TRIALS OF THE HOME.

They are Discussed by the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Words of Cheer for the Toller-Christ Appreclates the Efforts of Those Who are Trying to Do

In the following sermon the popular Washington divine addresses many words of comfort and encouragement to the tired wives and mothers of the household. His text was Luke 10: 40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow, Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly apparelled, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses. then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always has on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master; come in and be seated." Christ did not come alone. He had a group of friends with him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no worriment about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters.

There is Martha, hard-working. painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cookery and housekeeping. There is Mary, also, fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters at the It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner tainment. Alas me! if the duty had that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitcken. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread hand, or something was burned black that ought to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion. with besweated brow, and perhaps, with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saving: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sisscolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have His scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get Him something to eat, and so He dear woman. do not worry; let the dintroubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door I look in and their wives!" "How much do see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

preciation. That is what made Martha | money, let him plainly say so. so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the stock exchange, and say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a age eight, or ten, or twenty subordiestablishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost.

I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in a arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am speaking now of the great mass of housekeepers-the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at 30 years of the air in that hill-country makes age, look as though they were 40, everybody well. There are no rents to age, look as though they were 40, and at 40 look as though they were 50, pay; every man owns his own house, and at 50 look as though they were 60. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the habit of riding in this world. It the slain in the great Armageddon of will not be so great a change for you to the kitchen. You go out to the ceme-

tery and you w'll see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing machine, or a ladle." You think, O man of the world! that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be fit for the insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped-no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash-they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur-you must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments-something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library drawing-room, be patient, be lenient!

O woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and "Grandmother" Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper! Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder: Christ was married. The Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

"Thy servant by this clause Makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, Makes this and the action fine."

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous circumstances was that day. Christ was hungry and He called down stairs to help in the kitchdid not often have a luxurious enter- en in the absence of the servants. The door bell ringing, she went to open it developed upon Mary, what a repast and found a gentleman friend, who said, as he came in: "I thought that I heard music, was it on this piano or on this harp?" She answered: "No: I would not bake, or Martha scalded her was playing on a gridiron, with frying pan accompaniment. The servants are gone, and I am learning how to do their work." Well done! When will women in all circles find out that it is honorable to do anything that ought

Again, there is the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninetynine households out of the thousand ter hath left me to serve alone?" Christ are subjected to it-some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if the man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of throws a world of tenderness into His thousands of women-attempting to intonation as He seems to say: "My make \$5 do the work of \$7. A young woman about to enter the married state ner go: sit down on this ottoman be- said to her mother: "How long does the side Mary, your younger sister. Mar- honeymoon last?" The mother antha, Martha, thou art careful and swered: "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money.' How some men do dole out money to want?" "A dollar!" "You are always wanting a dollar. Can't you do with First, there is the trial of non-ap- 50 cents?" If the husband has not the

If he has it, let him make cheerful response, remembering that his wife has as much right to it as he has. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household, she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every little while; you ought to have to man- few weeks. This 30 years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of econates, and then you would know what | nomics, this life-long attempt to keep trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir, the the outgoes less than the income, exwife and the mother has to conduct at | hausts innumerable housekeepers. O the same time a university, a clothing my sister, this is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open police, and president of her realm! She the front windows and the rayens would fly in with food, and after you had baked 50 times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one in Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness-40 years. Besides that, this is going to make Heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of cater-

ing for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change for you to have s chariot in Heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of follow them." so great a change for you to have a

life, if in this world you had a country MAN-HUNTING DOGS. seat, but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage: And if your life on earth as domestic martyrdom, oh the joy of eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do? Martha has had no drudgery for 18 centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of Heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of Heaven will be kept for Christian bloodhounds in the South-"Jude" and housekeepers. Oh, what a change "Blue." from here to there-from the time when they put down the rolling-pin to when they take up the scepter! If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt mansion were to be lifted into the Celestial City they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to be going in and out of either of them.

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass, who has never had an ache or a pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may until 10 o'clock at night fill the house of tracking the murderer for the balwith laughing racket; but oh, to do the ance of the day, as it always does in work of life with worn-out constitution, such cases. when whooping cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day-that is not so easy! Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone! Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is motherlike to brood both flocks; and one wing she puts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman happily through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do and he was released. for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by at the county convict camp near Atthe joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go!

But after a while the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in 12 Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from Heaven, and the fruits are home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less 600; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred there-

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a king, has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says of 1,000 unmarried men there are 38 criminals. and of 1,000 married men only 18 are criminals. What a suggestion of home influences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life: that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others; but how very hard it is for us to exercise it ourselves!

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair. and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "De Witt, I see you are looking at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied. "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At the end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an 84 years' smile-not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was

TWO BLOOD HOUNDS THAT ARE FA-MOUS DETECTIVES.

Chey Are of Royal Lineage, and Will Traff a Criminal Attempting to Escape on Foot or Horseback-Their Unerring Instinct and Marvelous Powers of Smell.

