FOR THE DRUMMERS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to the Army of Commercial Travelers.

Jautions Them to Start Right on Their Journeys-Condemns Work on the Sabbath-The Duty of Employers.

(Washington, Feb. 19. Copyright, 1859.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage gives words of good cheer to commercial travelers and tells of their safeguards and their opportunities; text, Nahum 2:4, "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like

the lightnings." It has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Nineveh, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail train, the clang of the wheels and the jamming of the car couplings. "The chariots shall rage in the streets: they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings.

Have you ever taken your position in the night far away from a depot along the track waiting to see the rail train come at full speed? At first you heard in the distance a rumbling like the coming of a storm; then you saw the flash of the headlight of the locomotive as it turned the curve; then you saw the wilder glare of the flery eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in my text, "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the light-

nings." I halt the train long enought to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Halifax to San Francisco. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon berth in a sleeping car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 100,000 professed commercial travelers in the United States, but 500,000 would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, about 4,000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than \$200,000 among the families of deceased members.

They are ubiquitous, unique and tre-

mendous for good or evil. All the ten-

dencies of merchandise are toward

their multiplication. The house that

stands back on its dignity and waits

for customers to come instead of going

to seek bargain makers will have more

and more unsalable goods on the shelf

and will gradually lose its control of

the markets, while the great, enterpris-

ing and successful houses will have

their agents on all the trains, and

"their chariots will rage in the streets,

they shall justle one against another

in the broad ways; they shall seem like

torches; they shall run like the light-

nings." I think commercial travelers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for. I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me this sermon is timely. At this season of the year there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. The months of February and March in all ove commercial estabishments are very busy months. In a few days our national perplexities will be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute commercial men feel that we are standing at the opening gate of wonderful prosperity. Let the manufacturers put the bands on their wheels, and the merchants open a new set of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let us start on a new commercial campaign. Let us drop the old tune of "Naomi," and take up "Ariel" or "Antioch.'

Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursions. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger, I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother, I will take the liberty. I look into the valise, and I your hat and come home."

congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The seasons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snow miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make a suggestion or two about this valise? You say: "Certainly; as we are having a plain, frank talk I will not be offended at any honorable suggestion."

Put in among your baggage some carefully-selected, wholesome reading. Let it be history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type-small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side-the one to show you the route through this world and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one!" But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say. "I am not a Chris'ian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Besides that, before you get home you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Besides that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram, saying: "George is dying." or "Fannie is dead; come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near youthat book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not you will want that Book near you. Am not wise when I say put in the Bible?

Now, you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand and you have your blanket and shawl strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey, large sales, great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about-what train are you going to take? "Well." you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train." Why? "Oh," you say, "I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down!" My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next.

train, on the midnight train. You take | if you put it into a bag with 5,000 honest dollars that red-hot dollar will burn and let out all the 5,000 honest dollars with it.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you-very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In that uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room. and there you find the commercial travelers sitting around a long table with a great elevation in the center covered with advertisements, while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You begin business. Now, let me say, there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveler gives as his experience that trade got by "treating" always damages the house that gets it

in one way or the other. Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will precede you. Lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer: "It / is my duty to show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head man of the firm, hearing of it, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away. He will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head man of the firm said: "Why, your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers. Customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get

er. Tell me where he spends his evenings, and I will tell you where he will bank and have to walk three or four spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books. There are the Young Men's Christian association rooms. There are the week night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theater. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But which, Oimmortal man, which? O God, which? 'Well," you say, "I guess I will-I guess I will go to the theater." Do you think the tarrying in that place until 11 o'clock at night will improve your bodily health or your financial prospects found the path to usefulness or honor or happiness or commercial success or

But it is almost night, and you go

mighty tug for the commercial travel-

Heaven through the American theater. notched scallops for decoration. "Well." you say, "I guess, then, I will go to-I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look. Then you will go to play. You will make \$100, you will make \$500, you will make \$1,000, you will make \$1.500-then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make \$50, you will make \$200, you will make \$600-then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But

mark this-all gamblers die poor. They

may make fortunes-great fortunesbut they lose them.

