The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1876. NO. 42.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
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.

Poetry.

"Uncle Sam's A hundred."

Oh, ye Powers! with a roar,
Such as was never heard before—
Thundering from shore to shore,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred?"

Can-on boom and trumpets bray,
Fiddles squeak and fountains play—
'Tis his great Centennial day—
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Stalwart men and puny boys,
Maids and matrons swell the noise,
Every baby lifts its voice:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred?"

Nervous folks, who dote on quiet,
Though they're half distracted by it,
Can't help joining in the riot:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

"Brutes that walk, and birds that fly,
On the earth or in the sky,
Join the universal cry,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred?"

Well, suppose he is—what then?
Don't let's act like crazy men.
Must we take to feeling when
"Uncle Sam's a hundred?"

There he stands—our modern Saul—
Head and shoulders above all;
Yet, "Pinafore does surpass a fault,"
Even though one's a hundred.

"What's a hundred in our day."
Foreign Uncle Same will say;
"Let us sit and watch the play—
He is but a hundred.

"Granted he's a shapely youth—
Fair and ruddy—yet, forsooth!
He's too young—and that's the truth!
He is just a hundred.

"When he's twice as old, barlie!
'Twill be easier to forsee
What will be their destiny,
Now he's but a hundred.

"When he plays his boyish pranks,
Should he seek to join our ranks
We'll reflect. But now—no thanks!
Why, he's but a hundred."

Yes, our uncle's years are few:
He is young—the charge is true;
Let us keep the fact in view,
Though he counts a hundred.

Don't let's tempt him to ignore
Warnings that have gone before;
Perils both by sea and shore,
Now that he's a hundred.

Let us strive, with earnest heart,
Each of us to do his part,
So that we may escape the smart,
Seeing he's a hundred.

And with solemn, graceful thought,
Of the deeds that he has wrought,
Guided, cherished, favored, taught,
'Till he reached a hundred.

Let us, as we vaunt his worth,
Mingle soberness with mirth,
While we shout to all the earth,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Select Tale.

Ferguson's Avengers.

A Story of Partisan Days.

"*This* for the gallant Ferguson!" The forgoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the lowliest districts of the Palmetto State—a district watered by the Catawba and Pacolet rivers and their gentle tributaries.

In the month of September, 1780, Cornwallis detached the notorious Col. Ferguson to the frontiers of North Carolina, for the ostensible purpose of encouraging the tories of that region to take up arms for the king. Ferguson's force consisted in part of the most profligate and abandoned characters of the partisan days, and his march was marked by attrocities of the most shocking discription. The hardy men of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Virginia, rose against the marauders, and, led by Boone and other backwoods worthies, gave them a decisive defeat at King's Mountain. Ferguson was slain in the battle, and his fellow foragers, numbering about one thousand, were nearly all captured or killed.

This conflict revived the hopes of the Southern patriots, and forced Cornwallis to return to Charleston discomfitted and cast down.

"We shall have rest now," the patriots said, after the battle. "Ferguson, the dreaded, is dead, and the few tories who escaped with their wretched lives are not strong enough to do us harm."

Everywhere in the vicinity of the battle-field the Americans breathed freer, and the loyalists in whose interests Ferguson had marched to his death, curbed their loyalty, and in secresy swore revenge.

But the settlements were soon to learn that the victory of King's Mountain had nerved the arm of a foe more terrible than any which they had hitherto known.

The existence of the new terror was discovered by a boy one morning about a fortnight after the battle. He found the family of Archibald Mettson murdered in their own house, and to the corpes had been pinned a paper bearing these words:

"This for the gallant Ferguson!"

This terrible atrocity aroused the country, and the excitement was quickly heightened by the finding of the body of another murdered patriot. On the cold breast which had been pierced by pistol balls, was the pallid paper and its words of terrible import, and the country knew that a fearful vengeance would be taken for King's Mountain.

During the week that followed the discoveries I have mentioned, the work of the Avengers was terrible. They fell upon patriot houses at the dead of night, and left on the bosom of their victims the five words which had already terrorized the country. It was in vain that the patriots summoned their cunning and energy for the capture of the band of demons, which, as it had been discovered, numbered six men, masked, and mounted on black horses. They came and went like ghosts, but always left behind the terrible sentence which had made their existence execrable. At times they fell upon their hunters, and left them by the roadside marked with the sign of vengeance.

