The Post.

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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.

Falling Leaves.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Severed from the noble branches,
Where they waved in beautious pride.
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violet spring,
And the birds, in sunny spring time,
First their dulcet music sing.

They are falling, sadly falling;
Close beside our cottage door;
Pale and faded, like the loved ones,
That have gone forever more.
They are falling and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around;
Yet faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the grassy mound.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Onward with the waters go.
They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep;
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the Autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
When the tuneless winds and billows
Sadly sigh for evermore.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.
And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams,
Faded like the falling leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

Miscellaneous.

Causes of the dull Times.

The N. Y. "Times" has these remarks to make on the dull times now affecting the country:

The laboring men are out of work because the employers cannot see the way clear to make money by keeping them employed. The reason why money cannot be made is that there has been too much production and not enough consumption. This state of affairs is gradually righting itself; but at present there is still more cotton cloth, more iron, more coal, more woollen cloth, and more clothing than people wish to buy. If there is too much on hand it must be because too much has been produced during the last few years. Why has this been done? Simply because there has been too much paper money. When a quantity of paper money was put out during the war, price rose. The dollars increased faster than things were made to sell, and prices advanced accordingly. Men in every branch of trade and manufactures pushed production as fast and had as they could to catch the high prices. In this way more was made than was used. Products of all kinds began to be heaped up. Seeing this the merchants and manufacturers forced sales as fast as possible. When they could not get money, they trusted and took notes or book account. Every one thus ran in debt. Things went on swimmingly so long as no one was asked to pay up. But one morning, in 1873, J. Cook, who had been borrowing money to build a comparatively useless railway, found that his creditors wanted their interest. He could not pay it, and suspended. Then suddenly every one asked every one else to pay; very many could not do it. Business was greatly crippled, and it is crippled yet. We did in ten years more than we should have done in fifteen. We could not have done more than we ought if we had to pay in gold, or paper convertible into gold as we went along. Now, having pretty well used up our surplus stock, we are ready to begin over again. Prices are low, and business is begining to 'pick up.' But men hesitate because they do not know what the currency is to be. If they knew it was to be solid, real, valuable, and stable, they would go ahead. Labor would be again in demand, and good times would return. But if the currency is to be of paper; if prices are to change, as they must with each other in uncertain succession, then business men will hold off still longer and labor will be still longer unemployed. These we conceive to be the exact alternatives.

☞ Did you never feel the effect of a hearty good morning? It sends a thrill of good cheer all through one. It is like a ray of sunlight piercing the darkness, if we are feeling low spirited, to have a a cheery good morning given you. How much brighter it makes the day seem.—How pleasant to hear this beautiful greeting in families! 'Good morning father, good morning mother" from older children. "Good morning papa, good morning mamma" from the lisping little ones, is like a well-spring of gladness. Who can feel sombre after a shower of wishes? Dear mothers let us teach our little ones to say good morning to us and to each other. It brings with it so much kindness of feeling; it starts us all right for the day; we can pick up our burdens and toil on with a smile on our lips and a sweet song in our months.

Thomas D. Steen, a coal merchant of Pittsburgh, in attempting to pull a child from under a train of cars, recently, in that city, fell upon the track and had both of his legs broken.

How a Hypo'a Patient was Cured.

An almost miraculous cure is reported from Sheldon street, the patient being the wife of a wel-to-do citizen. She has for years been ailing, or thinking she was ailing, and recently took to her deathbed, and kept her huband unhappy by lamenting that she was going to die. Yesterday her husband went out and got a buxom young widow, who is her particular abhorrence, to come and look over the house. The dying woman heard him open doors, and explaining things, and lay racked with indignation and curiosity. Presently the buxom young widow departed, and the husband returned to the sick room. No sooner had he entered than she accosted him:

"Peter Whitehead Hollingworth, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, my love, nothing. Don't excite yourself. Be calm. Only as you were complaining that you couldn't get up and see after things, and that the house was going to rack and ruin, I thought I'd ask Mrs. Dasher in to let me know what could be done to save you trouble and relieve your mind of anxiety."

"O, you did," she murmured with a deep inspiration.

"Yes, and I showed her all over the house."

"And the beds not made and everything like a pig sty!"

"Never mind, my love. I told her that she must excuse it, as you were sick, because you were a very good house keeper, and she said you must be."

"Oh, she did."

"Yes, and she said that if she had her way she'd have a new set of parlor, furniture in and less vulgar wall paper, but that some people have no taste anyway, and—by the way Maria, you and Mrs. Dasher are pretty much of a size, ain't you?"

Then he fell into a trance that lasted some minutes, then muttering, "Well, perhaps they'll fit; if not they can be made over," departed.

