

OUR PRISON DEFECTS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Calls Attention to Some of Them.

Many Jails are Hotbeds of Vice—In Order to Lessen Crime We Must Surround the Criminals With Better Influences.

In the following sermon Dr. Talmage calls attention to some of the dangers that threaten our cities and points out a remedy. The text he used was Psalm 80: 13: "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."

By this homely but expressive figure David sets forth the bad influence which in olden time broke in upon God's heritage, and as with swine's foot trampling, and as with swine's snout uprooting the vineyards of prosperity. What was true then is true now. There have been enough trees of righteousness planted to overshadow the whole earth, had it not been for the ax-men who hewed them down. The temple of truth would long ago have been completed, had it not been for the iconoclasts who defaced the walls and battered down the pillars. The whole earth would have been an Eschol of ripened clusters, had it not been that "the boar has wasted it and the wild beast of the field devoured it."

I propose to point out to you those whom I consider to be the destructive classes of society. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large proportion of many communities. In 1890, of the 49,000 people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, 32,000 were of foreign birth.

Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats. There are in our cities people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the interregnum which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their life-time business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the arguments of an opposing counsel, or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market so you buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Run is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

You help pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak thief who snatches a spoon of cotton, up to some man who enacts a "Black Friday." More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a confined room where there are 50 people and yet not breathe vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there are so many of the depraved without somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue? We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voices, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out hatless and in our slippers and assist in the arrest. We come around the howling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers, but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals: "Villain, go in there and rot!" when out you say: "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look and live." Vast improvements have been made by introducing industry into the prison, but we want something more than hammers and shoelasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal! And after while I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged.' That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. 'Oh,' you say, 'these people are incorrigible.'

I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison benches who would leap up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. 'Oh,' you say, 'I have no patience with these rogues.' I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at 10 years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils; and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and you had left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of these offenders.

I stepped into one of the prisons of one of our great cities, and the air was like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. As the air swept through the wicket it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw there one woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child, amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders at that prison sleeping on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people crowded, and wan, and wasted, and half-suffocated, and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man, "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out! Where they burned down one house they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries. Many of the jails are the best place I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cut-throats. Yale college is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians, as the American jail is calculated to make criminals. All that these men do not know of crime after they have been in that style of dungeon for some time, satanic machination cannot teach them. Every hour these jails stand they challenge the Lord Almighty to smite the cities. I call upon the people to rise in their wrath and demand a reformation.

In this class of uprooting and devouring population are unworthy officials. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning!" It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1865 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. These were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination, and forgery. We had the "Whisky Ring," and the "Tammany Ring," and the "Eric Ring." There was one man during those years that got \$125,000 dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were 50,000,000 of public treasury squanders. In those times the criminal had only to wink to the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him and the question was decided for the defendant. Of the 8,000 people arrested in that city in one year, only 5,000 were punished. These little matters were "fixed up," while the interests of society were "fixed down." You know as well as I that a criminal who escapes only opens the door of other criminalities. It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief, and at great price hanging over the goods to the owner to whom they belong.

There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who hover around Wall street and State street and Third street, with great sleight of hand in bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the people who go and sit down and mourn with families and pick their pockets. And there you find the "confidence men," who borrow money of you because they have a dead child in the house and want to bury it, when they never had a house nor a family; or they want to go to England and get a large property there, and they will want you to pay their way and they will send the money back by the very next mail. There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the "Rogues' Gallery," yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years but defraud society and escape justice. When these people go unarrested and unpunished, it is putting a high premium upon vice, and saying to the young criminals of this country: "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal!" Let the law swoop upon them! Let it be known in this country that crime

will have no quarter, that the detectives are after it, that the police club is being brandished, that the iron door of the prison is being opened, that the judge is ready to call the case. Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society.

Among the uprooting and devouring classes in our midst are the idle. Of course, I do not refer to the people who are getting old, or to the sick, or to those who cannot get work; but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said, "I keep on engraving so I may not hang myself." I do not care who the man is, he cannot afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the criminal classes are made up. Character, like water, gets putrid if it stands too long. Who can wonder that in this world, where there is so much to do, and all the hosts of earth and Heaven and hell are plunging into the conflict, and angels are flying, and God is at work, and the universe is a-quake with the marching and countermarching, that God lets His indignation fall upon a man who chooses idleness? I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard, and retouching their toilet, and criticizing industrious people, and pass their days and nights in bar rooms and club houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and card playing. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours!

Alas, for them! If they do not know how to while away an hour, what will they do when they have all eternity on their hands? These men for a while smoke the best cigars, and wear the best broadcloth, and move in the highest spheres; but I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse, or stop at the gallows.

Among the uprooting classes I place the oppressed poor. Poverty to a certain extent is chastening; but after that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears his children cry in vain for bread, it sometimes makes him desperate. I think that there are thousands of honest men incarcerated in vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half paid. While there is no excuse for criminality, even in oppression, I state it as a simple fact that much of the scoundrelism of the community is consequent upon ill treatment. There are many men and women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, to fight the hounds.

In these American cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are hundreds and thousands of honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and state charities. If all their voices should come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and Heaven to the rescue. But, for the most part, it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable on cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." Oh, this woe of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front doorstep; I wonder if you hear it and see it as much as I hear it and see it!

