The Post.

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THE POST. [illegible] by [illegible]op'r.

Published every Thursday Even[illegible] JEREMIAH CROMER, P[illegible]

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

Subscriptions outside of the c[illegible] PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Persons taking and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper. [illegible]

Poetry.

Who Knows?

Who knows where pins and needles go—
Where all the buttons stay?
Who knows where all the pennies go,
That somehow get away?
Who knows how all the china breaks
That wasn't touched at all?
How baby gets so black a bruise,
Yet never gets a fall?

Who knows whence all the fashions come,
And when they disappear?
By one brief month should make a fright
Of what was such a dear?
Who knows how little bills can swell
To such prodigious size?
Who knows, indeed, what's going on
Beneath his very eyes?

Who knows just Where her husband goes
When 'business' keeps him out?
Who knows when best to wear a smile,
And when to wear a pout?
Who knows the time to face the fact
When she's no longer young?
Who knows how best to speak her mind,
And how to hold her tongue?

Who knows the most convenient day
To bring a friend to dine?
Who knows the half of what he spends
On clubs, cigars, and wine?
Who knows one bonnet cannot last
A woman half her life?
Who knows the woman is the same
When sweetheart turns to wife?

Who knows why all the pretty girls
Are often last to go—
How all the ugly women wed
Who never have a beau?
Why small men fancy wives so large,
And large men fancy small?
Who knows, in fact, how half the world
Was ever made at all?

Who knows how far to trust a friend?
How far to hate a foe?
Just when to speak a kindly 'Yes'
And when a sturdy 'No?'
Who knows? The grim old Grecian sage
Says, gravely: 'For myself,
The wisest man in all the world
Is he who knows himself!'

Miscellaneous.

A Bank Robber.

The City Bank of Erie, Pa., being closed for the day, the young cashier thereof retired as usual to his daintily furnished lodgings in the upper part of the building, there to entertain himself for awhile over books or papers and then don the apparel suitable for a hotel supper table and evening calls. Several private letters were on his table awaiting perusal, and one of these attracted his particular attention by its unfamiliar and feminine handwriting. The contents commanded his reading more than once, for they were an appeal from a stranger to his courtesy and from a woman to his generosity. The writer, in as few words as possible, spoke of herself as having arrived in Erie only a few days before in the hope of procuring a loan from the bank upon certain securities which constituted her widow's dower. She had visited the bank in expectation of an interview with the president, but found her courage unequal to the attempt, for, without speaking, she had gone out again, though not until she had noticed the kindly countenance of a gentleman who was subsequently named to her as the cashier. For reasons which she could scarcely explain to herself that countenance had encouraged her to address its possessor in this present unwonted manner and to beg his kind office in her behalf with the bank. She knew nothing about business, had no masculine relative or friend to call upon for aid or advice, and was a stranger in a strange city on an errand absolutely beyond her power. Despair made her bold to impose upon the chivalry of Mr. Edward J. Warren, who, at such a number on such a street, might find the writer of this poor appeal.

Mary Kinnaird was the name signed to this somewhat vague missive, and Warren pondered the latter with sensations of mingled surprise and curiosity. He remembered noticing a veiled woman of graceful figure, who had abruptly turned back from walking into the bank during the day, and doubted not that she was the author of the note. He was vain with the not unnatural self-conceit of a comely youth whose position and manners had secured him high feminine favor in local society, and the promise of romance in the appeal of his new correspondent was very tempting. In short, he decided to see the lady forthwith. Repairing, after supper at his hotel, to a tasteful mere toy of a cottage in the environs, as directed, he found there the young widow of the note and her securities. The latter, small in amount but good of their kind, he thought might be negotiated; the former, intelligent, graceful, and unaffected, he was delighted to find ready to receive and trust him as a friend.