When that husband went home last night he was surprised to see his dying wife up and dressed, and bossing things with a metallic ring in her voice and a glitter in her eye such as he hadn't seen for years, and when he innocently remarked, "Why, Maria, I had hardly expected to see you up again, he said. "I know it, you bald headed old reprobate, but I'll live to bury you yet, and if that painted Jezebel comes into this house again I'll tear her into cotton waste and jute strings."—*Washington Gazette.*

First Steamer to Cross the Atlantic.

An interesting fact to know at the present epoch in our history is that the first steamer to cross the Atlantic was an American ship. From a letter written to the London *Times* in 1851 by Mr. John S. Cunningham, now Pay Director of the United States Navy, we extract the following items of interest in connection with the fact. Mr. Cunningham's letter was called forth by a claim made by the *Times* in a previous issue that the Sirius, a British steamship, was the first to cross. He says:

On referring to the *Times* of June 21, 1819, you will find the following paragraph, credited to MARWADE'S COMMERCIAL REPORT for that week:

"Among the arrivals yesterday at this port we were particularly gratified and astonished by the novel sight of a fine steamship, which came around at 7 P. M. without the assistance of a single sheet, in a style which displayed the power and advantage of the application of steam to vessels of the largest size, being three hundred and fifty tons burden. She is called the "Savannah,' Captain Rogers, and sailed from Savannah (Georgia, United States) the 29th of May, and arrived in the channel five days since. During her passage she worked the engines eighteen days. Her model is beautiful, and the accommodations for passengers elegant and complete. She is the first ship on this construction that has undertaken a voyage across the Atlantic."

The *Times*, of June 30, 1819, says: "The Savannah steam vessel recently arrived at Liverpool from America—the first vessel of the kind that ever crossed the Atlantic—was chased a whole day off the coast of Ireland by the Kite revenue cruiser, on the Cork Station, which mistook her for a ship on fire."

Lloyd's List reports the arrival of the Savannah at Liverpool, on the 20th of June, 1819, bound to St. Petersburg, and in Gore's Annals of Liverpool you will find the American steamer's arrival recorded among "remarkable events."

The steamship Savannah was an American ship, built, owned and navigated by Americans. Francis Ficket, of New York, built her for Daniel Dodd, and the engines were built by Stephen Vail, of Morristown, New Jersy. She was commanded by Captain Moses Rogers and navigated by Stephen Rogers, of New London, Connecticut.

A clergyman of East Bolton, Quebec, recently seized a bride as security for the non-payment of the fee by the impecunious bridegroom, and the husband had to give security for the $1.25 ere he could obtain his spouse.

A Dread Revenge.

Many long years ago, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbury, in the Island of Mull, had a great hunting excursion. To grace the festivity his lady attended, with his only child, an infant, then in nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of animals and the worst of crimes.

The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood upon an inaccessible cliff, projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their child was placed, may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair, the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything if his child were but restored.

To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting high the child in air plunged with him into the abyss beneath. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.

The Old Farmer's Great Leap.

In cases of sudden emergency it is sometimes within the province of man to conjure up almost superhuman degree of strength.

An old Illinois farmer was bragging to his young mea-help, the other day, about his wonderful preserved jumping powers. Said he:

"Boys, I'm old I'll admit, but I can jump yet."

The boys didn't seem inclined to belive that he could do much in that line, considering his age, which doubting rather worked up his feelings and caused him to say:

"Com now, you young bloods which of you has got a dollar to bet I can't jump over that 'ere three foot hay rake yonder—jump clean over?"

'I have,' said one of the company.

'Put 'er up,' said the old man.

'Here she goes'—answered the youth—'she's up.'

Then the old gentleman squared himself behind the hay rake to earn that dollar. He straightened out the kinks in his legs—he stooped a little—he swung his arms—he gave a grate grunt and a start, and—settled back without the final effort. But he soon gathered up his courage once more. He stooped again—he swung his arms like flails—he grunted a mighty grunt, and giving a mighty spring—tipped his toe on the upper bar and got over all but his feet.

Five heartless youths stood grinning to see their aged employer get entangled in the frame work, and paw around on his hands and knees over the rake teeth; but he soon got to his feet and looked at them with a strange expression as he said:

"Wal, boys—mebbe I can't do it now; but I cleared it 'tother day.'

'Where—oh, where?' demanded all of them in concert.

'Out in the field, boys,' earnestly replied the old man—'out in the field when I raked into a bumble bee's nest!'

Then the boys were amused. They lay down on the ground. They rolled over. They pawed up the turf. They crowded grass into their mouths. They gasped for breath, and wept.

But the venerable victim stood by unmoved. He only looked into the distance, and solemnly placed his hand in the vicinity of his hip-pocket, like one musing a sad recollection.

ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boasting and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse and evil speaking, slang phrases and oathes in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions, and as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life and grow in the respect of others.

