The Post.

VOL. 14. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 5, 1876. NO. 22.

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.

Don't Drink To-Night.

I left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side,
They clasped their hands, and loving looks
Forbade their doubts to hide.
I left, and went with comrades gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Long years have rolled away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But oh! those words are with me yet,
And will not pass away.
I see [illegible] mother's face,
[illegible], radiant light,
And h[illegible]er words ring in my ears,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

My mother is now resting sweet,
In the graveyard on the hill;
But her kind words came back to me
And haunt my memory still;
I've often, often passed the cup,
Oh, then my heart was right;
Because I've heard the warning words,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

I've now passed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning listened to,
An immortal crown is won.
Oh, mothers, with your blessed smile,
Look on your boy so bright,
And say, as you alone can say,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

These words will prove a warning, when,
In the thorny path of life,
The boy is in the tempter's wiles,
And warring in the strife.
Thy words will stop the morning cup,
And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Select Tale.

The Black Wolf Inn.

BY HERO STRONG.

I heard the story when a mere child, and I remember that I covered my head in the quilt that night after I went to bed, for fear I might see a dead man's ghost, and mentally vowed that when I grew up I would forever and always avoid hotels, for the story was about an inn.

It was in Germany, I think, that the Black Wolf was situated, a little removed from one of those quaint old German towns which are so fruitful of sleep-destroying legends. A lonesome wood of great extent surrounded the house, and a little back of it ran a dark and sluggish stream fringed with a rank growth of reeds and bushes.

The place was wierd and uncanny, but it had a good run of custom, for its wines were celebrated the country over, and their was no pleasanter fireside in the Fatherland for one to smoke a pipe over a mug of lager than the chimney corner in the barroom of the Black Wolf.

From time immemorial it had been kept by a man named Fredericks, and on the death of the old man, his son Rudolph assumed the control of affairs.

He was a young man of twenty-five or thirty, ugly of countenance, and somewhat celebrated for his unmanageable temper and sullenness of disposition. A part of his life had been spent abroad, and rumor said it had been ill-spent; indeed, there were dark whispers to the effect that if the gallows had its due the Black Wolf would be needing a new master. But as Rudolph kept up the wine-cellars, and treated all his regular patrons well, the Wolf flourished under the new *regime*, and young Fredericks made money twice as rapidly as had his father.

People who were unfriendly to him insinuated that a Jew peddler who had mysteriously disappeared in that vicinity was murdered at the Black Wolf, and two drovers returning home with a large amount of money about them, from the sale of cattle, were never seen by mortal after entering the gloomy forest which skirted the grounds around the old inn.

As years went on there occurred many other mysterious disappearances in the vicinity; but though the authorities were informed, and expert detectives were sent down to watch the place, nothing substantial against Rudolph Fredericks was obtained.

One thing took place which seemed to have enraged Rudolph a great deal too much for such an exceedingly trivial circumstance. He owned an immense dog, known as Satan, and this dog was never seen away from the inn. His master set great store by him. One night—a rainy, sleety winter night—a traveler came to the Wolf and sought shelter. He engaged his bed and his room, drank his beer, and [illegible]. No one ever saw him afterward, and the same night Satan, also, disappeared.

Rudolph behaved like a man distracted. He sought over the country far and wide for the dog; he advertised his loss in all the papers, offering large rewards for his safe return to him; he crossed the palms in town withal and hills headed with tempting promises to any one who would find the missing animal.

But it seemed that the dog was irretrievably lost, and two years went by, and not a word had been heard from him.

Rudolph cursed bitterly and deeply the stranger, who he declared had enticed the dog away, and was continually wishing that he might meet him before he died, that he might give him what he owed him and smashing a thief generally.

Just three years from the night of Satan's disappearance there came to the inn an old man, cozened and bent, and following close by his heels a large dog. In general appearance the dog was not unlike Satan, but Satan had been black and curly, and this dog was brown and short-haired. Evidently Rudolph had his doubts on the subject, for he whistled to the dog, and called him "Satan, old fellow!" but not an eyelid, nor a hair on the dog's tail moved by way of recognition.

The stranger said he should leave early in the morning, and would pay his bill that night, so as to avoid disturbing anybody. He stepped inside the bar, and pulled out a long purse well filled with gold.