Thus romantically began an acquaintance which ran on without further notable incident for several weeks. Mrs. Kinnaird rented the little cottage until the business calling her to the city should be finally settled, and in that time surprised the cashier by two calls upon him in his rooms over the bank. On one of these extraordinary occasions her manner was that she had an important disclosure to make, and Mr. Warren [illegible] to see what [illegible] name [illegible] and Mr. Warren [illegible] her [illegible] of her [illegible] evening, she again presented herself at his lodging and, after much frivolity, of discourse, asked him to send for a bottle of wine. In his growing fatuity he assented, and had scarcely drained his first glass when his strangely changed companion struck an odd vein of conversation. Did he remember that about six months ago a lad had entered the bank and requested him to change a fifty dollar bill? Yes, he recalled the matter perfectly. The bill was a counterfeit and he hastened after the lad and caused his arrest? Yes, of course, but why this questioning? Bewildered by the woman's strange looks, as well as words, the young man would fain have demanded explanation, but his speech suddenly became thick and a dreadful stupor crept over his senses. "That boy would not tell where he got the bill, and on your evidence, Edward Warren, he was convicted and sentenced to solitary confinement for seven years. He is my brother, and I am here to avenge him!"

Such were the words heard by the hapless bank cashier as he sank senseless under the wine which the speaker had drugged for him.

When Warren recovered his consciousness firemen were dragging him from the smoke which had ascended thickly to his room from the bank below, for the latter had been in flames. Upon the extinction of the fire it was found that the vaults had been robbed of nearly 50,000 by the deliberate unlocking of the doors. Further search discovered a match safe from the cashier's room amongst the debris of the fire, and several hundred dollars of the stolen money in a drawer of his bureau. The signs were clear that Edward Warren, turning robber and seeking to hide his guilt by firing the bank had been overcome by the smoke, and thus fell an easy prey to detection. He was arrested, indicted, and, being ashamed to tell the whole truth, even to his counsel, obstinately adhered to the plea that he had drank some wine, fallen asleep, and knew nothing that had happened thereafter. In his morbid social pride he could not endure to confess that a woman had so egregiously fooled him, and as neither court nor public credited the incoherent defence really offered, the trial ended in his conviction of larceny and arson and condemnation to the Allegheny penitentiary for life.

The venerable father of the wretched convict—a farmer from the vicinity of Buffalo—never believed that his son was guilty, nor that he had told the true story of his misfortune. By importunity with the governor of the State he at last gained permission for an interview with his unhappy boy in prison, and persuaded from him a full confession. After the fire at the bank Mary Kinnaird had never been seen in Erie, nor could any one tell whither she had disappeared. Only by her capture could the ex-cashier's miserable situation be changed, and forthwith the father devoted his every hour and dollar to the task of finding her. Detectives, supplied with minute personal descriptions, scoured several States in the pursuit, and ultimately took into custody a woman of Pittsburg known as Kate Fallon, the wife of a celebrated forger and counterfeiter. Upon being charged with the Erie robbery this person indignantly denied all knowledge of either the City Bank or its former cashier, but upon being suddenly addressed as 'Mary Kinnaird' by the elder Warren, her changing countenance was testimony against her and the subsequent discovery that her Pittsburg houses and furniture had been purchased with some of the bills from the robbed bank sealed her fate. Tried at Erie identified by her victim and by the landlord of her former cottage, and seeing no chance of escape, she finally confessed her guilt.

Throwing herself upon the clemency of the court, she told how her young brother had gone to prison for attempting to pass counterfeit money for her husband, and how she had planned and executed the ruin of the young bank officer by whose instrumentality the boy was brought to justice. But the court did not deem her case a proper one for mercy and she was sentenced to prison for life. Nine years later the governor pardoned her, in consideration of testimony respecting her husband, by which the latter dangerous counterfeiter was sent to take her place, and she came out of her cell, a mere spectre of her former self, to become but a spectre indeed very soon after.

As for Edward Warren, the Buffalo *News*, from which chiefly these facts are compiled, says that he and his devoted old father departed for some Western State immediately after his release from prison, and as the events above described occurred only about thirty years ago, he may yet be in the land of the living. Aside from its common admonition for all men holding offices of trust that uniform prudence socially, no less than incorruptible integrity financially, is essential to safety, his story illustrates very dramatically what may be the harvest of evil in woman.

MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY.—This is a story told me by General John Goshwilder, one of the leading capitalists of California, and one of the really good fellows of that State. One day in the early times, he was standing in a pioneer shanty saloon, in company with a great fighter, who was the terror of the camp and town. There was nothing that this giant could not whip, and very little that he had not whipped. The big fellow was sitting near the bar when a stranger entered. He was a new comer in town. He was not more than twenty-five, slenderly built, pale, with big eyes, delicate features, and hands like a girl. He stepped up quietly to the bar and asked for a glass of brandy. The glass was placed before him, whereupon, the bully rose from his chair, put his big brawny hand in front of the youngster, took the brandy and drank it. The young man said nothing, but quietly laid down four bits and said: 'Give me another glass of brandy.'

