

TALMAGE ON CREEDS.

Preacher Would Rid Humanity of Ecclesiastical Dogma.

Moves for a Creed for All Denominations Made Out of Scripture Quotations—Things That Hamper Christians.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.] Washington, April 22.

At a time when the old discussion of creeds is being vigorously and somewhat bitterly revived this discourse of Dr. Talmage has a special interest. The text is John xi, 44: "Loose him and let him go."

My Bible is at the place of this text written all over with lead pencil marks made at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismantled from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now at the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular, and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls—Martha, a first-rate housekeeper, and Mary, a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone, and mother gone, they felt very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about this house—no sleep at all.

From the characteristics otherwise developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as He had so often been? Far away in the country districts, preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, the body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said he was only in a comatose state or in a sort of trance and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb one December day, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over his cheeks and splash upon the back of His hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before?

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb, the familiar name which Christ had often had upon His lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to His tongue, and with pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall only be an echo, He cries: "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the ceremonies of the tomb are yet on him, and his feet are fast and his hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these ceremonies! Remove these hindrances! Unfasten these grave-clothes! Loose him, and let him go!"

Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus He went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk and the breaking of the ceremonies that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those crippling elements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying: "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half-loosed. They have been raised from

the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave-clothes on them. They are, like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their souls, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let him go!"

Many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them—a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one.

What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermenautics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that we harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now; much less the mysteries of His government five hundred quintillion years ago.

I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable nonessentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable.

But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine of if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theater or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right, and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave-clothes. If you want one glorious church, free and unincumbered, take off the ceremonies of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and let her go!

Again, there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows and fears and hopped up by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

'Tis a point I long to know; Oft it causes anxious thought; Do I love the Lord or no? Am I His or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated is morbid and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life and stop thinking of yourself, and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination, and

they get weaker and sicker in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave-clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose, and your feet loose, and your tongue loose, and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed you would understand why I do not come out brighter!" Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I had a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel or as the key fits into the labyrinth of a lock.

A man who was once called Saul, but afterward Paul, declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and hats, and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen." So Saul said to the stoners of the first martyr. "I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder." The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am the chief."

Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression He is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throws a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge bird roosts, it immediately begins to sing, and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea and now that it proposes another voyage keeps on its decks the damaged lifeboats and the splinters of a shattered mast and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestacks, open a new log-book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for Heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable.

Heaven is 95 per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in Heaven since its first tower was built or its first gate swung or its first song caroled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary, and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterward resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars.

"But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and they say: "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all the advantages of Heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left; that will be how one unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ, come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him, and let him go."

A first-class watchmaker gets credit for his good works. — Chicago Daily News.

IN THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

During the Charge at Calococan Men Forgot the Roar of Battle to Chase a Pig.

War at best is hades. After the thin veil of glamour, frenzy and glory is drawn aside there is nothing left save bleaching skeletons and the desolate homes. In battle there is the screech of shells and the dull report of their explosion, the thunder of field pieces, sending pounds of solid steel toward an enemy; there is the rattle of small arms, like the roll of distant drums, the blinding smoke, the singing of maulers and the hum of remingtons; there is the clatter of affrightened monkeys, the scolding of parrots, the howls of slinking curs and then, in the wake of the victors arise the smoke and flame of burning huts. Add to this pandemonium the hoarse yells of the combatants, the cries of homeless women and children, the groans of the wounded, the set faces of the dead and one may have a faint conception of a small engagement in a tropic land.

During the first engagement, while the company was firing at will into the woods ahead, a forlorn water buffalo, the national beast of burden, meandered into the rice-field directly in front of the line. The writer immediately directed his fire toward the buffalo with no apparent result. Afterward, during a lull in the firing, he shamefully confessed to having wasted our strength in this ignoble manner and was surprised to learn that every man had done likewise. At all events, the beast made good its escape, for it patiently plodded ahead until the timber swallowed it up.

During the charge at Calococan a frenzied pig of diminutive size dashed from beneath a bamboo hut and, apparently, judging that all the commotion was for his benefit, thought best to retire. As the pig dashed past the writer it was gently assisted with a shove from the butt of our gun and thought no more of it for some time. Afterward, upon glancing to the rear, we saw four or five soldiers in hot pursuit of the same poor little swine. It is laughable, even in times of peace, to watch another man chase a hog, but when men forsake their places, forget the roar of conflict, the hum of bullets, the shouts of the victors and the wails of the wounded, to grapple with an eight-pound snout, the scene becomes ludicrous in the extreme. We took the trouble to learn that the pig got away.

At night the natives take great delight in holding love feasts, and the sound of revelry is very distinct. The Filipinos are natural born musicians, and their band entertains us with such tunes as "After the Ball," "Hot Time," "Stand Up for Jesus," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Throw Out the Life-line." It is a mystery where and when they learned these American melodies, but the fact remains that they do know them and render the same with remarkable accuracy.

