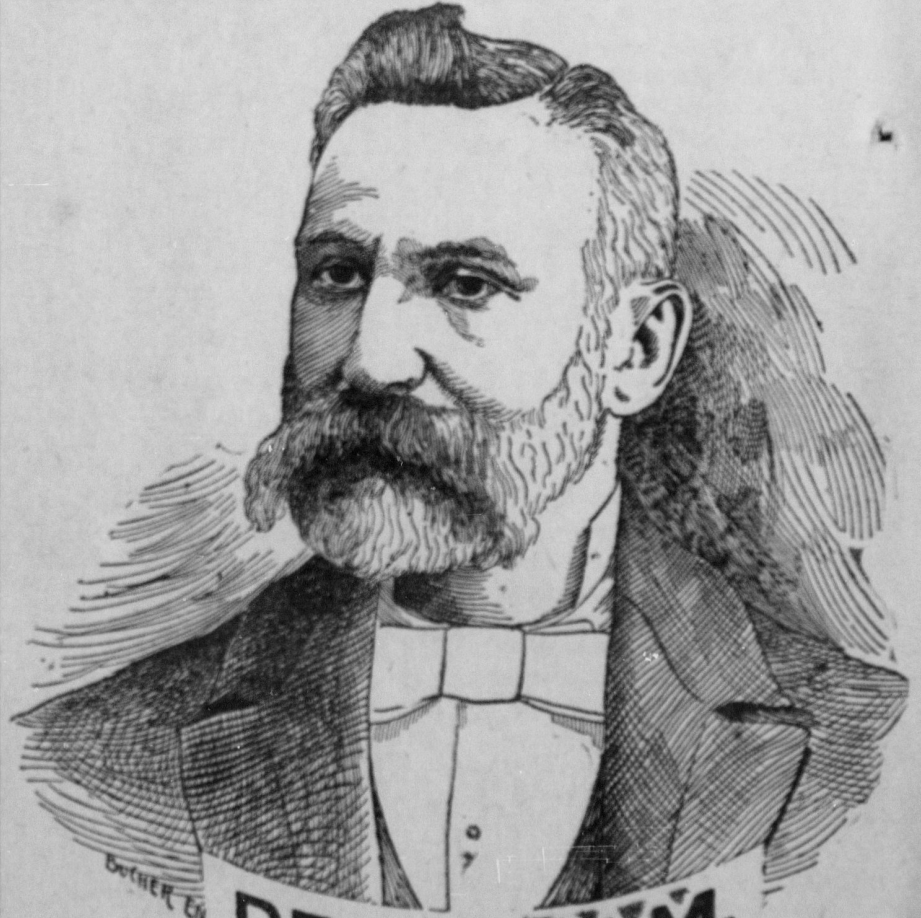
The real need all the time is to enrich the blood so as to supply nourishment for another life, and to build up the entire generative system, so that the birth may be possible and successful.

If expectant mothers would fortify themselves with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for twenty years has sustained thousands of women in this condition, there would be few disappointments at birth, and they would not experience those annoying "longings."

In the following letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Whitney demonstrates the power of the Compound in such cases. She says:

"From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three, I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on.

"I am so thankful that I used your medicine, for it gave me the robust health to transmit to my child. I cannot express my gratitude to you; I never expected such a blessing.



Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases and Disorders of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh. All Eye Operations Successfully Performed.

HE CURES AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL.

LIVED OFF BREAD AND MILK FOR YEARS. For more than 5 years I have had a bad case of catarrh, stomach and general trouble.

CATARH AND EYE TROUBLE. For more than 5 years I have had a very bad case of eye trouble and catarrh.

CLARETTE KIMBLETT. Witnessed by A. J. Kimbely. McVeyton, Mifflin county, Pa.

DONE GOOD WORK. I had a very bad case of catarrh and sore eyes for more than 5 years, and consequently it gave me a world of trouble.

Examination and Consultation Free to Everybody. SO CENT BOOK FREE. "The Medical Adviser," a short history of private diseases.

Address, Dr. Salm, P. O. Box 76, Columbus, Ohio. Enclose a 3-cent stamp for postage. Corrected Dates of the Doctor's engagements for 1897:

Oct. Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May. June. Bellefonte, Broekerhoff, Saturday, 30 27 25 22 19 16 14 11 FROM 10 O'CLOCK A. M. UNTIL 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit.