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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.

Put it in the Bank.

"A penny saved, a penny gained"—
Be prudent and discerning;
No matter what your wants may be,
Don't spend all you are earning.

Yes, lad! we know the will is strong,
Temptations come in plenty;
Let fifteen dollars meet your needs,
If you are earning twenty.

Pay as you buy, don't run in debt—
Great comfort is in knowing;
That you are free from suits and duns,
That you are no man owing.

So many things you'd like to have!
Next month your pay increases,
Look out, my lad, what will you do
If then your income ceases?

Be generous, but be always just—
This life that we are living
Would lose much pleasure with the zest,
We feel in joy of giving.

How can you see, you'd like to know
Tell, and you'll gladly hear;
Your pocket is a dangerous place,
Your hand is always near it.

Put in the bank all that you save,
And then you will have reason
To thank us for our good advice,
When comes your cloudy season.

You may have sunshine all your life!
We hope you'll have no other!
Then, with your savings in the bank,
Just lift some fallen brother.

Select Tale.

Mark Blakely's Vengeance.

It was a gloomy, foggy afternoon in November, 1841. The largest forest extending almost the whole length of the high road between Lynchburg and Somerville, Virginia, was leafless, and presented a most desolate aspect. For miles not a living being was seen. Only now and then a few crows filled the air with their dismal voices.

At the bend in the road, about midway between Lynchburg and Somerville, there stood by the wayside a rough-hewn cross. The cross had been erected in commemoration of an horrible event which had taken place on that spot many years ago.

Two brothers, William and Frederick Beyers, had returned from Lynchburg in a state of considerable intoxication. On the road they fell to quarrelling, and at the above mentioned bend in the highway, they came to blows. Drawing their knives, they began cutting at each other until they both lay on the ground, bleeding from mortal wounds.

Thus they were found by passers-by groaning in their agony, but still cursing each other with their dying breath.

The two fratricides were buried on the spot of the horrible deed, and a wooden cross was erected over their last resting place.

The humble farmers of the neighboring country never passed by that spot without a shudder, and the slaves of the few large tobacco plantations south of the forest believed that the ghosts of the two brothers haunted the spot, and nothing could induce them to walk past the cross after nightfall.

On the afternoon mentioned at the beginning of this sketch, a young man, dressed like the well-to-do planters of Virginia, was sitting behind his horse. He had a long rifle in his hands, and was peering with intent suspense in the direction of Lynchburg part of the road. He was a tall, handsome man, but on this occasion there was burning a sombre fire indicative of a murderous purpose.

"I thought Laselle would have been here an hour ago," he said to himself.—Can it be that the message from Somerville has not reached him? I cannot believe it, for my slave Solomon, who delivered it to Laselle, never lied to me yet. O, my God, if I should have to wait still longer for the fulfillment of my oath of my revenge! My poor sister is dying at home in utter despair—the idol of our family, the most beautiful girl in Virginia—and now the victims of a married villain's lust—dishonored forever and on the point of giving birth to a child, which would be an outcast on earth. Ah, Laselle, he hissed out almost aloud, "Mark Blakely will take your life for what you have done to his sister Vera!"

He suddenly paused. The distant noise of a galloping horse fell on his ear. An air of triumph overspread his features and made his face as radiant as that of the prince of darkness in the hour of his horrible triumphs. He crouched down still lower, and raised his rifle. The horse approached at a rapid rate. Suddenly a horseman came in view. He was a short, stout-built man, with pleasant features, a sun-burnt face, and kindly eyes.

When he was within three feet of the cross behind it fired—the horseman, who had been mortally hit in the head, uttered a piercing cry, and fell from his horse. The latter, terribly frightened, sped on at a furious rate. The man who had fired the murderous shot rushed from his place of concealment. In a moment he was by the side of his victim. The latter was still conscious. The murderer gazed upon him in his

The



Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 21, 1877. NO. 6.

THE POST.

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

Terms of Subscription, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 in full paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher. Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

"I never did, Mark Blakely," gasped the dying man. "You lie, you villain! Did not you leave your velvet cap in her room?"

"My velvet cap!" "Yes, it conceals you, you villain!" "Oh, God! I lent it one night to Jack Sproules, and he never brought it back!"

Blakely seemed thunderstruck by this revelation. "Is that true?" he asked, fixing his eyes anxiously upon those of the dying man.

"You—have—murdered me," roared the latter in a feeble voice. "Oh, my poor wife—my poor children!"

The death rattle was in his throat. A convulsive shudder passed through his frame. One more deep groan and he was dead.

