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The Post.

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NO. 49.

A New Idea!

WILSON SEWING MACHINE



FOR 50 Dollars!! FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY Buy the World-Renowned WILSON Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair; Northern Ohio Fair; Amer. Institute, N. Y.; Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition; St. Louis Fair; Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair; and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Felling, Stitching, Cording, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS, Wilson Sewing Machine Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES B. MILLER, ARCHITECT CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

Walnut Street, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Is at all times prepared to furnish Drafts, Plans and Specifications for all kinds of Buildings, at the lowest possible rates and on short notice.

WANTED.

We will give energetic men and women Business that will pay

Poetry.

(Written for the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, TOM-CATASTROPHE, A LITTLE DOGGEREL, BY S. O. T.)

The moon shed down its silvery light, The twinkling stars were shining bright...

For love and then, cries Tom, 'tis a real sorrow...

Upon the stillness came a cry, And soon the fire began to fly...

They with a yell together flew, And from the struggle force they grew...

As they they clung and scratched and spit, And tore the hair out, bit by bit...

Now on the shed, now on the ground, Then up in air with fearful sound...

Fiercely they fought there all the night, Till both Tom cats were used up quite...

For half an acre on the ground, Were bits of Tom cats scattered round...

A quiet spot, in passing flight, Heard Maria's dying cry...

But every story has an end, And so this tale which I commend...

A Mother's Vengeance.

A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, and rich withal, in wealth and honors.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage. Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home.

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco. Nearly all on board had perished.

That evening, as he sat moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age.

"Pray be seated, and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

"You had a son once," she said. "The lines grow deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression came over it."

"I, too, had a son," she continued. "An only one, as yours was. In a sudden affray, he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist, who was quite as blameable as himself."

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property. Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the disposition of estates.

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man. At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative.

Geoffrey Peyton remembered now the face that had often haunted him since the day it had been turned pleadingly upon him.

"That day," she resumed, "I took an oath to make you feel, if possible, all I then felt. I stole away your child."

"My child!—is he alive?" "Listen. I stole away your child, and left you to mourn him as dead. I took him to a distance, and reared him as my own. I bore no malice toward him. I only hated you.

If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years before the occurrence of which we are now to speak, a youth named George Haynes had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary.

The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting, moreover, qualities of intellect which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of three years he was prepared for admission to the bar.

"Is this the return you make for my confidence?" he exclaimed. "You whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in!"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust or ill-requitted your kindness," replied the youth, with a touch of the other's pride in his manner.

"Would you do her a real service?" "I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at less cost," returned the other, dryly. "Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that, should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my purpose to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," answered George, whose cheek flushed, "by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospect she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake."

"Then for her sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must induce her to beggary. If you possess a tithe of the selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he pretended to love."

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco. Nearly all on board had perished; and among the names of the lost was that of George Haynes.

Geoffrey Peyton swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience.

That evening, as he sat moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age, and whose wrinkled face and wild dark eye had something sinister in them.

"Pray be seated, and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

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forward him. I only hated you. I brought him up tenderly, educated him as well as my moderate means would allow, and felt thankful that in inflicting punishment on the father, I had been enabled to do it with so little injury to the child.

"Is he alive?" cried the old man piteously. "Speak, woman!—have you no mercy?"

"You had none when I sought to appeal to it," she answered. "That your son is not alive, and that your conscience may accuse you of his death, is the reason I am here. The young man you drove away because he presumed to love one for whom your pride had prepared other plans, was your own son!"

"He confided to me the cause of his going; and on reading the announcement of his fate, I resolved that you should feel over again the agony of a parent's bereavement, heightened now by the fierce sting of remorse."

"Your story is false!" he cried, springing up—"a fiendish invention gotten up to torture me! But I will put you to the proof. My son bore a mark upon his person, put there clandestinely by an old nurse in India, when we traveled in that country, who attached some superstition to it. If the child you say you reared was my son, you must have seen, and can describe that mark."

"A serpent head and some strange characters, in India ink, on the left arm below the elbow," was the answer.

Geoffrey Peyton staggered, and fell into the chair from which he had risen. He seemed as one stunned by a terrible blow.

"Good news! good news!" cried Gertrude, bursting into the room. "The evening paper corrects the report of this morning. George Haynes is among the saved, and has already reached New York."

But her words were headed not. The old man lay in his chair unconscious. He was placed upon his bed; and on returning to himself, and being informed of George's safety, "Send for him," he whispered eagerly.

"Has he come yet?" was the question he repeated as often as he had strength.

When at last the young man came, and was conducted to his late employer's bedside, the latter, with eager trembling hands, turned back the sleeve of George's coat so as to expose the arm.

"My Ernest!—my son!" he exclaimed; and raising himself with sudden strength, he clasped the young man to his breast.

"Bear witness, all he said; this is my son. These marks," pointing to certain devices tattooed on George's arm, "prove it, as does the testimony of the woman who stole him away and reared him as her own, and whom I saw and conversed with last night. It now only remains to cancel this."

