

SUMMER VACATIONS.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Lessons from Our Annual Outings.

Dangers and Temptations That Surround Our Watering Places—Necessity of a Period of Inoculation.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopfch.] Washington, Aug. 23.

At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John 5:2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 360 feet long, 130 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judaean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethedas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen, the trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliants into the game basket; the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on its festive array, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering places is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-piston and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged-out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara falls or the White mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in

those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with \$2,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of Heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming, but under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down on the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The men on the horses riding around long ago arranged who shall win. Leaning from the stand or from the carriages are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and the portemonnaies. Men looking on see only a string of horses with their riders flying around the ring. But there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck go the horses in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor; black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash, dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "huzza! huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer.

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of the country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no surer judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gray-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find a war vessel as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my con-

tempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-headed, soft-headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends the summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering places; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful steps; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tifanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial" or she is "merry" or she is "festive" or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the tennis or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the cotillion they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom indeed can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal shoot or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But this is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret and the second mile it is sherry and the third mile it is punch and the fourth mile it is ale and the fifth mile it is whiskey and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of those summer watering places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron and so much of soda and so much of lime and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Capt. Nasman, who, bloated and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Fifteen million dollars is annually expended in missions by Christian churches.

Five prisoners were taken from the jail at Carlisle, Ky., the other day to be baptized in the Christian church.

The Angelus says that there are 31 Catholic peers in England, 18 Catholic lords who are also peers, 55 Catholic baronets, 19 Catholic members of the privy council, three Catholic members of the house of commons for England, and 69 for Ireland.

Wilberforce's "Way to Heaven," as it is frequently referred to arose from a remark made by Bishop Wilberforce to a cynic who met him on a road and asked, jeeringly: "Can you tell me the way to Heaven?" "Turn to the right," answered the bishop, "and keep straight on."

A large manufacturing concern of Dayton, O., has issued notice that from now on preference will be given to young applicants for employment who have had a kindergarten training, and after 1915 no application for employment will be considered unless the applicant shall have had a kindergarten training.

The American Baptist Home Mission society has closed the fiscal year without debt. Twenty thousand dollars of the Martin E. Gray bequest will be devoted to a memorial building at Richmond in connection with the university, to be known as Gray hall, and \$10,000 of the same bequest is designated for church edifice work.

Thirty is not too old for college, although, of course, the average person's collegiate time is over at that age. Yet men have entered college at 40, and been graduated. It all depends upon how anxious one is to acquire knowledge. The mind is more alert for college training at 40, but it is by no means incapable of acquiring knowledge after that.

The school board of Newton, Mass., recently decided that cooking was not to be taught in the public schools of that town, claiming, and very wisely, that such an art could be best taught in the pupils' homes. "Many people," says the Newton Graphic, "think that the danger limit has been reached,"—in regard to the multiplicity of things taught in the schools—"and that it is high time to return to old-fashioned methods." People have gone to an impossible extreme, expecting the schools to turn out skilled carpenters, dressmakers, lecturers, bookkeepers, etc.—Housewife, N. Y.

OF HUMBLE BIRTH.

Insignificant Origin of Some of Those Who Have Won the Admiration of the World.

Columbus, the discoverer of America, was the son of a weaver.

The eminent French humorist, Francois Rabelais, was the son of an apothecary.

Cervantes, the illustrious Spanish author, was born of an ancient but reduced family. He early entered military service and served as a common soldier.

The great French dramatist, Moliere, was the son of a tapestry-maker.

Terence, the celebrated Roman dramatist, was at one time a slave.

Homer, most illustrious of poets, was at one time a beggar.

The Greek poet, Hesiod, was a farmer's son.

Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator of antiquity, was a cutter's son.

The great English preacher, George Whitfield, was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Thomas Wolsey, the English cardinal and statesman, was a butcher's son.

Edmund Halley, the English astronomer and mathematician, was the son of a soap manufacturer.