Mark Blakely stood speechless with horror, by the side of his victim.

"He has told the truth," he said at last in a husky voice. "Great God! what have I done? Murdered an innocent man. Jack Sproules is just the villain to do such a thing, and I have no doubt he borrowed Laselle's cap on purpose to avert suspicion from himself, and make Laselle appear as the guilty party! What shall I do?"

For a long time he still remained besides the corpse, a prey to the most agonizing thoughts.

At last he aroused himself. With a savage oath he flung his rifle far away from him. Then he walked rapidly away in the direction of Lynchburg.

An hour later he reached that place, and immediately directed his steps toward the old Dominion house, an old established tavern, where the young bloods of the neighborhood would meet to swagger, brag, drink, gamble and fight.

When he entered the bar-room, he found it filled with quite a crowd of noisy young men.

"Barkeeper, said Mark Blakely, I am very cold. Make me a very stiff glass of grog."

"He drank it, and then he asked: 'Is Jack Sproules here?'"

"He is in the back room, sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes, please call him on."

A moment later Sproules, a dissipated young man, stepped up to Blakely.

"You want to see me, Mr. Blakely," he asked, in a swaggering tone.

"Yes, I want to see you on a very serious business, sir," replied Blakely, in a menacing voice.

"Well, let's know what it is," rejoined Sproules. "Have a drink, Blakely!"

"No, sir; before I speak to you, I want to call upon those present here to be kind enough to listen to what I have to say.—Gentlemen, he called out in a very loud voice, 'will you please gather round us. I have to say here something which concerns our whole community!'"

The men gathered quickly round Blakely and Sproules. The latter affected the most perfect unconcern.

"Gentlemen, said Blakely, in the most solemn tone, 'on the night of the 21st of last, a man broke into the bed room of my sister Vera, through the window. She was asleep, and she did not hear the intruder. She did not awake until she found herself in his arms, subjected to the foulest violence. He smothered her cries, and accomplished his fiendish purpose.—It was too dark for her to recognize him. Overcome with shame and despair, she sank into a long swoon. The ruthless disposer of her virtue escaped. But he left behind a cap—a peculiar kind of velvet cap—which only one man in this town wore. That man was Charles Laselle!"

The audience burst into cries of amazement.

"Gentlemen," continued Blakely, "for months our family concealed this terrible disgrace, so innocently inflicted upon its dearest, its idolized member. To-day I met Charles Laselle, and I shot him dead!"

There was an outburst of horror among the audience.

"But, continued Blakely, 'I know now that I committed, although unwittingly, a foul murder, for poor Laselle told me, with his latest breath, something which opened my eyes, and showed me plainly that he was guiltless of the foul outrage.'"

He fixed his eyes upon Jack Sproules, who stood before him with eyes downcast and trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Jack Sproules," he said to him in a thundering voice, "did you on the evening of the day which I have mentioned, borrow from Laselle his velvet cap?"

Sproules made no reply. The audience burst into loud exclamations and threats.

"Answer!" thundered Blakely once more. "Did you or not?"

"I did," replied Sproules, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Then you committed the outrage upon my sister!"

"So saying, Blakely drew from his breast pocket a double-barrelled pistol and before the bystanders were able to prevent him, he shot Sproules, and then blew out his brains.

The utmost excitement prevailed in Lynchburg the next day. Through an unfortunate accident, Vera Blakely

It is strange that not one of the numerous southern authors should have chosen this terrible tragedy as a subject for a novel.

Turkey and Russia.

The Wars of the Past—The Struggles of the Eighteenth Century.

Frederick the Great, so it is reported, used to say that a war between the Russians and the Turks might be compared to a duel between a Chinaman and a man with one eye, and that it was not easy to know which was which. And yet from the days of Peter the Great, the Russian and the Turk have been almost habitually at war, and the record of their struggles presents some of the most exciting episodes in modern history. As the wars of the eighteenth century, the conditions of a conflict between the two powers have not wholly changed; and some strategic questions are the same now as they were during the eighteenth century. Then, as now, says a writer in the London Times, the command of the Black Sea was of the highest moment to either belligerent; then, as now, the ill opened tracts and pestilential regions around the Balkans were a dangerous barrier to an invader; and then, as now the immense distance between the Danube and Constantinople was in itself a most serious obstacle. The innate qualities, too, of the hostile armies were probably then what they still remain; the solid and disciplined Russian infantry had an easy superiority in the open field; the Turks were admirable in the defense of fortresses, and for patient endurance of want and hardship.

