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MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 20, 1876. NO. 38.

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MAY FLOWER AND GENTIAN. Rare cure for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc.

THE INDIAN COMPOUND. Is one of the most successful medicines ever offered to the public.

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Poetry.

Deeds of Kindness. Suppose the little cowardly...

What is Life? A little life with dark brown hair, A little blue-eyed face and fair.

Select Tale. Little Peacemaker. "Now, sir, go out of the door, and never so long as you live, dare to cross over its threshold again."

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Justice of the Peace, Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.

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"I can't help it, Mary, little sister that I love better than anything on the face of the earth, and I want you to remember this, whether you ever see me again or not."

"Papa, papa," the voice came up fair and eager from the parched, palid lips and the old man went to the bedside and leaned tenderly over the white, ghastly face.

"Yes, Mary, darling sister, I am here," and the young man sprang forward and folded his arms about her, and his tears dropped on her head for she had shaven away the long golden curls that crowned her like a sun.

"I will take him back—I have forgiven him," and the old man's voice was husky because of its sobs.

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Encounter of a Mother and Daughter with a Bear. DELHI, N. Y., Dec. 30.—Two women, mother and daughter, named Butler, living on that part of the Catskill of which Mount Prospect is the termination, recently had an encounter with a bear, in which was manifested a heroism worthy of those early days in American history when the settlers were compelled to be continually on the alert against ferocious beasts and still more ferocious Indians.

Mrs. Butler is a woman about 35 years old and her daughter Jennie is 16. It is the custom of the husband and father to be absent in the woods sometimes two or three days, leaving his wife and daughter alone with a good watch dog and rifle in the cabin. He was away on Sunday last. About 5 o'clock on that day the daughter, Jennie, was preparing the evening meal for the dogs, which were spending in the pen, a log enclosure a short distance from the house. A sudden change in the cries emitted from the dog, Joe, caused mother and daughter to run to the door of the cabin and look out. What was their amazement to see a large black bear with a shaggy mane of hair and a shaggy mane of hair and a shaggy mane of hair.

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Advertising Rates. One column one year, \$90.00. One-half column one year, \$45.00. One-fourth column one year, \$22.50. One square (10 lines) 1 insertion, 75. Every additional insertion, 50. Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00. Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50. Editorial notices per line, 15. All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

He Got His Breakfast. The other day a man with a gruff look halted before an eating stand at the Central market, and after a long survey of the wares he said to the woman: "I am a poor man, but I'll be honest if I have to be buried in Paupers' Field."

"What's the matter now?" asked the woman regarding him with suspicion. "No one saw me pick up a \$20 bill here by this stand early this morning, but as I said before I'll be honest."

"A \$20 bill—pick up?" she whispered, bringing a bland smile to her face. "I suppose, he continued, that some one passing along here could have dropped such a bill, but it seems more reasonable to think that the money was lost by you."

"Don't talk quite so loud," she said, as she leaned over the stand—"You are an honest man, and I'll have your name put in the papers so that all may know it. I'm a hard working widow, and if you hadn't brought back that money it would have gone hard with my poor little children."

"If I pick up money by a stand I always give it up," he said as he sat down on one of the stools. "That's right," she whispered—"Draw right up here and have some breakfast."

He needed no second invitation. The way he went for cold ham, fried sausage, biscuit and coffee was terrific to the woman. "Yes—I'm—try—to—be—you—out, he remarked between bites. "That's right. If I found any money belonging to you, I'd give it up, you bet. Have another cup of coffee."

"Don't—cro—fess," he said, as he jammed more ham into his mouth. Even courtships have an ending. The old chap finally began to breathe like a floundering horse, and pretty soon after that he rose from the table. "You are a good man to bring my lost money back," said the woman, as she brushed away the crumbs. "Oh, I'm honest," he replied "when I find any lost money I always give it up."

"Well, I'll take it now, please," she said, as he began to button his coat. "Take what?" he asked. "That lost money you found." "I didn't find any; I'll be honest with you, however, if I ever do find any around here?" "You old liar! Didn't you say you found a \$20 bill here?" "No, ma'am. I said that no one saw me pick up such a bill here?" "Pay me for them provisions!" she yelled, clutching at his throat. "I'll be honest with you—I haven't a cent!" he replied, as he held her off.

"She tried to trip him over into a barrel of charcoal, but he broke loose, and before she recovered from her amazement he was a block away and galloping along like a stage horse.

Professions and Presidency. The confident prediction by Alex H. Stephens that the next President of the United States will be a journalist, suggests the inquiry as to how the different professions have fared in the past in the distribution of that honor. A hasty review will be found to result as follows: Washington was a soldier. Adams was a lawyer. Madison was a statesman. Monroe was a lawyer. John Quincy Adams was a lawyer. Jackson was a soldier. Van Buren was a lawyer. Harrison was a soldier. Tyler was a lawyer. Polk was a lawyer. Taylor was a soldier. Fillmore was a lawyer. Pierce was a lawyer. Buchanan was a lawyer. Lincoln was a lawyer. Johnson was a lawyer. Grant was a soldier.

It is true that Jackson was a lawyer as well as a soldier—a Judge as a General—but as it was his career as a fighter that made him President, he is credited to the profession. So Pierce was a Brigadier-General in the Mexican war, so we applied to him the correlative of the proposition that we applied to his great Democratic predecessors. It should be explained with respect to Madison that he studied law, but it seems to have been advanced into public life too soon to make any progress in the practice.

The report on the geology and resources of the region of the 39th parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, by Mr. Dawson, says: "From what I could learn, I believe that at the present rate of extermination twelve to fourteen years will see the destruction of what now remains of the great northern band of buffalo and the termination of the trade in robes and pemican, in so far as regards the country north of the Missouri river."