

MIRIAM'S DEVOTION.



The character of the sister of Moses forms the subject from which Dr. Talmage draws a lesson of the love that should exist for a brother. The text is Exodus ii, 4.

"And his sister stood afar off to wit what would be done to him."
Princess Thermutis daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only passenger and that a baby boy. But the Mayflower that brought the pilgrim fathers to America, carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus, tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny and Herodotus and Thesophrastus. "Kill all the Hebrew children born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her boy, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister Miriam stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank—Miriam the postess, Miriam the quick witted, Miriam the faithful, though very human, for in after time she demonstrated it.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found there might in a sudden plunge of thirst sink it. Some ravenous water-fowl might swoop out and pick its eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodile or rushes might crunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing house. When from the lattice she saw that boat, she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened and would not even let the princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother. Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to pacify the child. Consent is given, and she brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incognito, none of the court knowing that she was the mother. And when Jochebed arrived the child stopped crying for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant and strategic sister.

"Go home," some one might have said to Miriam, "Why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian? Go home!" No, Miriam, the sister, more lovingly watched and bravely defended Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and courage? Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so much involved in the arrival of any ship at any port as in the landing of the papyrus boat calked with bitumen! Its one passenger was to be a nonesuch in history—lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conqueror, deliverer. He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that, Josephus says, when he was carried along the road people stopped to gaze at him and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the king playfully put his crown upon this boy, he threw it off indignantly and put his foot on it.

The king, fearing that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend, the king ordered two bowls to be put before the child one containing rubies and the other burning coals, and if he took the coals he was to live and if he took the rubies he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer and the Red Sea parted to let 2,500,000 people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on a strangulated host.

His life so unutterably grand, his burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint nor archangel have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left his throne in heaven one day, and if the question was asked, "Whither is the King of the Universe going?" the answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear, and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought, and yonder the mountains Hermon and Lebanon and Gerizim and the hills of Judea, and the village of Bethlehem there, and the city of Jericho yonder and the vast stretch of landscape that almost took the old lawgiver's breath away as he looked at it. And then without a pang as I learn from the statement that the eye of Moses was undimmed and his nature force unabated, God touched the great lawgiver's eyes and they closed, and his heart and it stopped, and command

of saying, "To the skies thou immortal spirit!" And then one divine hand was put against the back of Moses and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver, lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave and placed in a crypt, and one stroke of the divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies, at which God did all the offices of priest and undertaker and gravedigger and mourner, were ended.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made watertight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger. Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs; for Princess Thermutis of the bathing house would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for faithful sisterhood! For how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister?

Miriam was the eldest of the family; Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back waterfowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God, and a brighter princess than Thermutis should lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an unfair name, but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last—the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for 6,000 years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers because the older brother rose to the leadership when the father lay down to die. Whatever you do for your brothers will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you nature. If you, by patience with his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent raillery, but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand damage only the body, but teasing is the torn and the knife scratching and till the blood spurts, for that would lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret or by a suggestive look or a guffaw or an "Ahem!" Tease! Tease! For mercy's sake, quit it. Christ says "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderer.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because

her brother gets more honor or more means.

Even Miriam, the heroine of the text, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and not only so but marries a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he had married at all, and next because he had practiced miscegenation, that she is drawn into a frenzy, and then begins to turn white and gets white as a corpse and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk—the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer that brings her restoration. Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy either to sit or stand. It is a leprous abomination. Your brother's success, O sisters, is your success! His victories will be your victories. For while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam the sister, with two sheets of shining brass uplifted and glittering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frightened neigh of pursuing calvary horse was smothered in the wave and the last Egyptian helmet went under.

How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together, and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarrelling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle. Better, when you were little children in the nursery, that with your play-house mallets you had accidentally killed each other fighting across your cradle than that having come to the age of maturity and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

If you only knew it, your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayor Anselm Rothschild was about to die, in 1812, he gathered his children about him—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—and made them promise that they would always be united on change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their scepter nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much, on a large scale and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object it be doing good and making salutary impression and raising this sunken world, how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part and brother will do his part. If Miriam, will lovingly wash the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprous disasters strike.

