He Brings Happiness Into Every Life That He Enters.

All Nature Sings His Praises, Says Dr. Talmage-Hymns Heard in Infancy Have a Strong Influence in After Life.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington, April 1.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters: text, Psalms, 118:14: "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine Him, the cascades proclaim Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I thing of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His giory and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your way blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and ery out: "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel to-day hardly like looking imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or 15 distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of Heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment our child steps into the strest he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to bespoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important, if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of the children in the Sabbath class and white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at | blages. Trappers, with the same

CHRIST THE THEME. | nightfall with no one to put to bed. The Heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure: The account said: "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the Nittle ones who have gone out from these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was departing. She had been sick all her days and a cripple. It was noonday when she went, and, as the shadow of death gathered on her eyelid she thought it was evening and time to go to bed, and so she said: "Good night, papa! Goodnight, mamma!" and then she was gone! It was a "good-night" to pain and "good-night" to tears and "goodnight" to death and "good-night to earth, but it was "good-morning" to Jesus - it was "good-morning" to Heaven. I can think of no cradle song more beautiful than Jesus.

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The schoolgirl asks for a schottish or a glee, but her grandmother asks for a "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang 40 years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down the cheeks of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul Let the to thy bosom fly. While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide Till the storm of life is past, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word. Yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished ones: "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound. no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier. "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus!" Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

This Sabbath day came. Erom the altars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel preached in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Ital ian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and sailors' bethel and king's chapel and high-towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it and the factory girls and the trained choirs in great assem-

voice with which they shouted yesterwith throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus sacramental cup. Jesus for the bene-Again the churches are and love. lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" We sing His birth-the barn that

sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry -the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans, the lame men that forgot their crutches, the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek, the hungry thousands who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves-that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler of a whole army. We sing His sorrows-His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, waathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing His resurrection-the guard that could not keep Him, the sorrow of His disciples, the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as He went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror. Oh, is there any song more appropriate for a Sabbath night than this song of Jesus? Let the passers-by in the street hear it, let the angels of God carry it amidst the thrones. Sound it out through the darkness: Jesus, the night song, appropriate for any hour, but especially sweet and beautiful and blessed on a Sabbath night. #

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No. said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing!" Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of Heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of Heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our cars. The minstrels of Heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder-and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service-will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York when Julien in the Crystat palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the harmony with His wounded hands and wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings and riches and bonor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join in that I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured, and

it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the Divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David and when he came to the words: "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall not prostrate ourselves before Him to-day, hosts of earth and hosts of Heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!" "Until the day break and the shadows flee away turn our beloved and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

CURRENT COMMENT.

day in the stag hunt, and mariners Notes and Comments, Political and Otherwise, on Matters of Public Interest.

By Andrew J. Palm.

Among the largest of the protected infant indutries is the Carnegie steel for the baptismal font. Jesus for the plant, which Mr. Frick, one of the partners, says will make more than diction. But the day has gone. It \$40,000,000 this year, though the originrolled away on swift wheels of light al capital was only \$25,000,000. Protection is a glorious thing for the fellows who profit by the special privileges it affords, but how about the great number who are obliged to put up the money to pay these enormous

McKinley's scheme of "benevolent assimilation" is costing the country \$2,000,000 a day, or \$750,000,000 a year, which amounts to \$10 per head for every man, woman and child. A family of five must contribute \$50 a year to help kill off a people struggling for independence. How many would be willing to do this if their wishes were consulted? Not one, except those who expect to hold some fat office in the Philippines or make money in some way out of the bloody contest.

Mr. McKinley, in his New York speech, declared that there is no imperialism and that there can be none, because those who have faith in the republic are against it. The latter part of his sentence is correct, but the first clause is an indication that McKinley doesn't know imperialism when he sees it. No public man ever attempted to perpetrate a great wrong under its proper name. It is always garbed in something to conceal its repulsive features. McKinley may have some other name of imperialism, but, like a rose under any other name it smells just

The United States supreme court did the unexpected a few days ago in affirming the constitutionality of the Texas anti-trust law. This is one of the strongest anti-trust measures ever passed, and if enforced will drive the Standard Oil company out of the state and force other monster aggregations of capital to abandon their purpose of enforcing the consumer to pay whatever tribute they may see fit to demand for the necessaries of life. It is to be hoped that none of the supreme court judges will suffer remorse on ac count of their stand in favor of the people's interests, as was the case on the income tax.