The brandy was put out, the glass was filled and the bully again reached forward, took the brandy and drank it. The youngster put four bits on the counter and said, easily:

'Give me two glasses of brandy.'

The two glasses were put out, filled and the bully the third time reached forward, took a glass and drank it. The young man paid no attention even to the giant's pistols and knives, but taking the other glass took it and drank it and put down a dollar. Then, with easy manner, he left the bar for the door, walked five or six steps, turned like a flash of lightning and shot the bully through the heart. As he walked out of the door he said to one of the bystanders:

'That fellow might have hurt somebody yet.'

SAVING AND HAVING.—Either man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies the future, and spends all he earns (whether his earnings be one or ten dollars every day), let him look for lean and hungry want at some future time—for it will surely come, no matter what he thinks. To save is absolutely the only way to get a solid fortune; there is no other certain mode. Those who shut their eyes and ears to these plain facts will be forever poor, and for their obstinate rejection of truth mayhap will die in rags and filth. Let them die, and thank themselves. But no! They take a sort of recompense in cursing fortune. Great waste of breath. They might as well curse mountains and eternal hills. For I can tell them fortune does not give away real and substantial goods. She sells them to the highest bidder, to the hardest and wisest worker for the boon. Men never make so fatal a mistake as when they think themselves creatures of fate: 'tis the sheerest folly in the world. Every man may make or mar his life, which ever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by diligence, honesty and frugality, place themselves in a position to grasp hold of fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of [illegible] or pain. That this doctrine is practically carried out in society we all know. Persons who wish to avoid receiving unwelcome visitors without resorting to a positive rebuff, direct their servants to say they are 'not at home.' 'Glad to see you,' is the greeting with which a man of polished manners meets the bore whose appearance he regards with horror. Invalids past hope of recovery are informed by smiling friends that they are looking better every day. Rash men of business are congratulated on their brilliant prospects by those who know they are on the verge of ruin. In fact, never to utter disagreeable truths, and to deal liberally in agreeable falsehoods, seem to be the accomplishments—negative and positive—most indespensable to individuals who desire to be 'perfectly at home in polite society.' To such courteous hypocrisy we cannot subscribe. It may sometimes be inexpedient to tell the truth, but certainly never necessary to invent falsehoods for courtesy's sake. Infinite harm is done by what are called 'White Lies.' In nine cases out of ten, the plain truth, kindly spoken, is beneficial to those who seek counsel, advice, or any kind of information or aid. In no case, is falsehood, however well intended, really justifiable. When it is deemed unwise to speak the truth, say nothing.

Both the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia have sent congratulatory letters to the President of the United States, on the occasion of the first hundred years of this Government. Both of the former is written kindly and courteously friendly; as is that of the [illegible]

Correspondence.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 29, 1676.

Exemplification of Democratic Economy and Reform—Influence of the Teachings of Lamar on the White Race of the South.

In its issue of the 22 inst. the *National Republican* says: "If a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, Tilden is indeed a sad reformer." Before judgment is made up under this very just rule, there should be included in the list of his present active friends, the name of Maj. Tom. O'Conner, of Tennessee, a representative man of the rebel party of that state, which is counted sure for Tilden in the coming election, and who was chosen by the St Louis Convention to notify the *Reformer* Hendricks of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency. In this connection it may not be uninteresting to know who Maj. O'Conner is.

Prior to the rebellion he was a citizen of moderate means, engaged in the honorable avocation of a Sadler, in Knoxville, Tennessee, Gov. Brownlow's home, espousing the rebel cause, he served gallantly during the war, winning *destinction*, among other things by having *"winged"* a victim or two, in true southern style, in accordance with the *highly chivalric rules* of the *Code Duello*. At the close of the war he returned to Knoxville, his first distinguishing act as a citizen being a settlement with his creditors, through the medium of the court of Bankruptcy, in which settlement it was said his creditors profitted little and he much. Resuming his anti-billum occupation, he has pursued it at Knoxville and Nashville to the present time, and is now estimated to be worth half a million dollars, and is a leader in the Democratic party in that state.