General Bauer of the Russian cavalry had in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine he invited a plain miller and his wife who lived near by and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said, "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother, whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer and how warm was the embrace!

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grouchy and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong. That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam. Miriam, this is Moses." Add 75 per cent to your present appreciation of each other and when you kiss good morning do not stick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—7 o'clock, 8 o'clock, 9 o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home!" As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of lightning and a deafening roar overcame him. But after awhile he saw in the distance a lantern, and, lo, his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother, who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him and for a long time supper had been waiting. So may it be when the night of death comes and our earthly friends cannot go with us, and we dare not go alone; may our brother, our elder brother, our friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promise, which shall be a lantern to our feet, and then we will go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb!

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in the history of the Clothing Business in Central Pennsylvania. Never before have such suits been sold for less than half again as much. When in Sunbury, stop at
AT BROSIOUS BROS'.

WEST BEAVER.
L. A. Jenkins rented a farm, and expects planting it in onions. F. F. Swinford moved to Siglerville Millin County last week, we lose a good neighbor and an obliging man what is our loss is Millin County's gain. Henry Knepp was here to pilot the moving to its destination, Frank Ewing harrowed snow under with his oats last week and contends it is as good as phosphate if not too cold. Assessor Middleswarth has been around to find out how many men in W. B. are fit and willing for war. Here reports all fit and ready to go. Some claim they are not fit but will send their old muskets. The Lowel store expects to close out business, by the first day of May. P. W. Treaster was home from Millin County and spent Sunday with his family. We have some parties that are not very well posted in history, as they wanted to know if Uncle Sam belonged to us or the other fellows. A green Easter, what then? James Peters daughters spent Easter Sunday at Lowel with their father.

KREAMER.
The farmers in this section are busily engaged in plowing. Our enterprising young merchants A. C. Smith and J. E. Magee are in the city this week buying in their summer supplies. N. P. Hummel, our assessor, was busily engaged in canvassing the township last week. Isaac Sauer and family now reside in the home formerly occupied by Mrs. Henry Wetzel. Galen Kramer rode to Sunbury on his wheel on Friday. Geo. Gordon of Shamokin was home over Sunday. Mrs. Geo. Aurand is on the sick list. John Roush and family of Sunbury moved to this place last week. Jacob Lauver's house makes a nice appearance since it received a new coat of paint. The Cuban question is the topic of the day. It is rather interesting to hear the arguments that are up in some of the stores in the evenings. Mrs. S. A. App and Mrs. James Row and daughter of Selingsgrove spent Easter afternoon with their parents at this place.

MIDDLECREEK.
Our farmers are busy plowing for their Spring crops, very little oats has yet been sown. Geo. and Samuel Seigler of Painter were callers in our village last week. The sale of T. E. Reitz last Saturday was well attended and fair prices realized. We are sorry to state that through financial embarrassment H. W. Ullsh was compelled to appoint assignees. It is however expected that the resources are ample to cover all the liabilities. Baer and Ullsh will make an addition of 500 trees to their already large orchard. The Easter exercises at the St. Paul's Lutheran church on Sunday afternoon were well rendered. Mrs. Hettie Mitchell was off visiting a few days last week. Mrs. Moses Krebs is still on the sick list. A. H. Ullsh of Middleburg was circulating on our streets one day last week. A. A. Ullsh is having a coat of paint put on his building. Chas. Herbster is putting up all new fences and painting his buildings white, which makes quite an improvement to his property. Harry Wagner moved into A. A. Ullsh's house, which the latter recently purchased at sheriff's sale.

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FREEBURG.
Wm. Charles our oldest citizen aged 91 yrs. 7mo. 16 da. died last Friday afternoon. John Ritz and wife Mrs. Speck, of Elizabethville attended the funeral of father Charles. The Y. P. S. C. E. held an interesting joint meeting in the church Easter Sunday evening. Annie J. Moyer of Allentown Female College is enjoying Easter vacation at her home in Freeburg. The horse sale was well attended, bidding was lively. Horses were sold ranging in price from \$65 to \$126 averaging \$84. Another sale will be held in two weeks. Rev. Druckenmiller held communion services on last Sunday in March, Rev. Haas last Sunday when eleven new members were admitted. Both services were largely attended. A birthday party was held at the home of P. B. Moyer in honor of the daughter, Ella, last Wednesday evening. Mrs. J. S. Pawling of West Milton visited the parental home of Prof. Wm. Moyer. She is pleasant and sociable, and always brings sunshine with her visits. Bernadot, a vigorous little nephew, accompanied her. J. C. W. Bassler and Prof. Boyer transacted business at the county seat several days last week. Botdorf and Moyer of our place are running their saw mill on full time near Meiserville. They manufacture shingles, boards and all kinds of building materials. They also have building materials in their yard at Freeburg.