I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization, and all new-born lodgings, and all children's aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas society all the cast-off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet, and on the shivering limbs of the destitute. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or that garment that you this week handed out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day he would run his hand over it and say: "I was naked and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

Besides all this, I want you to appreciate in the contrast how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, at your well-filled tables, and at the warm registers, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then, at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room and lock the door, and kneel down and say: "O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me Thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day, I thank Thee that all my life Thou hast taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children to-day, I thank Thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in Heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkle me as I was many years ago, at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to Thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

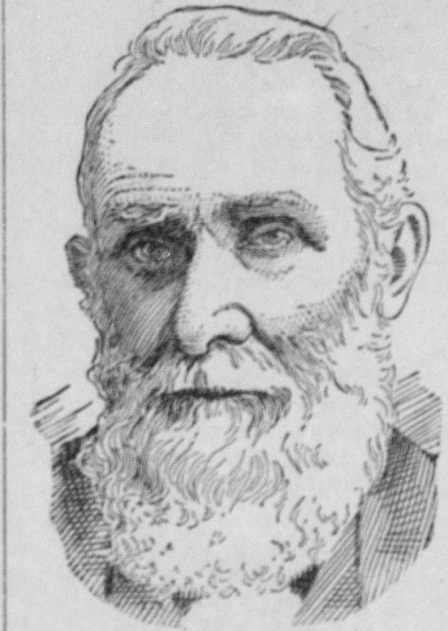
For sinners, Lord, Thou canst not bleed, And 'tis a sinner's vice indeed, Lord, I believe Thy grace is free; O magnify that grace in me!"

Look Out For Cancer!

Few people are born entirely free from blood taint. This is often very slight or remote, and sometimes may not develop at all in one generation, but breaks out in a serious disease later.

Cancer, the most dreadful of all diseases, is often the result of some blood taint inherited from generations back. It often appears as a mere mole or insignificant pimple, which later develops into an alarming condition. No one knows but that he may be subject to an inherited impurity in the blood, nor can he tell whether or not this may some day crop out in the form of destructive cancer. It is, therefore, important that any little sore or scratch, which does not readily heal, be given prompt attention, or a serious condition may result.

Mr. Robert Smedley, of Ocala, Fla., was the victim of a malignant cancer, which first appeared in the manner above described. He writes: "At first I paid no attention to the little blotches on my face, thinking they would soon pass away. Before long, however, they became sore, and soon began to enlarge. I applied ordinary local remedies, but they had no effect, and I then consulted a physician. When



he told me I had cancer, I became alarmed and hastened to obtain treatment for I knew how dangerous cancer was.

"I received the best medical attention, but the cancer continued to grow worse until the physicians finally said that I would have to have an operation performed, as that was the only hope for me. This I refused to submit to, as I knew cancer was a blood disease, and my common sense told me that it was folly to expect an operation to cure a blood disease.

"Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood remedy I decided to try it, and the first bottle produced an improvement. I continued the medicine, and in four months the last scab dropped off. Ten years have elapsed, and not a sign of the disease has returned."

The alarming increase in the number of deaths which occur as the result of a surgical operation is attracting general attention, and a strong sentiment against such methods of treatment is fast developing among the most intelligent classes. It seems that in almost every case where the doctors' treatment is unsuccessful, the learned physicians decide at once that an operation must be performed, and the keen blade of the surgeon is recklessly resorted to.

The many caustic plasters which are applied to remove cancers are more painful than death, and the danger of a surgical operation is as great as the disease itself. No plaster or surgical operation can cure cancer, because it is a blood disease; the destructive cancer cells are in the blood, and cannot be cut out, or removed by local treatment. As the disease must be forced from the blood, it is only reasonable to rely upon a real blood remedy for a cure, one which goes direct to the cause of the trouble and removes it.

S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is the only known cure for cancer and other obstinate and deep-seated blood diseases such as Scrofula, Eczema, Catarrh, Rheumatism and Contagious Blood Poison. It is

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Books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to all who address Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

Estate of Mathias Kech, dec'd., late of Burdette township. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897, at 10 a. m. the following described real estate: A good farm, being the Mathias Kech home stead farm in Burdette township, Centre county, Pa., located about one mile southeast of Pine Glenn, Pa., containing 50 ACRES 2 rods and 25 perches, all but 10 acres of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon erected a good frame dwelling house, bank barn, outbuildings and improvements in good condition. Has an excellent orchard, never failing water and is desirably located to schools, churches and markets.

Terms—2/3 of purchase money on confirmation of sale, balance 1/3 in six months. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. R. C. GILLILAND, adm'r. of estate of Mathias Kech. Snow Shoe, Pa. Attorney.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

Estate of J. W. Bean dec'd., late of Taylor Twp. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, in Taylor Twp., on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897, at 2 o'clock, p. m. the following real estate: A fine farm, the J. W. Bean homestead along the plank road in Taylor township, adjoining properties of D. H. Bean, J. M. Way, W. J. Wiser, and others containing 23 ACRES 35 PERCHES, in a fine state of cultivation. Thereon erected a good frame dwelling house, barn, outbuildings and other improvements. The property is desirably located to churches, schools and public markets and would be a good investment.

Terms—ten per cent cash on day of sale; balance, 2/3 of purchase money on confirmation of sale, 1/3 in one year and 1/3 in two years. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. S. L. STRICKER, adm'r. Orvis, Bower & Orvis, Att'ys. Bellefonte, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pa., in the matter of the estate of Dr. S. G. Gutelius deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by said Court, to distribute the funds in the hands of Fred E. Gutelius, administrator of said decedent, as appears by his final account, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will sit for the purposes and duties of his appointment on Saturday, November 20th at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, at this office, Crider's Exchange building, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to appear and prove their claims before the undersigned, or before debarred from coming in upon the said fund. J. H. WETZEL, Auditor.

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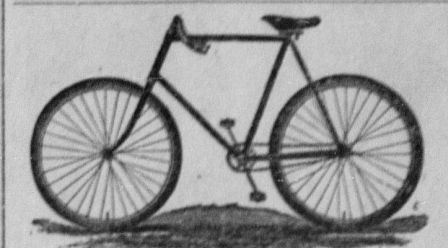
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