# The Post.

VOL. 14. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 30, 1876. NO. 30.



**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.

### The Dunning Publisher.

AFTER HIAWATHA.

Would you ask why this dunning?
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper weekly,
Read what they had never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction;
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask us why this dunning:
We would answer, we should tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper-maker,
From the landlord, from the "devel,"
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp of Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him;
From them all there comes a message—
Message kind but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay the bill you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted;
When the last greenback has left us;
When the nickles have all vanished;
Gone to pay the paper-maker,
Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,
Gone to pay the clerk and devil,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—
Gone to pay for beef and Bridget,
Gone to pay the faithful parson.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of anXous labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from three to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send us money—send us money;
Send us money—send us money;
Send the money that you owe us?

*—Printer's Circular.*

## Select Tale.

### The Girl Mutineer.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

Toward the close of an October day in 1776, a vessel sailing in a southwesterly direction crossed the 57th degree of North longitude. Her keel plowed the waves of the North Atlantic, and her distination seemed to be the Azores. She was sailing before a strong wind and the arrangement of her sail indicated flight. If flight, from whom? The naked eye could perceive no pursuer on the bosom of the ocean; but the sea glasses, leveled by a number of British officers who graced the clean decks, revealed a dark speck on the watery rim of the Northern horizon.

The distant object occasioned much anxiety among the officers. A silence which had reigned among them for many moments was suddenly broken by a man whose bearing proclaimed him an English admiral.

"He still follows," were the words that fell from his lips; "but with the help of Neptune we'll outsail him in the night."

Though the officer spoke with much assurance, there lurked in his tongue a latent fear which his companions detected, and exchanged significant glances.

Over the face of the deep, night was settling, and the vessel kept straight before the wind to the joy of its commander who had lately spoken. The shadows gradually veiled the far away pursuer from sight, and when the officer separated expressions of triumph were on their lips.

The British vessel was the Meteor, fast sailor, whose armament consisted of twenty-eight guns. She was a well built double decker, and had seen much service in the war which had raged almost three years between Great Britan and her American colonies. Her speed and her formidable armament shad made her a terror to American vessels in European waters. Her commander, a sea-born Englishman, named Guilderoy, was an officer of undoubted courage and cunning, to which he added a vindicitiveness that rendered him obnoxious to many of his own crew.

The Meteor was flying from a new and very formidable foe—flying with a hold filled with booty. On the day proceding the one that has just closed upon her in fight she had just captured an American cruiser, after a spirited contest. The prize had proved one of value, and Captain Guilderoy did not wish to risx an engagement with the vessel following in his wake.

Captain Conyngham, the pursuer, was a second Paul Jones. He was one of the most daring spirits of our then infant navy and his name had became terror along the cost of England. He pursued and captured a number of British ships, which he had either burnt or sent into friendly ports; and when he peserved the Meteor, fresh from her victory, he hesitated not to crowd on all sail and give chase.

There were men on the decks of Revenge, as Conyngham's vessel was appropriately named, who watched the flying Englishmen. Much speculation concerning the result of the chase ran through the crew, and Conyngham mingled when he turned to reply to the words of a youthful Lieutenant who stood beside him, sea glass in hand.

"We can outsail her, Gilbert," the American captain said with emphasis. "This wind favors both of us alike, and in the calm that will soon prevail, she must lie by till day."

The young officer turned from the captain, and again his eyes were strained to make out the form of the ship rapidly disappearing among the prevailing shadows.

Conyngham did not return to his glass, but watched the face of his youthful companion.

"I am confident that Miss Temple is aboard the Englishman," he said at last.

"Of course she is!" exclaimed the Lieutenant with a flush. 'I know she was on board the Mischief when it fell into the Meteor's, hands and I am satisfied she is a prisoner,'

"The fairest prize old Guilderoy has captured in many a long day!' remarked Conyngham, with a laugh at the Lieutenant's smile, and the flash that lighted up the depths of his anxious eyes.

The conversation was interrupted by an unexpected veering of the wind that paled the cheeks of the numerous watchers on the deck, and the officers seperated.

Now, having learned something of the Meteor's pursuer, let us return to the English vessel.