Geoffrey Peyton would fain have lived for his son's sake, but it was not so to be. The recent shock proved too much for his strength; and not many days after he sank to rest in his son's arms.

Our story would be incomplete if we failed to mention that Ernest Peyton and Gertrude Gray, in due time, were happily married. What became of the distant relative, we don't know, and don't suppose anybody cares.

A Yankee and Frenchman owned a pig in partnership. When the killing time came the Yankee wished to divide so that he should have both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut across the back.

"Fitch piece will you have ze piece wid ze tail on him, or ze piece vat aint got no tail on him?"

"Den by gar you take him and I take ze oder," said the Frenchman.

Upon turning round the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and put it in the pig's mouth.

LOOKING FOR A BERTH.—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a man came on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk:

"I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets out to another passenger.

"A berth? thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the young man, "we ain't but just got married! we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—"

"Well," replied the clerk, "that is what we call a 'berth' on a steam boat."

A tract of land in Missouri containing 40,000 acres has been bought for a party of French emigrants, who are about to settle there.

The Famous Blue Laws of Connecticut.

The statutes copied below, from an ancient volume relating the history of the American colonies, were enacted by the people of the 'dominion of New Haven' and being printed on blue paper came to be known as the blue laws.

The Governor and magistrate convened in General Assembly, and the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

The Assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspiracy against the Dominion shall be punished with death.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn the dominion shall suffer death.

The Judges shall determine no controversies without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No quaker, no dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the electing of magistrate or any other officer.

No food or lodgings shall be offered to Quaker, Adamite or heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No Priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river, on the Sabbath, but an authorized clergyman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except, reverently, to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, or sweep houses, on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss her children on Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by his oath.

When it appears that the accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to bar him from liberty of buying or selling.

Whoever publishes a lie in the prejudice of his neighbor, shall be set in the stocks and be whipped ten stripes.

Advertising Rates.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One column one year, One-half column one year) and Price (e.g., \$0.00, \$0.00, \$0.00).

SHIPPING ELEPHANTS.

A California newspaper says: The hoisting into the air and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship is not only an unusual sight to most men, but also a strange experience to most elephants.

They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes with three-foot tackle, and lowered into the steamer's hold like a bale of cotton.

When in the hold they were placed in pens, built of strong teak timber bulks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking loose.

The four the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent, and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest.

Tears trickled down their wild countenances, and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sandal for them to stand upon.

When they were released from the slings it was a supreme moment for the mahout, who was always on the elephant's neck from the time of its touching the water to letting go.

As the word was given to let go, each of the elephants, either from the lightness of his heart at being freed from his floating prison, or from his own weight, were not assured which—lightness of heart, likelihood of head cases, elephants and men to play pranks—plunged down deep into the water, the mahout on his neck.

The anxiety on the faces of the mahout just one second before the plunge was a study; so, too, was it when elephant and man rose to the surface again, the former blowing water from his trunk and the latter from his nose.

A WATCH TRADE.

Old Davis, of Ossipee—the well-known shingle and clapboard autocrat of thirty years ago—had a dog named Watch. The dog had become old and a nuisance.

"I've got 'em as cheap as dirt, and real good ones."

"I haven't got the money."

"I've got nothing but a watch."

"Eh!—a watch?" cried the peddler, brightening up. "What kind of a watch?"

"Tain't of course, a very good one, or I wouldn't want to trade it off."

"What kind o' cases?"

"I can't say much for the cases, but the insides is in good order, and it runs well. It'll let you know when feedin' time comes,artin'."

"How'll you trade?"

"I'll give you my watch for one of your clocks, without any 'ifs' or 'ands'."

"Done!" cried Brown, and he selected a steeple-topped Connecticut clock, and brought it into the store.

"There's your clock. Now, where's your watch?"

Davis went to the door, and whistled, and called—

"Watch! Watch! Here, old fellow, you're wanted!"

The dog came in with a bound.

"That's the watch, Brown. You'll find his in ards perfect, and he can run like Sanebo; and when it comes meal-time, if he don't let you know it, I'm mistaken in him."

The peddler gasped and staggered and he said something not quite proper to ears polite; but he did not back down. He only said, as he hitched the dog to the axle-tree of his wagon, and prepared to drive off: "Somebody'll pay for that before night!"

And I opine that there are hundreds of people to-day in that section of New Hampshire who have a firm belief that they helped to pay old Brown for that clock!

After several years of reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the three most difficult things in life are—1st. Carryin' an arm full of live coals up a steep hill without spillin' an eel; 2d. Actin' as a referee at a dog fight without gettin' mad; 3d. Editin' a newspaper.

A sensation preacher, assuming a dramatic attitude, exclaimed in a startling, agonizing tone, "What is that see there? Here a little woman in black cried out in a shrill treble tone, "It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite anybody."