NEED OF SIMPLICITY, they were morally straight paths. They

Dr. Talmage Calls For a Return to the Old Ways.

Distractions of Modern 11% Tend to Load Away From Straight Paths - A Timely Note of Warning.

(Copyright, 1903, by Louis Kingson.) CHRUAGO, Sept. 27.-Amid the distractions and temptations of moders. life talk sormon utters a wanning cry a time to tail for a neturn to the simple ways and opright, homorable, Carlstum lives. The text is Jercaniali vi. 16, "Asi, for the old paths."

Most - more is the text's figure. simplicacy areself a homely brandy. It tracks of tourists. I never could see has in around of the woods. It what enjoyment there was for a sumis one of these sample similes of couns mer tourist to go to Paris and live try me many lanck to the weary city ov a chose feet have been loan as access to the hard paving ston s s over turf covered bills. and with sweet wild flow ved to walk in his childthem. It will do us good mersel of them this morning and or are any moral lessons we can any an un them. Sometimes the community incidents of everyday life have a see for those who will bear, Millet is everywhere ranked a the most famous artists. He tan I however his greatest lesson by mainting two ordinary everyit is pensants bending over held in an attitude of prayer. The "Ang in " immortal zed by Millet, was rung from a village church spire. His worship is were those who once lived in a hyrable poor man's home.

Robert Burns was the sweetest bard old Scotland ever cradled among the wild flowers of Ayr and lullabled to sleep by the murmuring waters of the "Bonnie Doon." Yet, with the band of a master, he played upon the silver chords of the grand old instrument of human love by singing one of his sweetest somes about a mouse's nest In the death of a four legged dumb brute Burns loosened the silent tongues of many a songster and songstress who have blended their voices in a chorus of praise at the sacred altars of domestic happiness. Jeremiah, among the greatest of the prophets, lamenting that his countrymen had deserted their God and disobeyed his laws, plends with them to avert the impending punishment by returning to him, and he employs this simple figure to portray their condition. He describes them as travelers lost upon the mountains of sin, bunting for a path which will lead them out of their moral difficulties. He spreams God as telling them to "ast: for it and maths, which is the good therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, "We will not walk therein." Jeromia points the right path leading to the or cold by using the land. ordin ry country p --

well-f regiments of flow- good man, a good woman. era. It is all ited entirely with violets, as the force heavens colored in blue, that which you once traveled when go Another bed books like a great collecting to Sunday school and to the church that of lengths flames. It is planted of your childhood. If that church was Another had books like a great colleconly is roses. It is very shaple. It is in the country, then there was poetry as sample in olers as a cardinal's robe. in your going. When the call of the It is a straple in colors as the setting village bell rang those notes would sun Another bed has the jaundiced press their way through the atmos fook of a Malay's skin. It is only phere like bubbles of air working their plance in golden glows. Another will war up from the bottom of a stream. be an amica bed, another a dablia, are other planted in white likes, another in your ear, as the bubbles come nearer geraniums. The horticulturistic genius and nearer to the surface of the wathrives post in the simplicity of colors, ters. Then with a happy laugh they From this sermonic bed I would plack would seem to burst. You would first t are id try to lead you over some of mother, brothers and sisters would all the mill matte which your foot have be crowded together in the one cartract a in the past, and in the leading ringe. My, there was a big load of you I would lead you to the foot of the who used to travel that road! No won-

toward the old homestead is the first under the heaviness of the load. would bid you to seek. That peth is the side of which was once builded your father's and mother's nurse y is today in all probability cov- you walked. You walked by the side ered up with underbrush.

But, come, let us take our axes today and clear away some of that rubbish. Let us explore the old path which once led up to the old homestead. Whom the anst settlers entered the 30 million we is they used to "blene and treas," at means that with their bey " id chop a noteh out of this to each that and the other tree as the, wen, along. Thus, if they sould not and it with place to settle in one direction, they would retrace their steps by these notches and start out in the woods from another direction. Well, these old paths which once led up to the homes of our childhood may not have been used for a quarter of a century, but they can be easily followed. Our parents "blazed" them all the way along.

As I follow these "blazings" I find were as straight as a die. Your father may not have had much money. In all probability you, as a farmer's boy, remember him for the most part clothed in overalls and a woolen shirt. But under that rough exterior there bent a heart as true as honesty itself. Looking back over the long years, you remember him traveling that "sirelisht path." You cannot think of one act your father ever did which was dishonorable.

