

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) 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, Special notices per line, 15. All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and will be held responsible for the money.

# The Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 16, 1877. NO. 13.

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 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears 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.

### Poetry.

#### The Workman's Wife.

By NATHAN D. CURRIE.  
My loving wife an angelic host,  
Who on plain rice she waits,  
For roses strewn her daily path,  
Of humble household cares;  
To deck her head with gorgeous plumes  
No bird of beauty mourns,  
No wondrous vest of rich laces  
Her graceful form adorns;  
But she's the bright breast-jewel of  
My life, my life is she,  
Whom with love I love and love  
As beloved and his wife.  
White is her hair at morn—a fair,  
Soft robe at evening's hour,  
And if she sits near her dark hair,  
'Tis a simple wildwood flower;  
But on the side that bids me forth,  
Light-hearted to my work,  
Surpasseth all the flowers of earth  
That in the greenwood lurk,  
And the glance that lights me home at last,  
When the day's light has through,  
Is sweeter than the sweetest dews  
From violets dashed with dew.  
From her soft arm our baby spreads  
Its chubby hand, and she smiles,  
The glowing light from her face  
Irs healthy hair, and she smiles,  
And sometimes when I see them so,  
Or in the doorway stand,  
Touched by the sun's warm rays,  
With Peace on every land,  
My thoughts revert, with reverent love,  
From the picture to the real,  
That Raphael wrought so purely of,  
Madonna and her child.  
Few are the hours we snatch from toil—  
Bread-winner in the strife—  
We're little of the sun and oil,  
And all the cares of life;  
Yet while we have of country air  
Somewhat on afternoons,  
With the birds and flowers, in park & square,  
That are such grateful joys,  
And we're not so rich and proud,  
Whose teams and coaches gay  
We yet may watch and cheer the crowd  
That lines their racing way.  
And best of all we never hope  
To be in grief—alone,  
When heart to heart speaks comfort, Hope  
Ne'er quite deserts for a moment,  
Hard times upon us often press,  
We're read, and little we're  
But whatever cup of bitterness  
May be for me in life,  
I know my wife will drain her part,  
Though it mingles dark and light,  
And I know the love that binds her heart  
Will never, never die!

### Select Tale.

#### The Outlaw's Wife.

By J. H. BAKER, JR.

As the rapid clattering of a horse's hoofs came to his ears, the traveler abruptly drew rein, one hand instinctively seeking the revolver that hung against his hip, his eyes keenly ranging ahead, until the narrow road lost itself among the thickly growing trees that made a living arch overhead. But the stern-featured features relaxed as the rider came in view; as well they might. A woman, young and almost bewilderingly beautiful, despite her plain, homely attire. A face that was purely oval, set in a frame of luxuriant curls, black and glossy as polished jet; a face with large, lustrous eyes, with full red lips, between which could just be seen a gleam of white, even teeth; with skin that seemed living marble, just touched by the warm breath of the summer sun; a figure that was rounded symmetry itself, that freely followed each motion of the generous bay horse—all this Harry Carter saw at the first glance. It was an afterthought that made him notice the limp sun-bonnet that hung upon the woman's back, the plain riding-habit of brown calico that barely reached to the tip of her stout country-made shoes. Straight ahead the young woman rode, only drawing rein as the two horses fairly touched muzzles, for Carter, amazed by the shape his natural fears had taken, made no effort to give the road until the fair vision spoke: 'Are you one of the Youngers or James' boys—or have you established a private toll-gate?' 'I beg pardon, lady,' and Carter backed his horse into the edge of the brush, flushing hotly as her low, musical, yet almost taunting laugh rang in his ears. 'But to meet an angel where one is expecting a devil is surely excuse enough for one's losing one's head.' 'As a stranger—for none of our country lads could have uttered that speech without halting—to the natural curiosities of this region (angels in sun-bonnets included) you are very excusable. Good-evening sir!' 'One moment,' said Carter, 'as you was about to ride past me, can you tell me how far it is to the house of John Hazelwood? I am a stranger in these parts, and I begin to fear that I have lost my road.' 'Squatter John's cabin stands close to this road, not two miles ahead; but whether you find him at home is doubtful. If not, and your business is pressing, you will find the latch string hanging out; pull it, make yourself at home—the old gentleman will like you all the better for it when he comes back.' 'You are acquainted with the old gentleman, then?' 'We are neighbors. Once more good-evening!' 'With a half-saucy nod, the young woman loosened the reins and galloped rapidly away. Carter followed her with his eyes and even turned his horse's head as though strongly tempted to follow her in the flesh. One quick, backward glance then the winding road led her or of his sight.—Then—a sharp cry of fear or pain, followed by the swift receding trampling of iron-shod hoofs. Without a moment's hesitation Carter put spurs to his horse and sped down the road, feeling as by instinct that the young lady had met with some mishap. Rounding the curve, he wrenched in his horse, with a cry of alarm. Just before him lay the young woman, like one

