

GOOD AND BAD CLUBS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon on Them.

Domestic Shipwreck Often Follows Club Membership—The Man Who Spends His Evenings at Home Leads the Happiest Life.

In the following sermon the popular Washington divine gives some good advice to those who frequent clubs. His text is II. Samuel, 2: 14: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence.

At this season of the year the club houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the club house. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the 24 men in the text when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport.

All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blithe old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

If you have read history, you know that there was a King's Head club, a Ben Johnson club, a Brothers' club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto club. Some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last 100 years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere.

Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and chisel, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club house!"

literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles to which you have been invited.

First of all I want you to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. The wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door step, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically deceived him away until he attends no church, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated; but let no man sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the club house, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation an usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process, the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely.

I tell you, there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death! There are club houses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine-guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week: "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood; I will devote one to charitable institutions; I will devote one to the club." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says: "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to the club house and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's epitaph is written. Not one out of ten thousands that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fall, through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease, he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin-lid, and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come.

Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and chisel, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club house!" I think that damage is often done by the sedons of some aristocratic family, who belong to one of these dissipating club houses. People coming up from humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the large generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it; but the wily ancestors, who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now, there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grand-father's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worn-out tug, though it drag them straight into the breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial success. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed? Are bargain-makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1 before they entered the club, been going down ever since in commercial standing? Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to

run through the social excesses of one or two members. Their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amidships by the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potatoes of cognac and Monongahela. Their club house was the "Loch Earn." Their business house was the "Villedu Havre." They struck, and the "Villedu Havre" went under.

Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Balshazzarean wassail or the chalice of the Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers, the elders of a Christian church, or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, crouching and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright little girl whom the Lord took? Oh! you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are, with no one to put to bed, and no one to tell the beautiful Bible story! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say: "Papa, do stay home to-night—do stay home to-night." You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a dissipating club house is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room.

Then there is a rattling of the night-key in the door, and the returned father comes upstairs and sees the empty cradle and the window up. He says: "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. O man astray, God help you! Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea table. The father rises to get the sugar, and the mother shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back at midnight, and that is the history of 365 nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects? Time will pass on, and the son will be 16 or 17 years of age, and you will be at the tea table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life. Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a rope-maker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become ship-cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads, and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I will twist them together, and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house; a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No, I will take these strands, and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed—not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I will wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for Heaven!

AMERICAN PUMICE STONE.

Practically Pure, and Likely to Command the Trade.

The use of pumice stone as an abrasive or polishing material has increased very rapidly in this country with the development of our manufacturing interests. The supply has been obtained almost exclusively from Italian sources until quite recently, but now an American product is not only becoming known, but bids fair to command the trade. An excellent quality has been found in pulverized forms in western Nebraska. Here some seven different deposits have been discovered, comprising in all about 400 acres, with approximately 800,000 tons in sight, according to a report made by Prof. R. D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago. The pumice stone found in these deposits has been pronounced practically pure, but of several degrees of fineness, ranging from an impalpable powder to a grade that would make a medium coarse glass paper. These deposits were also purchased considerable tracts of land surrounding them, so as to control any new finds. They also desired lump pumice stone, and after much search, found a deposit in Utah, 245 miles south of Salt Lake City, near a branch of the Utah Central. This property comprises 120 acres. The company claim that they now have the only pumice stone deposits known in this country. The Utah deposit is virtually a mountain of lump pumice stone of all degrees of quality, but free from intruding crystals or other hard substances. The company has erected works in Chicago, with a capacity to handle forty tons per day, furnishing a product of pumice on all the merchantable grades and forms.—Philadelphia Record.

CHORUS OF WHIPS.

Queer Contests Held by Citizens of a Small French Town.

Noget, the thrifty little town on the river Marne, in France, seems destined to become famous for the oldest contests enacted in modern times. Not long ago the public place of the municipality was the scene of a race of crumples, and a few days later a barrel-rolling contest was inaugurated, in which some of the most prominent citizens participated.

The other day the town was treated to the unique spectacle of a whip-cracking contest, with about fifty contestants. The whips were, in Class A, the usual driver's whips, and in Class B, the so-called peripigan, much resembling the long whips used by the lumbermen in Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin on their log sleighs. At least thirty different kinds of cracking sounds can be made by these whips in the hands of an expert, and the prizes were distributed to those who produced the most of these sounds in rapid succession. The judges laid considerable emphasis in this odd contest on the kind of crackings which would stir a horse most without injuring him. In conclusion, all the drivers cracked their whips in chorus, which had the effect of an ear-deafening cannonade.

A driver by the name of Lermisson received the first prize. This man can handle the whip in so masterly a manner that he is able to crack the "Marseillaise" and familiar French songs out of it.