Sagacity of Bees.

The following illustration of the power possessed by insects to communicate their experiences to one another is given by a lady correspondent of the London *Spectator*: "I was staying at the house of a gentleman who was fond of trying experiments, and who was a bee keeper. Having read in some book on bees that the best and most humane way of taking honey without destroying the bees was to immerse the hive for a few minutes in a tub of cold water, when the bees, being half drowned, could not sting, while the honey was uninjured, since the water could not penetrate the closely waxed cells, he resolved on trying the plan. I saw the experiment tried, the bees, according to the recipe, were fished out of the water after the hive had been immersed a few minutes, and with those remaining in the hive laid on a sieve in the sun to dry. But as by bad management the experiment had been tried too late in the day, as the sun was going down, they were removed to the kitchen, to the great indignation of the cook, on whom they revenged their sufferings as soon as the warm rays of the fire, before which they were placed, revived them. As she insisted on their being taken away, they were put back in their old hive, which had been dried, together with a portion of their honey, and placed on the shelves of the apiary, in which were five or six other strong hives full of bees, and left for the night. Early next morning my friend went to look at the hive on which he had experimented the night before, but to his amazement, not only the bees from that hive were gone, but the other hives were also deserted—not a bee remained in any of them. The half drowned bees must, therefore, in some way or other, have made the other bees understand the fate which awaited them."

THAT ONE DOOR.—The Chavalier Gerard de Kampis was a very rich and very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir knight," he said, "in order that your felicity should be complete you require, but one thing, but that is a very important item.

"And what thing is it?" demanded the knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied the guest.

At this strange rejoinder several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "The man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clue to the enigma, he continued, "But which door do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

These words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all things earthly, and from thenceforward he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once so gloried in. He was completely altered, and only made use of his riches for good works.

HOW TO CURE A BAD MEMORY.—Your memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that can cure the worst memory. One is to read a subject in which you are strongly interested. The other is, to not only read but think.—When you have read a paragraph or a page and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to the memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has deen ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh and ready for use, as to have on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not forget "your French" with the majority of your school-mates.—*Olives Thorne*

A true picture of dispair—A pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage head that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

RISING IN THE WORLD.—Experience continually contradicts the notions that a poor man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men we find that nearly all of them began life worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so very many poor, young men eagerly covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say, that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Elevated with high notions of personal importance they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, tunifts and industry? For these virtues, after all are worth more than money.—They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more dificult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagent person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. *He* who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase, must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

To Learn a Horse's Age.

The Journal of the Farm tells how to know the age of a horse as follows: The colt is born with twelve grinders; when four front teeth have made the appearance the colt is twelve days old, and when the next four come forth, it is four weeks old. When the corner teeth appear the colt is eight months old; when the latter have attained to the height of the front teeth it is a year old. The two year-old colt has the kernal (the substance in the middle of the tooth's crown) ground out in all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted, and when three years old these are substituted by the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fifth. At six years the kernal is worn out in the lower middle front teeth, and bridle teeth have now attained to their full growth. At seven years a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw, the kernal of the teeth next at the middle is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off. At eight years, the kernal is worn out of the lower teeth, and begins to decrease in the middle upper front. In the ninth year year, the kernal has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front theeth; the hook on the corner has increased in size, and the bridle teeth loose their points. In the tenth year, the kernal is worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw, and in the eleventh year the kernal has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At twelve years old, the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw have become triangular, and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which consequently, receive a long narrow appearance, and their kernals have become metamorphosed in the darkish point, gray hairs increase in the forehead and over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

ONE GRATEFUL TRAMP.—A few days ago, says the Cambria *Herald*, our venerable friend, Mr. Daniel J. Jones, who resides about a mile north of this place, received by mail two passes to the Centennial, and a note stating that the writer would be happy to have him and wife come down to Philadelphia, that he desired to see them and would be at the station there with his own carriage to receive them. Of course, this was quiet a surprise to Mr. J., who was an entire stranger to the writer of the note, but on reading further he found that the generous stranger was no other then a person who, some twenty years ago was traveling through this part of the country, and one evening came to his farm house, asking hospitality for the night, stating that he had no money. Mr. and Mrs. J., who were noted for their generosity, took the stranger in and cared for him kindly, never dreaming that in years after he would kindly invite them to share his hospitality in the city of Philadelphia, where he now resides and enjoys wealth and affluence.

A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote on the post the following line: "Here lie the dead, and here the living *lie!*"

MARK THESE FACTS!

The Testimony of the Whole World.

Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Sores and Ulcers.