Fear began to paralyze the Carolinians; many abandoned their homes for the sake of their families; and it is probable that the entire district would have been depopulated in a short time, had it not been for the courage of one woman.

Her name was Alice Beauchampe.

It was a dark night in the last week of November, when the heroine of my story left the house of a friend. Her own house, which had been deserted for several days, was not far away, and she had determined to return to it for the purpose of securing an article of apparel left behind in her recent flight.

Before she set out on her journey she was warned of the dangers that environed it; but she smiled, and declared that she did not fear them. She could enter the old house through the kitchen, in the rear, find the garment without a light, and return safely to her friends.

The path she had often traversed was barely discernable; but she made good headway, and reached her home without incident. The silence of the grave hung about the forsaken place, and the lifting of the latch sent a chill of terror to the young girl's heart. Through the kitchen, across the deserted parlor, and up the stairs, she crept to the room where she had left the object of her nocturnal quest. The drawer of the old bureau yielded without noise, and Alice was drawing forth the garment when the voices of men fell upon her ears.

She started, dropped her prize, and with her heart in her throat crept to the window that overlooked the porch in front of the house.

She could see nothing, for the night was too dark; but the voices of men, mingled with the champing of bits, continued to salute her ears.

"This is old Beauchampe's house," said one. "It has been deserted for several days. The daughter, frightened by the manner in which we treated the father, has fled somewhere for protection."

These words drove every vestige of color from the listeners face; they told her who the men below were, though she could not see even the outlines of their persons. One week prior to her visit, her father, one of King's Mountain heroes, was found dead in a palmetto grove, and the words of Ferguson's Avengers lay on his breast. Then she had deserted her home, knowing that the hand that had struck the father would not spare the daughter.

Well might the the lone girl tremble when she found herself so near the dreaded scourges of the country, and she did not move until she heard the front door opened by a kick, and heavily booted feet in the room below.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War.

The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

Alice, who had longed for a sight of the dreaded six, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crack in the floor. Then applying her eye to the peek hole, she saw six wild looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table, along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar. Tall, rough, devil-may-scare-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleading of innocence. Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots. There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their right arms for a chauce to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice knew where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth we'll prepare a feast.'

At his command, one of the men left the house, but soon returned, bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, beside, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why, there's the Widow Hartzell."

"I didn't think of her,' was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast-pin! Ha! ha!"

And the laugh went round the room.

Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she glided across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the palid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness beneath the window; but, failing in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven aid me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the tories had left tethered to the small trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the wine with oath and jest, or watching the roasting of the fowls. They did not fear danger, for their horrible deeds had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she lossened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidanceship, and when she had reached the copse, she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the horses started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked in upon its hilarious tenants.

She now held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a holster had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was the flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the party beyond the threshold. Once or twice she raised the weapon, but lowered it again, as if playing with the life of the leader of the six, whose burly form was revealed by the light of the fire.

She saw the fowls, smoking and well burned, placed on the table, and watched the greedy men crowd around for their shares. Their lounges and movements told her the stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late repast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the angry glances which he often cast at his comrades told that he did not sanction their bacchanalian conduct.

"Come! enough of this!" he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the centre of the room. "Get up, boys, and let's be going. I told you at Wiley's that you had wine enough, but you must bring some here and drink yourselves stuped. Tom Scott, and you Blankeson, I am ashamed of you! What would we do if a gang of rebels should catch us in this condition? You know the mercy we would get, and yet you sit there as careless as statues—drunk as old Bacchus himself."

Then an expression of contempt passed over the man's face, and stooping, he cried:

"Up! up! the rebels are coming!"

But his cry of alarm did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made the faces hideous was enough to provoke a smile, even from the mad tory.

"Men!" he sneered, contemptuously. "Dogs! every one of you. I've a mind to ride down to the Pacole swamp and tell the rebels hiding there that the men they hate are in their power. I have thought that I commanded *men*, not drunkards!" and he struck the table with the butt of his pistol, but could not rouse his stupid followers.

The next moment, with an oath on his lips, he strode to the door, which he jerked open and stepped upon the porch.