The calm prophesied by the American captain fell upon the ocean shortly after the descent of darkness. It worried Guilderoy, and he held frequent consultations with the officers, now on deck, now in his state room. He held consultation in the latter place over a bottle of choice wine, and under the liquor's influence he soundly cursed the Yankee privateer.

Becalmed on the waters and beneath the stars, the Meteor lay like a huge slumbering leviathan. Her lights were hidden, and the spectral figures that trod her decks conversed in whispers.

In a small apartment, not far remote from the council cabin, stood a beautiful young girl. There was a look of sorrow in her dark eyes, and her face was quite pale. She appeared to be listening, for her head was bent toward Guilderoy's from which direction came a faint and confused murmur of voices.

"I know that we are becalmed," she said to herself in an audible tone, and I know, too, that the officers are worried about it. The men? I know that many of them hate Guilderoy. Didn't I hear the helmsman say last night that they would refuse to fight for the man who rules them with a rod of iron, and when he had spoken thus, didn't he remark to a fellow tar that the prisoners did not know their strength? Yes, he did! The men think of mutiny, and the man at the wheel is now ready to rise against the captain of this ship. They want a leader; they gnaw in silence the chain of tyranny, with which their captain has bound them. I will spring the mine! I will lead the Meteor's mutineers, and the Revenge may have our prize."

Adaline Temple spoke with stern determination and clenched her hands.

The observer would have laughed to think that she had decided to head a body of mutineers—that she a fragil girl of nineteen, had resolved to rob the English navy of one of its best vessels or to perish in the attempt!

She left the room with a resolve well-formed, and steadfast in her determination. Like a spectre she glided down the darkened corridors of the vessel, and, at last, climbing upward with care, reached the deck.

Captain Guilderoy and his lieutenants were below discussing the situation over several bottles of wine.

Adaline saw the stars overhead, and turned her face to the various points of the compass without greeting a breeze that would have pleased the Bristish captain.

The man at the wheel having nothing to do seemed to have fallen asleep, for he started when Adaline's hand fell upon his shoulder, and his hand made a rapid movement toward his belt when he saw her figure.

"I want to talk with you," she said, in a low tone, making no display of the knife whose hilt she clutched—a knife like the helmsman's. "I want to say a few words, and are you going to listen? I heard you use mutinous language last night, and I could have you hung at the yard by speaking to the tyrant Guilderoy."

He was her man!

"You are harboring schemes of mutiny at this very moment," she continued, after a brief pause, "and you are not alone in the diabolic work. I will tell the captain before an hour, if—"

Adaline paused a moment, and heard the beating of the sailor's heart.

He stared into her face like a man suddenly frighted by a ghost, and she finished her sentence with lips almost touching his ear.

"If you do not obey me!"

Then the helmsman's lips parted.

"For the love of heaven do not throw us poor devils at the feet of Guilderoy," stammered the sailor. "He would hang every one of us before morning. Do you want us to mutiny to-night? Our time has not yet come. There be but nineteen of us now."

"But the prisoners—sixty-two strong men, and brave!"

"They are Americans!"

"Nevertheless, they will not hesitate to rescue gallant English sailors from the tyrany of the captain of this ship. To-night! If you say no I will drive this knife to your heart, and have your comrades hung at the yard before a day."

Then the helmsman saw the knife whose blade flashed very near his breast, and the next moment he stood on the deck.

"We'll do it!" he said, "But Chester is wounded—hurt yesterday by a ball from your ship. Chester was to have led us."

"I will take his place!" said Adaline. "Now let us strike!"

Captain Guilderoy unsuspicious of the mutinous spirit on his ship, had placed watches who had belonged to the Chester party.

Adaline soon discovered this, and at length seven determined sailors, armed with knives and pistols, prepared for the fray.

She stationed two of the strongest at the door of the council room, while as many more guarded the hatches. Then the prisoners were called forth, one by one, until sixty-two strong-limbed Yankee soldiers stood on deck, ready to do their duty.

There was a tumult among the captain's party when the mutiny was discovered, and the officers were apprised of the state of affairs by the discharge of several pistols in the hold.

"Mutiny!" cried Guilderoy, springing from the table; and the next moment, having opened the door, he found himself flung to the floor by one of the mutineers who guarded the portal.