lead. Her horse had disappeared along the winding road. Leaping from the motionless figure, lifting her head to his breast, brushing the dirt and leaves from her curls—His horse, still smarting from the ranking of spurs, snorted and reared back, then turned as upon a pivot and calloped swiftly away. Carter dropped the early head, and instinctively started in pursuit but only for a few yards. Pausing, he glanced first in the direction taken by his steed, then back to the fair stranger, who now raised her head, a low, almost mocking laugh peering her lips. But as she sprung to her feet, the laugh was cut short by a gasp of pain, and tottering, she sunk back, her lips white and tightly compressed. 'From that moment Carter forgot all about his horse, of the near-drawing night, of everything save the fair stranger. Her provoking audacity gone, she faintly replied to his eager questions. Her horse, shying, had thrown her heavily. Her foot had caught in the stirrup for a moment—long enough to severely twist her ankle, and for the brute to kick her twice in the side before dashing away. 'If I only had my horse,' hesitated Carter. 'Perhaps I can walk. It is not very far to our house. If you would be so kind—' Clinging to his arm she struggled to her feet, and even made several steps in advance, thus supported; but the effort seemed too great, and only for his quickly encircling arms, she would have fallen to the ground. 'Leave me—bring help,' she breathed, faintly, her soft cheek pressing his breast, her breath, fanning his face. The wolves may not—if you are quick—' 'I will not leave you,' muttered Carter, his blood leaping hotly through his veins. 'I am strong enough to carry you—if I only knew the road.' 'You are so good—so kind!' and the large, liquid eyes gazed full into his. 'I am so sorry to trouble you.' 'I am paid a thousand fold,' and there was a burning glow in the young man's eyes that told how truly he meant what he said. 'Only for the pain you are feeling, I could wish that it might last forever!' 'Wouldn't a week or so do it?' and the red lips parted with a little, shy laugh. 'But I do not see what is to be done, for there are wolves about, and I should die of terror were I left alone. It is not a mile to our house—do you think you could carry me—' For answer Carter lifted her easily, tenderly. 'It must be nice to be a man—you are so strong! Please take that path through the woods—it is shorter.' Without a word, Carter entered the path indicated, and followed it with a quick, steady step, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, under the pressure of the warm, soft cheek. He seemed insensible to fatigue, though at any other time he would have found nine stone of flesh and blood a rather wearisome armor. But with those wonderful eyes occasionally meeting his, that bewitchingly beautiful face in such proximity to his own, he felt not the slightest fatigue, and strode on without pause for nearly half a mile. Nor would he have stopped then, but for sufficient cause. A tall, roughly-clad man stepped from behind the sheltering trunk of a large elm, and barred the path. The lower portion of his face was hidden by one sun-embrowned hand, clasping a cocked and leveled revolver. 'I reckon you're my meat, stranger!' Surprised, as indeed he well might be, Carter paused abruptly, his arm slowly relaxing their grasp, as he stared into the muzzle of the revolver. 'You're just the man I've been looking for,' added the highwayman, slightly lowering his weapon. 'Just pull your woad and toss it here, then you can get up an' git.' Carter wholly released his fair burden, and clasped his hands upon his hip; but his fingers closed only upon the empty scabbards—his revolvers were gone! 'At the same moment the young woman sprung forward as freely and lightly as though she had never known an accident, and took a position beside the outlaw one arm around his waist, a mocking smile curling her ruby lip. In that moment Carter realized how completely he had been duped, and bitter indeed he found the awakening. 'I owe this to you, then,' and his tones were more sad than angry. 'This' the price of my trying to no-

