

BROSIOUS BROS.

BROSIOUS BROS.

CHRISTMAS HERE ALREADY.

All Kinds of Presents For Men and Boys.

The Good Sensible Kind.

- Christmas Trees, from 10c. to \$1.00. Hats of all kinds 50c. to \$5.00. Caps of all kinds 10c. to \$5.00. Men's Suits from \$5.00 to \$20.00.

BROSIOUS BROS, SUNBURY, PA.

The Most RELIABLE Clothing House.

Gifts In Solid gold. For Men and Women.

Lasting Gifts, Personal Gifts. Gifts remind one of the giver every day. A large variety in this Jewelry store—all carefully selected

Solid Gold Jewelry for Men---

- Scarf Pins - - - \$1.00 to \$25. Studs, set of 3 - - - 2.00 to 6. Watch Chains - - - 8.25 to 25. Neck Chains - - - 2.50 to 35. Key Rings - - - 5.00 to 7.

Solid Gold Jewelry for Women---

- Broches - - - \$2.25 to \$225. Bracelets - - - 3.75 to 25. Neck Chains - - - 2.50 to 15. Fobs - - - 3.50 to 12. Hat Pins - - - 2.50 to 6.

This store is a busy store. We have ample room and efficient clerks who will help you in your wants.

FISHER,

The Leading Jeweler. Graduate Optician. SUNBURY, PENNA.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, December 16. Two men were found dead and a third dying in New York from drinking and eating alcohol. The Pennsylvania rolling mills at Lancaster, Pa., employing 400 hands, have shut down indefinitely.

Lancaster of a complication of diseases. Benjamin Benedict, his wife and 3-year-old daughter were burned to death and a 17-year-old daughter fatally injured in a fire which destroyed their home at Ashland, Ky. Saturday, December 19. Coffin manufacturers from all parts of the United States met in Chicago to form a combine. President Roosevelt has nominated I. Snowden Haines to be collector of customs for the district of Burlington, N. J.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

Quest of the Magi the Theme of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

The Eloquent Divine Draws a Lesson of Christian Hope and Encouragement From the Experience of the Wise Men.

[Copyright, 1904, by Louis Kloppsch.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—In this sermon the story of the magi's quest receives a new setting and the lesson of Christian hope and encouragement is drawn from their experience. The text is Matthew 2, 1. "Behold, there came wise men from the east."

When, in 596 A. D., St. Augustine was sent to convert the British isles to Christianity, Pope Gregory commanded his missionary as far as possible to harmonize the Christian ordinances with the heathen feasts. The result is that many of the customs associated with Christmas have their origin not in the birth of Christ, but in heathen festivities. It is my purpose today to tell the simple Christian story, as found in the Bible, and to apply some of its beneficent teachings to the practicalities of everyday life.

The account of Christ's birth is not simply told, but very briefly told. Some of us are apt to think too briefly. We would like to have known all the details of that wondrous event which is destined to transform the world. We deplore the loss of any fact relating to our Lord. But the historians would not have us concern ourselves with the accessories of the picture, but with that glorious life and death in which our eternal destiny is bound up. They briefly state the main facts and proceed to the narrative so momentous to the whole world.

A few years ago a southern correspondent hurried to the telegraph office and sent this message to the editor of a great New York daily: "Fearful railroad accident! Many killed! Many injured! Column story! Shall I send it?" The New York editor telegraphed back, "Send me 600 words—all I want." The correspondent telegraphed again, "Cannot be told in less than 1,200." The editor tersely replied: "Story of the creation of the world told in 600 words. Try it." But if the story of the creation is told in 600 words, the story of the nativity is even more simply and briefly told. The account of Jesus' birth is about as simply told as the record of her baby's advent which a fond mother writes in the family Bible. "Gertrude, or Jane, or Mary; born June 3, 1888." A dozen verses in all more than contain the simple story of Christ's birth. The second chapter of Matthew's gospel runs like this: "Now, when Jesus was born, in the days of Herod the king. In the east they did not reckon time so much by the years as by the time of that king set upon his throne.

