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WORDS OF COMFORT.

Riches of Widowhood Theme of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

The Preacher Points Out the Consolution of Religion to the Sorrowful-The Mother's Duty to Her Children.

[Copyright, 1903, by Louis Klopsch.] CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—The consolation and encouragement that religion affords in the sorrowful and distressing lot of widowhood are pointed out by the preacher in this sermon on the text Luke vil, 12, "And she was a widow."

The rich widow! Who ever heard of A handsome such a title for a sermon on this text? Better call her "the poor widow," "the friendless widow," "the hopeless widow," "the dying widow"-anything but kinds worth at "the rich widow." This funeral procesphrases, "A dead man, the only son of | his mother, and she was a widow!" In Arizona is a mountain aptly mamed "Starvation peak." There the Indians many decades ago drove the Spaniards and bemmed them in and kept them until for the want of food the little band of living men were changed into a band of decomposing corpses. So this text is one of the "Starvation peaks" among the gospel hills. It is the place where a wife first lost her husband, her breadwinner. Then it is the place where, during the struggle of widowbood, the mother had raised her boy so Sunbury, Pa. that he could be her support in her declining years. And now a wife without her husband and a mother with only a cold body for her son is slowly wending her way to the cemetery. She was a wife and a mother only of the grave. "The rich widow?" Nonsense! Change the title. Call it "the poor widow of Starvation peak."

No, my brother, I want to keep the title I have chosen. I want to show how even a woman so desolate as the one in the text may find consolation in life and in the performance of her duty and in the sympathy of humanity. and, more than all, in the resources of divine power her life may become rich for berself and for others. I have seen too many adjectives hitched to this heroic and conquering nominative. I believe thousands and tens of thousands of mothers who have been bereft of the companion who once stood with them at the marriage altar have attained true and abiding wealth. They have been rich in all that makes life truly happy, great and good; rich in their opportunities to do a double service in life. To their children they have become father as well as mother; rich in their inspiring examples of duties well done; rich in the faith with which their trials led them to test the goodness and greatness of God; rich in the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of their love, and, above all, rich in eternal as well as temporal rewards. It is in order to gather a few "himshells" from off the graves of the dead busbands and fathers that I preach this sermon, I would ring these floral trophics in a great pseun of praise that the widows, the numberiess renew their strength and go on willselves their little ones and for Christ.

be widow is fich in her opportunities of maternal usefulness, rich because all the physical mental and spiritual resources of her hature are developed in the struggle which her loneliness involves, rich because for her children every word she spenks and every thought she thinks and every deed she performs shall bring forth its maximum of results for good or evil For her offspring every mountain which she has to climb can become a gold mine, and every thicket into which she has to prouge a bank of toses, and every strower of tears out vertire us a tossing tumbling fountain, and every and for her can become a harvest field of yellow gram or of white checked sweet scented clover tops. Literally by taking away a wife's husband, God makes it possible for a widow with children to make more out of her life in a meternal sense, than in any other way. At once, by the mere fact of widowhood she becomes the father. the mother, the breadwinner, the guide and the all in all for her offspring

Oh the paternal as well as the me terns opportunities which are offered to the consecrated Christian widow hood of the present century. Some time age a beautiful faced lady was going through one of the great department stores in Columbus, O. She saw there a large eyed, wietful looking cash boy, who was watching her and ber son "My child." said she, "would you like to go home and be my little boy? There you could have money and playthings and horses and carriages to make your life imppy, as my little boy's life is happy?" "I do not know mum whether I would like those things or not," he answered. "Has your little buy a pape. If I go with you, will like pape be my pape? I want a pape. Because, mun, before my papa died I had all those things and now that my pape is dead I have nothing." Ab. yes. there was pathos, unfathomable pathos. in the answer of the little cash boy But that answer is not true in refersace to all fatherless children. When their fathers died they did not all lose everything. Their mothers not only remained their mothers, but they became their fathers also. O woman who art a widow. I sympathize with you in your sorrow and your hard lot, but dress in which it was delivered? let me congratulate you, too, on the opportunity God has pinced within cause she has been able by personal

your reach of honorably and heroically performing a double duty. In a paterof as well as in a maternal sense you are accomplishing much for the temporal and the eternal lives of your chil-

The consecrated widow is rich in the kindnesses and sympathies which are shown to her by her friends and neighbors; rich because the chalice of sorrow which is placed at the lip is not entirely filled with acidities and bitternesses and unsavory nux vomicas, but it is also saccharined and nectared with the helpful sympathy of her true friends which mingles in her cup of

