The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., APRIL 20, 1876. NO. 51.

Poetry.

SPRING.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Dip down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new-year, delaying long :
 Thou doest expectant Nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place ?
 Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

* * * * * * * *

Now fades the last long streak of snow ;
 Now bourgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashed roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land ; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too, and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Select Tale.

The Reconsidered Verdict.

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

True in substance, though I tell it from a memory not very retentive of details, and, though true, probably new to many of my readers, is the story of the "Reconsidered Verdict." Some sixty autumns ago the case was tried at Chester before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear. In the preceeding spring April, I think was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Chescier: Three men had tred down and gagged the farmer and his two maid servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men.—There were two other clews. In the struggle one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which button he left behind. Also, the same man had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him."—Weeks passed without any arrests being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up in Liverpool on suspicion of being concerned in quite a different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of scratching : and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary.

His defense was very flimsy—"He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the streets." "Did you know the man?" "No, never saw him before, nor since." "How about the scratches?" "Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches." Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial, I said, came off at Chester. It excited a good deal of interest, and the court was crowded. And yet after all there was very little to be said.—The circumstantial testimony we mentioned was overwhelming, and in addition to that, farmer and servants, with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner as the burglar. There was no defense; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and as the burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death, by a formula between him and judgement:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began: "Well cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n, but I can see this is a ... arm business. I know no ... o' this 'ere burglary nor a ...; but these witnesses ha'n told lies, I s'pose. And what can I ... 'em? when the thing came ... April didn't they say—I was ... in' the slavers on the gold coast ... you've got no call to believe that, so there's an end to it."

There was something in the ...'s manner that impressed the ..., so he said, not unkindly: ... surely, prisoner, if your story is ... you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought ... could do you good you would ... It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n, it's too late. But it's all well to say 'let 'em know' when a man is locked up in jail, and can't write nor read and don't know were they are. They may be in America, they may be at the cape, and how could I let 'em know—leastways, not in time? No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run to the yard-arm at once."

"But," urged the judge, "the court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you?"

The man looked in a helpless sort of way round the court.

"No" he began ; but just then his eye lighted on a stranger from the inn. "yes" he added, pointing to him ; "there is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply. I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you place the rope round my neck, I give in. Go on my lord."

"Stay," said the judge, "is your name Captain Sharpe?"

"Yes, my lord,—and "Captain Sharpe, R. N.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seemed to recognize you, so that I will ask you to step into the witness box and be sworn that he may ask you questions."

The captain went into the box and the following dialogue ensued :

"Are you captain Sharpe, of his majesty's ship Vulture."

"Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"And you yourself led the boarders."

"Oh yes; but all that is nothing you may easily have heard or read all about that."

"Well, but cap'n once more ; don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that!" and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless, as the captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself: "Is it possible!"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness box and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said: "My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Kind Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and if you hang the old bo'son of the Vulture you must hang his captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "Not Guilty." The prisoner wes discharged and left the dock arm in-arm with the captain. They were hurried into a chaise and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptuous lunch they posted off together to *London*. As they cleared the ancient town Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows :

"Well, old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Cob's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long suffering boatswain of the Vulture; "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief remarks we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the Vulture.

☞ The habitual use of celery is more beneficial to us than is commonly supposed. A writer who is familiar with its virtues says: "I have known many men, and women too, who from various causes had became so much affected by nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days and by a moderate daily use of the blanched footstalks of celery as a salad, they became as strong and steady in limb as other people. I have known others so nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a moderate daily use of blanched celery as a salad at meal time. I have known others cured of palpitation of the heart. Everbody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celeary daily in the season, and onions in its stead when not in season."

Four-in-Hand of Whales.

Prepairing to Drive Across the Ocean in Three Days.

From Mr. Joseph Howard's Sunday Star.

Capt. Elijah Williams is a weather beaten old sailor who lives on the north shore of Long Island. For over thirty years he was engaged in the whalefishery, and was known as one of the most successful captains in the trade. He is a bachelor, and his homestead—which looks as weather beaten as himself—stands at the end of a creek, miles away from any habitation. "Old Elijah"—as he is called—is known to be eccentric, but some years ago when he put down a fence at the mouth of the creek and was seen in a little boat, all day long, talking to invisible beings in the water, the neighbors thought the old man had gone crazy. Last summer a lady from the city determined to pay him a visit. Capt. Elijah at first threatened to put her off his farm, but after a while he took her down to the creek to show her his wonder, which he said would revolutionize sea traveling.