Then, again, I further study the 'blazing" marks along the paths which led up to the home of our childhood. I find out that these paths were Christian paths and always led toward the throne of Ged. How do I know? Sim-I was in Europe I always, as far as possible, got away from the beaten with Americans in an American botel, and go to Rome and live with Americans in a hotel run there for Amer ienns, and go to Berlin and live with Americans in Berlin. When I so to Europe as far as possible I live there among the natives, and for the most part among the common people. Now, The old paths we can again and again, when I have turned my back upon European cities and climbed the unfrequented paths which lead over the mountains, I have been staffied with finding here a cross and there an altar. I would find these crosses and altars far, far away from any house or church. Then, as I have concealed myself among the trees and waited, I have seen weary peasants come along with great big packs strapped to their shoulders. Then I have seen them stop and look around to see their loss in the wanter of a country if any one was watching. Then I have seen them unstrap their burdens and lay them at the feet of the image of Christ and then and there kneel in prayer. Well, my friend, in going along the pathway which was "blazed" by your mother's brend knife and knitting needle, I come upon altars every where. I find that there was hardly a step that she took in life but she had a place where she could stop and kneel in prayer. And at every altar I find indentations in the rocks where she laid her burdens at the Saviour's feet.

And, oh, my friend, what a lot of burdens she had to lay upon her Saviour's breast in her journey of life! There was that awful burden of phys ical sickness. I do not know how you may remember your mother, but most of us think of mother when she was physically sick. She seemed to be so long dying. Now it was the pain in the head; now it was the disordered nerves. Then it was that long, long time, when e had a trained nurse. "How is I her today?" the younger children would ask, and we would answer, "Not very well, my dear; not very weil." I think one of the saddest and the most beautiful prayers my : er used to"make, in the last year and a half of her earthly exls once, was this: "O God, may my con never have to physically suf-

or as I have suffered." Yet, for the most part, our mothers lost their physleal health by living and doing for us. I so a little farther along this Chris Iways of common use at than path of your deed mother. I find who is the cases have the barden of her anxiety for the the desired investo tidals of their mother, first by perfuring her sitting and sowing for their nevent. It is a beautiful so let to on the young wife by the comman the forward today carry strains the little white gathern's for to require soon to cape. Our midand the east and planned for the epoll-The to health news and the fittle wardrobe weeks before will remind to the more born. They did it so that

are and residues, when they should lie down upon it beof a commists is not or suffering all taight to well to the area resulters like beds in little one's welcome. That is a beneath ers" I a Joseph's cont or ful vision. But, oh, to me it is a far are a many quilt. It is he more beautiful sight to see a yetta. 3.2 - designs simple wife upon her knees in prayer One of looks as though think of her praying to God that her t of sipine lake thing unborn child might grow up to be a

But there is another path to which

s sin ple and yet as beautiful would call your attention today. It be They would come nearer and nearer to and the sweet forgetmenots of tender hear those notes when you would be I like Jeremiah the prophet riding toward the town. Father and der the big springs of that family ve The old path which wound its way bicle used to bend and groan and creak If the path which you first traveled

to Sunday school was along the sidewalk of a city, then in all probability of your father or mother, because you were the youngest. Then your new shoes would squenk at every step. Those shoes kept new for a long while, because you were only allowed to wear them on Sunday. But as you rode or walked to that Sunday school and to your first church services a great change came over your family party. One of your sisters or brothers left your side and went up to the church altar. One by one they there gave their hearts to Christ and publicly confessed him at the communion table. After awhile your turn came. You can see yourself now as you came before the church session. You remember how the old minister wiped his glasses. He put his hand upon your shoulder and said: "My boy, why do you want to

join the church? Do you love Jesus? Will you prome to live for him and give your life to his service?" Then you remember the great big lump that stuck in your throat. You remember how between your sobs you said: "The reason I want to be a Christian is because my father and mother and brothers and sisters are all Christians. I want their Saviour to be mine. As we have a united family here I want an unbroken family circle in heaven." London house to an American guest, a Aged, gray haired man, that was a seautiful path over which you went to church for the first time. That was a holy drive you took on the morning some of the persons at table ate with you went to take your first communion.

There is still another path which you once trod. This path is fragrant with blossoms. Like the fabled trees of old, ple enough. Let me illustrate: When the heavy branches which line it are laden with silver bells. It is the path which once led up to your marriage altar. It is the path over which the fallen rice is strewn and where the narry language of the bridesmaids is trying o drown the joyful salutations of the wedding chimes. The blossoms which in this pathway are orange blossoms. he silver belis are those which oree played Mendelssohn's "Wedding Where did that path which ended at the marriage altar first lead you? "Oh," you answer, "It led me first among the briers and over the stony grounds. My courtship days se hand of my heart love. In the first lace, I was not socially her equal. Then I was penniless and had nothing to offer but my two hands and a willing heart. Then my life was not what ought to have been. But she had faith in me. I promised her to reform. went to church with her. I gave up drinking, and I promised her I would surrender my heart to Christ. And, do you know, the night she gave herself to me she made me kneel with her and we both made a prayer that God-would hear and help me keep my vows." Ah. ves, my brother, I know just how you feel when you think of that old path which led up to your marriage altar! When you took the trembling hand of that young girl in yours you truly felt that you wanted to be good. You promised God, then and there, for her sake as well as your own, to live a good, true, pure, noble, Christian life. Have you kept your vow? Are you willing to go to church with her now as you did when you were engaged to her? Are you helping her to set the right example before your childrenyour children and hers? Remember, man, you made a promise to her and to God on the night of your wedding. Will you seek the old path of conse crated love, which wound through the days of your courtship and ended on the night you took your heart love as a bride from her father's home?