The bill settled the landlord winked at him in a peculiar way landlords have, and invited him into a small apartment at the back. The stranger and the dog followed him unhesitatingly—the dog running before, and sniffling at the walls as though he scented prey.

Through a dark passage, and into a round appartment, lighted only by a single lamp suspended from the centre of the ceiling, went Rudolph, and taking down from a shelf set out with bottles, a decanter and wine-glass, he poured some of the contents of the bottle into the glass.

"A little choice wine which I keep for some of my best friends," he said, and taking the stranger by the arm, he would have drawn him forward into the centre of the room.

But the man drew back, and with uplifted finger pointing to the trembling landlord, he exclaimed:

"Satan! do your duty!"

Quick as lightning the dog sprang upon Rudolph, and dragged him upon the fatal spot beneath the lamp.

There was a dull crash, and stifled sound of a fearful curse lunched out upon the foul air which rushed up from the sinking trap-hole, and Rudolph Fredricks had disappeared through the floor, and the dog, with a savage growl of satisfaction, turned away from the spot and accompanied his master back to the bar-room. The stranger slept that night at the Wolf, and as he had said he should do, departed in the morning before any one was astir.

Great was the consternation among the denizens of the Black Wolf when Rudolf was found to be missing. For many days the search went on, and, but for the reappearance of the stranger and his dog it might have been going on to this day.

But the stranger, whose name was Gotthold, led the way at once to the circular apartment at the end of the dark passage, and pressing his foot on a spring the trap fell, and a foul breath of the charnel-house air rushed into the faces of all around.

"Three years ago," said Gotthold, "I staid a night in this inn. I had much money with me, and after I had drank more wine than was good for me, mine host led me hither. Satan, there, came with us. I might as well tell you that Satan was stolen from me six years ago when a pup; but a dog never forgets. The landlord offered me wine and while I was drinking, he said to the dog, 'Satan, do your duty!' but the dog did not stir. I understood it at once. I knew that I had been doomed to some terrible fate, for I remember all the tales I had heard of this infernal den, and that dog's memory of me had saved me. Never shall I forget the rage upon the man's face. He touched this fatal spring with his foot, and looked as if he would spring upon me, but I covered him with my eye at the same time I cocked a pistol in my pocket. He heard and understood the sound. He mastered his rage by a strong effort, smiled in a ghastly sort of way, and followed me back to the bar room.—Not a word was said by either of us.—After I went to bed that night—and you may be sure I slept with one eye open—I heard the most fearful howls of pain from a dog, and knew that Satan was receiving punishment for his disobedience. Before morning I crept down to the stable-yard and unloosed the dog, which was bleeding and wounded from the beating he had received, and together we went away.

"Three years passed, and I have traveled over half the known world. Strangers, think of it as you will, a man's best friend is his dog. We came back here a couple of weeks ago. I think Friedricks recognized us. He asked me into his place as before; and once here, it occurred to me that the time had come to send the murderer after his victims. I gave Satan the order and he obeyed. I think you will find him if you seek below there!"

And without stopping to witness the effect of the investigation, Gotthold stalked away with the dog at his heels, and nobody in all the region round about the Black Wolf ever saw them again.

The proper authorities searched the well-like hole beneath the trap, and found there besides the body of the landlord, the skeletons of seven men and one woman.

The woman had evidently been young and beautiful, for her golden hair was wonderfully long and luxuriant and clung about her fleshless skull in curls and ripples like the summer sunshine. Who she was, or what was her history, could never be known!

The remains of Rudolph's victims were buried, and the old inn was deserted by human beings. Nobody could be found to live there.

The bats and owls tenanted its deserted chambers for a couple of years, and then a bolt of lightning descended upon it and turned its unholy presence from the face of the earth, no one lifting a hand to save it.

And this is the story of the Black Wolf Inn as it was told to me.

Riches.

