

NEW BATTLE CRY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says One is Badly Needed.

The World is Staggering Under the Blow of Crime—Our Cities Becoming More Corrupt and Wicked—The Evils of Profanity and Drunkenness Shown Up.

In the following sermon attention is called by the popular Washington divine to some of the great evils of our time. He suggests that a fresh start be made and a new impetus given to the battle against sin.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence.

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I.

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them.

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons for three years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people!

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God, telling him to come on if he dares?

Forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is as preeminently for blasphemy. A man travelling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up.

Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world.

Do you think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer! that he is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them?

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you ever noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every 2,000 years?

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It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of our brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations.

Billions of tons of iron ore lie scattered through the rocks of the Eastern spurs of the Allegheny mountains. Edison himself made this remarkable discovery years ago and geologists ever since have amused themselves with proving how perfectly inexhaustible is the supply. But the ore is scattered about in such fine particles that it would not be mined with the ordinary methods and hence has been looked upon as one of the few great wastes of Nature.

Such has been heard in a general way during the past few years of Mr. Edison's plan to extract iron from low grade ores by means of electro-magnets, but the details have not until now been given.

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plough. And from the plough to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat farming to the last—one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here, and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum.

A National Collection of Counterfeits. On an average two false coins are received every day for examination at the Paris Mint. Those that are not so greatly spoiled in testing are added to a collection in the museum of the Mint. This collection is said to be very large and very curious, but access to the museum is prohibited to the public.

According to statistics lately made by a French doctor, there are fewer drunkards among the hair dressers and butchers of Paris than among any other classes in that city. Fairly sober, also, are the tailors, preloster-stone cutters, electricians, upholsterers, laundrymen and gendarmes.

Mr. Howells, the American novelist, once wrote to an applicant for his autograph: "Have you bought my last book?" The young man who wanted the autograph replied: "I have not; I want to sell your autograph in order to get enough money to buy it."

Mme. Materna, the great Wagner singer, will not appear again on the concert stage, preferring to retire when her fame is at its height, so that there may be no memory of falling power in the future.

A Minnesota farmer insists that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and feed two horses and a cow through the winter.

Mrs. Smith, a 100-year-old lady, of Grantham, England, does all her own housework, nurses an invalid nephew and sells potatoes, which she planted and dug up herself.

EDISON'S NEW MARVEL.

An Invention That May Prove to Be His Greatest Achievement.

Thomas A. Edison has just completed what may prove to be the greatest achievement of his life. After eight years of incessant work, night and day, in the face of discouragements which seemed almost insurmountable, in spite of obstacles which only a genius could overcome, he has given to the world an industrial invention which in the seriousness of its intention may come to rival the kinetoscope.

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Crippled by Rheumatism.

Those who have Rheumatism find themselves growing steadily worse all the while. One reason of this is that the remedies prescribed by the doctors contain mercury and potash, which ultimately intensify the disease by causing the joints to swell and stiffen, producing a severe aching of the bones.



Everybody knows that Rheumatism is a diseased state of the blood, and only a blood remedy is the only proper treatment, but a remedy containing potash and mercury only aggravates the trouble.

S.S.S. For Blood

Being Purely Vegetable, goes direct to the very cause of the disease and a permanent cure always results. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other dangerous minerals.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

DO YOU DESIRE FRAGRANT BREATH AND PEARLY TEETH? YOU CAN HAVE BOTH BY USING GREEN'S AROMATIC ANTISEPTIC TOOTH WASH, PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE AT GREEN'S PHARMACY.

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CLEVER THING TO DO:

If you have a Brother, or Sister, Father or Mother, Son or Daughter, Uncle or Aunt—of course you have—living in some distant part of the country you can give them an appropriate gift and one that will be appreciated by sending them THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT one year. Costs you only \$1 to do it, and will keep them informed during the year about happenings in Centre county. Would that not be the clever thing to do?

WELL! I GUESS YES!!

Get an Education. An exceptional opportunity offered to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business.

Central State Normal School. An exceptional opportunity offered to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Table with columns for Westward and Eastward directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Tyrone, Lewisburg, etc., and train numbers.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

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BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

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BELLEFONTE & SNOWSHOE BRANCH.

Table with columns for Westward and Eastward directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Tyrone, Lewisburg, etc., and train numbers.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Table with columns for Westward and Eastward directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Tyrone, Lewisburg, etc., and train numbers.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Table with columns for Read Down and Read Up directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Tyrone, Lewisburg, etc., and train numbers.

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