

IN GOD'S BALANCES.

Human Lives and Actions Weighed in the Divine Scales.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on Personal Responsibility, Taking His Text from the Handwriting on the Wall at Babylon.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Kloppsch.) Washington, May 21.

In these days of moral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility before God will be read with a deep and solemn interest. Text, Daniel 5:27: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city 60 miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which material for the building of the city had been digged. There were 25 gates on each side of the city, between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies, from each gate on the one side a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were 50 streets 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace 7 1/2 miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our \$52,000,000.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror, circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up, and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated upon a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities; on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect

measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct—that 20 hundred make a ton and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh words. "What!" you say, "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side of the balances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side of the balances. On the other side of the scale He puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balance. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of His mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times He has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side of the scales the emperor, and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads his gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sick room, does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, makes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And, if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes a worldling. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer 30 days." "Get in my friend; get into those balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are: "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires Heaven because it is a land of gold and money must be "easy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. "On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income God and the

angels are writing in regard to your soul: 'Weighed and found wanting!'" Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgiven get out on this side the balances. They must have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles and distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone, there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages—a soul on one side of the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, 10,000 opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side of the scales, and there God stands, and, in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangels, he announces, while groaning earthquake and crackling conflagration and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed and found wanting!"

But say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to go into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned; our title to Heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brother, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh, follower of Christ, you get into the balances! The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get in to the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scale we will place all the good deeds you have ever done and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side of the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wycliffe, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian balances and see if you cannot help him weight it right. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point Jesus, Son of God, comes up to the balances, and He puts one of His sacred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then He puts both of His sacred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of Heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

But says the Christian: "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side of the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh, what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my Heaven, Lord Jesus, I hail Thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off or back into history to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood-red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. And are your hearts not touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O Thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice, come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

Why is a vote of thanks like a turnstile? Because it must be moved before being passed.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Odd Bits of Information Concerning Things in the Culinary Department.

Orange omelet is made like other omelets, a pinch of sugar being added to the eggs, with pepper omitted in the seasoning. The oranges for the omelet are peeled, and pulled apart in their natural sections, each of which is then cut into halves. They are sweetened, and, if too much juice is pressed out, it is poured off before they are folded in the omelet. They should be prepared, of course, before the omelet is begun, and may stand until needed in the plate-warmer of the range, in order to become slightly heated. The method of cooking—teachers to peel an orange is to pare it like an apple, and to remove the inner as well as the outer skin. Then with the orange still whole, and with a sharp-pointed knife, the pulp of each section may be slipped out without breaking, and as quickly as the orange could be cut up in the ordinary way. The knife is slipped under the skin at one side of the section, passed under and around until the piece drops out. In this way the seeds and tough inner skin are sure to be removed. If the fruit is to be used in cake or any kind of delicate dessert, or as food for the invalid's tray, this method of preparation is especially good.

A dietary authority pronounces strongly against the use of cold boiled potatoes in any form. He says it is impossible to digest them, and they should not be offered at table. Children in particular ought not to eat potatoes that have been cooked and allowed to stand over night.

Brushes designed for use in removing the crumbs from polished tables are to be found now in the shops. They are high and rather narrow and are provided with very soft bristles, contact with which cannot injure the finest wood finish. They are intended not only for luncheon service when a cloth is omitted, but for use also at the five o'clock tea table. Ornamental handles and general excellence in make increase their suitability for the parlor tea-tray.

Glass candlesticks have been in common use of late. They are prettier than china ones for the dressing-table, and are almost as effective as silver on the dinner-board.

A date cake that is much liked by children has the fruit in the layer mixture only. A simple cup-cake is baked in layers, each of which should be about three-quarters of an inch thick when done. With a cup of chopped dates is mixed half a cup of whipped cream, the mixture being spread between the layers. The loaf, formed from three layers piled together, is loafed, and may have a few whole dates, stoned and stuffed with almonds spread over the top.—N. Y. Post.

THE SPRING SKIRTS.

They Have a Sheathlike Effect About the Hips and Flare at the Foot.