It is amazing how many kindnesses there are in this world if only one stops to catalogue them. You can see those kindnesses manifested everywhere. A few years ago a man was caught in the crowd that surged into the cars of the Brooklyn bridge. He hat was battered and crushed. The more he vehemently denounced the people as savages the more he was huscity is one of the most pathetic spec- tied and pushed along. When he was tacles of the gospel history. How much i at last scated and was still complaining heartbreak is contained in those three a gentleman next to him turned and said: "My friend, I am afraid that you have got into the condition of only looking upon the bad side of human nature. Now, I have schooled myself to look upon the good side, and to help me in my task of looking upon the bright side every day I carry a notebook and jot down every good thing I see people do to other people. For instance, today on my way to the bridge my hat blew off. I chased it, but before I could get it three other men whom I had never seen before ran after that hat. One of them caught it and brought it back to me. Now, that action was certainly unseifish on his part, and yet you can see the same unselfish act performed on any windy

The sermon which the Christian gentleman preached in the cable car of the Brooklyn bridge is certainly true. Everywhere one can see many kindnesses pranifested toward those who are in distress, if those people in distress are worthy of human kindness. And so, widow, though you may have had your bumps and knocks, as that indignant passenger had who was trying to get into the train, though you may have had injustices practiced upon you for thieves and murderers from time immemorial have always felt that, widows and orphans were their legitimate prey you have also had many kindnesses shown you and yours. In old English folklore there was supposed to be in Alderiey Edge a great cavern. And in this cavern was concealed, said the legend, nine hundred and ninety and nine horsemen, equipped and ready to come forth and fight for any leader who would blow for them the right bugle call. No sooner did your husband die and the cemetery bell had tolled the knell when his body was carried to its last resting place than that bell seemed to call forth hundreds of helpers to your side from recesses as dark as the caverns of Alderney Edge. Every true and faithful widow always gathers around ber true and faithful friends. The consecrated widow is rich in the

heights and depths and intensities of the love she bears toward those who are dependent upon her. It is one of ittle If it costs much we value it much. I enter your home. You show me the results of your travels. You say "This is a rug I bought in Damascus. Here is a beautiful piece of ivory the walls of a Mexican cathedral. One night that picture was cut out of its frame and carried away, as Dolly Madtson ordered George Washington's picture to be cut out of its frame when the English invaded the national capital in 1812. That pleture must be worth at least \$20,000. I myself paid \$10,000 for it. Yes, I value that picture above all my other possessions. It cost me so much money.

But though the value of some articles may be judged by the criterion of allver and gold others are sometimes judged by the higher standard of fiesh and blood. If in order to save your country you had to sacrifice upon the held of battle an arm or a leg or an eys, would you not on account of that sacrifice love your country more than if like Join Jacob Astor, you merely made to it the gift of an artillery battery, or, like old Cornelius Vanderbilt, you fitted out for it a man-of-war? If in order to save your child, who had been gripped with the poisonous bite of a dangerous serpent, you had placed your mouth against the bleeding lips of the wound and sucked that poison into your own system, would you not love that child more for whom you were willing to imperil your life than if you had given to her a mere offering of sliver and gold? Yes, yes: Of course you would. The law is universal. The greater the sacratice we make for our loved ones the greater becomes our love for their-

This premise is granted. Where, then, can you find richer, deeper, truer sacrifices and therefore richer love than that exhibited by a widowed mother toward her helpless children? Tender ly as you and I love our children, does our love glow with such fervent heat as does that of the widowed mother who has tolled and contrived and depled herself for their welfare? In or der to raise them she has to pay for their education and food with the price of blood Does not that young girl's graduation day address mean more to her mother, who perhaps had to scrub for it as well as new together the white

The consecrated widow is rich be-

faithfulness of God's promises. A life-boat is sometimes used as a pleasure craft along the shores of Massachusetts and Long Island. You can see the fishermen take and rig in it a small sail and go spinning over the waters, while they laugh and joke as they draw in the bluefish or the shad. So people sometimes use the gospel lifeboat merely for a pleasure craft. When the sky is clear and the sea smooth they set sail for a frolic. But, oh, my friends, the lifeboat is a far different craft when on a stormy night the life saving men launch it into the surf to fight their way out to the ship aground in the offing, where it is being shuttered to pieces by the censeless bombardments of the mighty seas. And the promises of God, out of which the gospel lifeboat is made, mean far more to a widowed mariner sailing the seas of life alone than they do to the was jammed this way and that. His young daughter who has always been shielded from every storm. And yet, mother, I would ask you a pertinent question, which I know you will answer well. Though you may have buried your busband many years ago, was there ever a time when if you trusted in God his love and protection and care failed you? Was there ever a time when Christ was not willing to stand by the cradle of your living child, as in olden times he once stood by the