But there is still one more path I want you to seek. That is the one which led down by the cradle of your children. When your first child was born, if you had the least spark of manhood in your makeup, you wanted to be a good man for your baby's sake Even the lowest form of human being feels the uplifting power when a child rifle in exchange for the carved ivory s horn to him.

Besides that, my brother, have you icans even of recent wealth do not go also tried to follow out that pledge you around the world selecting in the homes made to God in the night when your of their entertainers the bric-a-brac they haby was very sick? You well rememe should prefer to have displayed in their limit."-Chicago Post. er the grave faces of the physicians. be critic and surd, 200 God, if you will sake my taby well I pledge to you my future life." You well remember he pledge you unde to God on the buld your bully died. Neatly avery ne of us has had a child's death. The K tent her, is a far differn our burley. Have you kept that have you kept the pled a your ones led down to the cradles of your were rais a same and living children and now also leads shorts the occupy on and and used

But how are you going to find your way back to these old paths? Some of called, in property or rather, is you have been away from these paths | finding its part in the modern scheme for many years. You are lost, com-pletely lost. You will never that your pletely lost. You will never that your materially lost. I be possibly has unless you have a divine guide. The banded and are the true and conditions importance of a guide to one lost in late so much better understood that, the mountains of earth or of sm can even while a lead a day years, there never be overestimated. I remember, would be no rejustation of the disastrons some years ago, when bicycling through experiences known in earlier days. the mountains of West Virginia, we Thus shrivels the "Great American Dewere completely lost. We wandered sert" that was so conspicuous on the around and around until the sun sank and the twilight covered up her somber face with a black robe and hid herself in total darkness. We groped our way along, shuddering at the flendish yell of a screech owi and the glittering eyes that might be those of a prowling panther. After awhile we saw a dim ight in the distance. We struggled and be taken in. Then in the marning we were safe because our bost, as a guide, directed us on. Today, ye lost and wearled sinners, Christ is ready to be your guide. He will lead you out of the mountains of sin. He will lend you to the old paths which are all conthrone. Will you let him lead you? Will you let him pardon you? Will

you let Jesus save you? May the old paths of Christian love today become to you the new paths of Christian service. We have read that, in 1892, a party of men were encamped upon the battlefield of Pea Ridge, in northern Arkansas. While they were cooking their supper by the camp fire they exploded a buried twelve pound fired there out of a Federal gun on June 12, 1862, thirty years before. Would that this sermon, like that buried shell, might have an explosive power. May it awaken all the sweet and holy memories of the past-memories twenty, thirty, forty and even fifty years old-and start each one into a new Christian life. "Stand in the way The old paths!"

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. % Brown on every Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, 6. % Brown box. 25. A noble British lord complained in his

woman, that when he was entertained drink, and then-suicide!" America. in the United States their knives and others spilled the soup on the table cloth. "How unfortunate you were in your letters of introduction," tactfully and condolently replied his American guest. As the noble lord's letters of introduction were only to persons of wealth, it may as well be admitted that American money sometimes arrives so quickly that good breeding, which, it is assumed, always comes with titles and continuity of pretensions, are not invariably found in the homes of the Yankee rich. The noble lord was not ashaned to ridicula those whose hospitality he accepted, which is unother grade of manners different only in degree. In the house, of commons, according to the Chicago Chronicle, another grade has ere not all sunshine. For a long time just come out, illustrative of the manners did not know whether I could win, of both guest and host under picture sque circumstances. The governor general of India, Lord Curzon, was a guest in the palace of the maharajah of Benares whose carved ivory furniture was long the pride of the province and the glory of its ruler. Carved white ivory furniture subsequently appeared in the London house of Lord Curzon and was recognized as having been seen in the palace where the governor general had been a guest. Embarrassing questions were publicly asked and remained mystifyingly unanswered. The enormous money value of such furniture, the rapidly disappearing material and the years of genius spent on the carving caused the matter to expand in various accusations against the governor general. Similar episodes in earlier years of British rule in India were revived. The maharajah has come to the rescue of his guest. He writes for publication that three days after the departure of his superior, the governor general, he received a letter from an agent of the governor general to the effect that "a few ivory chairs" in the rooms occupied by his late guest had attracted the attention of the governor general. They corresponded to some already in his possession. Would the maharajah part with them at a reasonable price? According to oriental etiquette the expressed wish of a guest is equivalent to a command upon the host. The host wrote that it would be repugnant to him to accept a price, but as a gift under the circumstances-that is, from an inferior to a superior-is forbidden in India by rules of the house of commons the host suggested a compromise. He would take a

