OUR GENERATION

Dr. Talmage Says We Should Endeavor to Serve It.

The Civilization of the World is All Askew -How it Could be Improved-Lessons Drawn from the Career of David.

In the following sermon the popular Washington divine points out a way by which we might make our lives of much practical value to mankind instead of allowing them to be meaningless generalities. The text is Acts 13:36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stoneslinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and lay down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into Heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my pray-

off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of Heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day. Each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past, and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with him.

But the 180 generations have passed

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girded the earth with apple orchards. orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed population of the earth-millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of the family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nutsand feel that they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxurfant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who, through sickness or conjunctions of misfortunes, have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities. So far from belping appease the world's hunger

are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax, from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner-his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of threefourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough

for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing or a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all, on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the suffering or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the season. Gospel of Gospel of hats! Gospel of clothes for the naked!

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little plece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year 1898 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingdons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous 20 years. I challenge the 4,000 years before Christ and also the eighteen centuries after Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Step-ping across the line one by one his

The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin, and ruin, and death; on the other side of it are pardon and usefulness and happiness and Heaven.

troops followed, and finally his whole

You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else.

help others upon the same rock. Men upon him. Just now the Commission and women have been saved quicker has in press a paper entitled "Notes What! Without a prayer? Yes. States and Their Artificial Propaga-What! Without time to deliberately tion." think it over? Yes. What! Without | Some people believe that only the you? Do you? You have. Something body of the frog is because Saved yourselves, how are you to save the entire body is fried with eggs and family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will of their unprepossessing appearance, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous, and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine, and fountains rainbowed, and for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, the will of God, fell on sleep." tious Adonijah did not worry it. Pera good sleep. At seventy years of age ada. a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of his enemies were attempting his capa calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious ation by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departing from this world! If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers; it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing me from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying, "O, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as this." The fact was, he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell asleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only. a dormitory and a pillowed slumber; canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a Transporting sleep! glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high-risen sun full in our faces, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where amJ; whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And, then,

it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awaken to blissful bewilderment, and for a little while say: "Where am 1? What palace is this? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is: it is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a monument of splendor-that must be the palace of Jesus. And look there at those walks lined with foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those sisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm and arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Gibeon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty.

"But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All the windows of agate and its cononnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the 'House of many Mansions,' of which I used to read? It is; it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! Whose are those voices? Whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long-absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, 'Never more to part, never more to part,' the arches, the alcoves, the hallways, echo and re-echo the words, 'Never more to part, never more to part!' Then our glorified friends say: 'Come out with us and see Heaven.' And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start ure, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obelsance to this great one of Heaven, I cry out, 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This is the greatest of all the kings; it is David, who, after he had served his generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep."

EDIBLE FROS NOUSTRY.

Its Value Recognized by the United States Fish Commission.

Frog culture is a new thing, scientifically. The head fish culturist of the How to get saved? Be willing to ac United States Fish Commission said cept Christ, and then accept Him in- that the frog is little understood in stantaneously and forever. Get on the this country; there never has been a rock first, and then you will be able to paper of real scientific value written than I have been talking about it. on the Edible Frogs of the United

a tear? Yes, believe. That is all. Be- legs of the frog are good to eat. The lieve what? That Jesus died to save reason why frogs' legs are usually you from sin and death and hell. Will served instead of the whole makes me think you have. New light the meat on the body is of such has come into your countenances, small quantity that it would not pay Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! to pick the bones. In some localities, others? By testimony. Tell it to your crumbs. In early days, many people were afraid of frogs, partly on account successfully preach no more religion, and partly on account of the fact that witches were supposed to use them in working spells. For many years frogs were eaten only in France. Their value as food was appreciated by the Ro-mans. From France the custom spread into Germany, then into England and other parts of Europe, and last of all, into the United States. But this country has passed France as a frog-eating nation. In 1889 the "Revue des Sciences Naturalles Appliquees" calculated that the United States consumed ten times as many frogs as did France. The United States dominious enthroned and coronated, Fish Commission calculates that the present catch of frogs in the United States is about a million, which bring after he had served his own generation to the frog catchers a revenue of about \$50,000, and the cost of which to the What a lovely sleep it was. Unfilial consumers is about three times that Absalom did not trouble it. Ambi- amount. The States at present supplying the largest numbers of frogs to secuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile the markets are California, Missouri, did not fill it with nightmare. Since a New York, Arkansas, Maryland, Virred-headed boy, amid his father's ginia, Ohio and Indiana. Frogs are flocks at night, he had not had such imported into this country from Can-