But the enormous extension of the power of Russia, and the corresponding decline of that of Turkey, made these old examples no longer applicable; and this essential difference is largely increased by the improvements effected in modern war, and by the altered tactics, in recent times, of the subject races of the Ottoman Empire. In 1738-40, the Porte contended on equal terms against Russia backed by the whole strength of Austria; in 1768-74 the troops of Suwarow were scarcely able to advance at the rate of five miles a day; when Catherine and Joseph agreed to divide the spoils of Turkey in Europe between them, the christian population made no sign of life; the wars, therefore, of these remote periods cannot teach us much for the present juncture.

It is more important to take account of the general results of these bygone contests and of the political combinations which marked their course, or which may be connected with them. The first broad fact that appears is that the power of the Turks has prodigiously grown, and that of the Sultan has much diminished; and this memorable change, as is well known, has almost everywhere been in rapid progress.

The frontier of Russia in the war of 1835 was on the Don and Dnieper; in that of 1787-91, it had advanced to the verge of the Pruth; and Suwarow had already approached by his successor, Diebitch. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that the alliance which in modern times have upheld the fabric of Ottoman rule are founded on long-established traditions, or indicate a settled European policy. Twice Austria in the 18th century combined with Russia to crush the power of the Turks in Europe, and ever since the day of the Emperor Joseph a party of weight in the councils of Austria have advocated a return to this very system.

Nor has the attitude of England been altogether different, during the long struggle between England and France, England often dealt with the Turks as enemies, and, in fact, it was not until the time of Pitt that it considered the Porte as a 'neutral ally.' It deserves notice, too, that ever since the wars that revealed her decay in the last century, Turkey has been treated practically by the great powers of Europe as in no sense an independent State, as justly subject to the will of the strongest. It is not necessary to lay stress on the partition planned at Tilsit; but what of Duckworth's passage of the Dardanelles; of Nevarino, and the liberation of Greece, if on these occasions the Porte had the same kind of international and sovereign rights possessed by every European kingdom? The nineteenth century, in fact, showed what the Ottoman Empire really is; and nothing but a series of strange accidents have since kept together its dissolving frame.

A boy living near Elliott's mill, while fishing at the head of Osceola dam, felt a gentle nibble, and drawing his hook towards the shore, observed a gallon fish on trailing on the bottom. Having secured the vessel, he was greatly surprised to find that a large catfish had taken up its abode therein and remained until his increased dimensions did not admit of egress. He had evidently flopped around in his tin parlor until a hole was made in the rust eaten bottom, through which his tail protruded. In this condition, the catfish had power to navigate from one place to another, and must have been worried by his

DESTRUCTIVENESS OF SIN.—M'c'n think little of sin; but does God? What turned Adam and Eve out of Paradise? Sin. What destroyed God's own city and scattered her chosen people as vagrants over the face of the earth? Sin. What brought disease, accident, toil, care, war, pestilence and famine in the world? Sin. What has converted the world into one great burying place of its inhabitants? Sin. What lighted the flames of hell? Sin. What crucified the Lord of life and glory? Sin. What, then, must sin be? Who but God, and what but his infinite mind, can conceive of its evil nature? Did you ever consider that it was only one sin that brought death and all our woes into the world? Do you not tremble at the thought that this evil is in you? Some will attempt to persuade you that sin is a trifle; that God does not take much account of it; that you need not give yourself much concern about it. But what says God himself in his word, in his providence in the torments of the damned, in the crucifixion of his Son? You have not only sin enough in yourself to deserve the bottomless pit and to sink you to it, unless it be pardoned; but sin enough, if it could be divided and distributed to others, to doom multitudes to perdition.

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS.—The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: The scene stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out; away in the north the huge old sun hung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves; a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knows no setting. We involuntary took off our hats. No word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat. The colors changed to those of morning; a fresh breeze rippled over the flood. One songster after another piped up in the grove behind us. We had slid into another day.

A SINGULAR BREAK.—Miss Emma Mayo, of Elizabeth, N. J., has had a handsome coffin made in a peculiar shape and style for her own occupancy, and occasionally comes to the undertakers and admires it. It is of iron, is grained to represent oak, is six feet in length by twenty-four inches in width, and in shape resembles a woodchopper's wedge, although designed to appear in the interior is lined with the finest pearl colored satin, and there is a pillow of the same material resting immediately beneath the head of the cross. Miss Mayo says that she intends to retain it until her death, and requests that her body be laid in it beside that of her father, in St. John's Episcopal churchyard in Elizabeth. She is thirty years of age, is amiable and rich, and devotes much of her time to deeds of charity. Her father, Edwin Mayo, owned a large property in Richmond which is still held by the family. Her aunt is the wife of Gen. Scott. Edwin Mayo was buried in a mummy casket, which conforms as nearly as possible to the shape of the human form. This probably suggested Miss Mayo's whim.