Then this simple account of the nativity goes a step further. The birth of Christ is connected with a startling incident. The name of Peregine White is never mentioned, but the explanatory statement is also made that "she was born on the Mayflower when the pilgrim fathers were on their journey to live in a new world." Christ's birth is hardly ever mentioned without an associate statement. When Jesus was born that was the year the wise men came from the east, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him." The magi have been the theme for many an artist's brush, poet's song, as well as minister's sermon. In the short account of the nativity it was important enough to note the visit of these wise men, surely it will not be wasted time for us in a Christmas discourse to consider who were the wise men, from whence they came, what they did when they knelt and worshiped at the manger, where they went after they had seen the newborn Christ.

Who were the magi? They were the wise men. They were not fools, not ignoramuses, not silly star gazers. They were not tramps going from place to place because they were too lazy to work. They were the intellectual giants of the east. They were such intellectual giants that when they appeared in Jerusalem they startled all the sages of the Herodian era with their grasp of affairs and mental power. They belonged to a class that was the repository of all the scientific knowledge of the time. They were the observers of natural phenomena, the philosophers of their day, the leaders in the world of mind. When Matthew described them as "wise men" he knew that the description would be clearly understood as applying to men whose erudition and mental ability placed them among the aristocracy of knowledge.

As with Homer or Socrates, the personal lives of these men are all wrapped up in mystery. Their names, their positions, their influence over their countrymen, are all matters of conjecture. Professor Sandy in his "Christ-mastide" gives a strange legend. He writes that the number of these wise men who came from the east was three. He writes that the first of these magi was a very old man, with a long, white beard. His face was wrinkled with thought, and his limbs were tottering. His name was Melchior. The second was a very young man. His cheek was smooth and ruddy, his step firm and athletic, his arm strong and powerful. Yet his mind was clear as his searching eyes. His name was Caspar. Truly he was a prince among men! The third sage was a middle-aged Moor called Balthasar. In his hair and beard was the blackness of the midnight. The muscles stood out in knots upon his swarthy neck. The legend declares that these three men

followed the guidance of a huge bird, whose one eye glittered like a monster star. But whether the sages were three or five or ten, whether their names were Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar, whether the star in the east was the monster eye of a huge eagle or no, whether there is any truth among the many legends that are told about these noted travelers, this fact is certain—they were wise men. The Bible distinctly states that "there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?'"

We have seen hundreds of pictures descriptive of the wise men coming to the manger, in every one of which the artist has tried to put the highest intelligence into the faces of the men who were riding upon camel back or trudging afoot over the desert's sands; but, though it is significant that the first seekers after Christ were the wisest men of their time, the fact need not astonish us. In every age since that epoch the mightiest intellects of the world have been found among the followers of Christ, the wisest of men have entered that Bethlehem caravansary to learn of him.

Where did the wise men come from? The far east? The word "east" is very indefinite. It might mean eastern Asia or China. It might and probably does mean Persia or India. At all events, the east was far off. It was so far off that these strange travelers must have startled the inhabitants of the western capital with their peculiar garb and their foreign accent. It was so far off that in all probability the wise men would have been unable to find the Jerusalem capital had they not been led by that wonderful star, the star of the east. Ah, yes, the magi, in order to find the manger, had many a weary day's march. Traveling in their time had to be done on foot or on horse or camel back. They had to tramp through the parched deserts. They had to climb the loftiest of mountains and fathom many a deep valley. How tired they must have become! If Melchior was old in all probability he would never have reached the manger but for the strong arms of his two friends. But wherever the three wise men hailed from, that gleaming star would beckon them on and on and on.

And yet, my friends, though the wise men had to travel a long distance, they did not have to go any farther than some sinners will have to travel to find Christ. My, my, my, how long a distance some of us have wandered forth into the land of sin! Ten, twenty, thirty years ago we started. Young man, you have not worshiped at the manger since your mother died. Young woman, you have not felt the touch of the manger since the day you almost gave your heart to Christ in the village revival—almost, but refused. Old man, for a quarter of a century you have never uttered the name of Christ except in blasphemy. Yes, yes, the sinner will have a long distance to travel to find the manger. He must travel back over the crooked paths of many a sinful year. But this Christmas, if he will, he can find the manger—and it beckoning him from the far country of sin even as the star in the east guided the three wise men to the infant Christ.

