

### REDEEMED SOULS

They Leave This Weary World and Soar Heavenlyward.

In the World to Come Those Who Have Been Faithful Will Surely Find a Place of Comfort; a Haven of Rest.

From an ancient scene of sacrifice Rev. Dr. Talmage, in the following sermon, tells the story of Jesus. The text is Leviticus 14: 5-7: "And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedarwood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."

The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter house strewn with the blood, the bones, and horns, and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As He appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character; coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of Heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down to Jerusalem for sacrifice—sparrows, pigeons, and turtle-doves. I can hear them now, whistling, carolling, and singing all around about the temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing, two of these birds were taken; one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water, and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, tied to a hyssop branch, and plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird; and then, with his hyssop branch, bird-tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop branch, and it would go soaring into the heavens.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear brethren and sisters, and see that that first bird meant Jesus, and that the second bird means your own soul.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wildwood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of Heaven. He was the favorite of the land. He was the king's son. Whenever a victory was gained, or a throne set up, he was the first to hear it. He could not walk incognito along the streets, for all Heaven knew him. For eternal ages he had dwelt amid the mighty populations of Heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when he was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace heralded by a troop of clanking horseguards. No; he was greeted everywhere as a brother and all Heaven was perfectly at home with Him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion, and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say: "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the king are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the prince, the king's son; and I see him push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten him, and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over his dying head, and shut the sun out. The hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head, and breast, and feet ran blood—until, under the flocks and beams of darkness, the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified Him who came down from Heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

I notice also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text; and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although he spent his boyhood in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into his ear enough to have poisoned anyone else, He stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII. was unclean, but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys who knew him on the streets of Nazareth. Answer me, ye miscreants who saw him die. The skeptical tailors have tried for 1,500 years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day, in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says: "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with Thy innocence!

"Thou lovely source of true delight Whom I unsee, adore, O sweet Thy beauties to my sight, That I may love Thee more."

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird, mentioned in the text, that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assailed, with its iron beak it strikes like a bolt against its adversary. This was a dove or a sparrow, we do not know just which. Take the dove or pigeon in your hand, and the pecking of its beak on your hand makes you laugh at the feebleness of its assault. The reindeer, after it is down, may fell you with its antlers. The ox, after you think it is dead, may break your leg in its death struggle. The harpooned whale, in its last agony, may crush you in the coil of the unwinding rope. But this was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of him who said, "I have trod the wine-press alone and there was none to help." None to help! The murderers have it all their own way. Where was the soldier in the Roman regiment who swung his sword in the defense of the Divine Martyr? Did they put one drop of oil on his gashed feet? Was there one in all that crowd manly and generous enough to stand up for Him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking Him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board? The women cried, but there was no balm in their tears. None to help! none to help. O my Lord Jesus, none to help! The wave of anguish came up to the arch of His feet—came up to His knee—floated to His waist—rose to His chin—swept to His temples, yet none to help! Ten thousand times ten thousand angels in the sky, ready at command to plunge into the bloody fray, and strike back the hosts of darkness, yet none to help! none to help!

Oh, this dove of the text, in its last moment, clutched not with angry talons. It plunged not a savage beak. It was a dove—helpless, defenseless. None to help! none to help! But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop branch, and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah! that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage on God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited, nothing could buy it back but blood. What was it that was sprinkled on the door-posts when the destroying angel went through the land? Blood. What was it that went streaming from the altar of ancient sacrifice? Blood. What was it that the priest carried into the holy of holies, making intercession for the people? Blood. What was it that Jesus sweat in the garden of Gethsemane? Great drops of blood. What does the wine in the sacramental cup signify? Blood. What makes the robes of the righteous in Heaven so fair? They are washed in the blood of the Lamb. What is it that cleanses all our pollution? The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin.