All the new spring skirts are made with the sheathlike effect around the hips and in the back, with plenty of flare around the foot. This style of skirt necessitates a very careful choosing of undergarments, but that problem is being rapidly solved and the women are looking rather better in consequence. The new skirts have the front breadths narrow at the top, quite wide at the foot, and the sides cut circular or gored. In these respects there are not many decided changes; the trimmings of the skirt, however, are rather different. The flat bands and the folds are still used and also some braiding, but all these trimmings are put on quite differently. The newest skirts are on the overskirt-plan. There is always a petticoat (generally and preferably a silk one) that is finished at the hem with one or more plaited ruffles. Above the ruffle is sewed a scant bias flounce of the material of the skirt, finished only with a hem, the skirt of the gown then being attached to the belt of this same silk petticoat. This skirt is almost as long, but is cut up at the sides so that it shows the full depth of the flounce on the silk lining. Some of the skirts are cut in a point in front and then long at the back. There is, fortunately, no attempt at draping as yet, but there is no question but that before long we will be back again in the horror of draped and furbelowed overskirts.

The new silk skirts fit very close and flare out around the foot. They are exaggerated, and it is not wise to invest in them rashly—indeed, most of the new styles that are brought out are exaggerated, and it is not well for anybody who has to consult economy to buy before they are certain that the style will remain in fashion for a time. It is all very well for a woman who has a lot of money to spend to buy anything that strikes her fancy, but these exaggerated styles do not stay in fashion long, and it is best to be patient if one has to be economical.

There are a great many graceful and effective skirts to be bought just now ready made of pea de soie, satin, large figured brocade and the heavier quality of taffeta. These are made in long, graceful lines; are always in train; have no trimming except a band of jet paillettes sewed just around the hem, are very dainty and are good bargains.—N. Y. Sun.

Red Causes Insanity.
Red blinds or red light of any sort are extremely out of place in a bedroom, brain specialists reporting a great many cases of weakening of the intellect, and even entire loss of reason have been traced to this cause. Thick black blinds are the best of all, and green is next best to induce healthful rest, the darker the shade the better.—Belmont Enquirer.



ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates will be charged for announcements under this head, and none will be inserted unless paid in advance: Sheriff, \$7.00; Treasurer, \$6.00; Register, \$6.00; Recorder, \$5.00; Commissioners, \$5.00.

Nothing in derogation of any candidate will be published at any price, but notice of endorsement or articles setting forth the merits of candidates will be received at 10 cents per line each insertion. These rates will be rigidly adhered to and the cash must accompany every order.

CHAS. R. KURTZ, Editor.

SHERIFF.
T. F. KENNEDY, of State College, requests us to announce that he will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of C. W. BRUMGART, of Millheim, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of ELLIS SHAFER, of Madisonburg, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of SAMUEL HARPSTER, JR., of Ferguson township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of GEORGE W. KEISTER, of Haines township, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
We are authorized to announce the name of THOMAS F. RILEY, of Harris township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of GREEN DECKER, of Gregg township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of PHILIP H. MEYER, of Harris township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

DANIEL HICKMAN, of Banner township, requests us to announce that he will be a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce W. H. FRY, of Ferguson township, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

REGISTER.
DEAR SIR—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention. I am yours truly,
W. J. CARLIN,
Miles township.

G. F. Weaver, of Gregg Twp., desires us to announce that he will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Register.

We are authorized to announce that A. G. ANGELO, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for the nomination of Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

RECORDER.
We are authorized to announce the name of J. CALVIN HARPER, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of BOYD A. MUSSER, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

TREASURER.
To the Democracy of Centre Co.—I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, and would respectfully solicit your influence and support. Successful or not, I am yours,
W. I. SPEER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

At the coming Democratic primaries and County Convention I will be a candidate for Treasurer and would respectfully solicit favorable consideration of my candidacy.
J. D. MILLER.

We are authorized to announce the name of H. A. MOORE, of Howard, as a candidate for Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

EDWARD DEMOCRAT.—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Yours respectfully,
J. JONAS LUCAS.

We are authorized to announce the name of JOHN E. BOMER, of Phillipsburg, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

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