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HAVING located in this place I would respectfully inform the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity that I am prepared to repair CLOCKS AND WATCHES cheap and expeditiously.

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BILL TIMBER, LUMBER, PALING, SHINGLES, LATH, FLOORING, etc., Shamokin Dam, Snyder County, Pa. All orders promptly filled.

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FURNITURE, Would respectfully inform the citizens of Selingsgrove and vicinity, that he manufactures to order and keeps constantly on hand CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, AND Furniture of every Description, at the very lowest price.

NEW MILLINERY AND Fancy Store, Opposite Shindel & Swinford's Drug Store, Middleburg, Pa.

constituting of HATS, BONNETS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, &c., &c., and an constantly receiving new goods and new styles. Please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

THE HAND-IN-HAND MUTUAL Life Insurance Company, a number of good Agents, also, a good General Agent for the German section of Pennsylvania, address Home Office, No. 113 South 4th St., Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY.

The Old Man's Will.

Old Oliver Smith in his thread bare suit, Hears the ill-bred urethras laugh and hoot. "There goes the miser, poor and old. Starving and cringing to heap up gold."

The years roll by and the will is read, And blessings descend on the giver's head. For many a farmer of wealth and skill Oves his start in life to the old man's will.

To scold slaves to the shining plow, Who love the gold for his own poor self. Who know that the cash you love so well Is dragging you down to the depths of hell.

MEMORIES, Many the thoughts they bring— This sunny lock of hair, This silvered lock, and this little ring.

THE FAULTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT, BY MARK TWAIN.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, however small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

STOCKS, Bought and Sold

COMMISSION ONLY, with army contracts for beef. I mortgaged upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office. I said—

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found something out to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go.

THE UNITED STATES, In 1867 John Wilson Mackenzie, of New Jersey, deceased. Dr. To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, \$100. To traveling expenses and transportation, 14,000. Total, \$17,000.

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also.

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Olds and Ends. To the clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well favored young clerks showing them how.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Renowned and honored Imbecile! Or about—"

"You are the beef contract man Give me your papers."

"Where is John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he. "Dead."

"How? Tomahawked?" "Who tomahawked him?" "Why, an Indian of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"The name?" "Name of the Indian?" "His name! I don't know his name."

"But how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?" "Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. Know he has in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?" "Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?" "I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such a headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it."

"But, my dear sir—" "It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I recon; and liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Heaven bless you, my children! This is all I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

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What a Woman Thinks. There is a woman out in Joliet with a few emphatic ideas on the topics which agitate the bosoms of a portion of her sex, and she talks in this way:

"I just don't believe in these new women notions. I have raised six boys—four of them vote now, and the others will soon be old enough. Then I will have six votes. Now these god-for-nothing women who have fooled their time away, and never raised a single boy, come around and want every woman to vote for herself. I don't believe in such nonsense. I have raised my six boys, and I am going to have every one vote for me—those women who go lecturing around the country instead of raising boys, have no business to vote a yea."

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply. "Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a genuine razor-strop—worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along." "Well, you look here, square. I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited a like sum. "Now," said the merchant, "I'll give you a piyano (sixpence) for the strops."

"The're yours!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes. "But," said he after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence. "A trade is a trade; and now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence you'll do a little better than to buy razor-strops. And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd."

A good story is told in an Eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure his drunkenness, she at last thought herself of another plan of making a reformed drunkard of her husband.

"Where am I?" asked Phillander. "In a medical college," said the cigar-smoker. "What a doing there?" "Going to be cut up."

"Cut up! how comes that?" "Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a natomy." "It's a lie; I ain't dead."

"No matter we brought your carcass, anyhow, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for its all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're not dead it is no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot. "To be sure we will—not—immediately," was the resolute answer. "Well, look a here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"