Another British officer was knocked down, when several prisoners made their appearance, and the inmates of the cabin were secured.

It was one of the most startling and successful mutinies in the annals of the British navy; but the most thrilling part was yet to come.

"Now three cheers for the English sailors!" cried a stalwart mutineer who had ably seconded the patriot girl.

Three chrees were given with a will. They swept far into the night and startled the tenants of another vessel's deck.

"No more such cheers?" suddenly cried Adaline Temple in a tone of command. "The Meteor is to bear the flag of American Congress at her mizzen peak. The British mutineers will lay down their arms. Yankee sailors will prepare to shoot those who refuse to obey."

A moment's silence was followed by curses, and the nineteen mutineers looked into the faces of the men whom they had armed with English pistols and cutlasses.

Obedience alone would preserve their lives, and in a few moments the British mutineers was prisoners like their more faithful comrades, and the good ship Meteor, was in the Yankee hands!

Before dawn rockets revealed the Meteor's position to her pursuer, and the astonished Conyngham soon stood on her bloodless decks!

Then the young American lieutenant encountered the heroine of the hour—the girl on whose finger he had already placed a shining ring.

"I knew that you were near in the Revenge," she said to him, "and I thought I would present you with the Meteor. Why, Gilbert, if I had not led the mutineers, I might have run away from you as I did yesterday.

Gilbert Farley assumed command of the valuable prize, and in many of his cruises he was accompanied by the gallant girl whose fame was sung on the deck of every vessel in our little navy.

After the war—well, the reader can guess what happened "after the war."

ANOTHER WAY TO SEE IT.—There is a beautiful incident in some of the new Sunday school books. It opens with a terrible storm at sea, which greatly frightens the captain's wife and all the sailors. The captain himself was very cool, and when his wife wondered at it, he took down a sword, flourished it in the air, and asked:

"Are you not afraid?'

She wasn't. She said she had faith in her husband's love and friendship.

"Neither am I afraid of the storm for I have faith in the Lord's love and protection."

A captain on the Erie canal read the little story the other day and it touched his heart. He descended to the cabin, where his wife was making biscuit, and putting his fist under her nose, he asked:

'Betsey are you not afraid?'

"Nawt much,' she replied, giving him a dangerous look.

'Why not?' he yelled.

It would have been proper for her to have said something about Divine Providence, but she didn't. She replied:

"Because, if you don't git that paw out of my face, I'll put up this dough and brake another rib for ya."

Why is a naughty boy like the letter 'D?' Because he makes 'ma' cross.

THINK AGAIN.—It is related that during the first few dayes of the reigh of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentence of court martial were presented for her signature. She read it, paused, lobked up at the officer who had it before her and said:

"You have nothing to say in behalf of this man?"

"Nothing! He has deserted the army three times,"

"Think again, my lord," was her reply.

"And," said the veteran as he related the circumstance to his friends, (for it was no other than the Duke of Wellington,) "seeing her majesty so earnest about it, I said, "He is certainly a very bad soldier, but there was some body who spoke as to his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know.'"

"I thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful queen, and hastily writing "pardoned" in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and emotion.

What a world of instruction, godliness and true philosophy is contained in these two words, "Think again!" Could we adopt their spirit as the rule of our lives, one and all, what a happy change would come over society! In all our business concerns, in our social and moral relations, our political and religious duties, what important results might follow if on many occasions, we would think again before deciding upon acting.

—A man named Courbalon is before a Paris court charged with the death of his wife under extraordinary circumstances. He discovered an intimacy existing between herself and one Joseph Partridge. Partridge fled, impelled by several vigorous kicks, and the lady implored pardon. "Pardon, oh yes," replied Courbalon in a sinister tone. The next day, at noon, the servants placed on the table six roasted partridges, which, in France, are much larger than in the United States. As soon as his wife sat down, he locked the door and drew from his pocket a revolver.—"Madame," he said, "the hour for your punishment has come. You have dishonored me by means of a man named Partridge, and here are six of your namesakes for you to dine on. You will please eat them to the last morsel. If you cease doing so, or if you attempt to give an alarm, I will blow your brains out." The unhappy woman, feeling the impossibility of accomplishing the task without killing herself, fell on her knees, and implored his pity. Courbalon's only reply was to cock his revolver, and she therefore commenced her task. "I forgot to say that I forbid your drinking while you eat," said Courbalon. The poor woman, after finishing the second partridge, showed signs of illness. She lifted her sad eyes to her husband with an imploring expression, but he pointed the pistol inexorably at her head. In two hours and a half the six birds were eaten; at 9 o'clock that night the woman died of indigestion.