The lady followed the Captain, and without hesitation stepped into a little boat with him, and was soon in the middle of the stream. The Captain took in his oars and blew a little whistle, which immediately brought several monsters to the surface. The lady was so thoroughly frightened that she shrieked, and compelled Capt. Williams to land her. As soon as her feet touched terra firma she ran home, and since then the people have verified the lady's statement, that the old man kept several large pets in the creek.

Last Christmas the community of the North Beach were thrown in consternation by the report that the Captain had contracted with a shipbuilding firm in Port Jefferson for the construction of a vessel, to be built under the personal supervision of the Captain, and soon after the keel was laid, and the ribs of a curious construction became visible. The shipbuilder said that the Captain was "all right," but that the vessel would have neither steam nor sails; that the Captain had discovered a power by which the vessel could be drawn to Liverpool in three days.

The STAR reporter started for the Captain's farm, and walking down the north road found the old cabin hid away between a cluster of trees. No one answering the knocking at the front door, the reporter walked around the house, and hearing voices in the barn went towards it, and on pushing open the door discovered an old man sewing on a large strip of leather.

The Captain said he had heard of Barnum training a seal, and why shouldn't we train the fish to pull us around on the water as the horses did on land?

"Well, you see," continued the captain, "I must commence at the commencement. When I was a boy and made my first trip on a whaler I saw a boat pulled by a harpooned whale about as fast as ever I seed anything go. It made a deep impression on me, and made up my mind if ever I became anybody, I would tame a whale the same as the farmers tame a colt, and drive about the sea. Many years passed, and I seen the same things many time, and have often been in a boat pulled along like lightning by one of them. On my return, after a long cruise, I found that an old aunt of mine had left me this farm and a little ready money. I soon after bought a share in a whaling ship, which I commanded, until a few years since. I thought I would give up going to sea and live the rest of my days in quiet. I went to farming the same as other folks here, and one day I seen as how a man up East had caught a whale. That started me agoing again. I went to New Bedward, and soon after brought the young whale down here. I planked the mouth of the creek so he couldn't get out, and then I let him loose. By the time I had finished fencing the creek—for I did it all myself—I had trained the creature so that he knew me, and would do anything I wanted him to. I chistened him 'Brandy,' and every day I played with him for hours in the water, the same as you city folks would with a kitten. He would let me ride on his back, and he used to pull my boat and play as long as I wanted. I then wrote to a paper in New Bedford, advertising for live whale cubs, and soon found I could get as many of them as I wanted, I bought four more, which I called 'Gin,' 'Sherrys,' 'Port,' and 'Rum,' keeping them all in the tank at first, and playing with them till they were as tame as "Brandy." Well, time went on, and 'Brandy' is 57 feet and over, and the others not much below that figure. Then I made a kind of a harness and hitched up one after the other of them and made them pull me around. About Christmas time I thought as how my pets were trained enough for me to make a grand trial, so I went to Port Jefferson to look about me for a bigger boat. I couldn't find one, exactly to my taste, so I concluded to build one, and though I ain't much on a brag but if I don't land in Liverpool three days after leaving here I will eat them up myself."

On asking the Captain to show his sea coach and four, he commenced by showing some huge collars hanging on the wall. "You see," said the captain, "the ... the head is much larger than any other kind, and they have a notch just back of the head, which fits the collars so as not to interfere with the working of the fins. When the collar is on them, I just hitch on the traces and the harness is all right. On each side of their jaws I have fastened a ring and I can drive them as easily as any farmer can their old horses. The thing that bothered me most was that the 'creeters' would dip and go way down under water, but I remedied that by attaching a straight bar of iron to the bottom of the collar. The iron bar has a knob at the end ; on this bar I fixed a flat, round piece of thin copper, with plenty of sharp nails pointing upward, making it so that the plate would slide up and down easily. You see, when they go along the weight of the copper keeps it down to the knob but as soon as they go to dive the pressure of the water forces the plate up, and pricks them to the surface. It took some time to make them understand it, and when they were stuck, they kicked up darnation. Now, however, when in harness they mean business all the time, and just scoot right along, only raising their heads now and then to blow. I am going to hitch the traces so far down as not to interfere with their tails."