The Washington Post, though a gold bug and high tariff paper, is not so blinded by partisan prejudice as to advocate abolishing the constitution whenever it seems to interfere with government by the trusts and for the trusts. It gags at the proposition to put a tariff on Puerto Rican imports. and happily dubs the policy that proposes it as "benevolent suffocation." This term is far more fitting than Mr. McKinley's "benevolent assimilation." Before the president was made drunk with the wine of imperialism he characterized the policy he is now attempting to carry out as "criminal aggression." The Post's term, "benevolent suffocation," describes fairly and forcibly the policy of the Hanna adminis-

The late General Lawton, several months before his death, declared that all the Filinians want is a little justice That is what McKinley & Co. are determined they shall not have. The war is conducted for spoliation and commercialism, and no considerations of justice, consistency or decency are sufficient to induce the administration to call off its dogs of war. The people, however, will have a chance to express themselves later on, unless Mc Kinley, backed by the trusts and Mark Hanna, concludes that it is not safe to trust such questions to the voice of the people, and declare the country under military rule. Such a proceeding would be scarcely less surprising or more revolutionary than some of the acts of the present administration.

The New York legislature has been wrestling with a bill proposing to make it unlawful for a woman to wear a hat pin more than three inches in length. Because a few worthless men have been "stuck" with hat pins the New York solons would come to the rescue of their fellows in peril and forbid women to wear them. If these statesmen would pass an act making it an offense punisable by imprisonment for a man to carry, sell or manufacture a pistol they would show better sense than by legislating against hat pins. It ought to be a penitentiary offense to carry a weapon which nobody but a villain desires to use. The assertion that they may be carried for self defense is simply no reason at all. The best men of the country never think of carrying one of these villainous weapons, and they are in far less danger than those who depend on beating the desperate man at his own game. There are a hundred persons killed accidentally by pistols for one who escapes bodily injury by their use. Good men have no use for revolvers, and bad men should not be permitted to use them. The revolver should go.

That the next presidential battle will be a battle under the same captains who led the opposing forces in '96 there is scarcely room to doubt. On the side of the common people, under the leadership of one of the grandest men of the age, will be ranged those who oppose imperialism, the encroachment of the money power, trusts and all special privileges that enable some men to secure more than their just share of the comforts of life by virtue of the law. On the other side will be aristocratic wealth under the banner of a man who has proved uncertain, vacillating and truculent. Fighting under this banner will be found those who advocate the use of sword and cannon to secure commercial advantages, those who believe in special privileges which enable the few to prosper at the expense of the many, and those who believe in trusts, monopolies and the private control of the currency. Were the people left to decide the case on their sober judgment there could be no doubt as to the result; but corporate wealth ready to corrupt the corruptible, with corporations coercing their employes into voting for the interests of the wealthy classes, the contest promises to be a most bitter one. Let every man who loves his country do all he can from now until the battle is over to win a victory for the people.

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work of art has been issued in New York at an early outlay of over \$1,000,000 for which the publishers desire a Manager in this county, also a good solicitor; good pay to right party. Nearly 100 full-page engravings, sumptuous paper, illuminated covers and bindings; over 200 golden lilies in the morroco bindings; nearly 100 golden roses in the cloth bindings. Sells at sight; presses running day and night so great is the sale. 'Christian men and women making fortunes taking orders. Rapid promotions. One Christion woman made clear \$500, in four weeks taking orders among her church acquaintances and friends. Write us. It may lead to a permanent paying position to manage our business and look after our large correspondence, which you can attend to right at your home. Address S. C. Knowies, General Secretary, 12 East Fifteenth Street, bet Broadand Fifth Ave., New York.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

I EGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in erested that the following inventories of the goods and chartels set apart to widows under the provisions of the Act of April 14th. 1-51, have been approved by the Court, and filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphan's Court of Centre coun-ty, and if no exceptions be filed on or before the first day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1. The inventory and appraisement of the ersonal property of Isaac F. Behrer, late of laif Moon township, deceased as the same was et apart to his widow, Lizzie L. Behrer.

The inventory and appraisement of the eal and personal estate of Adam Stover, late f Haines township, decrased, as the same was et apart to his widow, Lizzie Stover.

 The inventory and appraisement of the cronal estate of Loi R. Hensyl, late of How-d boro, deceased, as the same was set apart his widow, Sarah E. Hensyl. The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of William A. Kerr, late of Pot ter township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Myra J. Kerr.

The inventory and appraisement of the crsonal estate of John Wagner, late of Belie-inte boro, deceased as the same was set apart b his widow, Sarah Wagner.

6. The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of John A. Hatch, late of Phil-ipsburg boro, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lavina Hatch. 7. The inventory and appraisement of the ersonal estate of George Viehdorfer, late of

Burnside township, deceased as the same was set at art to his widow, Mary Viebdorfer. 8. The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Marthew F. Riddle, late of Suring township, decreased Spring township, decrased, as the sapart to his widow, Annie S. Ridol Register's Office. A. G Mar. 31, 1900. A. G. ARCHEY.

