

THE HUNT'S LESSONS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches Upon the Subject of the Chase.

The Gospel as a Refreshment Graphically Set Forth—Refuge in God's Word for Those Pursued by Trials.

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Washington, Oct. 15. The Gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains.

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were, whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the kinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the deers, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky.

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers.

David says to himself: "Aha! That is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David. "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!"

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while there talking with a hunter I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the tracks of a deer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister. You see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken, to say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human wearing apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery and the shavings of its horns used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its usefulness this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and, after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisite beauty, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat! It is velocity embodied, timidity impersonated, the enchantment of the woods, eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death, the splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows of a living bolt shot through the forest or turning at bay to attack the hounds or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the Nipods, and

with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words: "As a hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have come after them the lean hounds of poverty or the black hounds of persecution or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death or who are in any wise pursued run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of Divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now, have had troubles after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them, or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them. Or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting the doctors who have failed to effect a cure. Or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the railroad accident occurred. Or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of Divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

Some time ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him," and I saw he had a swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers. You might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you; but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes, each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and, though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures." "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are sored with your circumstances, and you are fighting a pursuing society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises he has hung it on the stag's horns, and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers. Be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignance or invalidism or mishap is inscrutable." Why, do you know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions

and the more beautiful its bearing the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had the roebuck a ragged ear and broken hoofs and an ulcerated eye and a limping gait the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! Don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track and then carted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides incline the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of Heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their necks in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed, but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing.

Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead;" therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best winchester breechloader. Highest compliment is it to your talent or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw had set after Him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped His blood after the Calvarian massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again? So would not I. One tear of memory given, Onward I'll lie. Life's dark wave foiled o'er, All but at rest on shore, Say, would you plunge once more, With home, so high?

If you might, would you now Retrace your way? Wander through stormy wilds, Faint and astray? Night's gloomy watches fed; Morning, all beaming red; Hope's smile around us shed, Heavenward, away!

Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds and the earl of Yorborough's hounds and the duke of Rutland's hounds, but all of them put together do not equal, in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon lake and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort—why, it embosoms all distress. His arm—it wrenches off all bondage. His hand—it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement—it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what the hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human being. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked his rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you a welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of Heaven to spread the banquet and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while chalice click at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets it will be seen so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether?"

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND IN EFFECT ON AND AFTER MAY 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m., at Altoona, 1:00 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:30 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Altoona 2:55 p.m.; at Pittsburg 7:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Altoona at 7:40; at Pittsburg at 11:10

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m.; at Harrisburg, 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 8:20 p.m.; at Philadelphia at 12:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:43 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:31 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, 3:28 p.m., at Philadelphia 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, 8:31 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 a.m., arrive at 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 RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Includes stations like Montandon, Lewisburg, Fair Ground, Vicksburg, Millburg, Bluff, Glen Iron, Cherry Run, Coburn, Rich Springs, Centre Hall, Grege, Ligon, Oak Hill, Lemont, Dale Summit, Pleasant Gap, and Bellefonte.

HALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Includes stations like Tyrone, E Tyrone, Vail, Bald Eagle, Dix, Fowler, Hannaburg, Port Matilda, Martha, Julian, Unionville, Snow Shoe Int, Millburg, Bellefonte, Mill Hill, Milledale, Curtin, Mt Eagle, Howard, Eagleville, Beech Creek, Pleasant Gap, Flemington, and Lock Haven.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Leave Bellefonte 7:00 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe 9:50 a.m. " 2:52 " Leave Snow Shoe 11:20 a.m. " 3:15 " Arrive at Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. " 4:29 " For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 301 Sixth Ave. Pittsburgh. J. B. HITCHCOCK, Gen'l. Man. J. H. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1896.

Table with columns for READ DOWN, No. 1, No. 2, STATIONS, No. 2, No. 4, No. 6. Includes stations like Bellefonte, Altoona, Tyrone, N. York, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and New York.

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