Frank Morris, marshal of Midville, Ja., and one of the best-known officers n that section of the State, is the possessor of two of the finest man-hunting

These dogs are of the blood royal and will trail a man on foot or on iorseback, and when a criminal resists and shows fight they will tear him down as quickly as if they were tigers. Jude is a daughter of another famous hound that was mixed up in many a long chase. She is white, with a colored patch on her back, while Blue is of the color which his name indicates. Both are about eighteen months old and are perfect specimens of the breed of bloodhounds that has become world-famous.

When Joe Sprinz was murdered at Midville Marshal Morris and his dogs were called into service, but when the dogs were led through the building where the dead man lay Blue smelled of his head, which killed his powers

In addition to that there had been a big crowd of people gathered around the scene of the killing, so that the tracks were confused and it was imposible for the dogs to strike the trail.

In December last the residence of Mr. Drew, of Midville, was burned and the proprietor and his family narrowly escaped with their lives. Marshal Morris carried his puppies, for they were only about six months old then, to the spot and they struck a trail and followed it to a regro'r house some distance away.

The negro was arrested, and his tracks, when compared with those found near the burned building, coincided exactly, and the shoes that he had on were run down at the heel in the same manner indicated in the tracks. The circumstantial evidence was very strong, but owing to the gravity of the crime Mr. Drew was unwilling to jeopardize the life of the prisoner on such circumstantial evidence

Several years ago one of the same breed was stabbed to death by a trusty lanta. Captain Donaldson had the dog at the camp, and when the trusty escaped the dog was put on his trail.

The faithful hound took the track and followed it until he came up with he convict, when a terrific encounter ook place. The animal was true grit, out the negro had possessed himself of a knife and when the dog came in reach they grappled and the negro stabbed the dog in a half dozen places. When found the dog was dead and there were signs of a terrible combat

where he lay ris was one of the posse that chai a Rube Burrows and Tobe Jackson through the wild Sand Mounain region of Alabama several years plucked from the tree of life, and it is ago. A man named Tompkins was sweetened with the new wine of the with the party and when the escaped kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of convicts were overtaken, about twen-Blountsville road, Burrows and Jackson took refuge behind a large pine ree and fired on their pursuers.

Tompkins fell with a Winchester rifle bullet through his brain and in he fusilade that followed several others were wounded. Marshal Morris nounted Tompkins' mare and adranced until he could get a good shot it the fugitives, when he took delib-

grate aim at Jackson and fired. It was a long-range shot and the ball struck Jackson in the leg, breaking poth bones and disabling him so that he was forced to surrender and was sent back to the State Penitentiary at Auburn, Ala.

Burrows made good his escape for the time being, but was hunted down



and finally betrayed and killed for the sake of the reward that had been offered for the capture of the outlaw, dead or alive.

During that hunt, in which Jackson was captured, a whelp of the same breed as Jude and Blue was killed by the outlaws after tracking them to

Jude and Blue are thoroughbreds and would make the mouth of a canine connoisseur water to look at them with their muscular limbs, deep chests, sleek coats, black muzzles and eyes as red as carbuncles.

These dogs possess a natural manhunting instinct that is developed at an early age and if not spoiled when they are young will not run any track except that of a human being. The only trouble is in confusing them at the start, as they were in the Sprinz

Once they are put on the right scent they will follow a man for hundreds of miles, and he may retrace his steps and double on his track, besides resorting to all sorts of dodges, but they will follow his trail with unerring instinct, aided by their marvelous powers of smell, and with a swiftness that means speedy capture for the criminal.

SAVE YOUR CHILD.

Mark How Thin, Pale, Nervous and Puny the Little One Is.

How You Can Make It Well and Vigorous. Words of Wisdom by a Well-Known Physician.

A well-known physician writes a very interesting article in regard to what to



EVERETT HALLOWS.

bly preserving the life of their little son. with indigestion and nervous troubles. An attending physician, who was called, advised the parents to give the child such medicine as seemed , est fitted to such a condition. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy was recom-

The taking of a few bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura effected a cure, and. the little one is healthy to-day, enjoying play with the other children. Mr. and Mrs. Hallows say they must give St., New Bedford, Mass., says.: the credit of the cure to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

transformed into a happy, hearty, ro- Soon after she was prograted by rheubust little one; and by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great nerve and lower limbs. blood remedy. This medicine has out obtaining relief, she began taking proved a blessing to thousands of boys Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve and girls throughout the world by giv- remedy, and experienced immediate ing them sound health and vigorous benefit. She continued its use, and strength. Children who use it have after taking five bottles her rheumaless sickness, better health, better growth, and longer and more vigorous lives. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and parents should give it to every child who is not in perfect health. child who is not in perfect health.

TERROR OF CHILDREN.

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M Your Child Is Not Well, You Should Cure It Before the D: ead Disease Sets In. Do Not Ignore

There are no more dreaded diseases by parents than fits, epilepsy and St. Vitus' dance.

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not play with usual energy. If so, you must look out for your child, or these who, almost from infancy, was troubled most dreaded complaints will follow. Give it at once Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which, from its perfectly wonderful record in cur-ing children, is the household remedy in nearly every home in the land. This greatest of children's remedies is perfectly harmless, being made of pure regetable medicines, and may be given to infants or children of any age. It will always bring health and strength to the little ones

Charles L. McBay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle

"About two years ago my little What a change! The sickly child and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. matism, which severely affected her

" After trying various remedies withschool and to play like other children.

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