

THE RESURRECTION.

Dr. Talmage's Easter Sermon Rings All the Bells of Gladness.

Blooming Flowers, Emblematic of Paradise, Flitly Celebrate the Bursting of Christ's Tomb—A Season of Rejoicing.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.] Washington, April 15.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage rings all the bells of gladness, especially appropriate at this season, when all Christendom is celebrating Christ's resurrection; text, John 19:41, "In the garden a new sepulcher."

Looking around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in stars and flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small Heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. I say it may be so. The ancestors of those tuberoses and camellias and japonicas and jasmynes and heliotropes were born in Paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, underground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden; it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of Heaven, and so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say: "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1900."

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the court of 70 who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into fish ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of the kiosk and aboretum. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological!

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I come down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture.

The fact is that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj, of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and His body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor, mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalment was omitted. When in the olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made; and then the operator, having made the incision, ran a pest he slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter and cassia and wine of balm tree and complete the embalment. But I think this embalment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot.

The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the sanhedrin to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

At the door of the mausoleum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against word of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the sanhedrin on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left His mortuary attire behind Him, He comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook Him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under it. The king of terrors retiring before the King of Grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and Heaven keep Easter today! Hosanna!

Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulcher. And, first, post mortem honors in contrast with ante mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher, why could not they have given Him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave Him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after He was dead. Westminster abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs to the living. Poet's corner in Westminster abbey attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that Poet's corner in Westminster abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear to-day; but while I look at his statue I cannot help but think of the discords with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I cannot help but think at 70 years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" but while I look at his monument in Poet's corner I cannot but ask myself where he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet in the Poet's corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! If he could only have discounted that monument for a mutton chop!

Oh, you unflinching children, do not give your parents so much tombstone, but a few more blankets—less funeral and more bedroom! If five per cent. of the money we now spend on Burns' banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been hurried with the drudgery of an excise-man. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you do them you must do this side the gates of the Necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies or to note the polish of the Aberdeen granite or to read epitaphal commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem manger and Calvarian cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post mortem honors cannot atone for ante mortem ignominies.

Again, standing in this garden of the sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arboresecent decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sculptural adornments Christ spent the short time of His inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with it: "Send no flowers." Rather, if it means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers. Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory; the passion flower will express the sympathy; the daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we say of those country graveyards, with the vines broken down and the slabs aslant and the mound caved in and the grass a pasture ground for the sexton's

cat? Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you cannot afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands and straighten the slab and bank up the mound and cut away the weeds and plant the shrubs and flowers.

Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You cannot expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for the bones of your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the dignity of private and unpretending obsequies.

Joseph was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the Universe! Oh let this be consolatory to those who through lack of means or through lack of acquaintance have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket of richest wood, pallbearers gloved and scarfed, are not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Christ looks down from Heaven and remembers that is two more than were at His obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go forth into cold charity! The departed left a small property which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for crap which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of the great cities. By all means, do honor to the departed, but do not consider funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulcher than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

Again, standing in this garden with a new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down.

Seal of sanhedrin, company of soldiers, floor of rock, roof of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypts. Come out and come up He must. Come out and come up He did. Prefiguration. First fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just so certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled on us we will rise. Though buried amid the corals of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will come to the surface.

With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the timest thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energized, swiftened, clarified—mortality, immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust.

Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while wandering in this garden with the new sepulcher I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulcher, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of Heaven. Four gardens. Bloom, O earth! Bloom, O Heaven! Oh, my friends, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with Heaven, and it means peace with all the world.

NONE WILL USE IT NOW.

A Strangely Fateful Desk in a Kansas School That Has Been Abandoned.

There is a desk in the Stanley school in Argentine that is no longer occupied, because it is marked by ill fate, says the Kansas City Star. The last three pupils it accommodated met violent deaths within a year and now it is used as a stand for plants and flowers that serve the double purpose of cherishing the memory of the unfortunate children and excluding others from the ill-starred seat.

Miss Selby, teacher of the room in which the desk stands, is not superstitious, but she will scarcely be blamed for her reluctance to assign any more of her scholars to occupy that particular piece of furniture. One year ago a bright little girl who sat in it was thrown from a horse and sustained injuries from which she died. Three months later Lee Jewett, a boy in the same class, who next used the desk, was drowned while bathing in the Kaw river, near Turner. Three men met their death while trying to recover young Jewett's body and the tragedy will long be remembered in Argentine.

The last scholar to use the desk was Bert Jessup, aged 12, who, a week ago Saturday, went hunting frogs with another boy and a 22-caliber target rifle. The gun was accidentally discharged and Bert sustained a wound from which he died early the next morning.

The sad reflections inspired in the minds of teacher and pupils by the record of the year in that schoolroom have naturally developed a prejudice against the desk of fate that, in the case of the pupils at least, borders very closely on superstition.

JAPANESE PAWNBROKERS.

Laborers Can Buy Their Daily Bath and Breakfast, But Not Dinner.

Pawnbrokers in Japan are not allowed to charge more than 100 per cent. upon their advances—enough in all conscience, it would seem to Europeans, and yet not enough to satisfy the gentry in question, who assert that the rate is wholly inadequate, says the London Leader. The Japanese diet has been considering the question of abolishing this restriction.