A MATERIALIZED HOLE.—Take a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye and look steadfastly through it, focussing the eye on any object; keep the eye open. Now place the left hand, held palm upward, edgeways against the side of the paper tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently of the size of the cross section of the tube made through the left hand. This is a hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefor and similarly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equaling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears, make an opening one-fourth inch in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its difference of illumination, will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion, for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us, is certainly one of the most curious ever devised. Besides, here is the actual hole clearly visible, and yet there is no solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because, if a page of print be regarded, the lines within boundaries of the little hole will not coincide at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.—*Scientific American.*

☞The Foltz wheat is mentioned in the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture as one of the favorite and leading varieties in this country. It had its origin in the upper end of Huntingdon county, this State, not many years ago.

Short of change—the man who has only one shirt.

### A Tale of Scotland.

A party of troopers entered the house of a poor widow and demanded, and received refreshments. A well grown lad, the widows son, waited on them, the widow hospitably offering to their wants all she had at command.

"And how do you live in these troublesome times, Goody?" asked one of the mercenaries, with an air of kindness.

"Well, I thank heaven," answered the poor widow, 'my good man left me a cow and a garden, with that bit of field. I do not complain'

"Indeed!' ejaculated the ruffian.—Corporal Speidgelt, what say you to try and see if Heaven helps her without a cow?'

"Ach! mein Gott! der garten is enooff! Mit it some verlachen—ha! ha!" and the fellow laughed. 'Kill der schuchtern machen (the cow) and spoil ter milch and ter kase (cheese)!"

"Ay," quoth the fellow with a horse laugh; "and so it will. So, Goody, here goes, with the honors of war—tara!' and he drew his sword.

"What are you going to do?' cried the youth, springing forward with tears in his eyes and terror in his face.

Strike the brat, Bob!' said the trooper, as one smote the boy on the mouth, while the trooper pissed his sword through the gentle brest of the generous homefeeder (the poor cow) and to add to the devil's deed mowed down all the kale in the garden. The troopers then departed.

Widow and child were at once destitute of every source of existence.—She soon sickened and died, hart broken, and the boy wandered away, and was not seen or heard of many years after.

During the wars in Flanders, a party of soldiers were one afternoon seated around the camp-fire, and flushed with wine and victory, were relating some deeds of the past, till they seemed to take a turn in vieing with each other in the atrocity of their details.

"I once starved an old dame by merry Carlisle," said a trooper noted for his ferocity and courage. 'I killed her cow, and, egad! destroyed her greens. She said Heaven would keep her, and, faith! I longed to know a miracle. But she died—ha! ha! she died!'

"And do you not repent of that deed" cried a young trooper, leaping to his feet, with wrathful brows.

"Repent! Bah! what the devil should I repent for!" asked the other contemptuously. 'Sit down and laugh at the joke."

"Do you stand up, you marauding dog!' shouted the soldier; 'for in the name of that Heaven she trusted in, you shall repent it! That woman was my mother!'

And, unsheathing his sword, he struck the ruffian-soldier on the cheek with his flat, and instantly swords were crossed.

Twice, thrice did the avenging son pass his sword through the body of the destroyer of the poor widow's living; and turning him over with his foot, as the other lay writhing in the pangs of death, added:

"Had you but repented that deed, I had left you to God; but as you repented not, know that Heaven avenges her in me!"