We would all like to be wealthy; yet the man born to fortune is not so happy as the man who has the ability to make one. Unless filled by some absorbing pursuit, life is a blank. Any profession which rewards a man for exerting his faculties to the utmost is, in the long run a source of the greatest pleasure in life.—Wealth alone does not bring happiness.—Johnson once obseved ofter looking at the house of a very rich man, that all this wealth only excluded one evil—poverty. The remark may not be logically accurate but it points a substantial trust. Downright want of food and clothes, actual physical suffering caused by poverty, is an evil so great that no other service which can be rendered by wealth is equal to that of removing it. After a certain point of relative comfort is obtained, wealth becomes a burden. Every dollar added to one's income gives less pleasure than the preceding dollar, for the simple reason that we naturally spend our income on satisfying our most pressing wants. As one by one we have stopped up every avenue through which discomfort approaches, we have to tax our ingenuity to discover new modes of positive gratification. As the human faculties are limited this becomes difficult or even impossible, except at the price of making ourselves slaves to our wealth.

Of course, if a man chooses to muddle away fortune in alms giving or gambling, there is no income of which he may not disburden himself. We are simply inquiring how much he can judiciously spend upon his own comfort. The list of physical pleasures is very soon exhausted A man has but one palate and but one pair of hands. Even if he wore a new coat every day he would soon find that an old coat is far more comfortable; and the most skillful cooks will admit that dishes only become very expensive by being out of season or by useless extravagance. A house of moderate size is as comfortable as a palace; and a few thousands a year will provide the best dwellings in good situations. When a man has as good a house as he cares to inhabit, as good wines, meats and cigars as he cares to consume, as many books as he can read and as many pictures as he can enjoy, as much hunting or fishing or traveling as he can find time for and can see his friends as often and in as much comfort as he chooses, he has all the happiness that wealth can give him even though he be the owner of millions.

Custer and his Grayhound.

A soldier who served three years under General Custer, relates the following incident which was characteristic of his desperate and determined manner:

"It was five or six years ago that we had a fight with the Chippewas on the Washita river, the expedition being led by Custer. For a long time the General had with him on the plains three magnificent Scotch grayhounds, by which he sat great store, and for which he would accept no price. Twenty miles from the Chippewa's village we struck the trail. It was in the evening and before proceeding on the march, Custer ordered that the grayhounds be placed in the wagons which were not to accompany the detachment. This was done. We took up our line of march and found the village on the Washita at midnight, the inhabitants being wrapped in slumber and all about the camp silent, Custer concluded to wait until daylight to make the charge, and after commanding silence all along the line, sat upon his horse like a statue waiting for the first indication of down. While sitting thus a slight pattering on the ground attracted his attention, and upon looking down he perceived through the gloom one of his hounds crouching at his horse's feet, the dog having escaped from the wagon and followed his master. The Indian village was swarming with dogs, and Custer knew it. He also knew that if his hound emitted the slightest yelp or bark it would agitate the entire canine force of the camp, put the Indians on their guard, and probably frustrate the object of the expedition. Slipping gently from his horse, he grasped the dog's throat with both hands, and slowly and quietly choked him to death. So silently and quickly was it done that in the gloom that prevailed, only a few soldiers, standing in the immediate vicinity perceived the desperate action.

With the exception of his last fight, the engagement on the Washita was one of the most desperate ever fought on the plains, and resulted in a grand victory for the "creeping panther," the name by which Custer was known among the Indians.

Correspondence.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 22, 1876.

Bright Prospects in the West for Hayes and Wheeler—Dissatisfaction among the Democrey of New York—What the Southern Democratic Press Say, the Import of the Extracts—Business Looking up—Tilden replies by Deputy to the Charge of Defrauding the Government.

Advices received by the Republican National Committee are most encouraging from all parts of the country. Secretary Chandler returned from New York a few days since, where he had been on business connected with the committee, and reports that the information received from the great West is entirely satisfactory, and that the Democracy has no show whatever in that section including the Pacific States. In New York Hayes' prospects are brightening every day, and there is no longer a reasonable doubt but what that State will give a fair majority for the whole Republican ticket in November. The disadvantages under which the Democracy of New York are laboring, under the leadership of Tilden, who has succeeded in foistering two renegades upon the gubernatorial ticket, is being sorely felt throughout the State. The greatest dissatisfaction prevails in regard to the State ticket, and a very bitter feeling is engendered against Mr. Tilden for dictating their nominations. So great is the feeling that many prominent Democrats are in open hostility to that portion of the State ticket, and the consequence is the party is pretty generally demoralized and their chances of success are greatly diminished. Tilden is a great demagogue and rules the party with absolute power, and in attempting to run it in his own interest he has committed a fatal error which will cost him the State in November. Mr. Tilden's blunders in manipulating the State conventions, together with the facts that have lately been made public, in regard to his revenue taxes and other important matters, has driven him from a large support that would otherwise have been given him, and to-day he is more unpopular with his party in his own State than in any other State in the Union. New York may be safely classed among the Republican States.