It appears that thousands in the large towns who subsist by manual labor find themselves constantly without money to buy their dinners. They have enough left to pay for their breakfast and bath, which they seldom neglect and which costs them about one farthing; but dinner is beyond their resources. It is the custom, therefore, to put every day some of their property in pawn in order to buy the midday meal, and in the evening when they receive their wages they redeem the pledged article, having just enough left to pay for their supper and breakfast. This performance they go through regularly six days a week, so that the pawnbroker has to make nearly 30 entries in his books in the course of the month.

The law lays down that only five cents can be charged as interest on a loan of five cents for one year, and as most of these dinner loans do not exceed that amount the pawnbroker has to make his 30 entries or so a month for a sum of half a cent.

BABY MILLIONAIRES.

Some Fortunate Little Ones Who Have Been Born with Great Fortunes.

There are many little people in the world who will have, as long as they live, their weight in gold every day.

In the great Goelet mansion in New York is one little Vanderbilt baby, and another one in a grand palace in England. Every day these wealthy little ones ride in the parks in a fine carriage, with a coachman and footman, and every night they go to sleep in beds of lace and down. The fortunes of either one of these babies is nearly \$50,000,000, or many times their weight in diamonds. The one in England may also be a prince one day, and he is already a marquis and several other things he doesn't know or care about just yet.

Then there are the children of the czar of Russia, who will have a great deal of money, and many others. But they will not all be happy, for riches do not make happiness, and some day perhaps any one of these little ones, who to-day do not know much besides being hungry or sleepy, will wish they could trade places with a healthy, cheerful man or woman, with their own way to make in the world.

A Hostile Bullet in Its Barrel.

At the world's fair there were exhibited from Tennessee two bullets which had met each other in midair, and also a muzzle-loading Springfield rifle into the barrel of which a rebel bullet had found its way. This remarkable circumstance was duplicated at the battle of Calocan, an insurgent bullet having passed the whole interior length of the rifle in the hands of Private Stuteville, of the Abilene company, in the Twentieth Kansas. Stuteville had just fired his piece and still had it at his shoulder when the insurgent bullet passed in at its muzzle. The bullet proceeded the whole length of the barrel, breaking the breechlock and forcing the empty cartridge shell into the upper part of its chamber. Gen. Otis heard of the occurrence and sent for the rifle, which he intends to send to the war department as a curio.

Was Too Poor.

A London beggar boy, who was asked at the police court how old he was last birthday, replied that he "never had a birthday, being too poor to have one."

Not a Bad Scheme.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they wish to make.

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Certainly you do and we wish to call your attention to the size and quality of our stock of

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of the most beautiful and carefully selected stock of wall paper ever brought to Bellefonte.

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OUR PRICES

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TRY US & BE CONVINCED

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MONTGOMERY & CO.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

CURRANT WORMS,

CABBAGE WORMS,

CATERPILLARS,

POTATO BUGS

and ROSE SLUGS

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Hammond's Slug Shot

It is safe to use on Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Radishes, Mellons, Beans, Cucumbers, Currant and Gooseberry, bushes, Parsnips or Strawberries—a 5lb. package for 25c, at

GREEN'S PHARMACY,

High Street. Bellefonte, Pa.

\$500 Reward.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of MRS. JANE UZZLE, deceased, late of Snow Shoe, Luzerne Co. 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 or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement, to the undersigned.

J. FRANK UZZLE, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. E. LAWRENCE, dec'd, late of Bellefonte borough. The undersigned having been granted letters of administration on said estate, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to the decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

FRED E. FOSS, Adm'r. O. B. & O. Atty's. State College, Pa.

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our readers

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JAMES VICK'S SONS,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

VIA TYRONA--WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Tyrona 11:30 a.m. at Altoona, 1:30 p.m. at Pittsburg 5:50 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrona 2:45 p.m. at Altoona 2:10 p.m. at Pittsburg 6:55 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m. arrive at Tyrona 6:00 at Altoona at 7:30; at Pittsburg at 11:30

VIA TYRONA--EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrona 2:15 p.m. at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m. at Philadelphia 4:47 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 3:45 p.m. at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. at Harrisburg 4:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN--WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 3:45 p.m. at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. at Harrisburg 4:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN--EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30. Leave Williamsport, 12:40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 2:15 p.m. at Phil. dephia at 4:25 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven, 2:45 p.m. Williamsport, 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg, 4:30 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven, 9:50 p.m. Leave Williamsport, 1:55 a.m. arrive Harrisburg, 2:55 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a.m. arrive at Lewisburg at 8:05 a.m. Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p.m. arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 6:50 p.m., Philadelphia at 10:20 p.m.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

Leave Bellefonte..... 9:53 a.m. and 5:45 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe..... 11:28 a.m. " 7:27 "

Leave Snow Shoe..... 7:30 a.m. " 3:15 " Arrive at Bellefonte..... 9:52 p.m. " 5:20 "

For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg.

J. B. HUTCHINSON Gen'l. Pass Agt. Manager of the Branch.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

READ DOWN

No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10

8 a.m. 10 a.m. 12 p.m. 2 p.m. 4 p.m. 6 p.m. 8 p.m. 10 p.m. 12 p.m. 2 p.m.

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