Oh, that today we might see a great emigration from the farrow land of sin toward the manger. Oh, that today the prodigals in the far country might seek the old homestead of mercy, even as the Bethlehem caravansary was sought of old. In imagination we can picture how the wise men started. Perhaps weeks, perhaps months before that first of all Christmases these oriental sages were working diligently at their allotted tasks. One is studying in one part of the house, another in another and the third in still another. Perhaps Melchior, the aged astrologer, with an astronomical glass is silently and earnestly studying the heavens. Patiently the aged scientist is watching and waiting for the stars to change their relative positions. Suddenly a tremor of excitement shakes his frame. Silently, swiftly, awfully, divinely, there passes before the lens a strange light. It does not look so much like a star as a great orb of light, like a diamond glittering upon the finger of God, beckoning, always beckoning. In great excitement the old man staggers to his feet and calls his two comrades. Caspar, the smooth faced sage, rushes quickly into the room because he is younger than the swarthy middle aged Moor. At first the three say nothing. They are too absorbed to speak. Then Balthasar opens a musty parchment written hundreds of years before, and begins to read from the Hebrew prophet Micah: "But thou Bethlehem Ephrathah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall be come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." "Yes," answered the old man Melchior, "that reminds me of another passage from the Hebrew prophet Isaiah: 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'" "Yes," may have answered the poetic young sage, Caspar, "that reminds me of what the Hebrew psalmist wrote, 'Thou art my son; lo, I come; in the volume it is written of me.'" "Come, comrades!" they shout to each other. "Come, the star is beckoning us. Come! Come!" And they leave their instruments and their manuscripts and set out on their journey. Would that before the dawn of next Christmas many exiles from Christ might start and take this journey with the wise men! Would that all who are lost in the mountains of sin might leave behind their dead selves and seek the manger, which is afar off in the land of purity and love!

What did the wise men do when they found the manger? They knelt and worshiped. Yes, but more than that. They gave their presents, because, from those immemorial, the gold, the frankincense and the myrrh have always been suggestive symbols in worship. It is one act to bow at the manger; it is another act to give yourself as an offering to Christ. The motive which prompts the Christmas gifts is of more importance than the intrinsic value of the gifts themselves.

Where did the wise men go after they had seen the infant Christ and rendered their homage at the manger? Why, the Bible tells us explicitly they went back home. God spoke to them, as he has spoken to the hearts of many who have bowed at the manger, and they went back to their own country. History is silent about their later lives, but we cannot think that they would ever forget that strange experience. No man comes in contact with Christ without results. They probably thought of him as a world conqueror and bade their disciples expect to hear of his victories. Little could they have imagined the extent of his empire or understood how, through the cross, he would attain his crown.

What is the simple deduction of this thought and lesson? Is it not this: After you and I have worshiped at the manger, in the fuller light of our later day, then we should everywhere, but first among our own people, tell the news, the glorious news, that Jesus, the Son of God, has been born. We must tell it to our children. We must tell it to our brothers and sisters. We must tell it to our parents and to all our friends and neighbors. "Behold, Jesus has been born! Jesus, our Saviour has been born! He lives! He lives! Jesus, the Son of Mary, lives! He lives! He lives! He lives!"

Thus our mission on this Christmas day is to seek the manger and while we study its lessons and meditate on its humiliation to practice the sweet teachings of Jesus Christ, which cannot better be summed up than by briefly repeating one of the most beautiful of all Christmas stories. It is that written by Henry Van Dyke. It is appropriately called "The Other Wise Man." Dr. Van Dyke wrote the story in great pain.