The Democratic chivalry of the South are still rampant, and announce their determination to carry the "United" South at all hazzards, for Tilden and Hendricks. The Charleston (South Carolina) *Courier* speaking of the late disturbance in that City, in which several colored Republicans were murdered, heaps it all upon the Republicans, and says "they must be held to stern and swift account by the community, whose bitter foe they are." "Stern and swift account" means bullet and knife as South Carolina Republicans have reason to know. The Bainbridge (Ga) *Democrat* prints "A warning" to the detected minions of the Republican party, and says, "if they do not wish to bring down vengeance terrible upon their heads they will withdraw from the South and permit White Democrats to pursue their plans unmolested." The Petersburg (Va.) *Appeal* in speaking of certain Republicans says:

"These are the missionaries of mischief, at whose bosoms the people of the South should strike if any disorder is forced upon them at the polls." "They will be the men to suffer," it adds, "and the habit of punishing" them 'might as well be begun at an early as at a late day."

These extracts reflect the sentiments of the Southern Democratic press, which are hardly reconcilable with Mr. Lord's "fair election" resolution offered in the House just before adjournment. Consistency, however, does not enter very largely into Democratic tactics either in the North or South, notwithstanding it is said to be a jewel.

It is a most encouraging fact that business prospects are looking up. In New York, we are informed a very decided improvement in sales has commenced, and that merchants from the interior are purchasing more liberally, and that a generally revival of business and a happy return to prosperity are unmistakably indicated. We trust the report is well founded.

After a long incubation, we have what purports to be a reply to the charges preferred by the New York *Times* against Samuel J. Tilden, relating to his false income return in 1862. This answer does not come directly from the accused, but is the work of the cunning brain and ready pen of Judge James P. Sinnott, who was his law clerk in 1862 and prior years. The fact of Tilden's selecting a deputy or agent to draw up and publish a defense is in keeping with his character as an artful dodger, who would not be made personally responsible for adding falsehood to fraud.

The *Times* published a statement of items of income received by Tilden in 1862, aggregating $108,000, from which was deducted $6,500 for expenses of office, &c., and $12,500 for fees received, but not earned in that year, leaving $89,000 as net income. For this year Tilden returned as income the moderate sum of $7,118, thus fraudulently concealing $81,812, and thereby cheating the Government out of four thousand two hundred and thirty six dollars and forty six cents of income tax for the year 1862 alone.

Judge Sinnot, in his labored defence of his client or employer, takes up seriatim the thirteen items of which the *Times'* statement is comprised. To all of them, except the last (1,000 as salary as President of a Dry Dock Company,) he puts in, for his principal, the plea of not guilty. The *Times* expresses its readiness to meet Mr. Tilden, or his clerk, on the issues of fact presented, and shall with the haste which the examination of a mass of legal and other records admit of, prove that he attempted to conceal perjury by falsehood, and to hide fraud by the arts of the pettifogger and the shyster." The *Times* will, no doubt, make this promise good, and show that this floundering on the part of Mr. Tilden and his friends to escape the punishment due the former will only sink him deeper in the mire of infamy.

The items from one to nine inclusive, in the *Times'* statement are for fees, and amount to $19,000. There is no positive denial of the receiving of this amount in 1862, but it is claimed that it was mainly *earned* in prior years. This is, to a great extent an evasion, but admitting it to be true, the proportion belonging to 1862, the dates of payments running from February 19, 1862 to November 7, of that year, would be largely in excess of the amount returned as income. Item ten for fees, amounting to $20,000, it is claimed was not received in 1862, and item eleven for fees, amounting to $15,000, is denied toto. Item twelve amounting to $25,000 in bonds for fees is acknowledged in part to be true, but it is claimed that whatever amount was received was *no doubt* accounted for in the return. Item thirteen amounting to $1,000 for salary is acknowledged to be correct.

From the foregoing imperfect review of Judge Sinnott's own showing of Tilden's income for 1862, will any sane man believe that his income for that year, after making all lawful deductions, was no greater than $7.118, the amount returned? The lie is pictured on the forehead so plainly that "he that runs may read."

