Wm Mertz Freeburg


# The Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 14, 1877. NO. 5.



**Advertising Rates.**

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**THE POST.**

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

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## Poetry.

### "The Worthy Poor."

A dog of morals, firm and sure;
Went out to seek the 'worthy poor.'
'Dear things!' she said, 'I'll find them out,
And end their woes, without a doubt.'

She wandered east she wandered west,
And many dogs her vision blest---
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,
And some--ah! very much in need.

So poor they were--without a bone,
Battered and footsore, sad and lone;
No friends, no help. 'What lives they led,
To come to this!' our doggie said.

'I ought not give to them I'm sure
They cannot be the worthy poor.
They must have fought or been disgraced;
My charity must be well placed.

Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;
So thrifty they---so sleek and kind!
"Ah me!" she said, 'were they in need,
To help them would be joy indeed."

'Twas still the same, day in, day out--
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;
But they were neither clean nor wise,
As she could see with half her eyes.

'Tis strange that faults come out to view
When folks are poor. She said 'Tis true
They need some help, but, as for me,
I must not waist my charisty.'

So home she went, and dropped a tear.
"I've done my duty, that is clear.
I've searched and searched the village round,
And not one 'worthy poor' I've found,'

And all this while the sick and lame
And hungry suffered all the same.
They were not pleasant, were not neat --
But she had more than she could eat!

And don't you think it was a sin?
Was here the right way to begin?
No, no!---it was not right, I'm sure,
For she was rich and they were poor,

O ye who have enough to spare!
To suffering give your ready care,
Waste not your charitable mood
Only in sifting out the good.

For on the whole, though it is right
To keep the 'worthy poor in sight,
This world would run with scarce a hitch
If all could find the *worthy rich*.

—*St. Nicholas for May.*

## Miscellaneous.

### The Birthplace of Christ.

The great Church of St. Mary, divided into three among the Turks, Latins, and Armenians, stands in the far edge of Bethlehem. Without, it is like a fortress; a little door admits you quite unwillingly. Didn't the Turks once mould its leaden roof into bullets, with which they drove the Christians out of the town?" Within all is tinsel and tumult. You grope down stairs into the crypt, and find it close and hot, and unnatural. Golden lamps, alabaster mangers, silken and velvet hangings, don't make a manger that the heart will break over or eyes grow dim with looking on. Somehow you get used to the dusk of the grotto, and then you search it from end to end and are unable to make anything of it, for it is a thousand times railed in trappings; but as you pass from corner to corner in the wee little place your eyes fall upon a great silver star sunk in the marble floor. The soft rays of a score of splendid lamps fall upon it; you draw near to it, filled with awe and wonderment; you stop to read the legend that is engraved above it. An irresistible impule compels you to your knees in the radiance of these holy censers that swing above your head. In the intense, the exquisite pause that reigns in that hallowed nook, you trace the letters with bewildered eyes over and over again before you begin to comprehend them, for they are these:

Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.

This is the Gethsemane I have found—an enclosure about seventy paces in circumference, surrounded by a high stone wall with a small door on the upper side, against the Mount of Olives. A knock at this door summons a Franciscan monk, who unlocks it and admits you to a prim garden, with asphaltum walks and stiff flower plats carefully fenced in. Seven olive trees, torn almost to shreds, with their feeble limbs propped up and bound together stand in the centre of the grounds. The Stations of the Cross are ranged about the wall. The monk admits you, if you desire it, into the inner garden, so that you can approach the trees. These venerable olives seem to have known something of the agony of that awful night, and to show it in every line of their rent and ragged bodies. The monk gathers a few flowers of the many that he carefully cultivates. You pay him a franc and withdraw, because there is another knock at the gate, and he does not like to leave you alone in the flower beds and within reach of the old trees. You may see, if you like, without the walls, the spot where Peter, James, and John slept when they should have watched, and near to it the column in memory of Judas' kiss. Yonder is the cavern of the Sweat of Blood, and close against it [illegible] in the bowels [illegible] host of nameless dead, Jewish and Mohammedan.

It is from the summit of the Mount of Olives that the familiar and most impressive view of the Holy City is obtained. Not only is the panorama of Jerusalem singularly beautiful, but the eye roams over hill and dale to the edge of the wide horizon and rests at last in the deep, dark valley of Sodom, where the Dead sea lies like a sheet of molten lead nearly four thousand feet below the crest of Olivet.