> the love and care and the gentleness of a protecting God! Many years ago at a large infidel meeting in England, at which Charles Bradfaugh, the noted English agnostic, was speaking, an old, gray haired woman arose. As she looked about her she slowly said to the speaker: "Sir, it is very easy for you to attack the Best Friend I ever had. You do not know him as I know him. He came into my life many years ago. I once knew him merely as an acquaintance, but after my husband died he was more to me than an acquaintance he was a friend, a blood friend, Sir, that friend helped me to feed and clothe my babies. That friend gave me physical strength to go on when I thought I must die. That friend, sir, is my dear Saviour. That is what my Christ has done for me. Now, sir, what has your infidelity been able to do for you?" O mother, bereft of your husband, it has been a blessed opportunity for you to test the greatness and goodness of God! Do not tell me you are poor. You are rich; rich hemispherically and celestially rich; rich as God is rich. But though in a divine sense the con-

bler of one who was the only son of

Oh, the blessed enjoyment of having

his mother, and she was a widow.

secrated widow is rich yet she shall be far richer in the next world. Woman, whom have you loved of all human beings the best on earth? "Well," you say, "that is a hard question to answer. I loved my mother and father in one way and my children in another way and my sisters and brothers in another way But, taking it all in all, I think I loved my husband best, truly best. We were one in thought, one in life and one in everything. My one ambition in life was to please him." Yes, I think your answer is correct. The relations between a husband and a wife are so close that you were one, and your one the inevitable laws of this world that desire was to live for him and to please we generally value an article just in him. Now, my sister bereft of her proportion to what it is worth to us. husband, when you reach heaven and If It costs nothing, we care for it but | meet the long separated father of your bables, do you not feel he will be pleas ed to know how you have worked and slaved for his flesh and blood? When you will feel bright, fresh and you reach beaven, will you not be rich in the knowledge that he appreciates I found in India. Here is a boomerang all you have done for your children of australia. Yender is a trinket I and his? When one of my aunts-a picked up in Pempeli. But this picture, widow-was dying, she looked up at is my treasure. It was painted by a those gathered about her bedside and Spanish master and was preed upon said, "Now, I hope your father, Steven, will be satisfied with what I have done for his children." Yes, yes, woman, your husband will truly be satisfied. You have done your task well. It has been a hard journey to travel alone, but at the end of the journey you will be rich in his blessing as well as that of your Saviour, the dear Christ,

Most of us know what the rapture of an earthly reunion means, but such a welcome will pale into insignificance before the heavenly embrace of a risen father and a long separated wife. After the famous battle of Five Forks General George E. Pickett of Gettysburg fame was reported to have been killed. Day after day his wife sat with her baby in her arms in the silence of despair But one day there rode up the lane of the Virginia home a familiar figure. He cried to his horse: "Whos, Lucy! Whoa!" With that the mother, with a wild cry of joy, grose and said: "George! George! Is that you?" "I do not know how to describe it," wrote Mrs. Pickett, "the peace, the bliss of that moment! It was too deep and too sacred to by translated into words." And so, my widowed friend, when in the heavenly reunion you shall greet your dear one, carrying with you your children and his, the sacredness of that moment will be too deep and boly to be translated into words. Thus, widows of Nain and widows of

Europe and America and widows wherever you may be, I call you rich. Go ahead bravely and truly, fighting the battles that are before you. Christ shall be your protector in this world. Your rewards for duties well done await you in the next. The truest way for you to be true to your dead hus band is for you to be true to the noble tasks God has given to you to do here Remember that Christ knows all about a widow's troubles. He sympathized with the sorrowing widow of Nais. In his great heart there is sympathy for all who struggle and suffer, and the divine help and consolation are never more generously bestowed than upon those who bear that heaviest of human bereavement—widowhood. This love and all the blessings it brings will make

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not be pleased? Ayer's H Vigor makes beautiful he of hair, that's the vi story. Sold for 60 years

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Sale Register.

Notices of sales will be inserted; this heading when the bills are prin office. When the bills are not prin office 50 cents will be charged; pecling to have sale should select; have it inserted in this column. had the opportunity of fully testing Taunsoav, Nov. 5, in West Perry by

Amanda Wagner, administrates Wagner, will sell personal prose real estate.

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Kreamer, Howard Bowerset a household goods.

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Jos. Seebold Dies at New Berlin

The death of Mr. Joseph Seeba curred at his home, one mile New Berlin Tuesday morning on at 4 o'clock, aged 85 years. be was a consistent member of their eran church as well as a life-log publican. He is survived by children, one son and a daugher, funeral services, which were a attended, were held on The morning, the Rev. Mr. Koonta

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