

THE POST.
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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor.

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The Post.

MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JUNE 29, 1871. NO. 16.

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Editorial notices per line	1.50

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than one year are payable at the time
they are ordered, and if not paid the per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

D. C. CLARKE,
Select Poetry.
BACKBONE.
When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowling to wealth or favor,
With abject, unswerving head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led,
Walk yourself with finer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, backbone.

When you see a theologian
Hanging close some ugly creed,
Feigning to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest just read,
Holding back all noble feeling,
Clinging down his mantle new,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the Good and True;
Walk yourself with finer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, backbone.

When you see a politician
Crowding through contracted holes,
Begging for some false position,
In the ring or at the polls,
Who for sterner manhood in him,
Nothing plain, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Doublesided all around;
Walk yourself with finer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
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In sense and tone,
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AN OLD MAID'S STORY.
"Aunt Patsy, please tell us a story," said Edith Herbert, a bright, laughing girl of sixteen, as her mother's old friend entered the pleasant sitting room, and, taking her especial seat at the fireside, began knitting away most energetically.
"Oh, yes! a story! a story!" cried the rest of the young party, while little Arthur innocently questioned:
"Aunt Patsy, what is the reason you never get married?"
"Well, sonny, I don't know," and the old lady smiled benignantly.
"Come, Aunt Patsy," chimed in Harry, "tell us all about it. I know you used to flirt when you were young like Edith."
"Twas my own fault that I never married, I was young and pretty once, and had scores of beaux."
She spoke with a smile, but her voice trembled, and removing her spectacles she wiped away the gathering tears.
"Don't mind their idle questioning, Aunt Patsy," said Mrs. Herbert, gently.
"Nay, dear, if it gives them any pleasure to hear of my young days, let them enjoy it."
And rubbing her glasses, she again replaced them and returned to the expectant group.
"You wish me to tell a story. I will tell you, then, how I, one evening, passed for a bride, and how much pain it caused me. I had a dear friend, Nellie Tatal. Until we both reached the age of seventeen we were always together; then Nellie got married, and I was first bridesmaid. I, too, was engaged to be married, but Edward Mortimer—that was the name of my intended—was at that time away from home. I was a very wild girl, and would have my fun, no matter what happened and though I was engaged to a man whom I devotedly loved, till I could not renounce my propensity for flirting and joking. Richard Farleigh was my perfect shadow, so that the world laughed and said that Edward had better come home."
"The night of the wedding I was as wild as ever; many of my companions were around me, and one said, teasingly:
"Poor Patsy must wait a while year before she, too, can sport a bridal veil."
"Instantly an idea flashed across me.
"I tell you, what, girls," I said, "suppose I steal Nellie's veil, and give a party, it's just for fun."
"Good! good!" they cried eagerly, and soon we had everything arranged.
"Some one was required to impersonate the groom: Richard Farleigh stepped forward. This was Tuesday. Edward would be back on Saturday, my party was fixed for the intervening Thursday. In vain my friends remonstrated, and said how angry Edward would justly be. I did not heed them. But when the night came, and I entered the drawing-room clad in bridal attire, on Richard Farleigh's arm, my heart misgave me. Most willingly would I have divested myself of the veil, but alas! had not the courage to encounter the taunts of my companions. The dance was at its height, when, hearing an exclamation of astonishment, I turned. There on the very threshold stood Edward Mortimer, gazing at me with those sad gray eyes, and pale as marble. 'Twas but for a moment. Before any one could arrest him, he was gone. I remembered no more; but when I regained consciousness, days afterward, they told me he had gone away forever, believing me to be Farleigh's bride.
"For years I hoped and trusted he would return, but he never came. Richard renewed his visits, asked me to become his wife, but it could not be. His very presence was to me freighted with painful associations; and so I never married, but am a real old maid!
"Edith, child, you are fond of a miracle. You smile when called a coquette. Be warned, my child, in time!"
Here Aunt Patsy relapsed into silence, resuming the neglected knitting; the children stole quietly away; and pretty Edith, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, pondered over the story of the Old Maid.—*Sunday Night.*