It must not be presumed however, that this financial success is the sole result of legitimate trade. Not at all. Maj. O'Conner is imbued with the spirit of true rebel honor. Like Morressey he is proud of his acquirements. Like him, he is a professional gambler, and prides himself on his ability to fleece his game. By virtue of his notoriety as a man "who will shoot," he can sweep the board with as much impunity as his countryman can by virtue of his muscle. He is brave, frank, open hearted and liberal in his expenditures, will give money freely to decorate the graves of federal dead, or to celebrate the 4th of July. In an ordinary business transaction, his word is good for money. Withal he is a better man than hundreds of thousands of such rebel patriots as Lamar; for he is *honest enough* to express his real sentiments in public places, is *brave enough* to say openly what he proposes to accomplish. He would never stain his honor, if a member of Congress, by standing in his place in the House, and uttering glittering denunciations of such horrible massacres as that at Hamburgh, when his own election to a high position had been secured by fraud, intimidation and blood shed, he would sooner boast of the frauds he had committed, of the crimes he had countenanced, and challenge you to deny him the position he had won at the expense of every sacred right of American citizenship. He is not one to profess a virtue he does not possess, he never

"Stole the livery of the Court of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

Yet possessing these virtues he has all the attributes of a Bourbon Democrat. He is fond of the "social glass," and can, if occasion requires, carry a full cargo of "Robison County" without reefing a sail. In politics, he is unscrupulous. Amid the loyal element of East Tennessee, will stand at the ballot box and boldly attempt to buy votes enough to carry an election. Among the cutthroat Ku Klux of Middle or West Tennessee, he would hesitate at no degree of fraud or force necessary to intimidate Republican majorities, and insure the success at the ballot box of the cause he championed with his sabre on the battle fields of the rebellion.

But it was not on the battle field, in legitimate trade or at the card table, that Maj. O'Conner has won his principal notoriety, the bulk of his money, and his consequent high position among the reformers of the Tilden School.

Since 1869, when the Democratic party, under the specious cry of economy and reform, through the nullification of the laws of the State, seized the reins of government in Tennessee, he has been a leader of the most graceless and successful ring that ever cursed the country. A ring that has robbed that debt burdened State of over twenty-five million dollars, that has failed for seven years to pay the interests on the State debt, that has relinquished, under the cry of liquidation and extinguishment of the State debt, twenty millions of securities held by the State, from the Railroads, to secure their indebtedness, and yet have left the State forty millions in debt. A ring that has added largely to the burdens of taxation, and has failed to pay even the current expenses of the State.

Notorious as the administration of Gov. Brownlow was made throughout the country, by the false, onerous upon the people than the present, the interest on the State debt was provided for, the current expenses of the State were paid, a fine system of public schools was established,—only to be torn in fragments by the Democrats on their succession to power—the Railroads destroyed by the war were rehabilitated, the public buildings renovated and repaired, and the legal rights of every citizen guaranteed and secured to him. But there were no rings; and neither Governor, nor Treasurer, nor Comptroller, nor ringleaders amassed fortunes, or robbed the State or her people, or brought her credit to dishonor.

All these things have been done under the Tilden-rebel-reform-rule in the State of Tennessee, and prominent among the leaders in the work stands Maj. O'Conner; a reformer as spotted as Tilden himself; a fit representative of the economy and reform of which Randall, Cox and Holman, and the leaders of the Democratic party are such earnest advocates; an economy that would take a pittance from the poor clerks, millions from the people and enrich and benefit only the leaders of that party. Such are the friends of Samuel J. Tilden; such the exemplifications of Democratic economy and reform.

As another evidence of the influence of the teaching of Lamar on the "unconquered and unconquerable white race" of the South, a few days since they telegraphed to have a harmless flag taken down from one corner of the Norfolk (Va.) custom house, bearing the name of Hayes and Wheeler." On the 22d inst., at Lynchburg, Va., from over the Post office, where it had been hanging since the forth of July, as it flies over every public building in washington and Northern cities, an army flag, borrowed from Signal Corps, was torn down and destroyed, though it bore no device or emblem whatever. The hatred to the stars and Stripes burns as fiercely in 1876 as it did in '61, and when U. S. Senators openly defy courts while Judging malfactors against the common peace, and then wink at the murder of the witnesses brought into court by U. S. attorneys, the mellifluous accents of Lamar in the House can be compared but to the offer Satan once made; offers intended but to lure the listener to his destruction, and the answer then given is the only proper one now—"Get thee behind me."