On the summit of Olivet stands a clumsy and irregular building, half church, half mosque, all that is left of the work begun by Constantine and continued by the Crusaders. We knock at a gate in the outer wall of the court. A Mohammedan admits us. A small, bare chapel stands in the centre of the court. The chapel, which covers a naked rock worn smooth by the lips of millions of millions of pilgrims, is the property of the Mohammedans, who permit the Christians to celebrate mass in it on certain days. The Armenians Copts, Syrians, and Greeks have each their own corner for prayer. A door in the court opens into a house of dervishes which occupies the site of a former Augustinian abbey. The minaret of the Mohammedan convent is the only tower on Olivet. From it the eyes are led away by the splendor and variety of the landscape, lit as it is by sharp bursts of sunshine, or veiled by the brisk showers that are continually trailing across the hills. Just below the brow of Olivet, on the slope toward the valley of the Jordan, is hidden the village of Bethany. Not a point of land, not a shadowy depression but is the site of some event in sacred history. A few tents are usually pitched upon the slopes of Olivet during the season of the pilgrimages. Olive, fig, and carob trees are scattered over the mountain; a few apricot almond, terebinth, and hawthorn trees have struck root in the stony soil. The place is all open; one rides at will in the road or across fields; plucks sprigs from the olives, that are for the most part within reach from the saddle. Groups of native women gather under the trees and spend the afternoon in magpie gossip. Children play games—they are never noisy ones in this sad and sacred land. Many of them have with them pet lambs, with their wool dyed scarlet and yellow and blue in honor of Easter. Pilgrims, caravans, and Turkish soldiers, with wild, discordant music, pass over the roads that girdle the mountains. Many a nargileh is burned in peace within the shadow of the olives in the mountains by the "place of weeping." Or the scene of the Sermon on the Mount and the convent that marks the spot where the Lord taught His prayer to the disciples. A spell seems to brood over the city—it is never for a moment lifted from it. The hush of an eternal Sabbath—I don't mean the Sunday of the Christian world at large, which is more gloomy, but the deep blue New England Sabbath, broods over the city like a curse, and all the splendor of Oriental pageant is not able to give life or color to it.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

### The History of Smallpox.

How smallpox first arose among men it is difficult to conjecture. It has been supposed that it may have been originally derived from some disease in the camel. Its history leads to the settled belief that, while few persons are not generally susceptible of it, it never occurs now except from contagion. It does not appear to have been known in Europe till the beginning of the eighth century. No mention of any such distemper is to be found in the Greek or Roman authors of antiquity. Now, whatever may have been the deficiencies of these ancient physicians, they were excellent observers, and capital describers, of disease; and it seems to me scarcely possible that a disorder so diffusive, and marked by characters so definite and conspicuous, should have escaped their notice or if known should have been obscurely portrayed in their writings. On the other hand, Mr. Moore, in his learned and interesting history of smallpox, has shown that it prevailed in China and Hindostan from a very early period—even more than a thousand years before the advent of our Savior. That it did not sooner make its way westward into Persia, and thence into Greece, may be attributed partly to the horror which the complaint everywhere inspired, and the attempts which were consequently made to check its progress by prohibiting all communication with the sick, partly to the limited intercourse which then took place among the Eastern nations, but principally to the peculiar position of the regions through which the infection was distributed, separated as they were from the rest of the world by deserts and by the ocean. Mecca is said to have broken [illegible] siege of Mecca when to avenge the well known outrage upon his daughter, 'Count Julin called the invaders.' Whensoever and wheresoever it came, it spread with fearful rapidity and havoc. What is worthy of special remark is this: That while almost all men are prone to take the disorder, larger portions of the world have remained for centuries entirely free from it, until at length it was imported, and that it then infallibly diffused and established itself in those parts. Of the more modern history of the disease our knowledge is more precise and sure. It tends uniformly to the same conclusion. There was no smallpox in the New World before its discovery by Columbus in 1492.