A Remarkable Boy.
Farm-r Boggles was a voracious old bodger. If there was anything he delighted in, it was to secure the attention of some one while he spun a yarn about the wonderful extent of his son Tom. Tom was his idol—his hero on every occasion—and never would the old fellow let his hero suffer in want of a romance.
"Ah!" said Boggles, one day, as he had fairly fixed his auditor. "Tom is the most remarkable boy you ever set eyes on; he's like his old dad—you can't no more arcumvent him than you can a woodchuck. You recollect that apple tree that stood down under the hill, beside the stump fence? Well I was mighty 'savin' of them apples. I can tell you. I forlorn Tom couldn't 'em as they brought a high price in the market, and every one told, but he would get 'em. It was his way, you know and all possessed couldn't stop him. One day I caught the young scamp perched up in the tree, stuffing his sack with the fruit, and I determined this time to punish him for it.
"Thomas, my son," says I, "your father's calling ye—come down."
"I thought I'd be sort 'o promiscuous, so it would fetch him; but he smelt the rap, and didn't budge an inch.
"I can't do it," said he; "these pesky apples are in the way."
"Tom," I continued, sternly, for my under began to rise, "come down this morn', or I'll cut down the tree, and let yer fall!"
You see my poor old limbs wouldn't permit my slumbers after the boy, so I had to take other means.
"O, no you won't do it," says Tom; "only think how you'd mourn if you couldn't sell the apples to staff the old toad skin."
That was too much—to have my own boy accuse me ev' such parsimonious. But so what does I do but git the axe and cut away at the bottom of the tree.
"Tom—Thomas," I cried, as the tree was about cut off, "will you come down now, and save yourself."
"Never mind, dad," says he, "I ain't spilling!"
It was no use; I couldn't bring him that way, and so I chopped away at the tree, till, at last, it began to sway and fall to the ground.
"What! and crushed your own boy, squaled his horrified listener.
"Not by a long chalk," replied old Boggles, winking knowingly. You couldn't 'tween it over Tom in any such way. What had he done but crawled out on a limb, and while I was chopping at the bottom of the tree, he had been cutting off the limb with his jack-knife, and when the tree fell, there he was still up on the limb!"

A Young Man's Capital.
There are many young men who are in the habit of excusing their idleness and in-fidelity with the plea that they can do nothing without capital. The lack of means is the ready reply they make to every appeal to action; they imagine they possess within themselves all the prerequisites to success, but capital; if they had only that, in addition to their other imagined virtues, they would do great things in the world; they would astonish the natives with the boldness and brilliancy of their enterprises; they would grow immensely rich, and then lay the world under perpetual obligations of gratitude by the magnificence of their benefactions. This is the way they think and talk, and they roll the vainglorious idea over in their idle minds until they come to imagine that the world is an immense loss by their poverty.

These persons forget one important fact—that all capital is the product of labor; that nearly all rich men in this country were once poor; that nearly every personal fortune they can enumerate is either the product of his own energy and skill, or the representative of his father's toil and skill.

How did the makers of these fortunes manage to get along without capital? Had they spent the vigor of their youth in idle and foolish lamentations over their poverty, they would have lived and died poor, and left nothing but an inheritance of honesty behind them. Capital allied to labor and skill can work wonders in the way of material enterprise; and the man who possesses money finds it easy to make money. But capital is not indispensable to young men of the right stuff, for all this. There are other kinds of capital besides accumulated money; brains, muscle, industry, honesty, diligence, truth, fidelity, skill, tact, education—all these are capital, and all of them have a commercial value, which the owner will be able, sooner or later, to command in the market. Provided with these, any young man in this country may make more than he needs to spend, every year, and thus have something at the end of each year, to invest as capital. If he needs money, let him go to work and make it, and thus give proof of his ability to use it profitably and judiciously. If we go into any great city, or into a prosperous agricultural district, we find the capitalists are those who have made their fortunes without any side aid. They did not waste their time in repinings at their poverty, and in silly dreams of what they could do if they only had the money to do it with. They went boldly and resolutely to work; they toiled, and thought, and planned, and kept on toiling, thinking and planning until their rugged hands grasped the fortunes that others envy. In nine cases out of ten, the man who will not work for the capital he imagines he needs, would not know what to do with it if he had it.—*St. Louis Home Journal.*

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg Pa.
Offers his Professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

PETER SPECHT,
Respectfully informs the citizens of this place and surrounding country that he is now prepared to manufacture to order, and has for sale,
Buggies, Carriages, Sulkeys, Sleighs, Wagons.
Se., as cheap, and a little cheaper, than they can be purchased elsewhere.

REPAIRING
of vehicles of various kinds promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

PETER SPECHT.
Middleburg, May 3, 1871, ff.