A JAPANESE BELLE.—Describing the toilet preparations of a Japanese dame, a correspondent says that it is a matter of no light consideration and to be in good time for the feast she must be up and dressing long before the sun rises from behind Fuji, the great sacred mountain. The long, coarse tresses of black hair must be washed, combed and graced till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks must be rouged to the proper tint, the throat, neck and bosom powdered—carefully leaving, however, on the neck three lines of the brown skin of the owner, in accordance with the rules of the Japanese cosmetic art. Then the eyebrows must be carefully rounded and touched with black, the lips rounded with cherry paste, with a patch of gilding in the centre. When all this has been done, and she gets together a proper allowance of pocket-handkerchiefs, paper, her tobacco pouch, pipe and fan, she sallies forth.

The city of Reading has been sued by Ann Deckert for \$5,000 damages, resulting from the drowning of her

VEGETINE IS MY FAMILY MEDICINE; I WISH NO OTHER.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL 7, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir:—When I was about three years of age I took out upon me, and all other such remedies as the knowledge of the day afforded me, but I could not be cured. I consulted a physician and he said that the salt in my blood, and declared me for that complaint. He relieved me some, but 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 treat me, he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced treating me by means of a vegetable medicine, but it did not do me any good, and I was worse than ever, as capercous humor upon my limbs, 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 resting a moment, to a VEGETINE testimonial of Mrs. W. A. Perkins, No. 241 Athol Street, South Boston, and I formerly residing in South Boston and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former feeble health, I concluded to try the Vegetine. After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to force the scrofulous humor out of my system. I had not taken more than a few bottles when I was very much relieved, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had taken about 25 bottles, and I felt myself improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the scrofulous humor, and I continued to use it for six months. At the present time my health is better than it has been for many years. I have not had a relapse of the disease, and I feel that 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 ten years, and I used the Vegetine, I found no remedy; now I use it as my family medicine, and wish no other. No. 1 Joy Street, Providence, R. I. JOHN R. BROWN.

VEGETINE.

The range of ailments which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other single medicine has been known to cure. It is recommended by all the best authorities on the subject of medicine. These diseases are Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases and Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Spinal Complaints and all inflammatory affections; Biliousness, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and bladder diseases, Dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry away the lives of many to premature graves; Dyspepsia, that universal scourge of American life; Headaches, Dizziness, 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 greater 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 secretion, opening the pores, the great escape valves of the system—regulating the liver, the gall and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This much accomplished, the speedily 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 acts so quickly, and so gently that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

Best Remedy in the Land.

LETTER FROM A. H. DILL, N. Y., Sept. 24th, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS.—Dear Sir:—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a swelling 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. I was cured by two or three bottles of your VEGETINE. The humor was entirely cured. I 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, A. H. DILL, Astoria, Ore.

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, Croceries, 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, Prop'r. Selinsgrove, Pa.

This Hotel is pleasantly located in the "square," and is a very desirable place for travelers to spend the night. Accommodations at low rates. Persons stopping here will be sure to call again. The best of care in the kitchen. A first class Restaurant in connection with the Hotel. A. M. PFAHLER, Prop'r. Selinsgrove, Pa.

A. M. PFAHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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 Towing

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. Oct. 16, '73. Respectfully, 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 Cloth, 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, Flour, 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. SUMMER IN A WILKESBARRE, 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, '67]

H. H. GRIMM, Wm. H. DILL, GRIMM & DILL, Attorneys & Counselors AT-LAW, Office Near the Post Office. "Freeburg, Penn'a." Consultation in both English and German Languages. Des. 19, '72.

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. 29, '72.

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selinsgrove, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professions, 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 Wall Smith & Co's Store. 8 749

B. T. PARKS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SELINSGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, PA. [Sept. 16, '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]

J. I. MONBECK, Justice of the Peace, Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.

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, ROBERT ALLEMAN, S. ALLEMAN & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Selinsgrove, Pa. All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. 6-251f

DR. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept. 78]

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 attends to all business entrusted to his care. (June 25, '70)

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 at short notice. May 31, '76

UNION HOUSE, Middleburg, Pa. Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited. GEORGE O. SMITH, Proprietor. CHARLES O. CORNELIUS, Attorney-at-Law, Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.