THE FIRST PRESIDENT.—The opinion that Washington was our first President is a very prevalent one; and yet it is by no means the literal truth. Undeniably he was the first President under our present Constitution; but he had fourteen predecessors under the revolutionary government and confederation. The first of these was Peyton Randolph of Virginia, who was chosen September 5th 1774, and who died in office shortly afterward—October 22d, 1774. He was succeeded by Henry Middleton of South Carolina, who remained in office until May 24th, 1775, at which time John hancock of Massachusetts was elected. The latter served until November 1st, 1777, when Henry Laurens of South Carolina succeeded him. Next came John Jay of New York, who was appointed December 10th, 1778, an 1779-September 28th—Samuel Huntington of Connecticut entered upon his discharge of the duties of the office. His term continued until July 10th, 1781, when Thomas Kean of Delaware was appointed. His successor was John Hanson of Maryland, who was chosen November 5th 1781. Next in order was Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, who was elected November 4th, 1782. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania was appointed November 3d, 1783. Next came Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, November 30th, 1784; Nathaniel Gorman of Massachusetts, June 6th 1786; Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, February 2d, 1787; and Cyrus Griffin of Virginia January 22d, 1788—who was succeeded by George Washington, first President under the Federal Constitution, April 30th, 1789.

☞The receipts of grain at Philadelphia during the twenty-seven weeks ending Oct. 21, 1875, were 10,640,995 bushels or 9.6 per cent, of the whole shipments east. During the corresponding period this year the receipts were 21,365,000, or 17.6 per cent of the whole.


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 ungueut 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 Strictures.*

The above class of complaints will be removed by nightly 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 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.

*Indiscretions 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 dry up in 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, | Gout, |
| Bad Breasts, | Glandular Swelling, |
| Burns, | Lumbago, |
| Bunions, | Piles, |
| Bite of Moschetoes and Sand flies, | Rheumatism, |
| Coco-bay, | Scalds, |
| Chilblains, | Sore nipples, |
| Chapped Hands, | Sore Throats, |
| Corns (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. Hasdock, 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 Medicines throughout the civilized world, in opes 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, 8th '74 ly

AGENTS WANTED! Our large life-like STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES sell rapidly. Send for circular. N. Y. Engraving Co., 34 Wall Street, Box 3,356, N. Y.

MAKE $15 a day.

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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 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 20, 1876.tf.


## 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: 5 Chairs, 1 Sink, 3 Beds and Bedding, 1 Clock, 2 Tables, 25 yds. carpet, Potatoes in the ground, 1 trunk, a lot of tin ware, 36 Head chickens, 1 meat chest, 1 tub & Rubber, 1 Dough Tray.

A. S. WETZEL.


**THE POST.**

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

Terms of Subscription,

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**S. ALLEMAN & SON,**

*ATTORNEYS AT LAW.*

Selinsgrove Pa.

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

T. J. SMITH,

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MIDDLEBURG, SNYEDR 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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Lewisburg Pa.,

Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

J. P. CRONMILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Middleburg, Pa.,

offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan 3, '67tf

H. H. GRIMM,

Attorney & Councellor

*AT-LAW,*

Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's

Freeburg, Penn'a.

Consultation in both English and German Languages. Dec. 19, '72tf.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL.

(Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn.)

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.

Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

F. J. R. ZELLER,

*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW*

*Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.*

All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. Oct. 30, '73tf

CHARLES HOWER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Selinsgrove Pa.,

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

JOHN H. ARNOLD,

Attorney at Law,

MIDDLEBURG, PA.

Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9, '71

J. THOMPSON BAKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

☞Can be consulted in the English and German languages.☜

OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

A. W. POTTER,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW.*

Selinsgrove Pa.,

Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office one door above the New Lutheran Church. July, 4th '72.

B. T. PARKS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SELINSGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa

[Sept. 15, '67tf

A. C. SIMPSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Northumberland, Pa.

Offers his professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67tf

A. J. PETERS,

Justice of the Peace,

Middleburg, Snyder county, Penn'a

Conveyancing done, and Collections made. Everything intrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. June 11, '74.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

DR. A. M. SMITH,

*PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,*

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sep4, 73

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Middleburg Pa.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67

I. I. MONBECK,

Justice of the Peace

*Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.*

Will be in his office at the above mentioned place, on MONDAY and SATURDAY of each week, when all kinds of business relating to his office, will be attended to June 26 '73tf

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,

SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST

Selinsgrove Penn.

S. A. WETZEL,

Justice of the Peace,