"Curse such dogs as I lead!" he hissed. "I suppose I must lead the horses up, and tie each fool in the saddle."

He was stepping from the porch for the purpose of attending to the horses which he supposed were still tethered at the trees, when a form rose before him and he started back with a gasp of terror.

"Who in the mischief——"

"Alice Beauchampe," was the interruption of the apparition. "The daughter of the old man basely murdered by your hands! Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have never granted others! Down, I say!"

Perhaps the shadows of the window sash did not permit him to see the pistol that was clutched in the hand of the fearless girl, else his rashness might have been curbed.

"Kneel to you? Never!" he cried.

The weapon which he raised dropped before the flash that followed his last words, and with a groan of pain he staggered back to drop dead among his drunken comrades.

Alice Beauchampe, amazed at her own courage, stood silent amidst the smoke of her own pistol. She saw the bacchantes try to shake off their torper at sight of their stricken leader, and one rose to his feet to fall as soon as he needed support.

"Now for the swamp!" she cried, with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight.

An hour passed away, and the drunken tories began to recover; their chief, who had dropped to the floor, seemed to sober them with his cold face and staring eyes, and when they had almost recovered their scattered wits, the foe they dreaded was upon them.

Alice Beauchampe's voice had fired the hearts of a patriot band for vengeance. On her way to the swamp she had encountered the partisans who had captured one of the flying horses, and were following the trail.

The conflict between patriot and tory was brief and almost bloodless.

The five avengers were made prisoners, and sued like cowards for the mercy they had never granted to a living being.

I need not describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that the trees in front of Alice Beauchampe's home bore the strangest fruit that ever hung from living limb.

The vengeance of the patriots was as complete as terrible, and when the glorious sun rose again, the dreaded men of the lovely district had ceased to frighten people with their name.

Alice Beauchampe, whose courage had led to the extermination of the avenging band, became the heroine of the day, and after the termination of hostilities wedded a lieutenant of Marion's men. Her heroism is venerated, and her gallant exploit narrated daily by hundreds of her descendants in the Palmetto State.

Kissed by a Burglar.

The New York *Mercury* says: A most peculiar robbery was lately perpetrated upon the female inmates of a house on Dupont street, San Francisco. The women, it appears, were asleep, and when they retired they had left the gas burning low. They were awakened by a sudden brightness which had been produced by turning on a full head of gas, and they discovered three men in the room. One of these had pointed toward them a loaded revolver, while the two others were rummaging the drawers of the bureau. One of the women gave a scream, when all three men turned toward the bed and each presented a revolver, telling them they would have to keep quiet if they valued their lives, and if they had anything to say they must not speak above a whisper. One of the robbers then approached the women. From the hands of one he stripped diamond rings valued at $800, and from the other took rings worth $125. One of the women, after being robbed commenced to cry bitterly, and the robber asked her why she wept. She replied: "You have taken my wedding ring; return that to me, and you may keep the rest." The robber hesitated about returning it, but the woman begged hard that he would return it, and he placed it on the finger from which he had taken it, after which he kissed her and expressed a hope that she would be a good girl in the future.

A Dead Shot.

Frank Frayne is now performing the feat of shooting an apple off his wife's head. He performs it nightly at the New Chicago Theatre. Some persons thought it simply a cleaver trick of legerdemain; but it is really a triumph of marksmanship. Recently Mr. Frayne gave a private exhibition of his skill before a select committee comsisting of members of the press and a number of experts. Mr. Fred Knight, a member of the company, was selected to hold the apple on his head and stand quiet under fire. Frank Frayne loaded his rifle—a Stevens, made at Chicopee Falls, Mass.—and he made that piece of fruit fly into a thousand pieces.—Then he repeated the experiment, this time firing backward over his shoulder, and taking his aim by means of a small mirror. There could be no doubt as to the reality of the shooting; the only wonder was that the young man shot at could calmly stand without flinching.

The Place for Young Men.

