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Miscellaneous

The Unknown Guest

One pleasant evening, in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of squire, and from his manner pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, there was something military air about him. His horse panted, as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet, from the rider's frequent looks to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's dress, a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travelers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path, more than two hours, before the mistake of the place was broken by no noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, traveling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder, and of a longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak, which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to spend the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animate with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced; the soil being composed of clay which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house.—The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way, and is in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the first speaker, "and whatever my horse will afford, you shall have, with welcome."

"I must provide for my weary companion of my journey," resumed the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveler, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so, as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and, therefore, am entitled to no thanks." "But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Feeling that the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few days before, in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing plentiful repast.—During the meal, there was a such interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him, that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words.

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer, then, lighting a pipe knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night's rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare."

A Beautiful Allegory.

A young man was walking with some gay companions in a dark forest. They were not sure that they knew the exact course they wished to pursue, and yet the laugh, the story, and the song beguiled their way. They hoped to come out at the right place, and thus get home safely. But suddenly the sky grew dark, the birds ceased their singing and in the distance they heard the howling of the hungry beasts of prey. Soon one of the young men stumbled over something, and down he fell, with a piercing cry of horror! His companions saw him as he fell down the steep and fearful precipice. Their hearts soon gave place to joy for they saw he had not fallen to the bottom, but had caught hold of a bush half way down. They called out to him, "Hang on, and we will save you." They made a long rope, which seemed very strong, but alas! it was made of material which may be called "Self-righteousness," and had no strength at all. It looked as if they could never break it, and so they let it down to him, he seized it with all his might. They called to him, "Hold on, and we will draw you up," but they did not lift him an inch before it broke all to pieces. "Oh," he shouted, "the rope is broken; give me something stronger. Be quick, for my hands ache dreadfully!"

Then they made another. It seemed very hard, and they said it must hold. It was made of "Morality." Now, said they, "Take hold of the rope, and we will draw you to the top." But they scarcely moved him before it snapped like the other. Again he cried, "Give me something stronger, or I shall fall and be killed."

While they were making a third rope, the poor fellow turned his eye downward, but could see nothing but darkness.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice saying, "Fall full; I will save thee. My arms will catch thee; let go and fall into them." His friends on the brink above did not hear this sweet voice, and so they kept at work till they had finished a third rope, made of a very common material, which they found near at hand twisted together, and called "Good Resolutions."

"Now," said his friends, "we have a rope which you can never break."

No sooner had these words sounded in his ears, then he again heard that calm, mysterious voice from below—"FALL INTO MY ARMS; I AM MIGHTY TO SAVE."

But, like many with proud hearts, he again seized the rope, though with almost nerveless hands. He was at the same time greatly frightened at what should have rejoiced his heart, for he thought he saw a sword (the sword of the Spirit) cutting off the bush.

"Hold on, we will soon get you to the top. It's the last rope you can give us." And so they pulled with all their might; but like the other three, it broke as if it were a cotton thread. There he hung, with but little strength left, and yet again he heard that pleading voice—"FALL, FALL, I WILL SAVE THEE."

"But it is dark, and I cannot see you!"

"TRUST MY WORD, AND REST, LET US AT ONCE."

And yet again his foolish companions shouted, "Hold on; hold on!"

The bush at last gave way, being cut entirely by that strange sword. As he felt his strength all gone, he faintly cried, "Lord save me or I perish!" What was his joy when suddenly he found himself firmly clasped in the mighty arms of Him who is, "ABLE TO SAVE TO THE uttermost ALL THEM THAT COME UNTO GOD BY HIM!"

Now, my dear young friends, is not this a picture of the way you have been trying to climb up to heaven? Have you not often felt that you could by your own good works, merit a home in the mansions above? This you can never do. Give up every other hope, and trust only in Jesus. "Let us on the cross, and fall into Jesus' arms, and you will be as happy as this young man and the little girl who were led by this simple story to see the only way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.—London Globe.

Madame de Maintenon, who became the wife of Louis XIV. of France, and for the last thirty years of his life exercised a controlling influence over his opinions and policy, had a narrow escape from premature burial in childhood. Her parents migrated from France to the Isle of Martinique when she was ten years old. On the voyage she was taken ill, and the sickness ended in apparent death. The funeral rites were over; the last look taken of the body about to be dropped into the sea; a cannon was loaded to be fired over the corpse, when the mother, who was ordinarily loving, insisted on seeing her child once more. To her surprise, she found the heart still beating, and, in a delirium of joy, declared that the child was not dead, but would recover. The hopes of rapture, proved a true prophecy, and the little girl, so nearly given up to burial in the ocean, was spared to become one of the most distinguished women in French history.

The River of Time is a stream that never freezes over, but it goes flowing steadily on to eternity.

A Romance of Real Life.

In New York, in 1796, my store was in Maiden Lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Peluso, who sat behind the counter stitching shoes and waiting on customers as they stepped in. One day a corpse was found in the dock, at the foot of the street. The coroner took the jury-men from the neighborhood, among them John Mowatt and his foreman John Peluso. The corpse lay on the table in the centre of the room. Some of the jury-men remarked that as soon as John Peluso looked on the corpse, he started, turned pale, and looked as if he was going to faint. He rallied however, but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death by drowning, were discharged. Mowatt turned around to look for his foreman, but beheld he was not there. We stepped out of doors and saw him high up on the street, on a half run, when he quickly turned a corner. All sorts of inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. This, with his turning pale at the first view of the corpse, occasioned some strange surmise among the jurors, for many days afterwards.

John Mowatt was a bachelor of thirty-five, and Peluso had been about thirty summers.

