

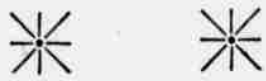
# BROSIOUS BROS.

## Undersell Them All

And only offer Clothing that is new, bright, up-to-date and of the Finest Quality in quantities such as has never been shown outside the large cities.

**\$3.19**  
WILL BUY  
**A MAN'S SUIT**

and every one is of the latest pattern, and the price does not affect the nobbiness in the least. These suits would be sold by other dealers at not less than \$5.00.



**98c**  
Is all We ask for  
**A BOY'S SUIT**

make Reefer style, of mixed cloth, sizes 5 to 16 years. Last year we sold more than 500 of the same style but not as good. We have the first shipment of 800 suits which we expect to sell at this price.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN requests have reached us for Samples. We would like to hear from at least One Thousand. Write at once to

**BROSIOUS BROS.,**  
**SUNBURY, PA.**

### MARRIED.

At the residence of Urali Fessler, Peans Creek, Snyder county, by Rev. Sidney Kohler, Franklin Coles of Montoursville and Ella Spangler.

Apr. 9th, at the Lutheran parsonage, Adamsburg, by Rev. B. F. Kautz, John A. Kearns, of Beaver town, and Ellic Aurand, of Beaver Springs.

At the Methodist parsonage, Lewistown, by Rev. M. L. Smysor, John Huffangle, of Lewistown and Carrie Kline, of Wagner.

Apr. 18, by Dr. J. R. Dimm, Daniel R. Seesholtz and Lucy J. Taborau.

Apr. 13, by Rev. W. E. Brillhart, at Port Trevorton, Dr. J. E. Beger, of McKees and Cora Agnes Wildt of Bochmann, Mich.

Apr. 19, by J. C. Gaugler, J. P., at Shamokin Dam, Charles W. Frynair of Shamokin Dam and Christie J. Kern of Sunbury.

May 15, by Rev. W. A. Haas, H. C. Hendricks and Lizzie M. Jarrett, both of Monroe township.

### DIED

April 10, in Selinsgrove, Mrs. J. F. Gilbert, second daughter of Z. S. Keely and wife, aged 44 years 3 mo. and 24 days.

April 10 in Selinsgrove, Mrs. Kinney, relict of Edward Kinney, aged 77 years. Interment Wednesday.

April 9, near Middleburg, Moses Fry, by his own hand, aged 64 yrs.

April 11, near Freeburg, Jonas Kissinger, a well known resident of Flint Valley, aged 82 yrs. 10 mo. and 22 days.

March 30, in Bristol, Ind., Mrs. Catherine Rine, a daughter of Geo. Apple, born in Freeburg, 17, 1885 hence aged 63 years.

April 11, at New Holland, Lancaster County, Rev John Kohler, D. D., a native of near Richfield, Pa. aged about 81 years.

### KREAMER.

James Snyder is riding a new wheel. Robbers were in J. E. Magee's store Tuesday night of last week. They gained entrance by the rear door by drilling a piece out of the door. They stole tools from J. J. Mitchell's shop by breaking in through a window. They stole shoes, clothing and hams, the work was apparently that of tramps. A. C. Smith and J. E. Magee returned from the city with a fine supply of summer goods. S. A. App and wife were the guests of A. C. Smith's on Sunday. Wm. Snyder was in Selinsgrove last Thursday between trains. John Kinney and wife of Salem were the guests of J. F. Walter's on Sunday.

### Letter from Mr. Gift.

LINCOLN, NEB., Apr. 8, 1898.  
Geo. W. Wagenseller,  
Ed. Middleburg Post.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find my check for \$1.25 which according to your special published new rate will pay for the Post one year. I feel greatly interested in the forthcoming history of Snyder Co. which you propose to publish in the Post. This alone ought to bring you many new subscribers, and the advantages of your special low rate to subscribers is a double inducement. I venture to say it will bring you many hundred new subscribers.

I am also very well pleased to see the effort made by our historical society of Snyder Co. It is certainly a move in the right direction; a beginning should have been made years ago, but it is never too late to preserve of what history we still possess, and will be able to hand over to future generations and interest the present. Were I at home, I would gladly lend a helping hand. I might be able to assist to some extent, as I am in possession of genealogical manuscripts gathered some years ago. In conclusion I can only say to my old friends, "Go on with the good work, in such a way that we may be able to tell future generations what the past and present has been doing, of its success and of its failures, of its pleasures and sorrows and of its hope for a future world."

