

THREE TAVERNS.

They Cursed an Italian Village in St. Paul's Time.

Strong Drink is the World's Greatest Evil - It Slays its Patrons and Destroys Their Homes - A Glowing Tribute to Neal Dow.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's latest sermon was a powerful plea for the cause of temperance. He describes the evils of the saloon and prophesies its complete annihilation. His text was Acts 28:15: "They came to meet us as far as Appollonia and the Three Taverns."

Seventeen miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and, in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhallad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village, where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the seacoast to that place; the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village, houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulant cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the 1,000,000 sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice as many of the Three Taverns, namely, before they go out, and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailors' preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown he said: "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House square, and when we ask them what is to be done about it, they say: 'you can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill! and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remarks by saying "the trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will willy wake up to the evil.

That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship Home went out from New York for Charleston. There were about 100 passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been sunning at the northern watering places, and they were on their way south, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A lifeboat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and the mother leaped after it. The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk.

Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea captain. But not until the judgment day when the sea shall give up its dead, and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic deterioration.

At the first of the three taverns the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whistles are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side tables, under pictures approaching masterpieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for

drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change taverns, and they come down to tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, cocculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving away.

That tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccupping and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about 2 o'clock in the morning, and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised, and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rattle with two rolls of thunder, one of which says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says: "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

Notice that a profound mystery is attached to these Italian hostilities. No hotel register tells the names of those who stopped at those taverns; there is no old account book as to how many drank there; there is no broken chalice or jug to suggest what was the style of liquid which these customers consumed. So an awful mystery hangs about the barrooms of the modern taverns. Oh! if they would only keep a book upon the counter, or a scroll that could be unrolled from the wall, telling how many home-steads they had desolated, and how many immortal souls they have blasted. You say that would spoil their business. Well, I suppose it would, but a business that cannot plainly tell its effect upon its customers is a business that ought to be spoiled. Ah! you mysterious barrooms, speak out and tell how many suicides went out from you to halter, or pistol, or knife, or deadly leap from fourth-story window; how many young men, started well in life, were halted by you and turned on the wrong road, dragging after them bleeding parental hearts; how many people who promised at the marriage altar fidelity until death did them part, were brought by you to early and ghastly separation; how many madhouses have you filled with maniacs; how many graves have you dug and filled in the cemeteries; how many ragged and hungry children have you beggared through the fathers whom you destroyed.

One of the most advantageous movements in the right direction is taking this whole subject into the education of the young. On the same school-desk with the grammar, the geography, the arithmetic are books telling the lads and lasses 10 and 12 and 15 years of age what are the physiological effects of strong drink, what it does with the tissues of the liver and the ventricles of the brain; and whereas other generations did not realize the evil until their own bodies were blasted, we are to have a generation taught what the viper is before it stings them, what the hyena is before it rends them, how deep is the abyss before it swallows them. Oh! boards of education, teachers in schools, professors in colleges, legislators and congresses, widen and augment that work, and you hasten the complete overthrow of this evil. It will go down. I have the word of Almighty God for that in the assured expiration of all sin. But shall we have a share in the universal victory? The liquor saloons will drop from the hundreds of thousands into the score of thousands, and then from the thousands into the hundreds, and then from the hundreds into the tens, and from the tens to three.

The first of these last Three Taverns will be where the educated and philosophic and the high-up will take their dram, but that class, aware of the power of the example they have been setting, will turn their back upon the evil custom, and be satisfied with the two natural beverages that God intended for the stimulus of the race—the Java coffee plantations furnishing the best of the one, and the Chinese tea fields the best of the other. And some day the barroom will be crowded with people at the vendue and the auctioneer's mallet will pound at the sale of all the appurtenances. The second of these last three taverns will take down its flaming sign and extinguish its red light and close its doors, for the working classes will have concluded to buy their own horses and furnish their own beautiful homes and replenish finely the wardrobe of their own wives and daughters, instead of providing the distillers, the brewers, and liquor sellers with wardrobes and mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second tavern is opened it will be a drug store, or a bakery, or a dry goods establishment, or a school. Then there will be only one more of the three dissipating taverns left. I don't know in what country or city or neighborhood it will be, but look at it, for it is the very last. The last inn-keeper will have staggered up to its counter and put down his pennies for his dram. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out the vitals and inflame the brain. The last drunkard will have stumbled down its front steps. The last spasm of delirium tremens caused by it will

be struggled through. The old rookery will be torn down, and with its demolition will close the long and awful reign of the mightiest of earth's abominations. The last of the dissipating three taverns of all the world will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the three taverns of my text.