The Mermaid—the name given by the captain to the vessel—is almost finished, and as she appears on her shores looks very much like an ordinary vessel. She is 250 tons burden, very sharp forward, and has a straight up-and down cutwater. She has no bowspirit, and her keel projects about two feet, ending in an immense iron hook. Her deck slants down forward from midships, the slanting part having no bulwarks; from the the middle forward there is a covered passage, that leads to the steering house, which is immediately over the cutwater, and through this the whales will be driven by long reins. In this will also be placed the hoisting apparatus, which will hook and unhook the whiffletrees. From midships aft the deck is covered with a poop deck, and on that a promenade will be arranged. The poop will be arranged into a gorgeous saloon, large enough to seat comfortably 250 people; under that again is the dining-room, which is as large as the saloon above; this is further extended by a magnificent smoking room, ladies' rooms, &c., and the hold below contains 250 elegant berths: Under the slanting deck are the provision room, galley, men's apartments and store rooms. The Captain intends only to carry passengers first-class, and will only charge $50 in gold, or $75 for the round trip.

Capt. Williams then led the way to his whale barn, which is a regular building under water with pine plank divisions and floor for the five monsters. The divisions are regularly closed every evening, the whales going out and returning before dark. "Brandy" is, of course, the Captain's favorite, and occupies a stall nearest shore. On being asked why he had gone to such expense in building the house under water, the Captain stated that the whales had almost been blinded by the mud near shore, and that he had built the barn so that no impurities could enter. In the morning, as soon as the doors are opened, they go as far out as the fence, and remain there almost all day.

☞ If farmers would keep a slate hanging up in their barns or workshops, with a pencil attached by a string, so as to note down work to be done on rainy or stormy days, when the hired men could not work out of doors, it would be found to be of great advantage. Have it understood that whenever a rain comes, the slate is to be referred to for orders, so that if you are away from home, the work can go on. There are scores of things that can be profitably done at such times, and just so much time saved in good weather. All the wagons and carriages can be greased, the harness oiled and repaired, the axes, hoes and spades ground or cleaned, floors of barnes or outhouses cleaned or repaired, tools or implements repaired or painted, bee hives, chicken coops and other things made ben houses cleaned or fumigated with sulphur if fowls are lousy, cellar cleaned, apples and potatoes assorted, and all such work be done, and without the loss of time. Farmers keep a slate and make a note of what work can be done at such times.

A PRINCESS' BRIDAL OUTFIT.—The Princess Marie Alexandrina of Saxe-Weimar, niece of the King of Holland, is shortly to be married to the Prince of Reuss, and the firm of Gorand & Co., has had the honor of preparing the bridal outfit of her royal highness. She has twelve dozen each of all the smaller articles of *lingerie* and six dozen of the larger pieces all of the finest cambric, only varying in the styles of their puffs and tucks, their laces and embroidery.—These undergarments alone cost $12,000. Then she has 80 dresses and 25 bonnets, and many gloves, fans, cloaks, shawls, and other pretty trifles. The laces in particular were exquisite in ... and design. One of the ... had employed ten ... wor... done ...

A Dog's Confidence.

Robert Hey, Prebendary of Litchfield, Vicar of Belper, Derbyshire, sends the following decription of the conduct of a bull terrier at Clay Cross to the *Animal World*: "She was rejoicing over a litter of pups, attending to them with a motherly care, caressing them, and showing for them much anxiety. The owner of this interesting family, accompained by a few friends, came to look at them. fierceness of the mother was at once developed, and manifested by impetuous growlings, snarls, and barkings. She would evidently die in defence of her offspring. But the master said: 'I can take every one of those pups away from the mother, and she will not hurt me.' He drew near and approached his head toward one of the pups. The mother flew at it and seized it in her mouth. He did not attempt to withdraw it until she released it. He proceeded to lay hold of one of the pups. She seized his hand again and held it fast, but without biting it. By degree he withdrew one of the little creatures. The same process was repeated until every pup was removed and the mother was bereft of all her offspring. She was the picture of misery. She looked up piteously in her master's face and howled with an exceeding bitter cry, The appeal could not be resisted. He replaced the little ones in their nest, and rejoiced to witness the carosses and gratification of the mother. But his surprise and that of his friends was great when he saw her take them up one by one in her mouth and bring and lay them down at his feet. He waited to see what she meant, and was soon convinced that she wished to express her entire confidence in her master. She laid her dear ones at his feet, one by one, with the assurance that he would take care of them with affection equal to, if not greater, than her own. She then returned to her nest, now empty, lifted up her head into the air and gave vent to several piteous cries until her little ones were once more restored to her. It is impossible to misunderstand her impulse. She had at first misdoubted her master, but now she trusted him. She brought them of her own accord and placed them at his disposal, with full confidence in his love."

