## THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1897.

## 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, His text is Job 5: 26: "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

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 these distresses of bereavement only the country districts, you know that as the temporary distresses of husking the corn is nearly all cut. The sharp time. knife struck through the stalks and night, but joy cometh in the morning." left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Sometime during the latter part of next month the farmers will gather, another farm, and they will put on piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who membrance of the husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

mer as he crawled over the fence. Joke | close of every paroxysm you ought to and repartee and rustic salutation | say, "thank God, that is all past now, abounded. All ready now! The men thank God, I will never have to suffer take hold of the shock of corn and hurl that again; thank God, I am so much it prostrate, while the moles and mice nearer the hour of liberation." which had secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The twice, You may have a new pain in an corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with twice. hurled up into the sunlight. fowl on the place the richest dainties season." the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season " There is a difference of opinion as to about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out may refer to a shock of corn just as called it "nubbins." you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical, useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season." rors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of searthly incarnation into the diamond wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in 'like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition. We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the cornstalks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the

cheek, 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 wentup, "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. is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say: "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of Heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all "Weeping may endure for a "Light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." 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, and if the husk could have spoken it would one day on one farm another day on have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah, my their rough husking apron, and they friends, that is the way God has arwill take the husking peg, which is a ranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way He has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know wagons will come along and take it to that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. were born in the country comes the re- Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackel must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for Heavenly voyage. You must let the Heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality

There ought to be great consolation everything during the night began to in this for all who have chronic ailmelt off the top of the corn shocks. ments, since the Lord is gradually and While the farmers were waiting for more mildly taking away from you others, they stood blowing their breath that which hinders your soul's liberathrough their fingers, or threshing tion, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps He will do in one fell blow at the last. Roaring mirth greeted the late far- At the close of every illness, at the

from the immortality.

You will never suffer the same pain withe of straw is unwound from the old place, but never the same pain

the wealth of grain, are rolled into The pain does its work and then it two bundles, between which the husk- dies. Just so many plunges of the er sits down. The husking peg is crowbar to free the quarry stone for thrust in until it strikes the corn, and the building. Just so many strokes of then the fingers rip off the sheathing the chisel to complete the statue. Just of the ear, and there is a crack as the so many pangs to separate the soul root of the eorn is snapped off from the body. You who have chronic husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is ailments and disorders, are only paying in instalments that which so The air is so tonic, the work is so us will have to pay in one payment very exhilarating, the company is so when we pay the debt of nature. blithe, that some laugh, and some | Thank God, therefore, ye who have shout, and some sing, and some banter. chronic disorders, that you have so After a while the dinner horn sounds | much less suffering at the last. Thank from the farm house, and the table is God, that you will have so much less surrounded by a group of jolly and to feel in the way of pain at the hands hungry men. From all the pantries of the Heavenly Husbandman when and the cellars and the perches of "the shock of corn cometh in in his come, and there is carnival and neigh- | Perhaps now this may be an answer borhood reunion, and a scene which to a question which I asked one Sabfills our memory, part with smiles but bath morning, but did not answer: more with tears as we remember that Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going around with easy digestion and steady nerves and whether the Orientals knew anything shining health, and his exit from the about the corn as it stands in our world is comparatively painless. How fields: but recent discoveries have do you explain that? Well, I noticed found out that the Hebrew knew all in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the of ancient crypts and exhumed from swathing was taken off of the ear, and hiding places where they were put the full, round, healthy, luxuriant down many centuries ago, and have corn was developed, while on the other come up just just such Indian maize hand there was corn that hardly as we raise in New York and Onio; so seemed worth husking. We threw I am right when I say that my text that into a place all by itself, and we Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these It is high time that the King of Ter- nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on one side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins. 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. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life-who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked, and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granery, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins? In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business, and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

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. There they come up from all sides-from potter's field and out of the solid masonary of Westminster Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous.

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. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables.

Now, in Heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets is as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with His children all around Him. No "good-bye" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain ome in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting, and the wrenching, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.