UDITORS NOTICE.

In the orphan's Court of Centre county, in the matter of the estate of JOHN G. RIDER. late of Ferguson township, Centre county,

eccased
The undersigned an Auditor appointed by
aid court, to make distribution of the funds
to the hands of Samuel Ralston, administrator said decedent to and among those legally en-tled thereto, will meet the parties in interest or the purpose of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 9 day of April, 1980, at 10 o'o'ock in the forenoon, when and where those who desire may attend or forever afterwards be barred from coming in on said

W. G. RUNKLE

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of John Wagner, deceased, late of ellefonte borough, Pa. Letters testamentary upon said estate having been granted by the Register of Wills to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them for settlement.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MRS. JANE UZZLE, deceased, la'e of snow shoe, towhship.
Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims of the same and those having laims or demands against the same will ent them without delay for settlement, to the indersigned.

J. FRANK UZZLE, Administrato

CAUTION NOTICE.

PAUL E. MARKL*, boy aged 15 years, bound over to me by the Overseers of Poor of Miles township until he attains his 18th year, left his home without cause, or my knowledge and consent and all parties are cautioned not to furnish him with supplies or support, as I will not be responsible for same. Information as to his whereabouts will be a favor.

H. M. CAIN,
Noring Mills, Pa. H. M. CAIN, Spring Mills, Pa.

WRIT IN PARTITION

To the he'rs and legal representatives of the estate of Samuel Brown. late of tiarris township: John Brown lunatic who has for his Committee David S. Young. Monroe, Wis: Sarah Harper, Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa; Thomas Harper, her husband, Aaronsburg, Centre Go., Pa: Mary Wilt, Franklin. Venango Co., Pa: Lorenzo Wilt, her husband, Franklin. Venango Co., Pa: Lared Brown, Tusseyville, Centre Co., Pa; Caroline Maize, Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa; Benj, Brown, Plainfield, Ill., Robert H. Brown, Bellevne, Ohlo: Lloyd Brown, Linden Hall, Pa; Ella B. Goble, Lena, Ill: John W. Brown, Lena, Ill: Hattie Brown, Lena, Ill: Lioyd Brown, Gertie Brown, Edna Brown, who have for their guardian Mary Brown, Lena, Ill.

Take notice that in pursuance to an order of

Brown, Lena, Ill.

Take notice that in pursuance to an order of
the Orphans Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, a writ in partition has been issued returnable on Monday 22rd day of April, 1998, and
that an inquest be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent
on

MONDAY APRIL 28rd, 1:00.

At the late residence of the decedent, in Har-ris Township at 8:30 o'clock, a. m. and on the premises in Aaronsburg at 2 o'clock, p. m., at which time and place you can be present if you

which time and place you can be presentifyou see proper.

All those two certain tracts of land, the one thereof situate in the township of Harris, county of Cestre, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by lands of Van Tries heirs, on the east by lands of Wm. K. Alexander, on the south by lands of Bavid J. Meyer, and on the west by lands of Elizabeth Gettig and Potter's estate, containing 130 acres more or less. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings.

No. 3—And the other thereof situate in the town of Aaronsburg, township of Haines, county and state aforesaid, bounded on the north by street known as Secund street, on the east by lot of Confer's heirs, on the south by an ailey, on the west by Coburn ailey, and having erected a two story dwelling house, stable and other out-buildings.

Cyrus Brungart.

CYRUS BRUNGART,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Sheriff.

WRIT IN PARTITON.

To the heirs and legal representatives of Su-an Lose, Walker, Twp., Centre Co., Pa: Mary Reese (widow), Jersey Shore, Lycoming Co., Pa: Louisa Holter, Howard, Centre Co., Pa: D. E. Holter, her husband, Howard, Centre Co., Pa: J. H. Loss, Winbur, Somerset Co., Pa: Elizabeth Clark, Woodland, Clearfield Co., Pa: John Clark, her husband, Woodland, Clearfield

Co., Pa: Calvin Lose. Woodland, Clearfield Co., Pa; Wm. Lose. Woodland, Clearfield Co., Pa; Charles Lose, Woodland, Clearfield, Co., Pa; Sadie Lose. (a minor, having no guardian) Woodland, Clearfield Co., Pa; Hary Minnich, Nittany, Centre Co., Pa; John Minnich. Nittany, Centre Co., Pa; John Minnich. Nittany, Centre Co., Pa; John S. Hoy, Madisonburg, Centre Co., Pa; Sadie C. Hendricks, Sabula, Clearfield Co., Pa; Frank Hendricks, her husband, Sabula, Clearfield, Co., Pa; Ballie S. Lose, Nittany, Centre Co., Pa;
Take notice that in pursuance to an order of the Orphans Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, a writ in partition has been issued returnable on Monday, 22rd day of April, 1860, and that an inquest be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent on

SATURDAY APRIL 21st. 1960. At the late residence of the decedent, at which time and place you can be present if you see

proper.

