A WORK FOR WOMEN.

Dr. Talmage's Stirring Sermon on "The Queens of Home."

Heroines of the Fireside and the Battlefield - Ministering Angels-What Her Chief Desire

Should Be. [Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1839.]

Washington, Sept. 10. In this discourse the opportunitles of usefulness for women are set forth by Dr. Talmage, and many sympathies are

stirred and memories recalled. The text is Solomon's Song 6, 8: "There are

threescore queens." So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen, but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at once at some length that woman's position was

higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote, and always would vote by her influence, and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enu-

meration of some of her rights, and now

I resume the subject.

In the first place woman has the special and the superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sickbeds! What shall we go with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sickroom, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the distressed patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences, but at the first blast of

wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please, When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!

typhoid fever on his cheek he says:

"Where is mother?" Walter Scott

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck-pressing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! My head!" And they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon and then died."

It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in awhile men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for the ministries of home. I know one such who went away from one of the brightest homes for several weeks' business absence at the west. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters came westward, but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight, wife and daughters going westward, lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain, but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our civil war men cast the cannon, men fashioned musketry, men cried to the hosts: "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying: "Charge, charge!" But woman scraped the lint, woman administered the cordials, woman watched the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of Heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross in the cooper shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed, some of them frozen to the ground; and when she turned them over those that had an arm left waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!" of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian commission! God bless the women at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in Heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me."

And so it was also through all of our war with Spain-women heroic on the field, braving death and wounds to reach the fallen, watching by their fever cota in the West Indian hospitals or on the troopships or in our smitten home camps. Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks back to God. I may stand here and say bractice.

and Scripture texts and gentle strokings | the soul is immortal; there is a man of the hot temples and stories of that | who will deny it. I may stand here and said: "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night while we men are sound asleep in our beds there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women two or three, and in private home life. will watch.

Again, woman has a special right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the east, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution and finds out all the sorrows of the place and puts so quietly the donation on the table that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward Heaven, from whence she seems to have come down.

O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look out for that woman; canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm," and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful!" And if you will listen right sharply you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof and rolling over the rotten stairs the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Can you tell me why a Christian woman going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian er-"Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces anyone who should offer indignity to her. He would smite him with lightnings and drown him with floods and swallow him with earthquakes and damn him with eternal indignations.

Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them.' "So," said another man, "I am afraid Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence. the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God

tells you to go. It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible. Passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank or store or shop and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your checkbook, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went in for.

Again, I remark it is a woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of Heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of Divine She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of churches in all Christendom are wom-So God appoints them to be the

land where they never have any pain. | sav we are lost and undone without Men knelt down over the wounded and | Christ; there is a man who will contradiet it. I may stand here and say there will be a Judgment day after awhile; yonder is some one who will dispute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and consistency of Christ's Gospel-nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms. They are preached with an audience of A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

I speak to women who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath, but after that parting at the grave will it be eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulcher brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes, I stand here an embassador of the most high God to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman. is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman: "What knowest thou but thou shalt save thy husband?" A man was dying, and he said to his wife: "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers; you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness, and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband?

Are there not some of you who have kindly influences at home? Are there not some who have wandered far away from God who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off upon that dark sea, I would just like to take hold of that strand now and pull you to the beach! For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be

saved.

Lastly, I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach Heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in Heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in Heaven; Elizabeth Fry in Heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in Heaven; the mother of Augustine in Heaven; the ountess of Huntington, who sold her plendid jewels to build chapels, in Heaven, while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of Heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out) and the aching side and wornout eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads, Heaven for broken hearts, Heaven for anguishbitten frames! No more sitting until midnight for the coming of staggering steps! No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen, bitter

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fightiang back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown. Whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until after awhile in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel: "The crown is done. Let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow angel will cry to angel: 'Who is she?" And Christ will say: "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of Heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the 12 manner of fruits from the tree of life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of Heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of Heaven, saying: "She suffered with me on earth; now we are going to be glorified to-The Lord told me to go in and get it, , gether." And the banqueters, no longer and He never sends me on a fool's er- , able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail, hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall -not such as struck the Babylonian noblemen with horror, but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love: "God hath wiped away

all tears from all faces!" Wire Screens for Smoking Cars. Wire screens are being put in the windows of the smoking cars of the elevated roads in Chicago to prevent cigar stumps and burning matches from being thrown out of the windows. Inchief agencies for bringing this world cipient fires have been caused by this

INSURGENT PROPOSAL

Filipino Rebels Offer to Release American Prisoners.

THEY ALSO WANT A CONFERENCE.

Military Operations, However, Will Not Be Restrained, as the Proposed Conference May Be Another Trick of the Insurgents to Gain Further Time

Washington, Sept. 20.-Secretary Root yesterday received a cablegram from General Otis that seemed to indicate a weakening on the part of the insurgents in Luzon. It contained a proffer to deliver the American prisoners, who have been for so many months in the hands of the insurgents, and also sought permission to parley

with General Otis. This cablegram was at once taken by Secretary Root over to the cabinet meeting and formed the main topic of discussion at the beginning of the session. However, upon reading the message carefully its apparent importance seemed to diminish. Secretary Root himesif did not regard the matter as of importance at this time. He recalled frequent efforts on the part of the insurgents in the past to gain time at critical moments by opening negotiations, ostensibly with the object of making peace, and he was not sure but this last offer was something of the same kind. However, the secretary was of the opinion that it would fail to afford the insurgents any advantage. General Otis would receive any messenger and listen to him and make answer to his proposals, but this would not restrain the military operations in the slightest degree and the American arms would lose no ground, no matter how the negotiations turned out. There is a possibility also that the insurgents may have become disheartened at the renewed and intense activity in the direction of reinforcing General Otis, and concluded, in view of the great force gathering to open the campaign in the dry season, that further resistance would be useless.