Young man, go to India! It is the custom there for parents to pay men to marry their daughters. In Calcutta, recently a rich Hindoo paid a man who came from a family of considerable distinction the sum of $300,000 to marry his daughter. The fellow married the young girl, a mere child in years, and pocketed the money.—Within two years he had gambled away all this money and was in debt besides. In this strait he sent the girl to her parents' home, demanding $100,000 more as a condition of living with her longer. The proposition was indignantly rejected, and the discarded wife now remains at her parental home. It is a stigma upon a Hindoo family if the daughters are not married before arriving at the age of thirteen.

☞Landis, the man who shot Carruth at Vineland, New Jersey, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity. It is strange how insane some men get when they are being tried for murder, but it is stranger what verdicts the intelligent jurymen sometimes bring in.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all concerned, that the following named persons have filed their accounts in the Register's Office at Middleburg, Snyder county, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance at the Orphans' Court to be held at Middleburg for the County of Snyder, on the 4th Monday of February next, being the 28th day of said month viz:

1. The second and final account of F. C. Walter Adm'r. of the Estate of John S. Walter, decd.
2. The account of Julia Maines administratrix of the Estate of Daniel Maines, decd.
3. The account of Daniel Eisenhart Adm'r. of the Estate of Isabella Tharp, decd.
4. First and final account of Nathaniel Deebler and Zachariah Deebler Executors of the Estate of John Deebler, decd.
5. Statement of G. W. Showers and H. F. Long Adm'rs. of the Estate of Barbara Sampsel, decd.
6. The account of William Snook decd. who was Guardian of Oliver Sampsel one of the minor children of George Sampsel, as filed by Reuben Snook and Henry Snook Executors of William Snook, decd.
7. The account of William Snook decd. who was Guardian of Caroline Sampsel a minor child of George Sampsel decd. as filed by Reuben Snook and Henry Snook Executors of William Snook, decd.
8. The account of William Snook dec'd who was Guardian of John Sampsel a minor child of George Sampsel dec'd as filed by Reuben Snook and Henry Snook, Executors of the Estate of Wm. Snook dec'd.
9. The account of Wm. Snook dec'd who was Guardian of Catharine E. Sampsel a Minor child of George Sampsel dec'd as filed by Henry Snook & Reuben Snook, Executors of the estate of Wm. Snook dec'd.
10. The account of David Shelly adm'r of the estate of Simon Shelly dec'd.
11. The account of John Brouse Executor of the Estate of Polly Heim, decd.
12. The account of Franklin Row Executor of the Estate of Samuel Row, decd.
13. The account of Metz Gerhart Administratrix cum testamento annexo of the Estate of Henry Gerhart, decd.
14. The first and final account of Lewis Haas, Adm'r. of the Estate of Enos H. Brouse, decd.
15. First account of Levi Pawling and Lewis E. Pawling Executors of the Estate of Samuel Pawling, decd

JAMES M VANZANDT,
Jan 27 '76. Register & Recorder.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. J. C. Buehrer, President Judge of the Judicial District composed of the counties of Snyder, Union and Mifflin and J. G. L. Shindel and B. L. Raudenbush Esqs Associate Judges in and for Snyder county have issued their precept bearing, date the 13th day of Dec. A. D. 1875, to me directed for the holding of an Orphans' court, a court of Common Pleas, court of Oyer and Terminer and General court of Quarter Sessions of the peace at Middleburg, for the county of Snyder, on the 4th Monday, (being the 28th day of February 1876,) and continue one week

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for the county of Snyder, to appear in their proper person with their rolls records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf pertain to be done and witnesses and persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons are required to be then and there attending and not departing without leave at their peril. Justices are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed time agreeably to notice.

Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's office in Middleburg, the 12th day of Jan. A. D., one thousand eight hundred and seventy six.

DANIEL EISENHART. Sheriff.

NOTICE of Widows Appraisements under the $300 Law.—Notice is hereby given that the following widows appraisements have been filed with the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Snyder Co., for confirmation on Monday, the 28th day of February inst.

Appraisement of Sarah Swengel, widow of John Swengel dec'd.

Appraisement of Rebecca Stuck, widow of Conrad Stuck dec'd.

Appraisement of Hannah Klingler, widow of Reuben Klingler dec'd.

Appraisement of Nancy Yerger, widow of Henry Yerger dec'd.

Appraisement of Mary Smith, widow of Jeremiah Smith dec'd.