All descriptions of sores are remediable by the proper and diligent use of this inestimable preparation. To attempt to cure bad legs by plastering the edges of the wound together is a folly; for should the skin unite, a baggy diseased condition remains underneath to break out with tenfold fury in a few days. The only rational and successful treatment, as indicated by nature, is to reduce the inflamation in and about the wound and to soothe the neighboring parts by rubbing in plenty of the Ointment as salt is forced into meat. This will cause the malignant humors to be drained off from the hard, swollen, and discolored parts round about the wound, sore, or ulcer, and when these humors are removed, the wounds themselves will soon heal; warm bread and water poultices applied over the affected parts, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in, will sooth and soften the same and greatly assist the cure. There is a description of ulcer, sore and swelling, which need not be named here, attendant upon the follies of youth and for which this Ointment is urgently recommended as a sovereign remedy. In curing such poisonous sores it never fails to restore the system to a healthy state if the Pills be taken according to the printed instructions.

Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat, and Scarlet and other Fevers

Any of the above diseases may be cured by well rubbing the Ointment three times a day into the chest, throat, and neck of the patient; it will soon penetrate, and give immediate relief. Medicine taken by the mouth must operate upon the whole system ere its influence can be felt in any local part, whereas the Ointment will do its work at once. Whoever tries the unguent in the above manner for the diseases named or any similar disorders affecting the chest and throat, will find themselves relieved as by a charm. All sufferers from these complaints should envelope the throat at bedtime in a large bread and water poultice, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in; it will greatly assist the cure of the throat and chest. To allay the fever and lessen the inflammation, eight or ten Pills should be taken night and morning. The Ointment will produce perspiration, the grand essential in all cases of fever, sore throats, or where there might be an oppression of the chest, either from asthma or other causes.

Piles Fistulas Stiffness.

The above class of complaints will be remarkably benefited by fomenting the parts with warm water, and then by most effectually rubbing in the Ointment. Persons suffering from these direful complaints should not lose a moment in arresting their progress. It should be understood that it is not sufficient merely to smear the Ointment on the affected parts, but it must be well rubbed in for a considerable time, two or three times a day, that it may be taken into the system, whence it will remove any hidden sore or wound as effectually as though palpable to the eye. There again the bread and water poultices, after the rubbing in of the Ointment, will do great service. This is the only sure treatment for females, cases of cancer in the stomach, or where there may be a general bearing down.

Indurations of Youth—Sores and Ulcers.

Blotches, as also swelling, can, with certainty be radically cured if the Ointment be used freely, and the Pills taken night and morning, as recommended in the printed instructions. When treated in any other way they only driven to one place to break out in another; whereas this Ointment will remove the humor from the system, and leave the patient a vigorous and healthy being. It will require time with the use of the Pills to insure a lasting cure.

Dropsical Swellings, Paralysis, and Stiff Joints.

Although the above complaints differ widely in their origin and nature, yet they all require local treatment. Many of the worst cases of such diseases, will yield in a comparatively short space of time when this Ointment is diligently rubbed into the parts affected, even after every other means have failed. In all serious maladies the Pills should be taken according to the printed directions accompanying each box.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bad Legs,	Gland,
Bad Breasts,	Glandular Swelling,
Burns,	Lumbago,
Bunions,	Piles,
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand flies,	Rheumatism,
Corns,	Scalds,
Chilblains,	Sore nipples,
Chapped Hands,	Sore Throats,
Coxes (Soft,)	Skin Diseases
Cancers,	Scurvy,
Contracted and Stiff Joints,	Sore Heads,
Elephantiasis,	Tumors,
Fistulas,	Ulcers,
	Wounds,
	Yaws.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Hollowaych as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same knowing them to be spurious.

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots of 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.

June, 9th '73 1y

UNDERTAKING.

E. L. BUFFINGTON,

Middleburg, Pa.

COFFINS

For much less than has been heretofore paid for them in this place. Mr. Buffington is a practical workman and is prepared to furnish COFFINS, CASKETS, &c., at almost one-half the price they have heretofore cost here. He also manufactures

FURNITURE,

of all descriptions, and at greatly reduced prices.

All orders promptly attended to, (at his residence in Franklin) and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

April 27, 1876.tf.

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 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following articles have been purchased by the undersigned, at Constable's Sale, and left in the possession of Joseph Long during his pleasure. All persons are cautioned not to meddle or interfere with the same, viz: 6 Chairs, 1 Sink, 3 Beds and Bedding, 1 clock, 2 Tables, 21 yds. carpet, Potatoes in the ground, 1 trunk, a lot of tinware, 20 Head chickens, 1 meat stand 1 tub & Rubber, 1 Dough Tray.

A. S. HELFRICH.

Beaver Springs, Sept. 29, 1876.

THE POST.

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

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Selinsgrove Pa.

All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

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

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

WM. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.,
Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan 3, '67tf

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

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL.
(Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn.)
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

F. J. R. ZELLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.
All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. Oct. 30, '74tf

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sep4, 73

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

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

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

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