## SPECIAL NOTICES

Small advertisements of every description, Want, Sale or Rent, Lost or Found, or their notices inserted under this head for one-half cent a word for one insertion and one-fourth cent a word each subsequent insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ten cents.



**A Note from the Editor.**

The editor of a leading state paper writes: If you had seen my wife last June and were to see her to-day you would not believe she was the same woman. Then she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headache. Bacon's Celery-King for the Nerves made her a well woman in one month. W. H. Herman, Troxelville; Middleswarth & Uish, McClure; H. A. Ebright, Altoe will give you a free sample package of this great herbal remedy. Large sizes 25c and 50c.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Mrs. Sarah Benfer late of Centre twp Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

WILLIAM BENFER,
Apr. 18, 1898. Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Letters of Administration in the estate of Geo. Kern, la'e of Middleburgh, Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

D. A. KERN,
G. M. MOATZ,
May 24, 1898. Adm'r.
Jacob Gilbert, Att'y.



## A JOYOUS RELIGION

Dr. Talmage does not advocate long faced Christians and in this sermon he speaks strongly in favor of healthful amusements.

The text is Judges xvi, 25: "And it came to pass when their hearts were merry that they said, 'Call for Sampson that he may make us sport.' And they called for Sampson out of the prison house and he made them sport."

There were 3,000 people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Sampson. They were all ready for entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried: "Fetch him out! Fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the lad who leads him: "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "And so it came to pass when their hearts were merry, that they said 'Call for Sampson that he may make us sport.' And they called for Sampson out of the prison house and he made them sport." In other words, there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed, body, mind and soul, by bad amusements and by good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermons you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical straitjackets or with that wholesale denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately.

Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unmeasured resources for sportfulness and frolic. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling block to the kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off 500 such men for one bright faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches 50 sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among 40 people whom I received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell, had seen the most visions and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful amusement. God means you to be happy. But when there are so many sources of innocent pleasure why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain side, all a-bloom with wild flowers and a-dash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of Cotopaxi?

Now, all opera houses, theatres, bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusement, good and bad, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain cardinal principles. First, you may judge of any amusement by its healthful result or baneful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post mortem examination of a flower. They never do anything more than feebly smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a paean of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the sides of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house. They are the people I like to have come to my house. Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a strong driver, and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further, those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you $100 or $1,000. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages, ladies whose lifetime it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankrutcies that shock the money market and appall the church and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. When men go into amusements that they cannot afford they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary.

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recuperation. There are Christian men who write hard things against their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them but an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation. But the day comes when the men who have exerted evil influence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene, the last day. Stage, the rocking earth. Enter dukes, lords, kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For gallery, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the heavens rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, the effort to serve the world and God at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage, some to the right, others to the left.

There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often have I had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg their boy off from the consequences of crimes that he had committed against his employer—the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangement of the accounts. I saw a wayward husband standing at the death bed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger and heard her say to her husband: "Do you see that ring?" He replied: "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, "do you remember who put it there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it there." And all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when in the presence of men and angels you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new house talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the excited hour when one life was spared and another given; by that sick bed, when the little one lifted up its hands and called for help and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in the cemetery that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where in its stories of heavenly love is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglect of the past and the agonies of the future; by a judgment day when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups will stand up to be caught up in shining array or to shrink down into darkness—by all that I beg you to give to home your best affections. I look in your eyes to-day and I ask you the question that Gehazi asked of the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?" God grant that it may be everlasting well!

Let me say to all young men your style of amusement will decide your eternal destiny. One night I saw a young man at a street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so that you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there, while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit. And there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street.

"Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wing over your pathway. I will lovingly escort you all through life. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep; your sweat when you toil; and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No! No!" said the bad angel, "come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows, daisied and primrosed. Come with me!"

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open.

Passed each portal there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth and the waves of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that at the start had tossed wine poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel: "What is that serpent?" And the answer was: "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that lion?" And the answer was: "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that vulture?" And the answer was: "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And when the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel: "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" And the answer was: "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night. I trusted it all and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha! Ha! You are here! Come now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!" Oh young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight in mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To hesitate is to die!



**Not Far from It.**

"He claims to be a southern planter."

"He doesn't look like one."

"He is, though. He is a Mobile undertaker."—N. Y. Evening Journal.

**Noncommittal.**

"Whar'd you git dat chicken, Mose?"

"Skuze me, Mandy; I can't tell a lie an' I don' wanter commit myself."—N. Y. Truth.

**Oh, Lost Youth.**

Warwick—Your son has no expensive habits, I believe.

Wickwire—He hasn't? That boy has had the bicycle sundry habit for over three years, and last month was exposed to the kodak habit. He's making the parlor over into a dark room now. —N. Y. Journal.