LIFE.

A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, while his face looked weary and worn with care, while sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and, sleeping he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled, for the peaceful rest of his cow hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door, that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed by a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke, and with growling voice the echoes woke: "Come in my dear, it shall cost you nothing and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones, who never pay their subscription sums, for though in life they may escape, they will find when dead it is too late; I will show the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke; but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

A CANARY BIRD SAVES A HOUSE FROM FIRE.—A few nights since Mrs. George Rockius, Little Britain, Lancaster county, was awakened by unusually loud screams and cries from her canary bird, whose cage hung in the kitchen. Arousing her husband they both listened for a few moments, when a noise was heard as of the fall of the cage to the floor, and Mr. Rockius hastened down stairs. On arriving at the kitchen he found the room on fire, the flames having spread around the ceiling and burned off the string that secured the cage. By the application of water Mr. Rockius succeeded in subduing the fire, which is supposed to have originated from a lingering spark from the previous day's ironing lodging somewhere about the ironed clothing. Considerable clothing was destroyed. The house was undoubtedly saved from [illegible]

Franklin Township Finances.

AUDITORS' Statement of Township expenses of Franklin township for the year 1875.

1876 Supervisors' Acounts.

June 5 Chas. Benfer Sup'r for the year 1875		Dr.
To amount of duplicate of road tax	$ 765 56	
Cash to square account	3 03	
Total		768 59
Contra	Cr	
By work done on Road	$ 763 23	
" Allowances	2 80	
" cash paid Auditors	1 00	
" 4 day services at Audit	1 00	768 53

Andrew Kratzer Supervisor for 1875		Dr
To amount of Duplicate of road tax		$ 792 91
Contra	Cr.	
By labor on road	$ 525 88	
New foot bridge across M'derck	141 25	
Costs &c., in case of Chas. Sescbrist vs Township Supervisor	93 64	
cash paid fees &c., for vacating road	10 00	
Isaac Beaver for plank &c.	45 82	
Geo. Shuman for labor per order of Samuel Moser	18 75	
Tax entered on uncseated lands	15 26	
Allowance for tax not collectable	7 00	
Tax entered against Kremer & Hoch	1 25	
61 days services as Supervisor	61 00	
Cash paid to Auditors	1 50	910 64
Ballance due A. Kratzer supervisor		107 73

Road Fund		
Assets Jno. Z Knouse, bal, due tw'p	$ 96 73	
" Samuel Moser	53 10	
		149 83
Liabilities		
Claim of A Kratzer Supervisor	$ 107 31	
" S. H. Walter	14 00	
" Isaac Beaver	67 00	
" C. A. Bolender &c	3 00	
" Asaph Rowersox	20 00	
" Abe. Snyder	18 00	
" Jacob Erb	7 00	
" E A Steininger	3 50	
" Other claims reported	20 00	272 23
Township in debt		$122 40

Note.—These liabilities are mostly estimated, estimated, and may swell the township indebtedness to $200 00

ACCOUNT of the Overseers of the Poor of Franklin twp., for the year 1875.

1876.		
Adam H Walter overseer of the poor		Dr.
Amount of his duplicate for 1875	153 03	
Balance due for 1874	75 83	
Cash received of Geo Mitchell	65 00	
Cash rec'd for sale of personal pro perty		
Mrs Eggert, now on township	91 86	
Cash rec'd of P Thomas, for Mrs Eggert	22 00	
Total		$410 78
Contra	Cr	
By cash pd. ex'ns &c for a Mortz dec'd	$ 20 00	
do for support of Borgers children	120 73	
do do Sarah Moyer	41 00	
do do Mrs Eggert	63 08	
do laying tax and making du'ts	1 00	
Allowan's for sundry tax not collectable	81	
17 days services as overseer	17 00	
Percentage on commission	7 63	
cash paid auditors	1 50	312 78
bal due township		98 00

Note.—Mr. Walter paid at the same time over to the new overseers, George Schambach and Simon Raw, as follows out of notes of sale of Mrs Eggerts property 75 00