EPSILON.

Desperate Attempt to Rob a Bank. One of the Robbers Killed and one Captured.

A Northfield Minnesota, special says about 2 o'clock this evening Sept. 7th, eight men, well mounted, entered the town and proceeded to the bank. Three entered it and sprang over the counter and ordered the cashier, J. L. Haywood, with a knife to his throat, to open the vault. At the same time all the persons in the bank, A. E. Bunker Assistant Cashier, and Frank Wilcox, Clerk, were ordered to hold up their hands. Mr. Haywood refused to obey the order and open the money vault. His neck had been slightly scratched with the knife, and still refusing the robbers put the muzzle of a pistol to his right temple and fired. Haywood fell dead. They then turned to Mr. Bunker and ordered him to open the vault. He said he did not know the combination. As the robbers made a demonstration toward him he ran out the back door. They fired at him, shooting him in the shoulder. Mr. Wilcox was not interfered with. While this was transpiring within the people of the city without were doing good work. Two of the robbers were killed outright and one wounded. The man was taken away by his confederates, one of whom was killed and one captured. The robbers did not get into the vault nor did they find the cashier's drawer, except the nickle drawer, and a handful of nickles taken from it were thrown to the floor. The robbers were well mounted and armed with navy revolvers. When the robbers entered the town they drew their revolvers; and, putting their horses into full gallop, dashed through the streets, shouting to the people on the walks to get aside. While the three men were engaged in the bank the others stood on the street threatening to shoot any one who interfered, and firing several harmless shots. Pistols and guns were quickly secured by the citizens, and a young man named Wheeler, from the window of the opposite building, picked off one villain, shooting him through the heart. Another shot prostrated another, when the robbers mounted their horses and beat a retreat. A third robber was hit but escaped. A band of fifty citizens was organized, and headed by Wheeler, started in pursuit. At last accounts the robbers were only twenty-five minutes ahead of their pursuers, and are almost sure to be overtaken. There are all sorts of rumors as to the robbers, many believing them to be some of a gang heretofore operating in Missouri and Kansas.

Fourteen citizens in pursuit of the Northfield robbers overtook them late on Thursday night in the ravine a short distance from Shieldsville. Shots were exchanged, and one of the robbers' horses was killed but as the robbers turned to make fight, and the citizens were poorly armed, they dared not attack them and, recovering their dismounted comrade, the thieves took to the woods, and were again lost sight of.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

On Thursday the 5th day of October, 1876, will be sold at public sale, on the premises No. 1, the following valuable Real Estate situated in Washington township, Snyder county, Penna. now occupied by Mr. Houseworth.

No. 1—A farm of 80 ACRES of first-rate gravel land situated 1½ miles southwest of Freeburg, well fenced and in a good state of cultivation; 200 bushels of lime having been put on it last spring. The improvements are a TWO STORIED WEATHERBOARDED HOUSE, a Stone Wash and Spring House a large Swisser or Bank Barn, nearly new, and other necessary out buildings, a fine apple orchard, pear, peach and other fruit trees. A strong and never failing spring of excellent water near the house. The land is all under cultivation, except 4 or 5 Acres which are covered with good timber. It adjoining lands of Jacob Breese, Samuel Boyer, Jacob Snyder and others.

No. 2—A tract of 107 ACRES and 61 perches of gravel land situate about ¼ miles southeast of No. 1, adjoining lands of Jonas Kissinger, Ruben Phillips, Samuel Boyer and others. This tract is also well fenced into fields, and all under cultivation except about 10 acres of very fine timber.

These are very desirable properties and will be sold separately or together to suit purchasers.

If not sold on the above day they will be then and there rented to the highest bidder.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day when conditions will be made known by the undersigned assignees of I. M. Groff and wife.

ROBERT McFADDEN,
GEORGE CARPENTER,
Both residing at Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa. Aug. 31, '76.

Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

SEPT. 18th, 1876.

Trains leave Herndon as follows (Sundays Excepted.)

For Shamokin, 10,15 11.00 a m and 3.40 p m.

For Mt. Carmel, Ashland, Tamaqua, Pottsville, Reading, and Philadelphia, 11.00 a m.

Trains for Herndon, leave as follows, (Sundays Excepted.)