ent one from that Beit. man higher the big called the lown to the genves of your dead ha the correspondence of a line and subset Coclaration of the solution region, so maps in the old geographics. Fifty years hence it will seem as mythical as Shakespeare's "Coast of Bohemia."

American palaces. They walt until they

find it in the nuction reems. Then they

are cheerfully swindled in the price.

Connecticut by an act of the last legislature prohibits the sale in that state of shares in mining and oil corporations wherever organized until on until we could knock at that house such corporations have filed with the secretary of state a sworn statement regarding the location and financial and physical condition of the property and the amount of cash expended thereon. A fee of \$25 must accompany the statement. This law proceeds upon verging into the one Christian path the assumption that a mining or oil that leads to the foot of the heavenly scheme is guilty until proved innocent, and that is not a very unujst assumption, either. Legitimate enterprises of the kind will probably regard it with decided favor.

Ernest Buch, a waiter of Duluth, has fallen heir to \$23,000 left him by a relative in Germany, but cannot return to that country to claim the inheritance because he once told a funny story about Parrott cannon shell which had been the kaiser. That was some eight years ago, when Buck was an army lieutenant. He told the story at a mess dinner and a brother officer advised him to flee at once, otherwise he would be called to account for lese majeste. Buch left immediately for this country, thereby escaping punishment, but he aggravated his original offense by desertion. Hence and see and ask for the old paths! he will not return to his native land until assured of royal forgiveness.

A Change for the Better. "Farewell, them," he cried, melodramatically, "you will regret your refusal of my proffered love. I shall take to At the NEW STORE Sundary

To Cure a Cold in One Day

"Oh, don't say that!" the fair giri "I am resolved," he said. "I shall not

change my plans unless-" "Oh, change them just a little. I should hate to think I drove you to drink; try suicide first."-Philadelphia

The Way of the World.

First Tramp-Weary Willie stole an auto an' run over a man an' killed him! Second Tramp-Wot did dey do to

First Tramp-Fined him ten dollars fer killin' de man an' give him ten years fer stealin' de auto. - Judge.

A Bunting Expedition.

-Washington Star.

Although he got no game at all, He felt quite lucky in the end. By no stray builet did he fall, Nor did he shout same trusting friend.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.



Teacher-Now this will hurt me more than it will you.

Willie-Den let me do de wallopin' .-N. Y. Times.

Optical Illusion. A maid got a speck in her eye, And at once proceeded to creye. "Dear," said Jack, "I've no doubt I can kiss the thing oubt."
"All right," sobbed the maid. "You may treye!"

-Chicago Tribune.

No Harm Done. "It must burt a man's credit to wipe out his debts by going through bank-

chairs. It may be allowed that Amer- ruptcy." "Oh, it may in some cases, but the wise man doesn't go through bankruptcy until he has worked his credit to the

Hard Conditions.

"Bon't yez open yer mout', Flanagan, or Oi'll bate yer head aff, an' if yez kape sittin' there t'inkin' evil The new which belt, equathe Kansas t'oughts av me an' sayin' niver a correspondent of a financial newspa- wur-rd, it's a uppercut in th' jaw OFII let yez hov."-N. Y. Times,

The Lesser Evil.

The Daughter-But, mamma, if 1 range to God on the old path water yields in 1 1 The Stark alg crops marry for money, I am afraid I will get some one I don't like.

The Mother-But that isn't half so had as marrying some one you do like who's poor,-Brooklyn Life.

Showing Her Hand.

"A girl may succeed in concealing her plans for a long while," remarked the observer of events and things, "but when she gets her first engagement ring she's always willing to show her hand." Yonkers Statesman.

Dend Givenway.

"Uncle Henry," said little Robert, "do you absorb water?" "How absurd!" replied Uncle Henry.

"Do you think I am a towel?" "No, but pa said you were a sponge."-

Chicago Daily News.

Some People Did. Skids-Did your friend, Chesterius

McRanter, the tragedian, enjoy his vacation? Scads-I can't say as to whether he

Factional Animosity.

enjoyed it or not, but the public did .-

Ward Heeler-Do you hate the opposite party?

Zealous Voter-Hate it! I hate it almost as badly as I do the other faction of my own party.-Baltimore

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