

### THE DIVINE SHEPHERD.

Dr. Talmage Tell How He Watches Over His Flock.

God's People Are Often Kept From Wandering by the Shepherd's Crook--They Are Charmed With the Music of Heaven.

The following comforting sermon was preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage from the well-known text: Psalms 23: 1: "The Lord is my Shepherd."

What with post and rail fences, and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan, and Flemish variety of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out-of-doors 12 hours the day, and often-times waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars, or the torrents, or the sun, or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick shepherd of Scotland, who afterwards took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlow. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer, and was overheard to say: "O Lord, it has seemed good to thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand-blind mortals it seemed to be most in need of it; and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it, thou mayest ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David, the poet, and David, the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man, he said: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man, he said: "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that frightened red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man, he said: "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve."

David, the boy, had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man and wrote: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text: "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flocks.

And first, the shepherd's plaid. It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besetting work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet; the serving maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amidst the storms, and the rocks, and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the baby Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it; one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two rag pickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel.

No; in the wardrobe of Heaven He left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besotted and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes He did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No; it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way, and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet, and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work; and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh. The storms were to beat Him, the crowds were to jostle Him, the dust was to sprinkle Him, the mobs were to pursue Him. Oh, Shepherd of Israel! leave at home Thy bright array. For Thee, what streams to ford, what nights all unsheltered! He puts upon Him the plain raiment of our humanity; wears our woes; and while earth and Heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around Him the shepherd's plaid:

"Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of His prayer." Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck; and in that way it was pulled back. When

the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it; but when the sheep were out of the way, the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the shepherd's crook, we would have fallen, long ago, over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says, "After a while I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink, and be merry." Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids; he calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After a while sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruit of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer, coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hands on me, took a knife, and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain, and instantly, he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life, when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble, and black-handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Col. Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies, and put them under Col. Breakheart. Then I will ask, which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories? Certainly that under Col. Breakheart.

In the time of war, you may remember, at the south and north, the question was whether the black troops would fight, but when they were put into the struggle on both sides they did heroically. In the great day of eternity it will be found that it was not the white regiment of joys that gained your greatest successes, but the black troops of trouble, misfortune, and disaster. Where you have gained one spiritual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from your adversity.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A plowman comes along and seizes the sheep, and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist, and caresses the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After a while some one breaks through the thicket. He says: "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shepherd's crook. It is never used on you, save in mercy, to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm gulf stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret: "The bruised reed he will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed He will not break."

When in the overhanging heavens of fate, The threatened clouds of darkness dwell, Then let us humbly watch and wait; It shall be well, it shall be well.

And when the storm has passed away And sunshine smiles on flood and field, How sweet to think, how sweet to say, It has been well, it has been well.

Next I speak of the shepherd's dogs. They watch the straying sheep, and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog--from the nomads of the Bible times, down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians; and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears, worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot bite us if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark, and sometimes a crooked

mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark--the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherd's pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer, and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains, and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun-lit Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration; and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, wear and bereavement, and we say: "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a turf of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover-top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Rich pasture, fountain-fed pasture, for all the flock of the Good Shepherd.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep-shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The enclosure was called the sheep-fold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheep-fold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall--so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in Heaven! Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long-meter psalms there. They will be in the majority, and will run away with our joy, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in Heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the tarnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheep-fold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that. I know it; but that Jordan is only for the sheep-washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now--one fold and one Shepherd!

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure. The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' Square, London. The Prince Regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned; the party dispersed; lords, ladies, and musicians rushed into the street, and in 15 minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeries and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance! The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our commander-in-chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison you have; bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with parable. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipations. Or to return to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my Heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of Heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept His pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

**Fishes That Clothe Themselves.** The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves. The most conspicuous of them is the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Sargasso sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed.

**A Mile a Minute.** The speed of the strictly up-to-date lee yacht is almost beyond belief. It is about the fastest thing in this rapid age, and a craft that cannot make a mile a minute is not to be regarded as a racing boat.

**Loyal to His Adopted Flag.** A remarkable instance of loyalty to an adopted flag is reported from India. The native Indian Subedar who commanded Fort Lund-Kotal vigorously conducted its defence, as it ultimately proved at the cost of his own life, although among the attacking force of tribesmen were two of his own sons.

"I want a dollar, Jones, and I want it bad." "All right. Take this counterfeit."