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so we must be washed in the blood of Christ or go polluted forever. "Let the water and the blood, From this side a healing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make us pure." I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird the priest unloosed it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It could what its beak on any tree branch it chose. It could peck the grapes of any vineyard it chose. It was free, a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will. You say: "Had you not better qualify that?" No; for I remember that in conversion the will is changed, and the man will not will that which is wrong. There is no straight-jacket in our religion. A state of sin is a state of slavery. A state of pardon is a state of emancipation. The hammer of God's grace knocks the hoppers from the feet, knocks the handcuffs from the wrist, opens the door into a landscape all as shimmer with fountains and abloom with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have, on some August day, seen two thunder showers meet. One cloud from this mountain and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm battle had been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" Calvary responds, "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says, "Woe! woe!" Calvary answers, "Mercy! mercy!" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord, in which, if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, shall go forth free—free! Oh, I wish all people to understand this: That when a man becomes a Christian he does not become a slave, but that he becomes a free man; that he has larger liberty after he becomes a child of God than before he became a child of God. Gen. Flak said that he once stood at a slave block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him: "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said "twenty-dollars" (he was very old and not worth much); somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—"thirty-

ave"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble. He had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to go free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out "seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid, and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

Why, is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone; the sins of action gone; the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions of 30, 40, 50, 70 years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago; for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man he pardons him, and there is no half-way work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the turnpike road. He is worn out with disease. He is stiff in the joints. He is ulcered all over. He has rheum in his eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in rags. Every time he puts down his swollen feet, he cries "Oh! the pain!" He sees a fountain by the roadside under a tree, and he crawls up to that fountain and says: "I must wash. Here I may cool my ulcers. Here I may get rested." He stoops down and scoops up in the palm of his hands enough water to alkali his thirst; and that is all gone. Then he stoops down and begins to wash his eyes; and the rheum is all gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet, and the swelling is gone. Then, willing no longer to be only half-cured, he plunges in, and his whole body is laved in the stream, and he gets upon the bank well. Meantime the owner of the mansion up yonder comes down, walking through the ravine with his only son, and he sees the bundle of rags and asks, "Whose rags are these?" A voice from the fountain says, "These are my rags." Then says the master to his son, "Go up to the house and get the best new suit you can find and bring it down." And he brings down the clothes, and the beggar is clothed in them, and he looks around and says: "I was filthy, but now I am clean. I was ragged, but now I am robed. I was blind, but now I see. Glory be to the owner of that mansion, and glory be to that son who brought me that new suit of clothes, and glory be to this fountain, where I have washed, and where all who will may wash and be clean." Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. The bird has been dipped, now let it fly away.

The next thing I notice about this bird, when it was loosened (and this is the main idea), is that it flew away. Which way did it go? When you let a bird loose from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up. What are wings for? To fly with. Is there anything in the suggestion of the direction taken by that bird to indicate which way we ought to go?

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things To Heaven, thy native place." We should be going homeward. That is the suggestion. But I know that we have a great many drawbacks. You had them this morning, perhaps. You had them yesterday, or the day before; and although you want to be going Heavenward, you are constantly discouraged. But I suppose when that bird went out of the priest's hands it went by infections—sometimes stooping, but this is the motion of a bird. So the soul soars toward God, rising up in love, and sometimes depressed by trial. It does not always go in the direction it would like to go. But the main course is right. There is one passage in the Bible which I quote often to myself than any other: "He knoweth our frame, and he remembereth that we are dust."

I wish, my friends, that we could live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's whole life object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight Heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if lived in a higher atmosphere or nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

Oh, ye who have been washed in the blood of Christ—ye who have been loosed from the hyssop-branch—start Heavenward. It may be to some of you a long flight. Temptations may dispute your way; storms of bereavement and trouble may strike your soul; but God will see you through. Build not on earth. Set your affections on things in Heaven, not on things on earth. This is a perishing world. Its flowers fade. Its fountains dry up. Its promises cheat. Set your affections upon Christ and Heaven. I rejoice, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that the flight will, after awhile, be ended. Not always beaten of the storm. Not always going on weary wings. There is a warm dove-coat of eternal rest where we shall find a place of comfort for the everlasting joy of our souls. Oh, they are going up all the time—going up from this church—going up from all the families and from all the churches of the land—the weary doves seeking rest in a dove-coat.

Oh, that in that good land we may all meet when our trials are over! We cannot get into the glorious presence of our departed ones unless we have been cleansed in the same blood that washed their sins away. I know this is true of all who have gone in, that they were plunged in the blood, that they were unloosed from the hyssop-branch. Then they went springing into glory. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh, for if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, how much more shall we not escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven.

### JOS. HORNE & Co. St. Gall Swisses.

In the town of St. Gall, Switzerland, nine-tenths of the world's trade are manufactured.