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than before. It degrades him in his own eyes, and disgraces him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts the sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other—The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on the better for our neighbors and ourselves. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, to cease to deal with him ; if he is abusive, quit his company ; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to leave him alone, for their is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrong we meet with. Lies unchased, will die ; fires unfanned, will burn out ; and quarrels neglected, become ... dull as the extinct crater of a vol...

CARE OF THE EAR.—In his ... on "Physiology," Mr. Hinton ... emphatic in his effort to ... understand that the passag... ear does not require cleanin... Nature undertakes the task ... a healthy ear does it perfectl... means for clearing the ear is ... which dries up into thin sca... peals off and falls away imp... bly. In health the passag... ear is never dirty, but an att... clean it will infallibly mak... Washing the ear with soap ... ter is bad ; it keeps the wa... when it ought to become ... scaly, and makes it absorl... But the most hurtful thing ... introduction of the corner of ... screwed up and twisted ... This proceeding irritates th... age, and presses down the ... flakes of skin upon the me... of the tympaunum, producin... inflammation and deafness. ... washing should only exten... outer surface, as far as the ... can reach.

☞ Readers of newspape... meet with the term "car-loa... few of them know just what ... much it is. The St. Louis ... has taken the trouble to lea... says, as a general rule, ... pounds, or 70 barrels of sal... lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisk... sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft ... 18 to 20 head of cattle, 5... head of hogs, 80 to 100 head o... 9,000 feet of solid boards, ... feet of siding, 13,000 feet of f... 40,000 shingles, one-half less ... lumber, one-fourth less of ... lumber, one-tenth less of ... scantling, and all other large ... 340 bushel of wheat, 300 ...

Choice Flower and Garden Seeds,

STRAWBERRIES and PEACHES,

New Sorts by Mail.

Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepaid by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best Collection, at the great show of the Mass. Horticultural Society, in Boston, last season. I grow nearly 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the Country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive Catalogue, gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens. 25 packets Flower or Garden Seeds, $1.00 by mail.

C. C. C. The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sort for Upland, Lowland, or Garden, by mail, prepaid. $1 per 100, $5 per 1,000. Wholesale Catalogue to the Trade. Agents Wanted.

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TREES. Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees, Grapes and Small Fruits, Evergreens, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Hedge Plants &c. Enclose Stamp for priced list, 25c for Full Discriptive Catalogue.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Reuben Klingler, late of Centre Twp., dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

PETER KLINGLER,
WM. A. MARKLE,
Jan. 6, '76. Administrators

Disolution of Partnership.

THE undersigned engaged in the mercantile business at Adamsburg, Snyder county, Pa. under the firm name of Romig & Aurand, have this day, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership. Mr. Aurand retiring from the firm.

H. A. ROMIG,
Feb. 24, 1876. C. M. AURAND

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Keller, committee of the person and Estate of William S. Keller, has filed his account in the Prothonotary's office, at Middleburg, and that the same will be presented for confirmation at February Term of the Common Pleas Court in and for Snyder County of which all persons interested will take notice.

Jan 27. J. CROUSE, Proth'y.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Maurer late of Jackson township, Snyder county Pa., dec'd have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment while those having claims against said estate will present them for settlement to

DANIEL MAURER,
JOHN KUNKEL,
Feb. 10, '76. Administrators.

NEW STOCK

At A. K. GIFT'S NEW CASH BOOK AND STATIONARY STORE,

on the North side of Market Street a few doors west from the Court House.

THE POST.

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

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MIDDLEBURG, SNYEDR CO., PA

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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. 5 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. 4, 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. 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 ... terms. Prompt attends to all ... entrusted to ...