It was the year his father died and a year of much physical suffering. One night while lying awake, unable to sleep and tossing upon his bed, he began to think of the legends clustering about the "three wise men." Then there came to him a vision of a "fourth wise man," who had the gentle name of Artaban. The abbreviation of the whole story is this: When the star appeared in the east, four magi felt that they must put their household goods in order before they took their journey. They decided to meet at a certain place at a certain time upon the edge of the great desert. Artaban made ready for his journey by selling his house and worldly goods and buying three beautiful gems which he could carry—namely, a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl. On his way, to meet his appointment Artaban came across a poor beggar who was dying, a beggar who had no friends, a beggar who was dying alone. After nursing the poor beggar until he died Artaban hurried on to meet his appointment, but the three magi had already gone. The other wise man had to retrace his steps, sell one of his gems, his sapphire, and buy a train of camels to make the journey alone.

The next scene in the story of "The Other Wise Man" is found in the village of Bethlehem. Jesus had been born, and the three magi had disappeared. As Artaban entered the village he heard the tramp of bloody Herod's troops, who had come to massacre all the male children in Judaea, with the hope of slaying the infant Christ. A poor woman rushes out, pleading for the rescue of her child. The young mother's face grew white with terror at the cry: "The soldiers! The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children!" When a captain of Herod's troops wanted to enter this woman's house to slay her child Artaban stood in the doorway and offered to the murderous soldier his second gem, the beautiful ruby, if he would save the child. Now two-thirds of Artaban's fortune was gone, and still he had not found Christ.

Then Artaban started on a journey to Egypt to find Jesus. He hunted for him everywhere until he was a very old man. One day, in his wanderings to find the Saviour, he headed back to the city of Jerusalem. The capital of David was in great excitement. There was to be a public crucifixion of three criminals—two thieves and one a political prisoner, Jesus by name. As Artaban entered the city he saw a young girl in great distress. She was to be sold as a slave for debt. She broke loose from her captors and swung herself at his feet, begging for deliverance. Artaban gave his last gem, the beautiful pearl, for her rescue. And now all his money was gone. He was now an old man, and still he had not found Christ.

Just then the darkness of crucifixion began to gather around the cross and to settle over the temple. When the awful earthquake came, a heavy tile slipped from one of the house roofs and fell upon the old man's head. But as he was dying a strange spirit appeared before Artaban and practically said: "Thou, O noble man, thou hast seen me all these years. Vested I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren thou hast done it unto me." If the Christian living today cannot belong to the first group that started for the manger, if he cannot be Melchior, Caspar or Balthasar, perhaps he may belong to the second caravan. He may be Artaban. He may be the "other wise man." He may be the "fourth man." He may soon—aye, very soon—see his Christ face to face. He may see him before even another Christmas day rolls around. He may see him to part from him again never through all eternity.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of George G. Glass, late of Freeburg, Washington Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted parties should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement. JACOB M. SCHROTT, Executor. Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1902. 335 Franklin St.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

I have on hand a number of good second-hand organs, also a full line of New Organs. Come and see them. Frank S. Riegle, Middleburg.

What Shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocer to-day, 10 cts.

Election Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of The First National Bank, of Middleburg, Pa., for the election of directors to serve the ensuing year, will be held in the offices of the Bank on the 19th day of January, 1904, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 s. m. J. G. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Gold Rings FREE! Christmas is coming and infact will be here before many of us are ready for it. Now we have made arrangements whereby we can offer our trade 125 beautiful Gold Rings free. Just the thing to give to a friend for a Christmas present. Remember we only have 125 of these rings and first come, first served. Come in and we will talk it over.

THE RACKET. Yours for Business, Geo. W. Burns. Watch our advertisements.

MIDDLEBURGH MARKET. Butter..... 20 Wheat Eggs..... 26 Rye..... Onions..... 75 Corn..... Lard..... 10 Potatoes..... Tallow..... 8 Chickens.... 9 Bran per 100. 1.1 Side..... 8 Middlings " 1.1 Shoulder..... 10 Chop..... Ham..... 12 Flour per bbl 4.4 Turkeys 15 Buckwheat,

Dizzy? Appetite poor? Bowe constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills, vegetable. Sold by druggists.