"Well," you say. "if I can't go to the theater, and if I can't go to the gambing saloon, then I guess-I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Commercial travelers have told me that in the letter box at the hotel within one hour after their arrival they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It s far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travelers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There are other gates of ruin through which a man may go and yet come out, but that gate has a spring lock which snaps him in forever.

He who goes there is damned already. He may seem to be comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and the satanic police have their eyes upon him to bring him in at any moment.

The hot curse of God is on that crime, and because of it there are men whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they be lost. They are lost now. I look through their glaring eyeballs down into the lowest cavern of hell! Oh, destroyed spirit, why comest thou in here to-day? Dost think I have the power to break open the barred gateway of the penitentiary Proverbs I somewhat hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long. "At the window of my house I looked through my casement and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way

dart strikes through his liver." Where will you spend your evening? will you give me to put you on the right ing I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next if you will take it. Go before you leave home to the Young Men's Christian association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: "I am a commercial traveler. I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit bad influencea will seek you out. Good influences you must seek out.

O commercial travelers, I pray for you the all sustaining grace of God! There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of Divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success-when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad surroundings. The other day when you will especially need Divine grace w. be when you have a day of great succe and the devil tells you you must go and

celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a railear, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The ball rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity. Show your ticket now for getting into

Recollections. Mrs. Weeperly-Yes, we pay spot cash

for everything. Mrs. Whipperly-Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to.-Puck

the gates of the shining city-the red

ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

THE NAMES OF FLOWERS

back to the hotel. Now comes the fretty and Peculiar Names Given to Them and Their Origin.

The gladiolus (little sword), is so talled probably from its sharp, swordshaped leaves; and the eglantine, (diminutive of the French aiguille,) from ts piercing, needle-like thorns, says a writer in St. Nicholas. Cocoanut is 'rom the Spanish coco, or bugbear, descriptive of the queer, impish little face at the base of the bairy nut. Nasturtium, which means "nosetwister," gives a picture of the person smelling the blossom and involuntarily contorting his features from the stinging and pungent odor. Pink introduces us to a group of words that at first sight seem very oddly illmatched, for this daintily edged flower or your eternal fortune? No man ever gets its name pink from the Dutch verb pinken, to pick out with a sharp instrument, as a border is pinked in Charming pictures are given by the "sun-dew," with its sparkling leaves; 'the Daisle, or else the eye of the day," as Chaucer calls it, from its anbit of opening at dawn, and the asters are the "stars" of the field.

The exquisite blue speedwell and the beckoning sprays of traveler's joy seem to fling us greetings from meadow and hedge-row. The bright little heartease preaches content, and there is a sort of moral in the rough brush wood and tangled vines (labrusca) and the kindred adjective brusque. The old word teasen meant to card wool, and hence we get both "tease," which is a rubbing up the fur in a wrong direction, to speak figuratively, and teasel, a prickly, thistle-like plant whose flower-heads, when dry, are sometimes used for raising the nap on woolen cloth.

Large Freight Cars.

The introduction of freight cars of S0,000 pounds to 110,000 pounds carrying capacity renewed the "large car" question, which is always a fruitful subject for discussion among railway officials of the operating and car departments. The 60,000-pound car which has been practically the standard, dates back only to 1885. In 1875 the normal capacity was from 20,000 to 25,000 pounds, and in 1885 this normal capacity had grown to 40,000 and 50,000. In that year a committee of the Master Car Builders' Association made a report recommending certain standard aimensions for 60,000-pound cars, but such cars were then quite exceptional.