In 1517 the disease was imported into San Domingo. Three years later in one of the Spanish expeditions from Cuba in Mexico, a negro covered with the postules of smallpox was landed on the Mexican coast. From him the disease spread with such desolation that within a very short time, according to Robertson, three millions and a half of people were destroyed in that kingdom alone. Smallpox was introduced into Ireland in 1707, when 16,000 persons were carried off by its ravages—more than a fourth part of the whole population of the island. It reached Greenland still later, appearing there for the first time in 1733, and spreading so fatally as almost to depopulate the country. Evidence to the same effect is furnished by the results of vaccination in the same countries. To take one instance: vaccination was adopted in Denmark in 1801, and made compulsory in 1810. From that time smallpox disappeared altogether for fifteen years, whereas, during the twelve years proceeding the introduction of the preventive disorder, upward of 3,000 persons died of the samllpox in Copenhagen alone.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Do Spirits Communicate!—If the skeptically disposed are prone to question the following story of ghostly communication, we refer them to the editor of the Oswego Times. In a village in Oswego county, says that Journal, there resides an intelligent widow whose husband was a Methodist clergyman. A few years ago she lost a much beloved daughter, a young lady at the time, whose remains were deposited in the village churchyard. The mother was for a long time inconsolable, and against the remonstrances of friends, was in the daily practice of visiting and weeping over the grave of her daughter. This she would do no matter how inclement the weather, and her own health was seriously imperiled by this course. One day, after she was apparelled for her daily visit to the graveyard, all at once her daughter, just as she appeared when in full health, stood beside her, and looking into her mother's face said sweetly and as naturally as she had ever spoken, "Mother, why do you risk your health by these unreasonable visits to the graveyard? I am not there. It is only the dust of the human form that moulders there. The spirit which you loved is in a far happier state of existence than when held and fettered by that dust over which you shed unavailing tears. Your duty, dear mother, is to the living not to your dead daughter, who has been made far happier by this great change which soon all must meet." And after a few consolatory remarks the daughter vanished vanished from suddenly as she came. "Now," continues the Times, "this lady reports this as having positively occurred. She was not dreaming, because she was not sleeping, but attired for her daily visit to her daughter's grave and in a moment more would have been on her way to the cemetery."

Tortoises as Weather Indicators.—If there be any truth in a paper read by a French savant at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, every well regulated household should have one or more tortoises about the premises. According to M. Bauchard, tortoises take extraordinary precautions against cold weather. Their instinct tells them that in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point; and toward the end of autumn, warns them, also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precaution to screen themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them, M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hot house. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to completely conceal themselves from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the openings of their shells. Last January, which was so mild, they even went about. Last month, the thermometer standing at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, our author saw his tortoise creep into the ground, and that very night the glass fell to 28 degrees Fahrenheit. On the 1st inst the mercury being at 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun, one of the tortoises [illegible] itself; on the following [illegible] was a heavy frost.

[illegible] was started on the [illegible] behind his

### Boston's Rattlesnake and Rat.

From the Boston Post.

A short time since one of the members of a prominent Boston manufacturing firm spent a few weeks hunting in Florida, and on his return he brought with him a monster rattlesnake, the gift of a friend. His snakeship measured about five feet in length, and has a body the size of a man's arm, the white yellow and brown cuticle blending rather beautifully in patches of various forms. The heavy triangular head, characteristic of venomous reptiles, has a sinister expression, and in moments of excitement the five rattles on his tail keep up an unpleasantly suggestive whirring, while a forked tongue of inky blackness and surprising length darts angrily from his turtle-like mouth He is no sleepy, half starved fellow, as may readily be imagined, but wide awake and ready for an encounter of any kind. It was into the cage occupied by this snake that three days since a rather small sized wharf rat was introduced, in the expectation that the rodent would form a meal for the stranger. The snake seemed to think so, too for he darted on the unwilling visitor and caught him by the neck. The rat, who had hitherto been running around the cage trying to get out, gave a sharp squeal as he felt the serpent's fangs, and, twisting about buried his teeth, in the scaly jaw of the aggressor. The snake writhed and twisted and rattled sharp notes of alarm as the rat kept his sharp incisors at work, and before the spectators could fairly comprehend what had happened the little quadruped had shaken himself loose and was hopping in affright at the further end of the cage for a means of exit. To the surprise of all, he showed no effect of poison, and when the snake again made a grab at him he met his creeping foe half way and snapped off a piece of his long forked tongue. This seemed to be rather more than the Floridian had bargained for, and he dragged himself into a corner, cast down and defeated. Since that time the rat has flourished in his strange quarters. He capers over the body of his whilom enemy, and avoids the punch of a stick by creeping under the head of the snake. The rat seems perfectly indifferent as regards the reptile and when the latter, aroused to a high degree of anger by outsiders, makes a strike at him, he hardly takes the trouble to dodge, and only bites back when the rattler is unusually offensive. It is a singular condition of things, and the rat's immunity from death cannot very easily be accounted for.