On a certain day, about one month thereafter, a lady in deep mourning stepped into Mowatt's store and asked for a pair of shoes. While John was trying how the shoe fitted, the lady inquired: "You had a man in your store—John Peluso by name—what has become of him?"

"Yes," said Mowatt, "but what has become of him, I would give a good deal to learn." He then related the story as above stated.

"Strange," replied the lady. "And you have not heard from him since?"

"No," replied Mowatt, "I have not seen him since."

"Yes, you have seen him," replied the lady.

"Certainly," said Mowatt "would not you be a lady of your appearance, but I have not seen him, to my knowledge."

"Well then," said she, "I am John Peluso; and that object on whom we held the inquest, was the corpse of my husband. My family name is Randall. I was born in Philadelphia. I married against the wishes of my parents John Connor, a sober, industrious man, by trade a shoemaker. He took to drinking, neglected his business, and once struck me while in liquor. We had no family, so I resolved, while we were stitching shoes together, to learn his trade, and leave him. I soon made a passable shoe, when I assumed male attire, came to New York, and you gave me work as a journeyman. The rest you know."

John told the present narrator, some days after, that on hearing this she was dumfounded.

"Well, madam," said John, "what are your plans for the future?"

"Say she, 'I have not yet formed any plans.'"

"Well, said John, 'I liked you as a journeyman, and when my foreman, I was pleased; suppose we now go into partnership for life?'"

In forty-eight hours thereafter, they were married. She was a fine looking woman, and might have passed for twenty-five.

This, perhaps, is the first instance on record, of a woman's sitting as a coroner's juryman on the corpse of her husband.

The above is a simple tale of truth.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.—Sir W. Thompson has concluded, from different lines of argument, that the age of the earth, as a body cool enough for habitation, cannot be greater than 100,000,000 years. Prof. Tait, however, in his work on the 'Recent Advances in Physical Science,' comes to a somewhat different conclusion, and puts the limit of the world's age at 10,000,000 years. When doctors disagree who shall decide? As for other worlds than ours, some of them are said to be so far away that the light has not even reached our planet. A writer in the 'Quarterly Review' says that 'the telescope has rendered visible stars so amazingly remote that light traveling over 186,000 miles in a single second would take 504,000 years to travel from them to the earth.' Astronomers and geologists have a way of testing millions of years about as if they were mere grains on the sands of time. It makes the few score allotted to man appear amazingly insignificant.

Probably the most awful destruction of life from a fire in England took place in 1212, when 3,000 perished. They were hemmed in by flames on both sides of the Thames, and mostly died by drowning. Their numbers far exceeded the estimated loss of life in London's great fire of 1666. The estimated number of lives lost in the burning of Chicago has never been placed higher than one hundred. At the burning of the church in Santiago, Chili, December 8, 1863, one thousand six hundred persons, principally women, burned. The list of the dead given in 'Niles' Register' after the fire in the Richmond Theatre, in 1711 had less than seventy.

The best portrait of happiness is a laughing child.

VEGETINE

Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

VEGETINE is not a vile, nauseous compound, which simply purges the bowels, but a safe, pleasant remedy which is sure to purify the blood, and thereby restore the health.

VEGETINE is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

VEGETINE Does not deceive invalids into false hope by purging and creating a feigning appetite, but assists nature in cleansing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

VEGETINE Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merit are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

VEGETINE Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is the most valuable medicine I have ever used."—Wm. H. Frymire.

VEGETINE is prepared by a process which is a secret, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

PROOF.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

Freebook, Feb. 12, 1871.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—I have used your Vegetine for some time, and I find myself well in a few days. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine.

Freebook, Nov. 23, 1872.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—I have used your Vegetine for some time, and I find myself well in a few days. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine.

Freebook, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I have used your Vegetine for some time, and I find myself well in a few days. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine. I have used it for several years, and I find it to be a most valuable medicine.

Very Respectfully,
A. G. HORNBERGER, Proprietor.

A. G. HORNBERGER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Justice of the Peace & Conveyancer, Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa. Office in the Court House, over the Court Room. All business relating to the office will be promptly attended to. Office near Troutmanville.

UNDERTAKING. E. L. BUFFINGTON, Middleburg, Pa.

COFFINS

FURNITURE

ESTRAY SHEEP

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ALLEGHENY HOUSE

UNION HOUSE

REPORT FROM A PRACTICAL CHEMIST AND APOTHECARY

PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

Assignee notice.

NEW GOODS!

A. S. HELFRICH, Beaver Springs, Pa.

NEW HARDWARE STORE

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

DR. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

DR. J. Y. SHINEBELL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN

J. I. MONBECK, Justice of the Peace

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST

S. A. WETZEL, Justice of the Peace

S. ALLEMAN & L. SELINGROVE 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. Collections in English and German.

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

W. M. VAN GEZER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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, '67]

H. H. GRIMM, Wm. H. DILL, GRIMM & DILL, Attorneys & Counselors AT-LAW, Office Near the Post Office, Freeburg, Penna.
Consultation in both English and German languages. Dec. 19, '66.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL, 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, '67]

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 Adams counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg, 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 Wally Smith & Co's Store. 8-42y

A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove 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, SELINGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, PA. [Sept. 15, '67]

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

A. J. PETERS, Justice of the Peace, Middleburg, Snyder county, Penna.
Covering down, and Collections made, Everything entrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. [June 11, '66]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-381f

DR. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept. 1, '68]

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

J. 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 20 731f

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

S. A. WETZEL, Justice of the Peace, Beaverstown, Snyder Co., Pa.
All kinds of collections made on libers. Promptly attended to. All business entrusted to his care. [June 26, '69]