It is pointed out as a noticeable fact that Aguinaldo's name does not appear in General Otis' dispatch, and though this may not be of great significance still among some of the army officers it is surmised that there are serious dissensions among the insurgents and that perhaps some of the disordant elements are acting on their own responsibility.

The capture of Lieutenant Gilmore and his party was one of the most stirring incidents of the insurrection. It occurred while the cruiser Yorktown was making a survey of the western coast of Luzon, with a view to locating some of the detached Spanish garrisons which had been long cut off from the populous centers. It was known that a Spanish garrison had been surrounded at Baler, on the eastern coast, and Lieutenant Gilmore, with a boat's party from the Yorktown, was sent ashore to reconnoiter the surrounding country. He divided his command, one party remaining near the shore, while another pushed inland. This was the last heard of the lieutenant and the 15 men who accompanied nim. The other members of the party waited for a long time, but got no trace of their and finally were obliged to return to

the ship without them. Admiral Dewey at once reported the loss to the navy department, and before he left Manila used every possible means to learn the condition of the captive Americans. At first it was feared they had lost their lives, but later definite information was received that the following were alive at San Isidro, an insurgent stronghold: Lieutenant Gilmore, Chief Quartermas ter William Walton, Sailmaker's Mate Paul Vandoit, Coxswain John Ellsworth, Apprentice Albert Peterson, Landsmen Silvio Brisolese, Lyman P. Edwards and Fred Anderson.

Captain Charles M. Rockefeller, of the Nineteenth infantry, is also supposed to be a prisoner with the insurgents. He disappeared last April, and no trace of him has been discov-

The Blue and the Gray Reunion. Macon, Ga., Sept. 20.-The Bibb county Confederate veterans have decided to send a representative to the reunion of the blue and gray at Evansville, Ind., and a resolution containing the following sentiment was pass-'The Bibb county veterans authorize Comrade R. B. Hale to convey to the veterans of the blue at Evansville our hearty sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the coming reunion, and we hail with delight any method of bringing about a fraternal feeling between the veterans of the blue and the gray.'

To Close Russian Ports.

London, Sept. 19 .- The Daily Mail publishes the following from Copenhagen: Emperor Nicholas has signed a ukase decreeing that when the Middle Europe canal and the Siberian railway are completed, in 1901, all important Russian ports on the Pacific, Baltic and Black sea shall be closed forever to any but Russian ships.

Young Vanderblit Speeding Homeward New York, Sept. 20 .- Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, the second son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is in Japan, has abandoned his trip around the world, and is on his way back to New York by the most expeditious route. The public disclosure of the contents of the Vanderbilt will await his return.

Vice President Hobart at Paterson. Paterson, N. J., Sept. 20 .- Vice President Hobart left his summer home at Norwood Park, near Long Branch, for his winter home in Paterson yesterflay, arriving last evening. He was accompanied by his wife and by his family physician, and said that he felt as well as could be expected.

Standard Oll Not a Trust! Omaha, Sept. 20 .- The Standard Oil ompany has filed its answer to the petition of the attorney general of he state in the case brought under he anti-trust law to restrain the company from transacting business in the state. The company denies that it is in any sense a trust.

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H. S. TAYLÖR, Attorney-at-law,—Office in Temple Court. Tax collector of Bellefonte borough. Collections promptly attended to.

8. D. GETTIG, Attorney-at-law.—in Fruner Building, English and German, Legal business promptly attended to.

WILLIAM G. RUNKLE Attorney at law.—in Crider's Exchange. Baglish and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Special attention giv-en to surveying and engineering. W. C. BEINLE, Attorney-at-law.—in building opposite court house. Consultation in Ger man and English.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law.—Office in court house. District attorney.

JOHN M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace.—in opera house block, opposite Court house.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-law.— High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts.

WILLIAM J. SINGER, Attorney-atdaw.--in Temple Court building, room No. 21, fourth floor.

MEYER, Attorney-at-law -- in Crider'

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

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

VIA. TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9 53 am, arrive at Tyrone 11 10 am, at Altoona, 1.00 pm; 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. ave Bellefonte 4 44 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 70

VIA TTBONE-EASTWARD.

VIA TTBONE-EASTWARD.

Leave Beliefonte 9 55 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 36 a m.

delphia 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 50 p m.

Leave Bellefonte at 831 p m, arrive at Lock
Haven at 9,30 p, m.

Haven at 9.30 p. m.

Haven at 9.30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.22 a. m. arrive at Lock
Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m.
arrive at Harrisburg, 3.28 p. m., at Philadei
phia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1,42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.21 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 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.

Via Lewiseurg.

Via Lewiseurg.

Via Lewiseurg.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.39 a. m., arrive at Lewiseurg at 9.15 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m.,

Philadelphia, 3.00 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p. m., arrive at Lewiseurg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.,

Philadelphia at 11.15 p. m.

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

TATIONS. Lewisburg.... Fair Ground MillimburgMillimontGlen IronCherry Run ...

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

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THE CENTRAL BAILROAD OF PENNA Time Table effective Nov. 21 1806

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