Very truly yours,  
A. K. GIFT.

John Hepner.

On Saturday evening about seven o'clock John Hepner, a highly respected citizen of Washington township, breathed his last having attained the age of 64 years. He was twice married his first wife having died about 8 or 10 years ago. His second wife was a Mrs. Ritter. Mr. Hepner leaves a widow and one daughter Lizzie, married to D. F. Womer at Mt. Pleasant Mills, this county. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning of this week.

Nearly all the citizens of the vicinity of Shiner's church on Chestnut Ridge have signed a petition to the Post Office department to establish a new post office in that neighborhood. The mail of that section is said to be very heavy and under these conditions the department will probably answer the petitioners favorably. The matter has been referred to Congressman Mahon who will leave no stone unturned to secure the object of their desires.

If the post office is established George A. Kauffman will probably be the first postmaster.

### BICYCLES \$17.50, ON TIME OR CASH.

Don't buy a Bicycle until you have our Catalogue.

Special price to the first purchaser in every town. Bright young men and women wanted to distribute our circulars among prospective buyers. Address quick.

AMERICAN MACHINE CO.  
MANUFACTURERS  
BOX XXX. COLUMBUS, O.

### MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.

Corrected weekly by our merchants.

Butter	14
Eggs	69
Onions	4
Lard	4
Tallow	4
Chickens per lb.	6
Turkeys	9
Side	6
Shoulder	8
Ham	0
Wheat	92
Rye	45
Potatoes	60
Old Corn	29
Oats	26
Bran per 100 lbs.	75
Midlings	75
Chop	85
Flour per bbl.	9 00

### Obituary.

Verdilla Jane, wife of George Irving Reichenbach, and daughter of William Carwell, and his wife Louis, was born April 7th 1861, died April 2 1898, aged 36 years 11 mo. 26 ds.

She suffered for many years with consumption, Her last illness was protracted for 17 weeks, when she was converted on her sick bed, and died more than a conqueror in the faith of her Saviour. Shortly before she died, she called her husband and children to her bedside and requested of them to promise her to become converted, and to meet her in Heaven. She extended a farewell hand to all who called to see her, and admonished all to make preparation for eternity. She was a great desire to depart and be with her Saviour. Her father, who sacrificed his life in the war of the Rebellion for the freedom and liberty of his country. 1 brother, 1 sister and 4 infant children preceded her to the spirit world. The bereaved husband, 3 children her mother, and father and mother-in-law who so tenderly cared for her, 1 brother, 4 sisters and a large circle of friends are left to mourn her loss. But their loss is her eternal gain. The writer preached the funeral sermon in the U. B. church at Port Trevorton Pa, from Rev. 3-5. Interment in the Zion's U. B. cemetery. X

RESISTANCE TO THE ENEMY  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS  
IN ALL COUNTRIES

### GOD'S GREAT GIFT.



Dr. Talmage explains of the wonders of the ear and how the Divine Master has not given us more than He possesses Himself and that His ear is never closed to the appeals of His people. The text is Psalms 94:9. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

Architecture is one of the most fascinating arts, and the study of Egyptian, Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Renaissance styles of building has been to many a man a sublime life work. Lincoln and York cathedrals, St. Paul's and St. Peter's and arch of Titus and Theban temple and Alhambra and Parthenon are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful than any arch they ever lifted or any transept window they ever illumined or any Corinthian column they ever crowned or any Gothic cloister they ever elaborated is the human ear.

Among the most skillful and assiduous physiologists of our time have been those who have given their time to the examination of the ear and the study of its arches, its walls, its floor, its canals, its aqueducts, its galleries, its intricacies, its convolutions, its divine machinery, and yet it will take another thousand years before the world comes to any adequate appreciation of what God did when He planned and executed the infinite and overmastering architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible, and the microscope breaks down in the attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, next door to the immortal soul.

Such scientists as Helmholtz and Conte and De Blainville and Rank and Buck have attempted to walk the Arabian way of the human ear, but the mysterious pathway has never been fully trodden but by two feet—the foot of sound and the foot of God. Three ears on each side the head—the external, the middle ear, the internal ear—but all connected by most wonderful telegraphy.