Leaving bal. due twp. 23 91

Henry H. Reininger Overseer of Poor		Dr.
To amt. of his duplicate for 1875		149 80
do Bal. due for 1874		26 20
do Rent of Mrs Eggerts lot etc.		60 00
Total		236 00
Contra	Cr	
By cash pd. expenses for burial poor Mortz dec'd	20 00	
For support of borgers children	93 83	
do Sarah Moyer	18 00	
do Mrs Eggert	36 17	
T J Smith, for legal services	25 00	
D F. Meretsitter lodging strangers	1 00	
Allowances for taxes not collectable	1 06	
Taxes entered on uncseated lands	2 46	
cash pd. A J Peters writing bonds &c.	2 00	
do auditors	1 50	
13 days services as overseer	13 00	
commissions for collecting	7 49	236 00
Balance due overseers		0 00

Note.—This bal. due the overseer, was paid to him out of the $75 paid to Schambach and Raw, and Mr Reininger account squared.

Township Poor Fund.

Cash due and in hands of Jos. Rowersox former overseer	21 51
Cash due and in hands of Adam H Walter	32 94
Notes of Mrs eggert in hands of new over's	65 08
Judgment on docket of H D Mitchell Esq.	5 00
Total Bal. due township.	$121 46

Snyder County ss:

We, the undersigned, auditors of Franklin township aforesaid, do certify, that we met on the Second Monday of april 1876 and adjourned over to June 5, and then on account of sickness of one of the Supervisors, we adjourned to June 10th 1876, and at the said meetings audited, adjusted and settled the foregoing accounts of the Supervisors and Overseers of the Poor, in and for said township, for the year 1875, and do Report that we do find the same true and correct as above stated, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Given under our hands, at Middleburg, the 10th day of June A. D. 1876.

JOHN REITZ,
JOHN W WALTER,
ROBERT EISENHOWER,
Auditors.

STATEMENT of the Franklin township School Fund for the year ending June 5, 1876.

1876, F. M. Hilger, Collector and Treas.		Dr.
June 5, To amt. of State appropriation		$346 31
do do his duplicate of school tax for said year	1303 82	
do do balance due from previous year	178 17	
do do balance due by Amos Gift former Treas.	51 20	
do do balance due by Robt. Eisenhower late Treasurer	179 47	
do do School tax entered on unseated lands, former years	20 64	
Total		2079 41
CONTRA.	CR.	
By cash paid Teachers' Salaries 5 months	$1000 00	
do do for repairs at school houses	20 00	
do do for fuel &c.	77 00	
do do Secretary, interest on orders &c.	23 73	
do note of Amos Gift, to bal. his account &c.	18 83	
do Note of Robt. Eisenhower to bal. his account	46 10	
do allowances (as not collectable)	23 64	
do taxes entered on unseated lands	20 63	
do amount of old orders out at last settlement and paid during the year	183 60	
do Commission as Col. at 5 per cent	60 64	
do commission as Treas. at 2 per cent	22 42	1666 64
		412 77

Franklin School Fund (Liabilities.)

		DR.
To amt. of orders issued for '75,	$1161 00	
do do said orders paid	1096 00	
do do orders outstanding June 5, 1875		65 00
do do orders outstanding for 1874, June 7, '75	205 66	
do do said orders redeemed in 1875	158 00	
do do orders outstanding June 5, 1876		112 66
Total liabilities		177 66
CONTRA—Assets.		CR.
By amt. of notes secured in hands of auditors	50 00	
do due by F. M. Hilger, late collector &c.	64 66	
do of taxes entered against unseated lands	63 00	
Balance due district		113 66

We hereby certify that the expenses in a true and correct statement of the Township School Fund as the same appears of record in the books of the School Board of said township and do present the same to said township in the present year before the 5th day of June 1876.

Attest: [illegible]

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 & COUNSELLOR 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 GEZEN,
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. CROMMILLIN,
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 & Councelor
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 languages. Oct. 20, '72tf

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 Wallis Smith & Co's Store 8-42y.

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, '76.

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. 76

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 28 '72tf

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

A. WETZEL,
Justice of the Peace
Beaver Town, Snyder Co., Pa
All kinds of conveyancing [illegible]