Yes, Heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. o one there feeling so big he declines to speak to someone who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one Heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another of a giant killer. Joshua making no made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most rdinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says someone who has not been in church in 15 years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says someone who has been for 50 years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

# 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 I actually believe he would eat as many pounds of oats if he had access off. They did not mean on earth to be to them. The elephant house was dark one night, and I supposed every one of the animals was sound asleep, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, rasping noise, apparently coming from the farther end of the big herd. Instead of walking down in front of them all, I went around and came in at the other end. Hiding behind some bales of straw, I peered cautiously over to where the little rascal was chained, and there he was, carefully lifting his stake out of the ground. I saw in an instant that he had had the stake out before that time, for all he had to do was to lift it up and it came out. He slipped his foot chain down over the tapering end of the stake and was free.

"Across the room, distant perhaps 20 feet or more from his place, were piled some sacks of grain, containing about 100 pounds each. Picking up the foot chain very carefully with his trunk, so that it would not rattle or jangle upon the floor, he began the most delicate, sinnous, gliding motion across the space that separated him from the grain I ever saw, and I never imagined an elephant could go so quietly. I crouched behind the bales of straw, afraid to move for fear he would hear me and stop.

"On he went, cautiously, slowly, but steadily, until he was within reaching distance of the sacked grain. Then he laid the chain down and picked up a bag of oats with his trunk. His journey back to the herd, 20 feet away, was performed even more cautiously than had been his advance, for he had to drag the chain without making a noise. All the time he held the sack of grain tightly in his trunk, and his mouth corner. David taking none of the airs must have watered when he thought of the feast he was going to have. He one halt until he passes, because he reached the herd at last and went up to great big Babylon, who stood like a bronze statue, her massive sides looming up like the sides of a house in the gloom. Pete stopped, and Babylon, whom I had imagined fast asleep, took maid who told him where he could get the oats. They got into the bag in a a good doctor. O my soul, what a jiffy and then began a feast. Pete filled his mouth and munched away like a man eating dry crackers on a wager. He knew that his big companion in crime would get the most of the oats if he lost any time. Babylon put away almost half the cats at the first jump out of the box, and poor little Pete, with his mouth full, looked at her with his watery little eyes, as much as to say, 'Oh, what a hog!' and gulped the oat

# **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 fewe disappoint-

ments 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 t : kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon relieved. After I. was married, the doctor said I would never be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and a half. The next time I commenced at once and continued to take your Compound through the period of pregnancy, and I said then, if I went my full time and the baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old and is as healthy and hearty as one could wish.

"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. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."-MRS. L. Z. WHITNEY, 5 George St., E. Somerville, Mass.



The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so Heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village church yard! There they come up! They re- | of corn cometh in in his season."

There are monopolies on earth conopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot expect to I should do to punish the thieves. The get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that purposely made a noise and heard the there is nothing that so awakens remcornfield when I cross it at this time his stake up, put it down in the ground, of year after the corn has been cut and | and would have put it through the ring it stands in shocks. And so I have in the chain if he had had time. When thought it might be practically useful | I came along, he was leaning against for us to-day to cross the cornfield. and I have thought, perhaps, there might be some reminiscences roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden, a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone-one summer night-she sat thinking and lookinto a mirror just in front of her chair. when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at, the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did | and cried like a baby, and was so thornot come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the obber, saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night and I came to take them at whatever hazard; he wants to."-St. Louis Globe-Demobut when I heard you sing that nur- crat. sery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

O my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood, or some song rolling up out of the cornfield, the song of the huskers 90 or 40 years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteouspess. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock

down his little throat at the risk of cheking to death.