The Filipino has great contempt for the Chinaman as a fighter, hence a favorite yell of the insurgents is: "American y Chino agual!" (American and Chinaman equal.) This rally always brings forth the heartiest applause from listening rebels. We were much amused last night by one. "Ready! Aim! Fire!" cried he, and laughed loudly at his own wit. A few nights since one of our buglers played "taps," and immediately some natives began the "reveille," intimating that no sooner would we be in bed than we must, of necessity, arise.

A most distressing accident befell a boatload of Igorrotes not long since. It was in this wise: The monitor Monadnock lies just off Malabon, and at night lights up the whole country with its searchlights. The wild men did not exactly admire this method of competing with the sun, so bethought themselves of a plan to capture the floating fort. Accordingly, a large rowboat was procured and speedily filled with an aggregation of these patriots. Having approached within 100 yards, the barbarians discharged a volley of steel-tipped arrows, and waited patiently in the hope of seeing the ship sink. The Monadnock discharged a three-inch gun in return. So far, three arms, two wisdom teeth, parts of four legs and a piece of wood had been recovered. It is feared that some of the natives were killed.

At Calococan the rebels had mounted two monstrous muzzle-loading guns captured in former times from the Spanish. They attempted to fire one of these, with direful results. The Americans collected the remains of 20 rebels killed by the explosion of the gun. The insurgents had not the courage to fire the remaining cannon, which was loaded and primed when Calococan was captured.

The natives had loaded the gun with a complete curiosity shop. The cannon was filled with scissors, knives, nails, pieces of brick, nails, bolts, a thermometer, a horse shoe, a car link, a piece of rubber hose, and, to crown all, a large quantity of hoop iron had been driven into the muzzle so tightly that it was necessary to file it before the powder could be drawn. A double dose of powder was found, and also a quantity of dynamite. No wonder the other cannon exploded.

Be it remembered that M is the color company, and as such received more attention than the other commands. Before the battle of Calococan, Col. Funston rode up to the colors with the remark: "Remember, boys, that when the colors fall you are supposed to be dead." "That is the way I understand it," said John, stoutly. "You'll do," replied the colonel, as he rode down the line. And John did do. During the battle the colors were struck four times and the staff twice, a mauler bullet grazed John's cheek, and still the colors floated, and by their presence incited the boys to do miracles. — Minneapolis Messenger.

Makes Pa Pay. Y is not a blackmaling letter, yet it makes Pa pay. — Chicago Daily News.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

ANNUAL ASSESSMENT APPEALS FOR 1900. Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of Centre county, that the County Commissioners will hear and determine appeals at the Commissioners' Office, Bellefonte, Pa., for the respective districts as follows: Monday, May 7.—The townships of Taylor, Worth, Huston, Half Moon, Patton, and Union, and the Boro of Unionville.

Tuesday, May 8.—The townships of Curtin, Howard, Liberty and Bogs, and the Boro of Milburn and Howard. Wednesday, May 9.—The townships of Burnside, Snow Shoe, and Rush, and the Boro of Phillipsburg and South Phillipsburg. Thursday, May 10.—The townships of Marion, Walker, Miles, Penn and Haines, and the Boro of Millheim.

Friday, May 11.—The townships of Potter, Gregg, Harris, College, and Ferguson, and the Boro of Centre Hill and State College. Monday, May 14.—The townships of Spring and Benner, and the Boro of Bellefonte. Tuesday, May 15.—The townships of Centre Hill and State College.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND IN EFFECT ON AND AFTER NOV 30, 1899.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 11:30 a.m. at Altoona, 1:00 p.m. at Tyrone 5:30 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m. at Altoona 2:10 p.m. at Pittsburg 6:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 6:00 at Altoona 6:55 at Pittsburg at 11:30

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:35 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 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 6:45 p.m. at Philadelphia 9:50 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m. at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:51 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven at 9:30 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte, 1:32 a.m. arrive at Lewisburg 10:30. Leave Williamsport, 12:40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:23 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven, 2:45 p.m., Williamsport, 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg, 6:55 p.m., m. arrive at Philadelphia at 9:50 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a.m. arrive at Lewisburg at 9:55 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia 3:17 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 3:15 p.m. arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47 at Harrisburg, 6:55 p.m., Philadelphia at 10:20 p.m.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in Effect on and after Nov 30, 1899. Leave Bellefonte..... 9:55 a.m. and 5:45 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe..... 11:30 a.m. " 7:27 p.m.

Leave Snow Shoe..... 7:30 a.m. " 3:15 p.m. Arrive at Bellefonte..... 9:22 p.m. " 5:20 p.m. For rates, maps, etc., apply to Ticket Agent or address Thos. E. Wall, J. A. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg. J. R. Hutchinson Gen'l. Manager J. R. Wood Gen'l. Pass Agt.

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