SELINGSGROVE.
Mrs. Frank Schoch entertained the daughter of the Revolution Monday evening at which time a gold spoon as a souvenir was presented to Mrs. Frank Gregory, she being the daughter of Richard Knight who entered the Revolutionary war when 12 years old as a drummer boy. The base ball team of Susquehanna university defeated the Bucknell team at Lewisburg on Saturday by the score 7-8. Mrs. John Gilbert (nee Keeley) died on Monday morning. Mrs. Harry Laudenslager is spending a few days at Herndon with her parents, Mr. P. Keiser's. Mrs. A. D. Carey and Miss Lottie Eby returned from Phila. with a large stock of spring millinery goods. Many students of Susquehanna University took advantage of the Easter vacation granted them by the faculty in visiting home. Old Mrs. Kinney of the East End died on Sunday evening. Easter services were rendered by the Sunday School on Sunday evening in the Ltn church. Mrs. Mary Miller of Williamsport is being entertained by her mother, Mrs. Gardner.

Her Luck.
"It is work, work, work continually, and I never don't get no rest," said the farmer's wife complainingly as she placed another piece of pie before the minister.
"But you forget that you will have rest some day," he said, soothingly.
"Not for me, not for me," she answered, drearily. "Whenever I die there is sure to be a resurrection the very next day."—N. Y. World.

Johnny's Hands.
Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school.
Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes'm.
Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?
Johnny—I carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an' an' th' whole page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.—N. Y. Weekly.

In the Swim.
No declaration of his love? Could she by art entice; But when they both a-swimming were, She swam 'twixt the sea.

MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.

Corrected weekly by our merchants.

Butter	14
Eggs	10
Onions	10
Lard	10
Tallow	10
Chickens per lb.	10
Turkeys	10
Side	10
Shoulder	10
Ham	10
Wheat	10
Rye	10
Potatoes	10
Old Corn	10
Oats	10
Bran per 100 lbs.	10
Middlings	10
Chop	10
Flour per bbl.	10

WHY?
"Embroidered hand on Tom Cosh has 930, but melleth fibere ravel w' an unan ab ejans colist unfrunw' l'it semelien."
THERE YOU HAVE it, Clear as Mud.

The original of the above, written with a pen, when deciphered was seen to be only an order for a type-writer. It reads: "Enclosed find draft on New York for \$20 for which please send me once one of your latest improved type-writers."
He is purchasing a machine none too soon, you say. **HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?** You may not write so poorly as he does, and your letters may not be illegible, but a type-writer communication has a business-like appearance which a pen-written one has not.

That's Why
You should use a type-writer. That it does the same work as the so-called "Standard" machines, costs but \$20.00, and is giving satisfaction to 25,000 users is why
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Prices the Lowest.
We lead; others follow.
Lace Curtains a Specialty.
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Middleburg, Pa.

UNION TWP.
R. W. Witmer and wife of Herndon were spending Easter Sunday on this side of the river. The Keiser's Sunday school was organized on Sunday with the following officers: Supt., G. M. Houser; Asst. Supt., S. J. Stroub; Secretary, Joe Walborn; Treas., E. Longacre. R. S. Aucker is attending college at Selingsgrove. Wm. Spangle came home after spending the winter in Franklin county. Jacob Stauffer took logs to the saw mill the measured 7 feet in diameter. L. Schaffer of Pallas is travelling salesman for a Big Indian medicine company. Union twp. stands second to none for fires. We lead. Others follow. A. S. Seckler took charge of the P. O. at Verdill on April 1 '98. Joseph Schreyer and daughter Lizzie of Lycoming Co. spent Easter with his brother here.