he laid down to it. He had had many | The Commission's pamphlet devotes a chapter to the art of catching frogs. Adullam, or in the palace at the time | The sporting way is to bait a hook with red cloth and fish for them. ture. But this was a peaceful sleep, Where commercial frog hunting is carried on, however, spears and guns sleep. "After he had served his gener- are used. The common way in such localities is to shoot them at night, using a bright flashlight. After the frogs enter their hibernation they are dug out of the mud by hunters, and sometimes a bushel of them may be found

n one cavity The commission is of the opinion that some restriction should be placed on frog hunting, as they are already beginning to disappear from places where they are hunted extensively. his decrease is very marked in Lake Erie and northern New York, and in those places some people are seriously ontemplating engaging in the culture of frogs, in order to have a supply for the market. In view of this, the Fish Commission has published some suggestions for frog culture.

THREE KINDS OF FOOTBALL. Different Kinds of Pigskin Used in the Various Games.

A different style of football is used for the various styles of play. The official intercollegiate football is an under the arm. It isn't an easy thing





to throw, and is harder still to kick The ball used in the Gaelic game is almost a perfect globe. The Association football is perfectly round. The two latter footballs are made of an inflated rubber bag covered with heavy leather. The college football covering is made of pigskin.

As cold weather approaches the mice seek shelter in the houses of men, and men buy traps to catch them. There are various kinds of mouse traps, including those that require no setting and that take mice alive, and those that require to be set and kill the mice. In this last class are the familiar oldfashioned wood mouse traps, some made square and some round, having holes in the sides through which the mouse thrusts its head to get at the balt fixed on a hook within. Traps of this kind are called chokers. Many kinds of mouse traps are sold by the gross or dozen. The wood chokers, varying in size, are sold at wholesale at so much a dozen holes. Taking all down the ivory stairway. And we the kinds together, there are made in meet, coming up, one of the kings of this country and sold here millions of ancient Israel, somewhat small of statmouse traps in large numbers are exported to many foreign countries.

Feat of Star Photography.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

Little

Pimples Turn to Cancer.

Cancer often results from an impurity in the blood, inherited from nerations back. Few people are entirely free from some taint in the blood. and it is impossible to tell when it will break out in the form of dreaded Cancer. What has appeared to be a mere pimple or scratch has developed into the most malignant Cancer.

"I had a severe Cancer which was at first severe Cancer which was at first w blotches, that I thought would soon pass away. I was treated by several able physicians, but in spite of their efforts the Cancer spread until my condition became alarming. After many months of treatment and growing steadily worse, I decided to try S. S. S. which was so strongly recommended. The first bottle produced an improvement. I continued the medicine, and in four months the last litfour months the last little scab dropped off.
Ten years have elapsed,
and not a sign of the disease has returned."
B. F. WILLIAMS,
Gillsburg, Miss.

It is dangerous to experiment with Cancer. The disease is beyond the skill of physicians. S. S. S. is the only cure, because it is the only remedy which goes deep enough to reach Cancer.

S.S.S. For Blood

(Swift's Specific) is the only blood remedy guaranteed Purely Vegetable. All others contain potash and mercury, the most dangerous of minerals.