With these thoughts I cheer Christian reformers in their work, and what rejoicing on earth and in Heaven there will be over the consummation. Within a few days one of the greatest of the leaders in this cause went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and may never have another. He has been an illumination to the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves at Portland, Me., covered with casks of West Indian rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The good he has done, the homes he has kept inviolate, the high moral sense with which he has infused two generations, is a story that neither earth nor Heaven can afford to let die.

Derided, belittled, caricatured, maligned, for a quarter of a century as few men have been he has lived on until at his decease universal newspaperdom speaks his praise and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have sounded his requiem on the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 2 he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministries, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. Multitudes enter Heaven only because of what Christ has done for them, the welcome not at all intensified because of anything they had done for Him. But all Heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his deathbed, where he said: "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of Heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecrated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone with "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongued patriarch, Stephen H. Tyng, was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much-derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian movement," was there, and John Stearns and Commodore Foote and Dr. Marsh and Gov. Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend, Alfred Colquitt, the Christian senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come back again! "Yes," say some of you, with Martha, about Lazarus to Jesus, "I know he will rise at the resurrection of the last day." Ah! I do not mean that. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and Heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer. When legislators are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained, and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away. Oh, departed nonagenarian! After you have taken a good rest from your struggle of 70 active years, come down again into the fight, and bring with you a host of the old Christian warriors who once mingled in the fray.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation losing its grip as Christ ascended; and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come on the right side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms, and play harps, and breathe frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied; and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger worlds than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world, and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed, Church militant and chereh triumphant, but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

One army of the living God, At His command we bow, Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

Mexican Chewing Gum. Mexico exported to the United States last year 4,000,000 pounds of chicle, an exudation of the sapota tree, which is used for chewing gum.

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A TWO-PIECE COSTUME, SHOWING THE NEWEST EFFECT IN AN ETON JACKET AND FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

Severity marks the tailor-made toilette, notwithstanding the trimming with which it is adorned. The lines are calculated to display a symmetrical figure to advantage, but there are fewer accessories like sleeve caps, frills and Berthas than on other styles. In the illustration is a two-piece costume of serge, the collar inlaid with velvet and frog ornaments over the closing. A white chemise is worn. The fronts of the Eton jacket



may be worn open or they may be closed, as illustrated. Shirt-waists, vests and blouse fronts may be worn with the jacket. It has pointed lapels and two-seam sleeves buttoned at the top. The new weaves of cheviot, serge, cloth, etc., are well suited to a costume of this style. A very stylish suit was copied from it of blue broadcloth with high lustrous braid was arranged fancifully at the bottom of the skirt and on the sleeves, collar and jacket fronts.

The Dutterick pattern is costume No. 9250; 9 sizes; bust measures, 32 to 46 inches; any length 45 cents.

THE FASHIONS.

A revival of the yellow and black combination is promised. An avant-courer of the mode is a large hat with a full crown of black velvet and a brim covered smoothly on the outside with black and on the inside with orange-yellow velvet, which is also used for folds about the base of the crown. A jet pin sparkles at the right side, and at the left are bunched three black tips and a shaded yellow Paradise cigarette. Under the brim at the back a pair of diminutive tips hang upon the hair.

For carriage and evening wear is shown a flat hat covered with American Beauty velvet overlaid with a riveted jet crown. At the edge is a puffing of velvet in lieu of a brim. The back is turned up to support three bunches of violets, and a single black tip, which hangs upon the hair. At the back of the crown, directly in front of the turned-up portion, are four tips that spread like a fan and confer the height necessary to becomingness.

A set of oval medallions in Russian lace would improve a toilette bodice of black broadcloth. The collar, if it be in military or choker style, the sleeves and the fronts may be decorated with medallions, four sizes being included in the set. Flower, leaf and scroll-shaped motifs are fixed upon accessories of gowns or applied to simulate them.

Black dress goods are popular. Not only are the divers varieties of goods in colors familiar to the shopper duplicated in black, but besides these are numberless variations upon the many pattern themes. Thus, velours in all-black, though a silk-and-wool-mixed material, gives the impression of all silk and is very decorative. In one such sample the device is floral and in another geometrical. The ground work is less lustrous than the design and the latter is, therefore, more conspicuously displayed.