### A Law Which Licenses a Man Who Imbibes Whiskey.

The liquor law just passed by the Oregon legislature will take the palm of boldness and originality of conception among the many extraordinary performances in that line. It is a license law, but instead of licensing sellers, it proposes to license consumers. Every man who intends to drink intoxicating liquors is required to pay five dollars for a license to do so. This he must show to the saloon keeper every time he wants to get a drink, and the latter is forbidden under sharp penalties to sell to any one not having a licence to drink. Those having licence, may get as drunk as they can. There is a freedom and directness about the operation of this which challenges admiration. The object of all liquor laws is confessedly to get at the consumer and effect him, but as a rule, through a lingering sentiment of respect for private liberty, which even prohibitionists can not quite extinguish in their bosoms, this end is sought indirectly by a roundabout way, and the consumer is attacked thro' the dealer. But the Oregon intellect tolerates no technicalities and hair-splitting distinctions of this sort. Recognizing that the consumer is the ultimate object in view, it goes for him and lets the dealer alone. Certain members of the community persons, presumably, who have tough constitutions and no friends, and who can give bonds not to be charges on the town poor rats, are licensed under public seal to get drunk with impunity, but everybody else must remain sober.

Anecdote of Webster.——On one occasion Webster was on his way to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you I took you [illegible]


# VEGETINE

IS MY FAMILY

# MEDICINE;

I WISH NO OTHER.

Providence, April 7, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: When I was about 8 years of age a humor broke out upon me, which my mother tried to cure by giving me herb teas and all other such remedies as she knew of but it continued to grow worse until finally she consulted a physician and he said I had the salt rheum, and doctored me for that complaint. He relieved me some, but said I could not be permanently cured as the disease originated in the blood. I remained a great sufferer for several years, until I heard of and consulted a physician, who said I had the scrofulous humor and if I would allow him to doctor me he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced healing up my sores and succeeded in effecting an external cure, but in a short time the disease appeared again in a worse form than ever, as cancerous humor upon my lungs, throat and head. I suffered the most terrible pain, and there seemed to be no remedy, and my friends thought I must soon die when my attention was called, while reading a newspaper, to a VEGETINE testimonial of Mrs. Waterhouse, No. 384 Athens Street, South Boston, and I, formerly residing in South Boston and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former feeble health, I concluded I would try the Vegetine. After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to force the sores out of my system. I had running sores in my ears which for a time were very painful, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had taken about 25 bottles, my health improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the sores to heal. I commenced taking the Vegetine in 1872, and continued its constant use for six months. At the present time my health is better than it ever has been since I was a child. The Vegetine is what helped me, and I most cordially recommend it to all sufferers, especially my friends. I had been a sufferer for over 30 years, and until I used the Vegetine, I found no remedy; now I use it as my family medicine, and wish no other.

Mrs. B. C. COOPER,
No. 1 Joy Street, Providence, R. I.

## VEGETINE.

The range of disorders which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of defined diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other single medicine has hitherto been even recommended for by any other than the proprietors of some quack nostrum. These diseases are Scrofula and all eruptive diseases and Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Spinal Complaints and all inflammatory symptoms; Ulcers, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and bladder diseases, Dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves; Dyspepsia, that universal curse of American manhood, Heartburn, Piles, Constipation, Nervousness, Inability to sleep, and impure blood.

This is a formidable list of human ailments for any single medicine to successfully attack, and it is not probable that any one article before the public has the power to cure the quarter of them except Vegetine. It lays the axe at the root of the tree of disease by first eliminating every impurity from the blood, promoting the secretions, opening the pores—the great escape valves of the system—invigorating the liver to its full and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This much accomplished, the speedy and the permanent cure of not only the diseases we have here enumerated, but likewise the whole train of chronic and constitutional disorders, is certain to follow. This is precisely what Vegetine does, and it does it so quickly, and so easily that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

*Best Remedy in the Land.*

Little Falls, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and neck for several years. I have tried many remedies, but none cured the humor on my face and neck. After using two or three bottles of your Vegetine the humor was entirely cured. I do certainly believe it is the best medicine for all impurities of the blood that there is in the land, and should highly recommend it to the afflicted public.