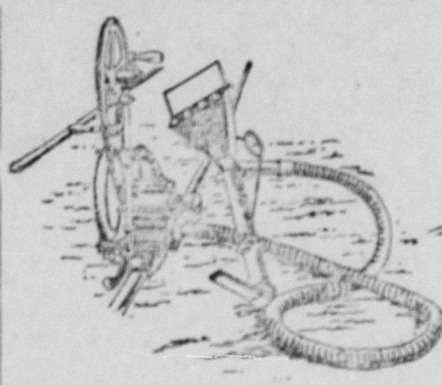
### STEEL ROADWAYS.

IDEA OF BUILDING TRACKS FOR TRUCKS PUT INTO PRACTICE.

Highways Turned Into Ideal Roads by the Use of a Simple Contrivance--The Government Has Sanctioned the Matter and Success Has Followed.

An army of 200,000 men is kept constantly at work upon the roadbeds of the railroads of the United States. The importance of this work may be judged from the fact that these men have about 580,000,000 ties to look after and their labor alone costs the railroads nearly \$70,000,000 a year. These are the section men. Approximately, there is one section man employed for each mile of track.

A generation ago, when the heaviest locomotive did not weigh more than fifty tons and a freight car load was ten tons, a good dirt roadbed sufficed. To-day, with 110-ton locomotives tearing over the roads at sixty miles or more an hour, with trains of Pullman cars or hauling freight cars with loads of from 60,000 to 80,000 pounds each the strain on the track and roadbed is something which an old railroader never thought of. One-hundred pound steel rails have replaced the old iron 56-pound rails, stone road-beds have replaced those of dirt,



PNEUMATIC TRACK SURFACE MACHINE.

and ties are put only about half as far apart as they used to be. With all these improvements section men are constantly at work keeping the track in proper shape. Where the depressions are found the rails are raised by forcing earth or broken stone under the ties with tamping irons. This method is crude, and there are many objections to it. One of them is that it involves the breaking up of the bed of each tie disturbed. Now an inventor comes forward who proposes to do the work so much more expeditiously that a saving of more than \$10,000,000 worth of time can be effected every year.

The machine consists of a Root blower driven at the rate of perhaps 800 revolutions a minute. It is set on top of one rail, and has two small wheels on which it can be trundled along the rail like a wheelbarrow. When it is to be used a lever clips it fast to the rail. Attached to it is a hose about twelve feet long, ending in a metal feeder for the broken stone, which has a hopper at the top, where the stone or other suitable ballasting material is shovelled in, and a bend end at the bottom, which is put under the ties to direct the stream of filling. In using it none of the ballast between the ties need be removed. A shovelful is removed at one end of the raised tie until the bent end of the hopper tube can be poked under, and then the filling material is blown in and packed tight by the machine. Experimental machines were kept at work nearly all summer, sometimes on the Hudson River Railroad tracks, and sometimes on those of the New York, New Haven and Hartford line. As a practical result, the reports say that a progress of about 8 1/2 feet an hour can be made for each man employed, while the ordinary methods from 2 1/2 to 4 feet an hour is the best that can be done. In placing new ties it is claimed that its work is equally ahead of the older method.

**Sawdust as a Dressing for Wounds.** Fine, soft sawdust has been suggested as a dressing for wounds, and as a vehicle for medicaments or antiseptics. It is said that the dust, freed from splinters and sharp bits of wood by sifting, when used alone and dry, makes a clean and grateful dressing; that it really takes up and holds the discharges without packing or adhering; and that it is easily rendered antiseptic by any of the methods used in preparing antiseptic cotton or wool. The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal suggests that yellow pine sawdust, rich as it is in turpentine, would prove of itself a valuable antiseptic application.

**Dramatic Incident of the Sudan Campaign.** One of the most striking incidents of the late fight of Abu Hamed took place before a shot was fired. Hassan Effendi, a captain in the Egyptian cavalry, on being told to do so by General Hunter, rode up to the Derwish intrenchment with the utmost coolness and called on them to surrender. The only answer was a hoarse shout of defiance, but Hassan Effendi showed not the slightest movement of fear, and slowly walked his horse back to the British lines. Immediately afterward the action began.