The external ear in all ages was adorned by precious stones or precious metals. The temple of Jerusalem partly built by the contribution of earrings, and Homer in the "Iliad" speaks of Hera, "the three bright drops, her glittering gems suspended from the ear," and many of the adornments of modern times were only copies of her ear jewels found in Pompeii and museum and Etruscan vase. But while the outer ear may be adorned by human art, the middle and the internal ears are adorned and garnished only by the hand of the Lord Almighty. The stroke of a key of yonder organ sets the air vibrating, and the external ear catches the undulating sound and passes it on through the bonelets of the middle ear to the internal ear, and the 3,000 fibres of the human brain take up the vibration and roll the sound on into the soul. The hidden machinery of the ear by physiologists, called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, something to strike; like the anvil, something to be smitten; like the stirrup of the saddle with which we mount the steed; like the drum beaten in the march; like the harp strings, to be swept with music. Colled like a "small shell," by which one of the innermost passages of the ear is actually called; like a stairway, the sound to ascend; like a bent tube of a heating apparatus, taking that which enters round and round; like a labyrinth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bewilderment. A muscle contracting when the noise is too loud, just as the pupil of the eye contracts when the light is too glaring. The external ear is defended by wax which with its bitterness discourages insect invasion. The internal ear, imbedded in what is far the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance.

The ear, so strange a contrivance that by the estimate of one scientist it can catch the sound of 73,700 vibrations in a second. The outer ear taking in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche or the hum of a bee. The sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another divine mechanism passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and, coming to the inner door of that second ear, the sound has no power to come farther until another divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner ear, and then the sound comes to the rail track of the brain branchlet and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection, "Thus far and no farther."

In this vestibule of the palace of the soul how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of lifelong study and got no farther than the vestibule! Mysterious home of reverberation and echo. Grand Central depot of sound. Headquarters to which there come quick dispatches, part the way by cartilages, part the way by air, part the way by bone, part the way by nerve—the slowest dispatch plunging into the ear at the speed of 1,090 feet a second. Small instrument of music on which is played all the music you ever heard, from the grandeur of an August thunderstorm to the softest breathings of a flute. Small instrument of music, only a quarter of an inch of surface and the thickness of one-two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch, and that thickness divided into three layers. In that our musical staff, lines, spaces, bar

and rest. A bridge leading from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seeing the abutment at this end the bridge, but the fog of an unlifted mystery hiding the abutment on the other end and the bridge. Whispering gallery of the soul. The human voice is God's echo to the ear. That voice capable of producing 17,592,186,044,415 sounds, and all that variety made, not for the recreation of beast or bird, but for the human ear.

About fifteen years ago, in Venice, lay down in death one whom many considered the greatest musical composer of the century. Struggling on up from six years of age, when he was left fatherless, Wagner rose through the obloquy of the world, and oftentimes all nations seemingly against him, until he gained the favor of a king and won the enthusiasm of the opera houses of Europe and America. Struggling all the way on to seventy years of age to conquer the world's ear. In that same attempt to master the human ear and gain supremacy over this gate of the immortal soul, great battles were fought by Mozart, Gluck and Weber, and by Beethoven and Meyerbeer, by Rossini and by all the roll of German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear—fought with baton, with organ pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-piston, with all ivory and brass and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra; royal theatre and cathedral and academy of music the fortresses for the contest for the ear. England and Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez Canal, and the Spartans and the Persians fought for the defile at Thermopylae, but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the auditory canal and the defile of the immortal soul and the Thermopylae of struggling cadences.

For the conquest of the ear Haydn struggled on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oratorio of the "Creation" performed, he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 118 symphonies, 163 pieces for the baritone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment and 1,636 pages of libretti. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the "small shell" lying on the beach of the ocean of the immortal soul.

To conquer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul Schubert composed his great "Serenade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a restaurant, and went on until he could leave as a legacy to the world over a thousand magnificent compositions in music. To conquer the ear and take this gate of the immortal soul's castle Mozart struggled through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Requiem" and the "G Minor Symphony" was crunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is eptaphic.

How surpassingly sacred the human ear! You had better be careful how you let the sound of blasphemy or uncleanness step into that holy of holies. The Bible says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the priest. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both ears, and on the arches of the ears, on the mastoid cells of the ear, on the tympanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside ear clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down into the unfathomable depths of the immortal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull ears," and of "uncircumcised ears," and of "itching ears," and of "rebellious ears," and of "open ears," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and yet who seem to be deaf, for it cries to them, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, one day met a man who was deaf, came up to him and put a finger on the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient and put a finger of the left hand into the orifice of the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, and startled the bonelets, and with a voice that rang clear through into the man's soul cried, "Ephthatha!" and the inflamed growths gave way, and that man who had not heard a sound for many years that night heard the wash of the waves of Galilee against the limestone shelving. To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, when the apostle Peter got mad and with one slash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus into the dust Christ created a new external ear for Malchus corresponding with the middle ear and the internal ear that no sword could clip away.