"I thought it was about time to make a noise, just to disconcert them. I had seen enough to assure me that a hestler 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 big one had had a painful operation performed a few months before, and I thought that any sight of the instruments that had been used at that time would give her a good fright. When I had reached my own sleeping room, I shuffling sounds of sly little Pete as he iniscences in me as the odors of a shambled back to his place. He picked the wall asleep. I gave him a gentle prod, and he awakened suddenly, with that sleepy stare that a person has when awakened from slumber. But he soon knew that I was on to him, for, when I ordered him to open his mouth, he didn't want to do it. He finally obeyed, and there were the oats. His mouth was jammed full of them. I didn't do anything to him, but walked over to big Babylon. She was his partner in crime, but she was playing possum too.

"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. She was sheepish and ashamed, I assure you, if ever an elephant put on that expression. To punish her I ordered her to sit down and open her month and made a motion as if to pass a great pair of forceps into it. which had been used during the operation I referred to. She shut her mouth oughly frightened that she never trespassed again. But that sly little Petewhy, he is more trouble than the entire berd, and he just gets loose whenever

### 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. In time of battle woman is just as necessary as man. Just wearing a uniform and shooting a gun are not all that constitute a soldier. What about woman's place in the hospitals during time of war? Does it not require a brave heart and a strong nerve to wait on the wounded or dying? Is not a woman a soldier who can assist the surgeon as he amputates a limb or binds a fractured bone? Are not the Red Cross nurses soldiers? It seems to me that a woman will make just as good a soldier as a man and always find her place in time of war."



Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases and Diseases 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 TEARS. For more than 5 years I have had a bad case of catarth, stomach and general trouble. Took cold continually. For one and one half years I could eat only bread and milk. Tried 9 differ-ent doctors, to get rid of my misery, but got worse and worse. So I went to see Dr. Saim for treatment, and to day I am as strong as ever, can eat anything, don't take any more cold, and consider myself cured of this terrible disease. JOHN H. KAUTFMAN, Mattawanna, Pa.

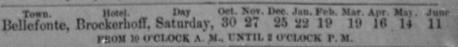
CATABERH AND EVE TROUBLE. For more than 5 years I have had a very bad case of eye trouble and catarrh. The eyes con-tinnall got sore and grew weaker and weaker. I always took cold, Dr. Saim cured me. CLEVELAND KIMMERLT. Witnessed by A. J. Kimbely. McVeyton, Mimlin county, Pa.

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. I was obliged to see Dr. Saim: under his treatment the change is wonderfully rapid. My friends are astonished

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of other physicians and remedies quickly cured. All Eye Operations successfully performed. Manhood perfectly restored. Quick, pain-less and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, Spermatorine, losses, weak and nervous de-bility : also for prostattis, varicoccele and all private diseases whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. New method Electroysis, Epilipsy or fits actentifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method.

Examination and Consultation Free to Everybody,

BOCENT BOOK FREE, "The Medical Adviser," a short history of private diseases, advice to young and old especially those contemplating marriage. This book will be sent to anyone fit in application. Address, Dr. Salm. P. O. Box 760, Columbus, Ohio. Enclose a 2-cent stamp for postage. Corrected Dates of the Doctor's engagements for 1897:



Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit.

as well, and think with me that Dr. Salm has ne another wonderful piece of work. Louis C. SHANNON, Whitestown, Pa A CASE OF CATARBE AND THROAT TROUBLE

A CASE OF CATABEBE AND THROAT TROUBLE. For more than three years our two children have been suffering from catarrh and throat trouble, also enlarged tonsils. They were con-tinually taking cold : could hardly breathe at night, their constitutions became undermined. After a short course of treatment with Dr. Salm they have almost entirely recovored from their miserable disease. J. F. HARRISON, Bellefonte.

SUFFERED FOR 15 TEARS. For 15 years I have suffered very much with nervors, inward and ear trouble, and my con-dition grew worse and worse. I tried a half dozen doctors, and piles of patent medicines, to no avail. I went to Dr. Saim, and, thanks to his knowledge as a physician. I consider my-self entirely cured. Those pains, which came every month, and the fearful nervous prostra-tion resulting therefrom, has entirely left me. I feel happy once more. Mrs. W. M. Jon. New Florence, Pa.