THE HERMIT.
A LEGEND OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR
It was midnight, not a breath of air ruffled the transparent waters of Lake George, on whose calm bosom the many stars flashed like ocean diamonds, when a small skiff guided by one man slowly approached the rocky shore where the British army lay encamped. The boat attracted the attention of two sentinels who were stationed at a short distance from the beach and they both simultaneously exclaimed in a low tone:
"The Anchor! Hia! there he comes!"
In a moment the skiff wheeled around and sped from the shore with the velocity of an arrow.
"By the night-cap of King George," said one of the men, "this is a mysterious affair. How could he have heard us?"
"Ay," retorted his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulder, "and then he is seldom seen except in the night."
Many were the conjectures made by them relative to the strange being. He had been seen at different times by numbers of the soldiers, and his singular and lonely appearance excited their curiosity to the highest pitch. Suspicions began at length to be entertained that he was a spy in the employment of the French; and measures were accordingly adopted for his apprehension. On the following morning the strange man was again seen by a scout while mooring his skiff under a projecting rock. His motions were watched by the soldier in breathless silence. Clambering up the rocks with astonishing agility, he proceeded at a rapid pace along the bold shores of the lake, followed at a distance by his unseen spy, until he reached a rude log cabin situated at the brink of a fearful precipice, which commanded a noble view of the water scenery beneath. After pausing a moment he entered and closed the back door. The soldier closely scanned the surrounding objects and retraced his steps. He reported his discovery to the Colonel, who immediately ordered a small detachment consisting of a Lieutenant and seven or eight privates, to repair forthwith to the cabin and bring it in-timate to the camp.

Old Gray Beard had chosen a singular location for his palace," said the Lieutenant, a man who was lashed alike by his equals and inferiors, over whose early life was drawn the dark veil of mingled crime and mystery—as they slowly wound their way up the craggy height—"but if he makes the slightest resistance, we will tumble him and his air castle into the lake."
"I would rather take a loving hug with some one else," replied the guide, "for he scaled those rocky battlements like a tiger seeking his lair."
The conversation was continued until they arrived within a short distance of the hut. Silence was then commanded, and the surrounded the humble abode without discovery or molestation. The lieutenant tapped loudly upon the closed entrance, and in a moment it was opened by the object of their search. Grief had stamped

the signet upon his brow, and Time had done its work of wax, though this un-bubled fire of his eye framed a singular contrast with his bluish locks. Calmly surveying the armed group before him with a look of defiance and sarcasm, his eye at length rested upon the Lieutenant—and it seemed as if the silent misery and sleeping vengeance of years flashed forth in that glance. The withering look was not observed by the officer, and the party stood before the singular being with mingled emotions of curiosity and awe.
"May I inquire your reasons for disturbing a sad and lonely being," said the recluse, whose foot is upon the grave, and who has sought refuge in this wilderness from the deception and folly of a world composed of fools and knaves?"
The lieutenant stammered out a few words in explanation of the object of their visit. A slight shade came over the countenance of the old man, who they intimated that his cabin would be searched—but it was only for a moment. He requested permission to finish his coarse repast before they disturbed his rude apartment which was granted. On being questioned as to the cause of his seclusion, he replied with bitter melancholy:
"Ask you lone and lightning seathed oak, bearing its branches and tankless trunk to the fearful sweep of the tempest, for the cause of its desolation;—ask the wave that wanders from a far-sea and is dashed upon the eternal shore, why it rushes to destruction; but ask not the agonized spirit to unroll the scroll of the past, and trace the burning characters which mar its pages; ask not the soul of wretchedness to send the thoughts over the booming sea of memory into the shadowy regions of misery. It is enough to know that I was happy and am miserable. I once loved abroad upon the sunny prospects before me, and mistook the gossamer webbed hopes of youthful imagination for sober realities, and considered the great mass of mankind honest and virtuous; but time dispelled the illusive aspirations of youth, and experience has taught me to trust a viper that stings the bosom that warmed him, sooner than place confidence in man any farther than his interest is concerned. I formerly resided in Boston, affluent and happy. My family was small, consisting of a wife and one lovely daughter. The latter was ruined by a fiend in human shape—a British Lieutenant; [here the officer hid his burning brow and appeared lost in abstraction; but the old man appeared not to notice his confusion, and proceeded.] the former died of a broken heart; my property was reft from me by the treachery of a false friend; and I became a free denizen of the wilderness. Retribution has in part done its work. The villain who grasped my property ended his career on the gallows; though the reptile who blighted one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed out of Eden, still stalks forth in the open light of day. Soon, very soon, however, will he receive the meed of vengeance. But the sands of my glass are few—time will soon be charged for the dial plate of eternity.
The melancholy voice of the old man ceased, and they proceeded to search the apartment while he threw open a door not before noticed by them, on that side of the cabin facing the lake. It was a dizzy distance from his door to the blue water beneath, but the old man looked down with unquivering limbs and a steady eye. After unsuspiciously rummaging every part of the hut, with the expectation of finding secret papers or money, he was ordered to accompany the soldiers to headquarters. Making a lent to move towards the door, he suddenly grasped the Lieutenant, and exclaiming, "Wretch! my daughter shall now be avenged!" with a powerful effort precipitated himself and his opponent into the lake. A death shriek—a heavy splash—and a few tables rose over their watery grave.

