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MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1871. NO. 50.

READING RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement, Monday Nov 21 1870.

Great Trunk Line from the North and North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lehigh, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: at 8.10, 8.15, 10.50 a. m., and 2.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, as follows: at 8.10 a. m., 2.50 and 4.05 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations.

East Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 7.45 a. m., 12.15 noon, and 4.45 p. m.

West Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Pottsville, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia at 7.20 a. m., 1.45 p. m., and 7.25 p. m.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Reading for Pottsville, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia at 6.00 a. m., 12.15 noon, and 4.15 p. m.

Reading Accommodation train: Leaves Pottsville at 5.40 a. m., passes Reading at 7.30 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 9.20 a. m.

Philadelphia and Reading Railroad: Leaves Reading at 7.20 a. m., 1.45 p. m., and 7.25 p. m.

Select Poetry.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word Can never leave a sting behind; And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard Is far beneath a noble mind.

Give me the heart that fain would hide, Would fain another's fault efface; How can it please our human pride To prove humanity but base?

Then speak no ill, but lenient be To other's feeling as your own; If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known.

Uncle Tom's Present. BY MATTIE EYER BRITTS.

Uncle Tom was taking off his overcoat, by the blazing fire in the sitting room, and Hetty's mother was helping him, and making a great fuss over him; so Hetty went into the kitchen, and busied herself in dishing the hot sausages, and flaky biscuits and fragrant tea, and putting them on the table beside the bright green pickles, golden honey and crimson jelly, which were already waiting to furnish the weary traveler a supper.

It struck Uncle Tom, while they sat at the table, that there was a grave turn to the corners of his favorite Hetty's red mouth, and a sad look in her eyes, which were not there at his last visit, and he missed her bright, joyous ways, exceedingly.

And after supper he noticed that, while they all chatted so merrily, Hetty sat silently knitting and gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Now Uncle Tom loved Hetty so much that he could not be very happy himself while she was sad, so his first thought was to find out the trouble, that he might apply the remedy.

He said nothing that night, but the next morning he was standing alone by the sitting-room fire when Hetty swept the hearth, and as she finished, he put his hand under her dimpled chin, and raising her sweet face said, kindly: "What is the matter with you?"

he saw that any agency he had must be through Hetty herself. Next day he watched for another chance to speak with Hetty, and as he stood beside her at the parlor window, Squire Parker passed by.

Seeing Hetty, he made a smirking bow which she only answered by a cold nod, and then Uncle Tom asked: "Well, Hetty, girl, which is it to be?"

With a look which showed the understood him, Hetty passionately answered: "It shall never be old Parker!" "What is the objection to young Curtis?" asked Uncle Tom.

"He's poor," replied Hetty. "And Squire Parker is rich, is he?" "Yes; and fifty years old, and as ugly as sin, as you have seen yourself."

"And mother approves Squire Parker?" pursued Uncle Tom. "Yes, Oh, uncle, what shall I do? They have determined that I shall marry him at Christmas, and that is only a week off. What shall we do, Uncle Tom?"

"Well perhaps we will see what can be done," said Uncle Tom slowly. "Keep quiet, Hetty, and if I can help you, I will."

Hetty gave him a thankful glance, for her mother coming in, she dared do no more. But she sighed as she thought that only money could help her, and Uncle Tom probably had none to spare.

Uncle Tom's sympathy did not, indeed, seem likely to do much good, for the day before Christmas came, and he had never even said another word to Hetty. Early in the morning, uncle went over to the village. He met Wallace Curtis, and told him that Hetty wanted him to come out in the afternoon and take her sleigh-riding.

Wallace looked very much surprised, for Hetty had never made such a request of him before; but he promised to come, and then Uncle Tom went home. At three o'clock, accordingly, up drove Wallace, in a handsome sleigh, with two strong bay horses. Hetty could not quite conceal her surprise, at which Wallace looked much puzzled, but only repeated his invitation to go out riding.

Of those individuals known as inebriates, or dipsomaniacs, there are unfortunately a number in the world, both men and women.

"This is Mr. Curtis and his wife, Mollie," said Uncle Tom, at which the girl courted prettily, and Wallace and Hetty blushed, while Hetty said: "Why, uncle?"

"Well, if you are not, you soon will be," said Uncle Tom; "for the person will be here in ten minutes. They are determined up at home to make you marry Squire Parker tomorrow, and the only way I know of to prevent it is to have you marry Wallace Curtis to-day. He won't object, I'll be bound."