A certain tract of land situate in Walker Twp., Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone on the public road, thence by lot of J. A. Dorman and lands of Jacob Gobble north 27 degrees the public road, thence by lot of J. A. Dorman and lands of Jacob Gobble north 27 degrees west 58 perches to a post, thence north 51½ de grees west 1½ perches to a post, thence by lands of B. F. Fisher north 13½ degrees west 14 perches to a post, thence by land of Pealers estate and M. I. Beck north 58 degrees east 2½ perches to stones, thence by land of M. L. Beck and 1. C. Mechtley south 27¾ degrees east 75 4-10 perches to a stone, thence south 65½ degrees west 6½ perches to a stone, thence by cemetery and school lot south 27 degrees east 13 2-10 perches to stones, thence by public road south 64 degrees west 8½ perches to place of beginning, containing 8 acres and 20 perches and the usual allowance of six per cent for roads.

CYRUS BRUNGART, Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sherif March 19th, 1900.

A UDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre coun-No. 84, January Term, 1900. ADAM BARTGES vs. H. F. CONFER.

ADAM BARTGES vs. H. F. CONFER.

The undersigned an auditor appointed to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's personal property, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, gives notice that he will meet for the purposes of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte. Pa, on Friday, the 6th day of April, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all parties interested, when and where you are requested to attend or be thereafter debarred from coming in and claiming upon said fund.

WM. J. SINGEE, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of LEVI REESE, deceased, late of Worth township.
The undersigned having been granted letters of administration of said estate, notice is here-by given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to the decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims are request-ed to present them duly suthenticated for set-tlement.

TELITHA REESE,
W. HARRISON WALKER,
Fortney & Walker, Attivity

Fortney & Walker, Attys. Administrat x14 Bellefonte, Pa. EGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of W. F. Crider, J. H. Lingle and H. R. Curtin, liquidating trustees of the Graysdale Mining Co. Ltd., will be presented to the Court for confirmation on Wednesday, April 25, 1809, and unless exceptions be filed thereto on or before the second day of the term, the same will be confirmed.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 22, 1900. Prothonotary

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. Jehn G. Love, President Whereas the Hon. Jehn G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept bearing date the 26th day of March, 1899, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of April, the 23rd day of April, 1990, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoop ef said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte the 26th day of Mar., in the year of our Lord, 1900 and the one hundred and twenty-fourth year of the

Independence of the Uni CYRUS BRUNGART. Sheriff

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA BAILEOAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

VIA. TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 53 am, arrive at Tyrone
11 10 am, at Altoona, 1.00 pm; at Pittsburg
5 50 pm. 5:50 p m. Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone 2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 10 p m; at Pittsburg 6:55 p m.

655 pm. Leave Beliefonte 444 pm; arrive at Tyrone 600; at Altoona at 7 35; at Pittsburg at 11 30

Leave Beliefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 35; at Pittsburg at 11 20 VIA TTRONE—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 6 45 p m; at Philadelphia 10 20 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 4 44 p m, arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Harrisburg at 0 00 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 9 32 a m, arrive at Lock Haven 10 30 a m.

Leave Beliefonte 1 42 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p m; at Williamsport 3 50 p m.

Leave Beliefonte 1 42 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p m; at Williamsport 3 50 p m.

Leave Beliefonte at 8 31 p m, arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12 40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.15 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Beliefonte, 1, 42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.30 p. m., williamsport, 2.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 8 55 p. m.

Leave Beliefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.65 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 8.55 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Beliefonte at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.65 a. m., Harrisburg, 1.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.17 p. m.

Leave Beliefonte, 2.15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.65 a. m., Harrisburg, 1.30 a. m., Philadelphia at 10 20 p. m.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and stee.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.
Time Table in effect on and after
Nov 20, 1899. Leave Bellefonte... Leave Bellefonte...... 9.53 a. m. and 5.45 p. m Arrive at Snow Shoe...11.26 a. m. " 7.27"

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

[No.2]No.4; No 6 No.1 No.3 No.5 STATIONS. Nigh
Zion
Hecla Park
Dunkles
Hublersburg
Snydertown
Nittany
Huston
Lamar
Clintondale
Krider's Sid'g
Mackeyville
Oedar Springs
Salena 8 15 3 45 7 37 MILL HALL 18 30 14 00 17 55 a.m p.m. p.m. Ar. Lv. a.m. p.m.p.m. 11 45 8 15 (BEECH CREEK R. R.) 7 55 (Via Phila.)

* Daily. † Week Days. † 6:00 p. m. Sunday I 10:55 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:36 p. m.