We received a short time ago a large shipment of these Swisses, but reserved them for the opening of our new store.

They are of the snowiest texture with beautiful designs of scrolls and ribbons and those pretty little dots that are so popular.

For the pretty dress, either of itself or over shades of taffeta, it is very rich. For the graduating dress it is simplicity and neatness combined.

The prices we have put on these goods are a third and more less than the prices asked by other houses.

15 cents a yard for Dotted Swisses—regular value 20c and 25c a yard.

25 cents a yard for Dotted and Figured Swisses—regular price 35c and 40c a yard.

50 cents a yard for Figured and Dotted Swisses—regular value 75c a yard.

20 cents a yard for White Corded and Figured Piques—50 pieces just received—value 25c and 30c a yard.

A line from you will bring samples.

PENNA. AVE. AND FIFTH ST. PITTSBURG, PA.

### THE DANGER

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her bosom her babe.

### MOTHER'S FRIEND

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful." JOHN G. POLHILL, Macon, Ga.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by express on receipt of price.

Books containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent FREE any address upon application, by THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Eggs For Hatching. The prices below are for a setting of thirteen eggs. I guarantee all eggs to be fresh and true to name, and from first-class stock:

- Light Brahma..... 55 cts.
Buff Cochins..... 60
Partridge Cochins..... 60
Barred Plymouth Rocks..... 40
Silver Spangled Hamburgs..... 60

M. B. GARMAN, Bellefonte, Pa.

### OFFICIAL WAR BOOK

by Congressman James Rankin Young. All about War with Spain, the Navy, all defenses, Battle Ships, etc. Portraits and biographies of DEWEY and all prominent officers. Nearly 600 pages. Massive volume. Marvellously cheap. Best authority. Only authentic, official book. Experience not necessary. Anybody can sell it. Ladies as successful as gentlemen. We are the largest subscription book firm in America. Write us. Fifty persons are employed in our correspondence department alone, to serve you. Our book is just out. Get agency now and be first in the field. Large Size. War Map in colors free with book or outfit. Other valuable premiums. Tremendous seller. Biggest money maker ever known. Most liberal terms guaranteed. Agents making \$7.00 to \$25.00 per day. Twenty days credit given. Freight paid. Full book sent prepaid to agents, \$1.50. Splendid sample outfit and full instructions free for nine 2-cent stamps to pay postage. Mention this number.

MORRE BOOK CO., Dept M., Chicago, Ill.

### 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone 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. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, and are promptly secured.

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3.00 per month, \$1.00 by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington.

### Samantha at Saratoga, in a New Dress.

One of the funniest of all the funny books is certainly "Samantha at Saratoga." Will Carleton pronounces it "delicious humor" and Bishop Newmark says it is "bitterest satire, coated with the sweetest of exhilarating fun." Formerly published by subscription at the price of \$2.50, and sold, it is said, by the hundred thousand, it has recently been issued in an exquisite cloth bound volume in the "Cambridge Classics" series by the celebrated cheap-book publisher, Hurst & Co., of New York, as a means of widely advertising that series, and is sold at the fabulously low price of 25 cents. It would seem strange if they should not sell a million of them. They are sold by booksellers, or the publisher direct.

### LEGAL NOTICE

CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1898, at ten o'clock a. m. by A. Walter, Adam Bartzog, D. L. Zerbe, W. L. Hosterman and A. E. Bartzog, under the Act of Assembly, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April the 23rd, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Coburn Grain and Creamery Company," the character and object of which is for the purpose of purchasing, storing and selling all kinds of grain, potatoes, hay, straw, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, horses and poultry; all kinds of fruits, butter, eggs, cream, and all farm products of every kind; lumber, bark, ties, salt, coal, seeds, fertilizers of every description; and all kinds of agricultural implements; and manufacturing and marketing butter and other products out of milk and cream, in the County of Centre; and to receive and ship all the articles hereinbefore named, and to do and conduct the business of handling, purchasing, selling, receiving and shipping all kinds of farm products, stocks and farm implements; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Solicitors for Applicants.

CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, on the fourth Monday of August, A. D. 1898, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23rd, 1874, and supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called the "Fairview Christian Union," of Boggs township, Centre county, Pa., the character and object of which is of "buying land and building thereon, and holding in union a house of worship and therein worshipping Almighty God according to the doctrine and practices of the various Evangelical churches, they represent; and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of assembly, aforesaid, and its supplements."