Few cars of less than 60,000 pounds capacity are now built for ordinary freight service, but on the other hand there is a decided tendency to increase of the damned? There is a passage in | the capacity to 70,000 and 80,000 pounds. Even this is not the limit. however, for several hundred steel cars of 100,000 pounds, and even 110,-000 pounds capacity, are in service.

The Whitehead Torpedo. The Whitehead torpedo, of which so much is heard, is 16 feet 5 inches long, Young man, the dollar that you earn to her house, in the twilight, in the 17.7 inches greatest diameter, and on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar, and evening, in the black and dark night. weighs ready for service, 1,160 He goeth after her straightway, as an bounds. It carries 220 pounds of wet ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool guncotton at a speed of about 28 knots a hole through the bottom of the bag to the correction of the stocks, till a per hour, and at that speed it has a range of about 850 yards. This tor-But now the question is still open, pedo is built of steel and is propelled by two two-bladed screws, revolving Oh, commercial travelers, how much in opposite directions on the same axis, to neutralize the rolling tendentrack? Without charging you a farth- cy of the torpedo. The screws are operated by a three-cylinder engine driven by air compressed to 1,350 pounds per square inch; and an intricate apparatus, called the Obry gear, is used to automatically keep the torpedo pointed straight during the run. This Obry gear is essentially a gyroscope controlling the valves of the steering engine, which operates two igidly connected vertical rudders.

> Corner Supply of Newfoundland The copper supply of Newfoundland said to be practically inexhaustible, he sand is now the sixth copper producing country in the world. This industry was first established in Newbundland in 1864, when Tilt Cove began to occupy the attention of capitalisis. During recent years very satistactory results have been achieved in that district. These mines produced last year over seventy thousand ons of ore at a profit of more than \$115,000. The records for 1896 are somewhat incomplete, but they show an export from Newfoundland of 400, 311 tons of copper ore, 50,730 tons of regulus, and 5,240 of ingots, valued at about \$11,500,000. It is estimated that the country has produced fifty thousand tons of fine copper, worth fifteen million dollars, the greater part of this being turned out during the past twenty-live years.

> > Ancient Merble Quarrie.

The ancient marble quarries in Synanda are again being worked. The orrries are situate some 20 kiloms m Karahissar, and the marbles. alled i arygian, Mygdonians or Domir, were in ancient Rome regarded is emblems of luxury and wealth. may sorts are found, namely, white taluary marble of a remarkably fine pip: a transparent marble similar to ers and also yellow, blue and gray marbles, all very fine.

New Swellich Rallway Both houses of the Swedish Reksng have adopted in principle the Govcoment bill for the construction of a allway from Gillwara to the Northern frontier. Sweden, as well as Norvay, has to a great extent been negected by our manufacturers, although they would offer a very valuable outlet for most of our manufactured

Re-This is the last time I will ever sk you to marry me.

She-Do you swear it, Rudolph? He-I swear it by all I hold sacred. She-Then I accept.

0000000000000000

Do you take cold with every change in the weather? Does your throat feel raw? And do sharp pains dart through your chest?

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

P ENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA. TYRONS-WESTWARD.

Bellefonte 9 52 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 10 a.m., at Altoona, 1.00 p.m.; at Pittsburg Leave Beliefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone 2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m: at Pittsburg 7 00 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 30

VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.

Leave Beliefonte 9 53 a m, arrive at Tyrone
11 10; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 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 4 44 p m, arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Harrisburg at 10 20 p m; at Philadelphia 4 30 a m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 932 a m, arrive at Lock Haven 1030 a m. Leave Bellefonte 142 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p m; at Williamsport 3 56 p m. Leave Bellefonte at 831 p m, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD.

Leave 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

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.2e 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, 3.22 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, 11.30 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 RAILEOAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

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 Daily. † Week Days. § 6:00 p. m. Sunday
 1 10:55 a. m. Sunday Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east ound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:35 p. m. J. W. GEPHART. General Supt.

Garman's Empire House,

MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA.

AL. S. GARMAN, Proprietor.

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