Appraisement of Anna Reichenbach, widow of Jacob H. Reichenbach dec'd.

Appraisement of Ann Keck, widow of Elias Keck dec'd.

Appraisement of Barbra Sanders, widow of Emanuel Sanders decd.

Feb. 10, '76. J. CROUSE, Clerk O. C

LICENSE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that

James J. Mitchel,	Middleburg.
Jacob Smith,	"
John Krick,	West Beaver.
Wilson Dreese	Beaver,
Jonathan Spotts,	Chapman.
Henry Benfer,	Franklin.

David F. Kerstetter, " have filed their petitions for Tavern license with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Snyder county, and the same will be presented for approval on Monday, the 28th day of February next.

J. CROUSE, Clerk Q. S.

Assignee Account.

NOTICE is hereby given that H. M. Nipple Assignee of Levi Houtz, has filed his account in the Prothonotary's office at Middleburg, and that the same will be presented for confirmation at February Term of Court.

J. CROUSE, Proth'y.
Jan. 27, '76.

J. C. KREITZER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Chapman township Snyder Co. Pa.
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

THE
Best Investment!!
AN
Industrial Exhibition Bond.

Whole Bonds, $20 each.
Half " $10 "
Quarter " $5 "

8 ALLOTMENTS ANNUALLY.

All Bonds participate in each Series drawing until redeemed.
Each Bond will receive more than its cost.
All the risk a purchaser runs is the loss of a portion of the interest.
A whole Bond must receive one of the following Premiums.

$21, $50, $100, $200, $500, $1,000, $2,500, $5,000, $10,000, $35,000, $100,000.

Portions of Bonds receive their proper proportion.

Next Allotment March 6,

And in April, June, July, September, October, December, 1876.

BUY A BOND NOW AND IT PARTICIPATES IN EVERY DRAWING TILL IT IS REDEEMED.

Fractions of Drawn Bonds, in March 6th Premium Allotment, $5 each.

SEND FOR INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.

How to Purchase!

Remit by Express, Postal Order, Bank Draft, Certified Check, Registered Letter, or order through any Banker Banking House, payable to the order of the Secretary of The Industrial Exhibition Company, 42 East 17th Street, New York, specially chartered by the State of New York, for the purpose of building in New York.

A Palace of Industry.

It is officered and controlled by the ablest and most distinguished business men of New York.

Gen'l. John C. Robinson,
(Ex-Lieut. Gov. of New York,) Pres't.
Hon. W. L. Grant, Vice-Pres't.
E. B. Fond, Sec.

DIRECTORS.

Gen'l J Cendit Smith,	Buffalo.
James M. Salover,	17 Broad St. N. Y. City.
Paul N. Spofford,	29 Broadway N. Y. City.
Gen'l John M. Corse,	Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Shaffer	18 E. 50th St. N. Y. City.
Andrew McKinley,	St. Louis, Mo.
G. A. C. Barnett,	78 Duane St., N. Y. City.
Lloyd G. Barnett,	51 E. 20th St. N. Y. City.
R. M. Cushman,	48 Broad St. N. Y. City.
G. H. Penfield,	Hartford, Ct.
A. Wells,	67 University Place, N. Y. City.
S. N. Simpson,	131 E. 93d St. N. Y. City.
G. A. Stevens,	Appraiser, C. H., N. Y. City.
Hon. W. L. Grant,	Covington, Ky.
J. S. G. Hart,	Cincinnati, O.
E. A. Hotel,	79 Murray St. N. Y. City.
Geo. W. Quintard,	677 West St. N. Y. City.
Geo. W. McLean,	Pres't N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Gabriel Netter,	Banker, 52 Exchange Place, N. Y. City.
Albert L. Catlin,	Burlington, Vt.
Wm. F. Drake,	Drake Bros., Bankers, N. Y.
John J. Anderson,	St. Louis and New York.
Warren Murdoch,	New York.
Hon. John C. Robinson,	Binghampton, and N. Y. City.

TRUSTEES OF MANAGER.

L. W. Winchester, Treas.	National Express Company, N. Y. City.
Geo. A. McDonald,	23 E. 21st St. N. Y. City.

NOTE.—$5 will pu rchase a Fraction participate in

MARCH 6 ALLOTMENT.