TO MAKE MISCHIEF.
Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them sit without watching. They may do some thing wrong if you do. To be sure, you never know them doing anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing some of those dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head.
If you find any symptom of any one passing out of the park of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dread full thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mountain sphere.
If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are not better than they should be—that you should not wonder if the people should find out what they were after awhile, then they may not carry their heads so high.
Keep it going and some one may take the hint and begin to help you along after a while—then there will be jubilee and everything will work to a charm.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—"John, how do you parse gram-ma-her?"
"I doesn't pass her at all, but always goes in to get a fart."
"What is the singular of men?"
"They is singular when they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times."
"Young women are so awful! What is it that comes after young women?"
"It's the fellow; to be sure—'ch y are always after the young women."
"That will do; you are now dismissed."

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Collections made in all parts of the State. He can speak the English and German language fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office.

D. B. SLIPPER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warerooms,
No. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET,
(Below Arch, West Side.)
Factory and Wholesale Department,
1603 North 6th Street, above Oxford,
PHILADELPHIA.

W. F. HANSELL,
SUCCESSOR TO CAFFMAN & CREW,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
No. 21 North Fourth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Original Packages Constantly on Hand.
Represented by THOMAS SWINEFORD.

NEW FIRM —AND— **NEW GOODS!**
E. G. HETZEL, P. S. McCULLOUGH,
HETZEL & McCULLOUGH,
(SUCCESSORS TO JOHN HETZEL.)
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
MERCHANDISE!
HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR
FLOUR, GRAIN,
RAIL ROAD TIES,
&c., &c.,
CHAPMAN,
SNYDER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.
March 17, 1870-ff.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BANNERVILLE.
NEW GOODS.
HELFRICH & BROWER
Wish to inform the citizens of Bannerville and vicinity that they have opened a new stock of goods, and will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of
Consisting of ALPACAS, POPLINS, PLADS, LUSTRES, DELAINES, CALICOES, &c.
Cloths & Cassimeres
HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

CURE FOR BURNS.—Dr. Ferguson recommends as an infallible cure for burns and scalds the following: Glycerine, 5 parts; white of an egg, 4 parts; tinct. arnica, 3 parts.
Mix the glycerine and white of egg intimately, and then add gradually the arnica. Apply freely on the burn, night and morning, washing the scalp previously with warm castile soap suds.—*Cincinnati Medical Reporter.*

PRETTY SIMILE.—As bees breed no poison, though they extract the darkest juice, so the noble mind, though forced to drink the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

TO MAKE MISCHIEF.
Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them sit without watching. They may do some thing wrong if you do. To be sure, you never know them doing anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing some of those dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head.
If you find any symptom of any one passing out of the park of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dread full thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mountain sphere.
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J. C. BOYER, JR.
AUCTIONEER,
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.
Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employes. [Jan. 9, '67]

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRD S
(322) PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'n.
J. C. NIPE, Clerk.
Nos. 412 & 416 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS
Stationers, Blank Book Manufacturers and dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Curled and Wall papers Paper Bags &c. General Job Printers.
No. 120 N. 3rd street above Race

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on SAMUEL PATENT, Agent, Selingsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDLER,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selingsgrove Penn

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

Y. D. WAGNER, Esq.,
J. C. TICE OF THE PEACE,
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. [March 12, '68]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co. Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-38ff]

GRAYBILL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats, Brushes Cotton Lays, Grain Bags, Fly Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.
No. 243 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Feb. 17, '67

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"Young women are so awful! What is it that comes after young women?"
"It's the fellow; to be sure—'ch y are always after the young women."
"That will do; you are now dismissed."

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