Books on Cancer and blood diseases mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

BY USING

GREEN'S

AROMATIC

ANTISEPTIC

TOOTH WASH,

PRICE 25 CENTS

A BOTTLE

AT GREEN'S

PHARMACY.

自由自由自自自自自由自由自

We can

Do any

Kind of

Plain or

Fancy

PRINTING.

Patronize

Home

Printers.

They

Prices

Patronize you.

Consistent and

Reasonable, at

DEMOCRAT.

Bellefonte, Pa.

THE CENTRE

114; 112 STATIONS. Montandor Lewisburg.... Fair Ground.Biebl......Vicksburg...Miffinburg...Miffinburg...Millmont....Glen Iron... .Cherry Run. DO YOU Oak Hall. DESIRE 陰 FRAGRANT BALD EAGLE VALLEY BREATH AND EASTWARD May 17. PEARLY TEETH? Tyrone. E Tyrone YOU CAN Bald Eagle Dix Fowler Hannah Port Matilda HAVE BOTH

4 58 1 18 1 4 44 1 05 4 32 12 55 4 25 12 48

4 14 12 38 1 4 05 12 29 4 02 12 26 3 51 12 16

3 45 12 10 8 55 Lock Haven BELLEFONTE& SNOW SHOE BRANCH Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Martha

Julian Unionville now Shoe Int Milesburg Bellefonte Milesburg

Curtin
Mt Eagle
Howard
Eagleville
Beech Creek
Mill Hall

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILEGAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 17, 1867.

VIA. TYRONE-WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone
2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m; at Pittsburg
7 00 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 20

VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.

Via Tyrone—Eastward.

Leave Bellelonte 9 53 a m. arrive at Tyrone
11 lb; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadel.
phia 5 47 p m.

Leave Bellelonte 1 05 p m. arrive at Tyrone
2 15 p m; at Harrisburg 7 00 p m; at Philadelphia 11 15 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 444 p m. arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Harrisburg at .0 20 p m; at Philadelphia 4 30 a m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 932 a m, arrive at Lock Haven 1039 a m. Leave Bellefonte 142 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p m; at Williamsport 350 p m. Leave Bellefonte at 831 p m, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD.

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadel phia at 6.23 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Har-risburg, 7.10 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.30 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.22 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11.50 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

ave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p. m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadei

Leave Bellefonte 9 53 am, arrive at Tyrone 11 10 am, at Altoona, 1.00 pm; at Pittsburg

Leave Bellefonte 7.40 a. m. and 1.05 p. m

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

51 31 1 STATIONS AM PM PM Ar. Lv. ...Bellefonte.. 8 50 3 10 leave only 8 40 3 00 ave only 18 87 f2 55 on p ...Coleville ...

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone, connect with train No. 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penn'a. Railroad at Bellefonte for points east and west.

"I stops on fiag. † Daily except Sunday. § Monday only. * Saturday only.

F. H. THOMAS. Supt.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA

Time Table effective May 16, 1898. [No.6] No.4, No 2 STATIONS. BELLEFONTE Nigh Zion Hecla Park Dunkles Hublersburg Snydertown Nittany Huston Lamar Lamar MILL HALL 19 10 15 00 a m 10 15 9 45 Jersey 10 50 10 20 Arr Wmsport Arr. 12 34 *11 30 Lve PHILAD Atlantic City Atlantic City 4 (12 +7 3 2 31 +7 1 18 36 +12 C NEW YORK .. †4 30 9 40 (Via Tamaqua)
NEW YORK.....
(Via Phila.)
T. Lve. a. m. p. m. 10 40 19 37 p. m. a. m. Arr.

* Daily. + Week Days. § 6:00 p. m. Sunday 1 10:55 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 2:01 a. m. J. W. GEPPART, General Supt

GARMAN'S EMPIRE HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA.

Al. S. Garman, Proprietor.

Everything new, clean and inviting. Special pains will be taken to entertain Centre county people when traveling in that section.