R.I.P.A.N.S. Packed Without Glass, TEN FOR FIVE CENTS. This special form of Ripans Tablets is prepared from the original prescription, but more accurately and put up for the purpose of meeting the increased demand for a low price. DIRECTIONS:--Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Dissolve it in water, with or without a mouthful of water. They cure all stomach troubles, such as indigestion, loss of appetite, flatulence, biliousness, and all other ailments of the stomach. No matter what the matter is, you will do your best. One given relief--a cure will result if directions are followed. The Ripans Tablets are not put to bed of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any drugist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so. Put in six one a stamp, containing ten cents, will be sent you at once, and the Ripans Tablets will be forwarded to you by mail. Send five cents in stamps, and you will receive a trial bottle of Ripans Tablets, which will be mailed to you by mail. If you do not care to pay for postage, you may send a stamp for postage, and you will receive a trial bottle of Ripans Tablets, which will be mailed to you by mail. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

## WOMAN'S GREAT GIFT. Her Beauty Should be Tenderly Cared for. How to Preserve Good Looks.

Fair Faces Soon Lose Their Attractiveness When Sickness is Present. Dr. Greene's Nervura Keeps the Body Strong.

Beauty is the dower which Nature bestows upon woman and the gift is

is accomplishing its fatal work of impairing or wholly destroying the loveliness bestowed by nature. But there is no reason to despair.

Go to your druggist and get Dr. Greene's Nervura. This wonderful re-



The best physicians advise Dr. Greene's Nervura.

priceless. A beautiful woman is like a rose, giving pleasure to all who look upon her. But beauty is easily lost, and can only be restored by care and attention, joined to skill. How many beautiful women there are to-day who are slowly but surely losing this priceless possession! Their health has become poor; they are, to use a familiar phrase, "run down." They have a multitude of complaints, many of them trifling, some serious, but as a whole, effective in working ravages on the beauty of their fair victims. The eye loses its brightness and sparkle, the cheek its rose and sweetly contrasting lily, the step its elasticity, and



Both ladies and gentlemen use and recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura.

the form its beautiful curves and willowy grace; the incomparable gift is passing away from its possessor. It is time now to act; to arrest the progress of the mischief-worker. It matters not what the complaint is, it



Honest druggists tell you Dr. Greene's Nervura makes people strong and well.

storative and invigorant will put you again in sound, vigorous, and perfect health. It will strengthen your nerves, enrich and purify your blood, and give you that bounding health which alone makes beauty, bright sparkling eyes, rose cheeks, red lips, a full, round contour of face and figure. By using Dr. Greene's Nervura, which is purely vegetable and harmless, you will rejoice again in possession of the vital beauty that so attracts and charms and makes your existence a blessing to those around you. Do not delay. Dr. Greene's Nervura will certainly do Good health and beauty follow the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. It is a physician's prescription, approved and recommended by the best physicians everywhere. In case obstinate constipation is present, Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills should be taken in connection with the Nervura. These pills act in perfect harmony with the Nervura, and by keeping the bowels regular and the liver active, assist Dr. Greene's Nervura in effecting a cure. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take, and pleasant to act.

Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura is not a so-called patent medicine, but the discovery of Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, our most famous and successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous, chronic, or long-standing complaints, and that he can be consulted in regard to any and all cases free of charge, personally or by letter.

## EDUCATE YOURSELF

At the ANDERSON SCHOOL OF BUSINESS, 41 1/2 South 10th St., Philadelphia. A graduating course in Book-keeping, Short-hand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English Branches for the price of one. Books Free. Send for Catalogue. Dec 15, '98.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-law. -in Pruner's building. Practices in all the courts. German and English.

FORTNEY & WALKER, (D. F. Fortney and W. Harrison Walker) Attorneys at Law. -Office in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law. -Office in Crider's Exchange, special attention given to surveying and engineering.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law. -Office in Pruner Building. Consultation in German and English. Collections a specialty.

H. S. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-law. -Office in Temple Court. Tax collector of Bellefonte borough. Collections promptly attended to.

S. D. GETTIG, Attorney-at-law. -in Pruner Building, English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

WILLIAM G. RUNKLE, Attorney-at-law. -in Crider's Exchange. English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

WILLIAM J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law. -in court house. District attorney.

SPANGLER & HEWES, (J. I. Spangler and Chas. F. Hewes) Attorneys-at-law. -Office in Pruner Building, opposite court house. All legal business promptly attended to.

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law. -in Woodring building, opposite court house. Consultation in German and English.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law. -in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

JOHN M. REICHLIN, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace. -in opera house block, opposite Court house.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-law. -High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts.

J. K. JOHNSTON, Attorney-at-law. -Office in Temple Court. Collections and legal business.

## 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Official agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

### CARPET CLEANING and FEATHER RENOVATING

You can have your carpets cleaned and renovated that makes them look bright, fresh and like when new. Price is 3 cents per yard for all kinds. Have erected a building and equipped it with special machinery for this purpose.

PETER MENDIS, Bellefonte, Pa.