And to show what God thinks of the ear we are informed of the fact that in the millennial June which shall reseat all the earth the ears of the deaf will be unstopped, all the vascular growths gone, all deformation of the listening organ cured, corrected, changed. Every being on earth will have a hearing apparatus as perfect as God knows how to make it, and all the ears will be ready for that great symphony in which all the musical instruments of the earth shall play the accompaniment, nations of earth and empires of heaven mingling their voices, together with the deep bass of the sea and the alto of the woods, and the tenor of winds and the baritone of the thunder,

"Hallelulah!" singing up meeting "Hallelulah!" descending. Oh, yes, my friends, we have been looking for God too far away from looking for him close by and in our own organism! We go up into the salvatory and look through the scope and see God in Jupiter and in Saturn and God in Mars, but could see more of Him through the microscope of an aurist. No man satisfied with only one residence in France it has been St. Cloud, Versailles and the Tuilleries, and Great Britain it has been Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne. A ruler not always prefer the larger. King of earth and heaven may have larger castles and greater palaces, I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ear. The heaven of heavens contain Him, and yet He says He is a room to dwell in a contrite heart, I think, in a Christian ear.

We have been looking for God in infinite—let us look for him in the finitesimal. God walking the cord of the ear, God speaking along the ditry nerve of the ear, God dwelling in the ear to hear that which comes from the outside, and so near the ear and the soul he can hear all that the pipes there.

Are you ready now for the quest of my text? Have you the endurance to bear its overwhelming suggestion? Will you take hold of some ear and balance yourself, under planted the ear, shall he not hear? Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sound of the world Himself not be able to set up song and groan and blasphemy worship? Does he give us a faculty which he has not himself? Dr. Kinney and Gruber and Toyne invented an accumulator and other instruments which to measure and examine the ear and do these instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Jupiter of Crede was represented in stutuary and paid as without ears, suggesting that that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our ears have ears. "His ears are open to cry. The Bible intimates that workmen on Saturday night do not strike their wages. Their complaint usually strikes the ear of God. "The ears that reapeath hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." God hear that peer girl last night as she threw herself on the bunk in the city dungeon and at the midnight, "God have mercy!" you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when 15 years she was sick with scarlet fever, her mother heard her when at night she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

When a soul prays, God does not bolt upright until the prayer trembles immensity and climbs to his ear. Bible says he bends clear over more than one place Isaiah said bowed down his ear. In more than one place the psalmist said he inclined ear, by which I come to believe God puts his ear so close down to our lips that he can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away up there; it is God away down here, up, so close up that when you pray him it is not more a whisper than the kiss. Ah, yes, he hear the sigh and the splash of the empty tear, and the dying syllables of shipwrecked sailor driven on the shores, and the infant's "Now I lay down to sleep" as distinctly as hears the fortissimo of brazen bells in the Dusseldorf festival, as easily he hears the salvo of artillery of the 13 squares of English troops and all their batteries at once at Water. He that planted the ear can hear.

Just as sometimes an entranced strain of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, just as a sharp cry of pain I heard while passing through Bethlehem hospital clung to my ear for weeks, and just as a horrid blasphemy in street sometimes haunts one's ears days, so God not only hears, but he hears the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the blasphemy. How we all wondered at the phonograph, which holds not only the words you utter but the very tones of your voice that 100 years from now, that instrument turned, the very words you utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Amazing phonograph! But more wonderful is God's power to hold, to retain.

Better take that organ away from sound. Better take it away from gossip, from all slander, from all untruth, from all bad influence of association. Better put it to rest to church, to philharmonic. Better that ear under the blessed tones of Christian hymnology. Better to create it for time and eternity by who planted the ear. Rousseau, infidel, fell asleep amid his sleep manuscripts lying all around the ear and in his dream he entered heaven and heard the song of the worship and it was so sweet he asked what it meant. The angel said, "This is the paradise of God, and the ear you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the musical music Rousseau awakened up in the midnight and, as well as could, wrote down the strains of music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "The Songs of Redeemed." God grant that he not be to you and to me an empty dream, but a glorious reality. We come to the night of death and lie down to our last sleep, and our ears really be awakened by the tones of the heavenly temple, and the anthems and the carols and the demologies that shall climb the ladder of that heavenly gate.