New Process of Making Mosaic Floors.

The manufacture of mosaic floors has been brought within economical accomplishment and satisfactory attractiveness. Small particles of wood, such as sawdust, wood flour and fine shavings, are treated first with a mixture of shellac and alcohol, and then with a cement made of curd and slaked lime, and while this mixture is still damp it is put into hot molds of the desired shape and size, and placed under pressure, the joint action of the heat and pressure unites the wood most thoroughly with both the shellac and cement, and after a few minutes the compound is taken out of the molds and completely cooled and hardened. Great care is necessary that no foreign substances, especially of an oily nature, be present, as this would prevent the cement from being absorbed into the pores of the wood. In making different-colored mosaic the natural color of the woods used is taken into account, then the wood itself is dyed, and last dyes dissolved in alcohol are mixed with the shellac. The process is then performed as before. It is said that, notwithstanding its hardness, this compound possesses all the perfection of wood, thus rendering it of particular adaptation for use as a floor covering in the case of living rooms and private dwellings, and the important advantage is claimed for it of being unaffected by any changes of temperature.—Yale Scientific Monthly.

Reasons for an Odd Tax Rate.

The reason why the tax on beer was fixed at \$1.44 a barrel instead of at a round figure, was for the sake of convenience in mathematical calculation. That figure is a multiple of 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 12, which are the divisions used by the brewers in the sale of beer. In computing the taxes upon fractional parts of a barrel, the tax on a half barrel of beer will be 2 cents, the tax on a quarter of a barrel 36 cents, on a third of a barrel 24 cents, on the sixth of a barrel 24 cents, on an eighth of a barrel 18 cents.

Oldest Poplar Tree in France.

The citizens of Dijon, France, recently voted a sum of money for putting a railing round a tree standing within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has record tracing the history of the tree since the year 723 A. D. It is 122 feet in height, and forty-five feet in circumference at the base.

Easy Money in London.

The London County Council is borrowing \$19,000,000 at 2 1/2 per cent interest. No bonds will be sold below par. This loan shows that floating capital must be plentiful in England. At this rate of interest the return from \$30,000 capital is about equal to the wages of a street car conductor.

SAVE YOUR CHILD.

Mark How Thin, Pale, Nervous and Punny 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 give children, especially weak, nervous and run-down children, in order to make them strong, vigorous and well. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallows, says this writer, of Peckham St., Globe Village, Fall River, Mass., thank Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for restoring the health and proba-



EVERETT HALLOWS.

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

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 the credit of the cure to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

What a change! The sickly child transformed into a happy, hearty, robust little one; and by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great nerve and blood remedy. This medicine has proved a blessing to thousands of boys and girls throughout the world by giving them sound health and vigorous strength. Children who use it have less 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.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the prescription and discovery of the well-known Dr. Greene, of 12 West 14th st., New York City, who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, and he can be consulted in any case, free of charge, personally or by letter.

TERROR OF CHILDREN.

The One Disease Which Every Intelligent Mother Dreads.

If Your Child Is Not Well, You Should Cure It Before the D and Disease Sets In. Do Not Ignore First Symptoms.

There are no more dreaded diseases by parents than fits, epilepsy and St. Vitus' dance. Cure the child when the first symptoms appear. Watch the infant or child and see if it manifests any nervous symptoms, if it is nervous, restless, wakeful, cries out, grits its teeth or tosses about in sleep, has twitching of muscles, limbs or eyelids, if its tongue is coated, breath bad, with irregular appetite and bowels. See if it is pale, puny and does not grow and develop well, if it tires easily and does



LITTLE MARY McDAY.

not play with usual energy. If so, you must look out for your child, or these most dreaded complaints will follow. Give it at once Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which, from its perfectly wonderful record in curing 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 vegetable 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. McDay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass., says: "About two years ago my little daughter became run down in health and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. Soon after she was attacked by rheumatism, which severely affected her lower limbs.

"After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, she began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and experienced immediate benefit. She continued its use, and after taking five bottles her rheumatism was practically cured. Her appetite returned, her pains disappeared, she was again able to walk without lameness, her general health was restored, and she was able to attend school and to play like other children."

Advertisement for SECHLER & CO. featuring 'IF YOU WANT THE BEST' and 'Of everything in the way of Fine Groceries, Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits and other Supplies, come to us.' Includes address: BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Advertisement for THE STANDARD bicycle, featuring 'STANDARD BICYCLE' and 'PRICE - \$50. The Standard Bicycle is high grade in every particular, smooth and easy running.' Includes address: THE STANDARD BICYCLE CO., 7th Avenue, 28th and 29th Sts., NEW YORK CITY.

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