And Hetty, through her crimson blushes, made out to ask: "But—is this really your place, Uncle Tom?" "No; it's yours," said Uncle Tom, smiling.

"Ours!" cried Hetty and Wallace, in a breath. "Yours! My Christmas present to you," said Uncle Tom.

"But—I thought—mother thought you were not rich," stammered Hetty. "Well I happen to be quite able to afford this," laughed Uncle Tom; "and, if I choose to make my money help two young people to be happy, whose business is it? Come Hetty, old Squire to-morrow—which is it?"

"Oh, Wallace, certainly!" cried Hetty. And that young gentleman instantly took her in his arms, and kissed her, right before Uncle Tom.

"Come, come, now! Here's the person; so, Wallace, we'll make it fast and sure, in ten minutes more," said the good old uncle.

And so they did. And then Uncle Tom and the person stayed to supper with them; and Mollie, the smiling maid, whom Uncle Tom had sent to the city for, and whose father was one of his own workmen, waited upon them.

THE WAY FOR A CLERK TO ADVANCE.—A clerk, whose letter betrays a heartfelt earnestness that cannot be assumed, set forth his condition and desires, and asks our advice.

He is in receipt of \$1,000 salary from a large mercantile house doing a good business; he is in love with a young girl who is willing to marry him whenever he says the word, and to share with him whatever hardship there be in his lot.

Shall he marry on his present income, or wait for more? and if the latter, what is the best way to secure such an increase? We answer: If there are no circumstances in his own or the young woman's situation which render a speedy marriage especially desirable he will do well to "bide a bee."

There is, but one legitimate way for a clerk to secure a large income, viz: to serve his employers with such faithfulness, zeal, vigor and earnestness, that his merits cannot be overlooked or go unrewarded.

Some employers are more liberal, and quicker to take a hint than others, but there is a point where the dullest will appreciate the services of an indefatigable clerk.

He may be earning \$2,500 a year before he is raised to \$1,500, but if he places no limit on his labor he will certainly find his reward. We know a man who entered service at \$1,000 a year and earned 3,000 for his employers at the start.

He was advanced to \$1,200, and then to \$1,500, then to \$1,800, and so on up to \$3,000, but his zeal and success kept a long way ahead of this gain in his pay, and the day he drew \$3,000 he was really earning at least \$10,000 per annum.

He now draws \$8,000 per annum, besides an interest in the business. Silver begins to show among his locks, but he is as untiring and faithful as ever. It requires patience to realize the effect of such service, but we never know it to fail in the end.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Advertising Rates.

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Get a Home of Your Own. There is a sacred duty devolving upon every man who has shouldered the responsibility of a family—it is to provide them with a home.

"A home of our own." This is the continual aspiration, and a worthy one it is, of hundreds of good wives, who yearly and half yearly bundles and go from one uncomfortable house to another.

Every man of family should lay aside monthly from his income, be it large or small, a sum, no matter how little, to form a nucleus of the home fund, and to be invested in a piece of land, it may be a fraction of a lot with very limited improvements, or it may be vacant ground, and if he is a good mechanic, a skillful economist, a clever financier, he will soon have a house upon it, and he and his family will realize from a blessed experience, that of all the pleasant spots on earth not one is half so pleasant as a home of our own.

A Noble Sacrifice.—"I Cannot See my Brother Perish."—A few days ago the Syracuse, N. Y. Standard, mentioned the drowning, at Fulton, of two Merriam boys, nephews of Major Thomas Merriam.

When the Merriam boys, and he who had joined them last, ran on to it, they were all peeped into the water. The Merriams were excellent swimmers, and with their comrades began to break ice by clinging to it.

When help came, the other boy had hold of the ice, but was senseless. He was, however brought to. The bodies of the brothers were readily found, clasped in each other's arms. What a noble sacrifice!

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.—If all would do this, the world would be happier for most of us than it is. Some people seem to do everything in their power to make the worst instead of the best, of what they have.

It is one thing to earn money, and another to make the best use of it after it is earned. Good wages or bad wages make small difference to the comfort of some homes.

Making the best of things is the art of all arts, without which no trade, profession, or calling will ever insure success. It is the secret of order and comfort in our homes. The wife who makes the best of everything for husband's wages procure, because the help-meet she promised to be; and the husband who makes the best of his opportunities, working faithfully, intelligently, and skillfully, and so reaping for his family the largest return for his labor, only fulfill the pledge that he made when he married his wife.