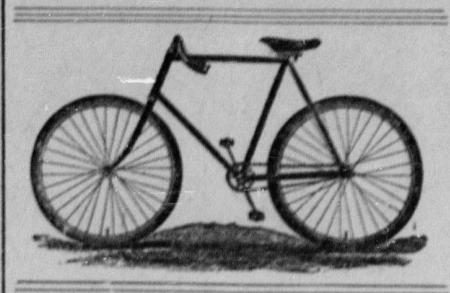
In another black velours a checkered effect is produced with large black silk blocks. A very fine poplin is varied by silk stripes and arabesques and is one of the dressiest of black goods. Crowns of gold or silver cloth studded with silver spangles and mock gems may be purchased to be combined with jet-spangled crowns in various jaunty shapes. These there are satin and kid bands of considerable depth embroidered with spangles for banding crowns.

Embroideries in very open patterns are offered in both black and white mousseline de soie—trimmings in which the height of Caintines is obtained. They are adaptable to gase de chambre, silk-warp tulle, organza lace and other like Summer textiles.

Ribbon or silk of a color contrasting with the material is always a welcome addition to open-patterned trimmings, though its use is not imperative. Gold is wrought into some of the mousseline trimmings with happy results.

Though flower-laden, a hat of fancy green straw braid is simple and most seasonable. The crown is high, but is almost hidden under a tangle of bluffs, the slender, blade-like foliage being copied from Nature as faithfully as the flower. The brim, of medium size, is bent up at the left side and a tall bunch of the lovely blossoms is fixed upon it. Toward the back and also at the left side bluffs are arranged among loops of Nile-green ribbon, a Rhinestone pin supplementing the trimming. The color harmony is particularly charming.—From The Delineator.

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Advertisement for Dr. M. Salm. Features a portrait of a man and text: "DR. M. SALM. 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 YEARS. For more than 3 years I have had a bad case of catarh, stomach and general trouble. Took cod continually. For one and one half years I could eat only bread and milk. Tried 5 different doctors, to get rid of my misery, but got worse and worse. So I went to see Dr. Salm for treatment, and to-day I am as strong as ever, can eat anything, don't take any more cod, and consider myself cured of this terrible disease. JOHN H. KAUFFMAN, Mattawana, Pa. CATARRH AND EYE TROUBLE. For more than 5 years I have had a very bad case of eye trouble and catarh. The eyes continually got sore and grew weaker and weaker. I always took cod. Dr. Salm cured me. CLEVELAND KIMBERLY. Witnessed by J. C. Kimberly, McVeyton, Millin county, Pa. HOME GOOD WORK. I had a very bad case of catarh and sore eye for more than 5 years, and consequently it gave me a world of trouble. I was obliged to see Dr. Salm; under his treatment the change is wonderfully rapid. My friends are astonished as well, and think with me that Dr. Salm has done another wonderful piece of work. LOUIS C. SHANNON, Whitestown, Pa. A CASE OF CATARRH AND THROAT TROUBLE. For more than three years our two children have been suffering from catarh and throat trouble, also enlarged tonsils. They were continually taking cod; could hardly breathe at night, their constitutions became undermined. After a short course of treatment with Dr. Salm they have almost entirely recovered from their miserable disease. J. F. HARRISON, Bellefonte, Pa. SUFFERED FOR 15 YEARS. For 15 years I have suffered very much with nervous, inward and ear trouble, and my condition grew worse and worse. I tried a half dozen doctors, and piles of patent medicines, to no avail. I went to Dr. Salm, and thanks to his knowledge as a physician, I consider myself entirely cured. Those pains, which came every month, and the fearful nervous prostration resulting therefrom, has entirely left me. I feel happy once more. Mrs. W. M. JOHNS, New Florence, Pa. 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, painless and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhoea, losses, weak and nervous debility; also for prostatic, varicocel and all private diseases whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. New method Electrolysis, Equiptor or its scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Examination and Consultation Free to Everybody. 50 CENT 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 any one free on application. Address, Dr. Salm, P. O. Box 795, Columbus, Ohio. Enclose a 2-cent stamp for postage. Corrected Dates of the Doctor's engagements for 1897: Town. Hotel. Day. Oct. Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. Mar. Apr. May. June Bellefonte, Brockerhoff, 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.