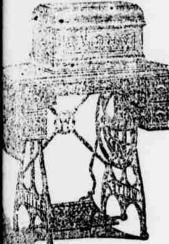


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POINTERS FOR MEN.

Men's rings are usually worn on the little finger of the left hand or the right hand. Seal rings, or pollshed gold ones with monograms engraved upon them, are the preferred styles. Seal rings are used for sealing letters, and are, therefore, as useful as they are ornamental. Merely decorative rings are seldom seen on men's hands.

Cosmetics, or face washes of any kind, are not for the use of men. You will find, by taking cold baths every morning, by vigorous exercise, and by refraining from eating rich food, that your complexion will soon be relieved from oiliness. Pimples are indications of impurities of the blood, which can becured by regular habits and a healthy

Morning Weddings .- The black cutaway coat is not the garment prescribed for either morning or afternoon weddings. Wear a black frock coat and waistcoat, light cassimere trousers and patent leather boots, a white Ascot or four-in-hand tie, and gloves of earl gray or white kid. This would also be aprpopriate for a bridegroom when the bride is married in her traveling dress.

Evening Weddings .- The costume for the bridegroom consists of dress coat, waistcoat and trousers, white shirt, high collar, white tie and patent leather shoes. If you and your bride are to take the train immediately after the ceremony, and she is to wear a traveling gown, then you should wear frock coat and light trousers, black or fancy waistcoat, white four-in-hand tie and gray gloves.

Sunday Evening.-Although the majority of very fashionable men wear evening dress always after dusk a general exception is made in favor of Sunday evening. A young man is best employed on that evening in attending church service or in visiting very intimate friends. It is a time set apart for rest, worship and the family. Evening dress is seen in church only at evening weddings.

The first dance is supposed to belong by right to the young man who ac-companies the young lady and her chaperon to a ball; he is also supposed to have the privilege of taking her in to supper. He may also ask her for as many dances as he thinks proper, but he must be careful not to claim her entire attention, as such conduct would imply an engagement, and consequently would be embarrassing to the young lady.-Ladies' Home Journal.

THIS AND THAT.

Steam heat is not good, because it is too dry for the healthy development of plants.

Bees, according to a statistician, must in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar.

The Russian minister of agriculture is planning the establishment of an agricultural school for women with a four years' course.

The average number of novels issued 100 years ago in America and Great Britain was 16 a year. Now the average is two or three a day.

There are now 712 fountains for human beings, 286 large troughs for herses and cattle and 478 small troughs for sheep and dogs in the streets and suburbs of London.

In Finland, jurists are obliged before for some time as ordinary policemen for the purpose of gaining practical experience.

It is said that land crabs of the West Indies once every year leave their native home in multitudes, and in regular order march down to the sea, passing over, and not around, any and every obstacle that may come in the way.

At the battle of Trafalgar, the heaviest gun used threw a projectile weighing only 32 pounds, which was 6.41 inches in diameter; the modern 110-ton gun uses a shell weighing 2,000 pounds of 16 inches diameter.

Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings-never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

THIS JOLLY ROUND WORLD.

The difference between the astronomer and the chorus girl is that one studies the stars and the other understudies them.-Philadelphia Record.

Fuddy-"They say you have a liking for Miss Spontel." Duddy-"Nonsense! The woman is insupportable." Fuddy -"That's just it. You won't have to support her. She's got enough for two." Boston Transcript.

"Under Gen. Weyler's supervision," remarked one Spanish statesman, "Cuba has produced a great many 'pacifica-tions!'" "Yes," replied another; "there's no denying that. But there is a great deal more money in cigars."-Washington Star.

"In Austria," she said, "nearly all the barbers are women." He looked up from his paper and shook his head doubtfully. "I wouldn't like it," he said at last. "It's bad enough to have prizefight news dinned into your ear when you're helpless, but it would be infinitely worse to have to hear all about the latest fashions."-Chicago Evening Post.

BE PROMPT.

Thank a person for a gift the day it Acknowledge an invitation for din-

ner luncheon the day it arrives. Thank your hostess for your visit the

day you return home. Either leave your card or write a note to a friend as soon as you hear that

friend is ill. Keep sufficient paper and envelopes on hand, so your notes can be written at once, and remember that a dainty note is the hallmark of good breeding.



In the following sermon Dr. Talmage shows us why we should not consider the entering into the next life as a disaster to be mourned, and uses this season

of the year and the husking of the His text is taken corn as a simile. from Job v. 26, "As a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Going at the rate of 40 miles the hour a few days ago, I caught this sermon If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that the corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Some time during the latter part of next month the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, wnich is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it ato the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corncrib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time! We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers or thrashing their arms around their bodies to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there are carnival and neighborhood reunion and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been queters. God, the father, with his reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh children all around him. No "goodin in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all granary and see the grain come in, about Indian maize, for there have out of the frosts into the sunshine, been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio. So I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming

in in his season." It is high time that the king of terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party, or, to use the sugges-

BLESSINGS OF DEATH. tion of my text # to only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corr cometh in in his season" Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeraprocession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view or the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

You remember that in the time of husking it was a neighboring reunion By the great fireplace in the winter. the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadow, and they came from beyond the brook and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of player have swept the chords.

The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a romantic ride along the edge of the city cemetery. There they come up! woods in an eventide, in a carriage They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides-from potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous.

> Now, in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banby" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping, and the twisting, and the wrenching, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth, into the wide open door of the king's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Yes, heaven a great sociable, with

> joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "No L" says some one stand

ing back under the galleries. Yes you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in 15 years before Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for 50 years filling ut his life with all kinds of wickedness Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Fortland, and you cannot expect to get to heaven by going in the opposite direction. Believe in the Lord, Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 200 acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but 30 acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span se frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference ir education, grat difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. Thy did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in. and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say: "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorifled songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too late or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. Cet down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been ent and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone -one summer night-she sat thinking and looking into a mirror fust in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying, "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night and I came to take them at whatever hazard, but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

Oh, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers 20 or 40 years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his sea-