Truly yours,
P. PERRINE, Architect.

Mr. Perrine is a well-known architect and builder at Little Falls, N. Y., having lived there and in the vicinity for the last thirty-three years.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

# NEW GOODS!

A. S. HELFRICH

Beaver Springs, Pa.

LARGEST, BEST AND COMPLETEST STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Queensware,
Hardware.
Wood & Willow Ware,

Notions, Furnishing Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps.

READY MADE

CLOTHING

cheaper than ever brought to Snyder County.

Dealer in

GRAIN,
SEEDS,
COAL,
LUMBER,
FISH,
SALT,
PLASTER &c.

All kinds of Goods exchanged for Cash or approved country produce.

Call and eXamine my stock and learn my prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Oct. 12, 1876, 6m.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL.

HENRY KREBS, Pro'r.

Selinsgrove, Pa.

This Hotel is pleasantly located in the "square," and is a very desirable place for travelers to stop; the best of accommodations at Low rates. Persons stopping once will be sure to call again. The best of liquor in the bar.

☞ A first class Restaurant in connection with the Hotel. Apr. 19, '76.

A. M. PFAHLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

*Middleburg, Pa.*

Office in the Court House

GRAND

# Spring Opening!

AT THE

# New York Fancy Store,

(In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)

MARKET ST., SELINSGROVE, PA.

S. WEIS has just returned from the Eastern Cities with the Largest and most Complete Stock

OF NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS!

ever brought to this county.

Large variety in SUMMER SHAWLS, SKIRTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, etc. Great bargains in BLACK ALPACAS.

Special inducements in HAMBURG EDGINGS & INSERTINGS, Table Linen and Towling of all descriptions.

People in need of any goods in our line will find it to their advantage to call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. They can always save from 25 to 40 per cent. GOODS RECEIVED ALMOST DAILY DURING SEASON.

*Thankful for past favors a continuation of the same is respectfully solicited.* *Respectfully,*

Oct. 16, '73. S. WEIS.

# Assignee's Sale.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

# Great Bargains!

FOR CASH OR PRODUCE BY the undersigned Assignee of

HOWARD I. ROMIG

Adamsburg, Snyder County, Penn'a

The Stock Consists partly of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Such as Cloths, Cassimers, Kentucky Jeans, Cottonades of every style and quality, also

Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks

ALL WOOL DELAINS, Merinos Poplins, &c. at all prices and very cheap.

HATS AND CAPS, Carpets, Floor, Table, and Stair Oil Cloth.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware, Tin and Glassware Wood and Willowware, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Teas of all kinds, and at Low Prices, Cigars & Tobacco, Fish & Salt, Wholesale and Retail.

COAL, COAL, COAL, SHAMOKIN & WILKESBARRE,

March 7, 1876. ISAAC BEAVER, Assignee.

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

H. H. Grimm. Wm. H. Dill.

GRIMM & DILL,

Attorneys & Councelors AT-LAW,

Office Near the Post Office. 'Freeburg, Penn'a.

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

F. J. R. ZELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Centreville, Snyder County, Penna. All business entrusted to his care will 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, & DISTRICT ATTORNEY, 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

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

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, '67tf

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 atter

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.

SAMUEL ALLEMAN. HORACE ALLEMAN. 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.

DR J. F KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. 6-35tf

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

S. A. WETZEL, Justice of the Peace, Beavertown, Snyder Co., Pa. All kinds of collections made on liberal terms. Promptly attende to all business intrusted to his care. (June 26, '76

A. B. KECK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Smith Grove, Snyder Co. Pa. Collections and all business pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace will be attended to short notice. May 11, '76

UNION HOUSE, Middleburg Pa. GEORGE O. SMITH, Proprietor. Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited. GEORGE O. SMITH, April 4, 1877.

CHARLES O. CORNELIUS, Attorney-At-Law, New Berlin, Union County, Pa.