If it draws less than $5, Company will take it back as $5 in the purchase of a whole bond of the Industrial Exhibition Co., of New York.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two post stamps. Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post Office Box, 4586.

VICK'S
Flower & Vegetable Seeds

are the best the world produces. They are planted by a million people in America, and the result is, beautiful Flowers and splendid Vegetables. A Priced Catalogue sent free to all who enclose the postage—a 2 cent stamp.

VICK'S
Flower & Vegetable Garden

is the most beautiful of the kind in the world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and four Chromo Plates of Flowers, beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 50 cts. in paper covers; 65 cts. bound in elegant cloth.

Vick's Floral Guide

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cts. for the year. The first number for 1876 just issued. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

$ DOWN WITH HARD TIMES. $

SAVE MONEY and to do it, buy where you can GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. The Great N. E. Dollar Sale, 33 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., since 1871 has sold goods to 150,000 patrons. It offers every variety of Dry, Fancy, and Staple Goods, Groceries, Books, Cutlery, Glass Ware, &c., &c., at about half price, and sells EVERYTHING at ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

First Hands. It buys from manufacturers and first hands, and can sell for $1 what country dealers ask $2 to $3 for. This is no humbug, no "ticket" or lottery. See our circulars, and see the thousands of articles offered at only $1. We are endorsed by the best papers of Boston, and by 150,000 patrons. See our circulars.

We Can and will sell you goods at less than any other house. We send by mail or express C. O. D., and let you see goods before buying. We want agents everywhere. No risk, no capital needed.

One Cent buys a postal card. Send one, for all our papers, circulars, and lists. We CAN and DO sell 42 articles, 142 books, &c., all for A SINGLE DOLLAR. Beautiful Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Sets, Pipes, Violins, Guitars, Castors, in fact 2000 articles all at $1. SEND NOW, and save money. You CAN do it, please try. Address all orders to H. ORMISTON & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

$9999 MONEY FOR ALL. Only two Dimes. Only two Dimes. "It is always darkest before day." To any reader who will send 10 cents to us, we will send one box of 999 which we guarantee will put you in the way to make $20 a month, and not take half your time. Suitable for men or women, boys or girls, and is entirely new. Thousands can now secure paying business, and constant income. This is the "chance of a lifetime," and if you will not embrace it tell your friends, for it is A Fortune for some worthy deserving person who needs a helping hand. Not a ring, jewelry, or other humbug, but a safe and sure guaranteed business opportunity. Sample box, circulars, &c., &c., are sent at cost, 20 cents, only to introduce it; none free, and none need reply unless they want to make $20 a year clear. Hundreds are making that, and 20 cents and "9999" will show you "how the done." Address, HUNTER & CO., Hillsdale, N. J.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

☞Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper

SAMUEL ALLEMAN. HORACE ALLEMAN.
S. ALLEMAN & SON.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Selinsgrove Pa.
All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA
Offers his Professional Services to the public Consultations in English and German.

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW &
District Attorney,
Middleburg, Snyder County Penn'a
Office a few doors West of the Court House on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. Sep.'67.

WM. 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.

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, '67tf

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney & Councellor
AT-LAW,
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's
Freeburg, Penn'a.
Consultation in both English and German Languages. Dec, 19, '72tf.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL.
(Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn.)
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, '67tf

F. J. R. ZELLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.
All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. Oct. 30, '73tf

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove 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

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9, '71

J. THOMPSON BAKER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.
☞Can be consulted in the English and German languages.☜
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Selinsgrove Pa,
Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office one door above the New Lutheran Church. July, 4th '72.

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SELINSGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa
[Sept. 15, '67tf

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

A. J. PETERS,
Justice of the Peace,
Middleburg, Snyder county, Penn'a
Conveyancing done, and Collections made. Everything intrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. June 11, '74.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept, 73

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

I. I. MONBECK,
Justice of the Peace
Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
Will be in his office at the above mentioned place, on MONDAY and SATURDAY of each week, when all kinds of business relating to his office, will be attended to June 26 '73tf

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

S. A. WETZEL,
Justice of the Peace,
Beavertown, Snyder Co., Pa.
All kinds of collections made on liberal terms. Promptly attends to all business intrusted to his care, (June 26, '73tf