Leave Shamokin, 8,00 a m 1.50 and 3.40 p m.

Leave Philadelphia 9.15 a m. Reading 11.30 a m.

Pottsville, 12.10 p m. Tamaqua 1.25 p m Ashland 2 36 p m

Mt. Carmel 3.15 p m.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows:

For New York, 5.2o, 6.05 8 10 a m., and 2.00 *7.55 p.m.

For Philadelphia 5.2o, 6.05 8.10 9.45 a. m. 2.00 and 3.57 p m.

Sundays

For New York 5.2o a m

For Philadelphia 1.45 p m.

Trains for Harrisburg leave as follows:

Leave New York, 8.45 a m 1.00 and 5.3o and *7.45 p m.

Leave Philadelphia, 9.15 a m. 3.40 5.15 and 7.20 p m.

Sundays

Leave New York 5.3o p m.

Leave Philadelphia 7.20 p m!

*Via Morris & Essex R. R.

J. E. WOOTTEN,
Gen'l Supt.

Feb. 5 '74. v11 n 46.

1,500,000

COPIES IN USE.

GET THE BEST.

The best Piano Instructor is Peters' Eclectic Piano School	Price, $3.25
The Best Music Primer is Peters' Burrowes' Primer.	Price, 0.50
The Best Reed Organ Instructor is Kinkel's New Method	Price 2 50
The Best Instructor for the Voice is Ludden's School for the Voice	Price 3 50
The Best Thorough Bass Book is Peters' Burrowe's Thorough Bass and Companion	Price 0 75
The Best Dictionary of Musical Terms is Ludden's Pronouncing Dictionary of Musical Terms	Price 1 50
The Best Singing Class Books are Fairy Echoes, 30,000 copies in use	Price 0 50
Song Echo, 100,000 copies in use	Price 0 75
Musical Chimes (Female Voices)	Price 1 00
Jackson's Singing Class Manual	Price 0 75
The Best Collections of Church Music are Dressler's Selections for Church and Home	Price 1 50
Banks' Sacred Selections	Price 2 50
The Best Sacred and Secular Collection is the Cluster, for Mixed Voices	Price 1 50
The Best Chorus Book is Peters' Opera Choruses, Vols. 1. & 11. each	2 00
The Best Glee Book is The No Plus Ultra, for Mixed Voices.	Price 1 00
The Best Glee Book for Male Voices is The Sangerfest	Price 1 50
The Best Guitar Instructor is Holland's Comprehensive Method	Price 3 50
The best Collection of Vocal and Instrumental Guitar Music is The Amateur Guitarist.	Price 2 50
The Best Accordion Instructor is Sedgwick's Perfect Method for the Accordian	Price 0 75
The Best Cornet Instructor is Sedgwick's Perfect Method for the Cornet	Price 0 75
The Best Zither School is Hamilton's Perfect Method for the Zither	Price 0 75
The Best Musical Magazines are	
Peters' Household Melodies, 5 or 6 Songs	25cts
Peters' Sacred Selections, 3 or 4 Anthems	25cts
Peters' Octavo Choruses, 3 or 4 Choruses	25cts
Peters' Parlor Music, 5 or 6 Easy Piano Pieces	25cts
La Creme de la Creame, 3 or 4 Difficult Pieces	25cts
Peters' Organ Selections, 4 to 6 Choice Pieces	25cts

Any work mailed post-paid on receipt of the market Price. Address,

J. L. PETERS, 843 Broadway, N. Y

JACOB R. RIEGEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS.
No. 333 Market St.
Philadelphia Pa,

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. Price by mail, 50 cents. Remember, this is not a mere circular, but a book of 400 pages. Address, HUNT & CO., 139 South 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS 75 subscribers in one day. Best literary paper. Only $1.50 a year. Three chromos free. MUNYON & SPONSLER, Pubs., Philada., Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Benjamin Neschrist late of Union township, Snyder county, Pa. dec'd have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate will present them for settlement to DAVID S. SHOOLY, BENJ. G. NESCHRIST, Executors. Aug 31, '76.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration on the estate of Peter Lobach deceased, late of Chapman Twp., Snyder County, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to SUSAN LABORD, Administratrix. Sept. 14, 1876.

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 & 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 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 Wells 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 12, '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. 75

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 23,'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 29 '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, '73