W. M. C. HEINLE, Solicitor.

### CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO. PA. Expenses low. To those who intend to teach the State gives 50 cents a week as AID, and 50 dollars at graduation.

Tuition, \$1.25 per week; (State aid deducted 75 cents per week.)

Heat, light, washing, furnished room and good board, only \$1 per week.

The net cost for tuition, board, heat and furnished room for the fall term of 16 weeks is only \$6.00; for the winter term of 12 weeks, only \$5.00; for the spring term of 14 weeks, only \$5.50. The net cost of the whole senior year of 42 weeks is only \$107.40.

The Faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments. Five leading colleges are represented.

A well conducted Model School furnishes superior training to professional students. Graduates command good positions and meet with excellent success.

The handsome new building, erected at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, is now finished and occupied. Accommodations first class. Electric light in every room, carpets, spring beds, wardrobes, new furniture, four bath rooms, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

We shall be glad to correspond with any who are interested. Send for free catalogue and secure rules for next term.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Ph. D., Principal.

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. GRITTO, Attorney-at-law.—in Pruner Exchange, and in 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. L. 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. KEICHLINE, 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 Empire Court. Collections and legal business.

### EDUCATE YOURSELF

At the Anderson School, Business, Altoona, Pa., a graduating course in Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English Branches for the price of one Book Free. Send for Catalogue, Dec. 15, '98.

### Bicycles, Sundries and Repairs,

Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, 0000000000

L. C. Wetzel has opened a new Bicycle Store, in the Reynolds's Bank Building, where he is well equipped for that trade.

### New Wheels From \$25 to \$75

Complete repair shop where bicycles will receive prompt repairs by expert mechanics.

0000000000

Wheels bought, sold, exchanged and to hire.

0000000000

Prices Lower Than Ever.

0000000000

### W. H. MUSSER

GENERAL AGENT UNION CENTRAL LIFE INS. CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Office on 2nd floor, Crider's Stone Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

This Company has the Following Advantages:

Average interest rate for 20 years has been over 7 per cent. and the average Death Rate less than Three-fourths of One per cent.

The Receipts from Interest for 25 years have more than paid all death losses.

Realizes the Highest Interest and has the lowest death rate of any company.

Assets Dec. 31st, 1897: \$18,705,130.31.

JOHN M. PATTISON, President. E. P. MARSHALL, Secretary.

### J. S. WAITE & CO., Agents.

### Headquarters For

Plows, Mowers, Harrows, Grain Drills, Corn Planters, Wire Fences.

Rakes, Binders, Separators, Engines and Corn Planters, Wire Fences.

Agents for Syracuse Chilled Plows and repairs; Original Perry Spring-tooth Harrows, Farmers' Favorite Grain Drill and Corn Planter, in one; Osborne "Roller Bearing" Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Teasers, Cultivators, Corn Harvesters; Hubber Traction Engines and Separators. Frost, Wedge-lock, Spring Wire Fence, Binder Twine a specialty for 1898.

### BICYCLES.

Victor, Reading, Standard and Crawford Bicycles.

### HORSE SHOEING

and General Repairing done in the best of style.

### J. S. WAITE & CO., Agents.

Water Street, Bellefonte, Pa. no. 22.

### THE PENNA. STATE COLLEGE.

LOCATED in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in the Allegheny Region! Unconditional Open to both sexes. Tuition free; Board and other expenses very low.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY

- 1. AGRICULTURE and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.
2. BIOLOGY.
3. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE.
4. CHEMISTRY.

(CIVIL ENGINEERING, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, MINING ENGINEERING, HISTORY and POLITICAL SCIENCE, INDUSTRIAL ART AND DESIGN, LANGUAGE and LITERATURE: Latin, Spanish and Italian, (optional) French, German and English, (required).
5. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY.
6. MECHANICAL ARTS; combining shop work with study.
7. MENTAL and MORAL SCIENCE.
8. MILITARY SCIENCE (theoretical and practical).
9. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; two years.

Full term opens September 12, 1898. Regular courses four years. For catalogue or other information, address: GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL. D., president, State College, Centre County, Pa.

### CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

Corner of High and Spring streets. Receive Deposits; Discount Notes. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.