Dr. Thomas, bishop of Worcester, was a linen-draper's son.

Dr. Mountain, bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar.

Joseph Hall, bishop of Norwich and theological writer, was a farmer's son.

Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter.

Horace was a shopkeeper's son.

Plautus, one of the greatest Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.

The English lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was the son of a book-dealer.

Oliver Cromwell was a brewer's son.

Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, was a plowman in Ayrshire.

OUR GROCERY SUPREMACY SECHLER & CO., was not attained in a day, nor a week, but by years of hard work and study. By always giving a wide berth to trashy, inferior "cheap" goods. By always giving one hundred cents worth for one dollar. WE WANT YOUR TRADE And variety, quality, freshness, cleanliness, fair dealing, courtesy and promptness, are the points by which we hope to obtain and retain your patronage. WE BUY THE BEST, WE SELL THE BEST SECHLER & CO. BELLEFONTE, PA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. 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. ORVIN, BOWER & ORVIN, Attorneys-at-law. In Fruger's building. Practices in all the courts. German and English. J. K. JOHNSTON, Attorney-at-law—Office in Temple Court. Collections and legal business. H. S. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-law—Office in Temple Court. Tax collector of Bellefonte borough. Collections promptly attended to. S. D. GETTIG, Attorney-at-law—in Fruger Building. English and German. Legal business promptly attended to. WILLIAM G. RUNKLE, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange. English and German. Legal business promptly attended to. J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law—Office in Crider's Exchange. Special attention given to surveying and engineering. W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law—in building opposite court house. Consultation in German and English. N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law—Office in court house. District attorney. JOHN M. KEICHLIN, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace—in opera house block, opposite Court house. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-law—in High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts. WILLIAM J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law—in Temple Court building, room No. 2, fourth floor. J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

B. & R. Table with columns for destinations (MOUNTAIN, LEWISBURG, etc.) and times.

THE NEWEST PLAIDS are here, larger assortments than ever before. EXCLUSIVE PLAID STOCK. Such extensive range of plaids 10c to the swell, high-toned skirting plaids, \$1.50 and \$2.00, as never before approached as to variety and choiceness,—here or any place else.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1898. READ DOWN. No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 STATIONS. No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10 No. 11 No. 12 No. 13 No. 14 No. 15 No. 16 No. 17 No. 18 No. 19 No. 20 No. 21 No. 22 No. 23 No. 24 No. 25 No. 26 No. 27 No. 28 No. 29 No. 30 No. 31 No. 32 No. 33 No. 34 No. 35 No. 36 No. 37 No. 38 No. 39 No. 40 No. 41 No. 42 No. 43 No. 44 No. 45 No. 46 No. 47 No. 48 No. 49 No. 50 No. 51 No. 52 No. 53 No. 54 No. 55 No. 56 No. 57 No. 58 No. 59 No. 60 No. 61 No. 62 No. 63 No. 64 No. 65 No. 66 No. 67 No. 68 No. 69 No. 70 No. 71 No. 72 No. 73 No. 74 No. 75 No. 76 No. 77 No. 78 No. 79 No. 80 No. 81 No. 82 No. 83 No. 84 No. 85 No. 86 No. 87 No. 88 No. 89 No. 90 No. 91 No. 92 No. 93 No. 94 No. 95 No. 96 No. 97 No. 98 No. 99 No. 100. BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897. Leave Bellefonte... 7:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m. Arrive at Snow Shoes... 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Leave Snow Shoes... 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Arrive at Bellefonte... 1:30 p. m. and 9:30 p. m. For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. W. D., 363 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Manager. J. W. GEE, Gen'l. Pass Agt.

BOGGS & BUHL DEPARTMENT X. ALLEGHENY, PA. Daily, 1 Week Days, 9:00 p. m. Sunday 1:00 p. m. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:00 p. m. J. W. GEE, Gen'l. Supt.