the grass. As I followed—for I have been within ear-shot ever since you two met—I picked them up, and you are welcome to them, after you fork over.' 'You have me foul,' moodily uttered Carter. 'You can take the money, if you must have it. I will not give it to you.' 'Take it, Kate—the left-hand pocket,' said the outlaw, coolly. 'And you—no tricks. You are a white man, clean through, and I shouldn't like to hurt you. If I didn't really need the money to get out of this country with I'd let you slide, even now. But it can't be helped.' The woman gently slipped her hand into the traveler's bosom, where the large, well-filled pocket-book was clearly outlined. Carter looked full into her eyes, and the hard lines around his mouth softened. 'This is a sad life for one so beautiful as you, lady. I would not regret double the loss of money, if I could only know you were what I thought you only a minute ago.' 'Your opinion matters little to me, while I have my love,' was the quiet reply. 'I live for him alone—nor would I change places with the highest, grandest lady in the land.' Carter moodily watched the couple until they disappeared, then slowly retracing his steps until the road was regained, he followed it until he reached the cabin of John Hazelwood, who listened with eager interest to his story. When it was finished he simply said: 'That man was Jesse James, stranger!' ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF DAYS.—The names of days of the week were determined by the planets which ruled the first of each. Seven planets distributed through the 24 hours beginning with either, would fix the first hour of each succeeding day in order of the names. In seven days the first would turn again, and give a recurring series. It was an Egyptian or Sabeon invention, the Orientals having no weekly cycle, but only a lunar one. The Egyptians made Saturday, the first day, a festival, and this the Jews made their Sabbath, or day of rest. Baptists made Sunday the resurrection day, or first day of the Jewish week their Sabbath, to distinguish themselves from the Jews. The Greek reckoned by decades, or ten days. Our names of days of the week were introduced by the Northern pirates, misnamed Scand and were derived from the Scandinavian mythology as: Sunday—The Sun's day. Monday—The Moon's day. Tuesday—Tiw's (or Tisic's) day. Wednesday—Woden's day. Thursday—Thunr's (or Thor's) day. Friday—Friga's (or Frea's) day. Saturday—Setern's (or Saturn's) day. INDICATIONS OF LONGEVITY.—Hufeland, public lecturer at Jena, who published a work on longevity in the last century, thus describes the sort of men who have the best prospects of long life: He has a well-proportioned stature, without however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid—at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. Hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black. His skin is strong not rough. His head is not too big. He has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not long, his belly does not project, and his hands are large but not too deeply clef. His feet are rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad chest and strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate. His pulse is slow and regular. His appearance is good and his digestion easy. He has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. His passions never become too violent or desirous. If he gives way to anger, he experiences a glow of warmth without an overflowing of the gall. He likes employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable occupations; is an optimist, a friend to Nature, and domestic felicity, has no thirst after either honors or riches, and banishes all thought of tomorrow. HOME TRAINING.—Richard Cecil was not far wrong when he said that the most common of all human complaints is parents' groaning under the vices of their children—vices, too, which have grown up under the very eyes of these parents, but which they lack firmness to repress in time! 'Good laws,' said Baxter, 'will not reform us, if reformation begins not at home. This is the cause of all our misdeeds in church and state, even the want of a holy education of children.' 'No greater harm is done to Christendom,' writes Luther, 'than by neglect of children.'—Early Training. Charity is the greatest of virtues. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.' This would seem paradoxical, and yet it is found in the book of books. 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' This, too, is the teaching of the holy writ. 'Whoever measure you mete, it shall be meted to you again.' Think of it, O man, and be generous to your neighbor.

The Wearing of the Blue. This is not the first time in this country that the 'wearing of the blue' has been a sign of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, nor were white men the first to establish a temperance society on the American soil. No; the red men, who never knew drunkenness until tempted to it by the cupidity of white men, were the first to associate themselves together against the use of alcoholic drinks. In the last century, and previous to the Revolutionary war, after the Six Nations had dwindled fearfully in numbers, and had lost much in character as 'noble sons of the forest,' an Iroquois prophet, brother of the head chief of the Six Nations, visited the tribes of his confederacy to look into their condition, and endeavor to devise and suggest means to arrest their degeneracy and decay. One of the first tribes he visited was the Onondaga. It did not take him long to learn that the chief agent of their demoralization was rum. From one end of his journey to the other, in every tribe he visited, evidences of its destroying power met him, and he determined to use all the power of his influence as a teacher and prophet to induce his people to turn from the habit which was destroying them. At Onondaga, after serious consultation with the chief men, a tribal meeting was called, every soul of the tribe, men and women, old and young, even to the youngest papoose, being present. It was an occasion of great solemnity. Not the head chief himself was more august than the prophet; for he was regarded as standing between his people and the Great Spirit. He had come many hundred miles for their sakes, and they looked eagerly for his message from the Great Spirit. Looking about him sorrowfully, he exclaimed: 'How few you are! Once you stood like the primeval forest, covering hill and dale, mountain and valley; from where the sun rises to its setting, you covered the land. Now you are a few scattered, scorched, blasted trunks; a few weak, withered saplings here and there. What has wrought this change? Has fire come from heaven and destroyed you? Has the sharp axe of the invading forester been laid at your roots? No. The poison is in yourselves, and soon the canker of it will leave none of you on the face of the earth! Remember the legends of your fathers; how but two or three generations have passed since your lodges were countless; how they clustered in forest and field, around the lakes and along the streams. Remember the thousands of young warriors, their bravery, their battles, their triumphs; how their name was every where honored, their bow and their battle axe everywhere feared! Where now, oh Onondagas! are the columns of smoke that went up from your wigwams above the tree tops in the valleys and on the hillside? Where now are the crowds of young braves who once made your summer wild woods merry with mimicry of hunting or of war, or sent their winter snow snakes swiftly gliding over the crusted snow or the ice bound streams? Where are the long line of warriors which in other times went in the glory and terror of their war paint, out on the war path, still and swift as the serpent in their movements, fierce and destructive as wolves and panthers in their assault? What has made this difference between then and now? Has the earth opened her mouth and swallowed your wigwams and your people? Has the Great Spirit sent a pestilence, and destroyed your braves and your women? Have your enemies, with greater numbers and braver courage, overpowered you and beaten you in war, and reduced you to your present condition? No; none of these things have happened you. What then has done it? What then has wrought this change? Why is it that to-day my voice can reach every member of your tribe? Why are you such a handful? It is the white man's fire water! It is the evil spirit that you let the white man tempt you with that has eaten your life away. Go on as you have been doing; continue to yield yourselves to this deadly poison, and how many summers will pass ere your last lodge will be gone, the last fire be quenched in the wigwag? Ere many winters, as one of your sons, or your son's son, hungry and ragged, stagger a beggar to the white man's door, the finger of the white man's scorn will be pointed at him as 'The last of the Onondagas.' Such is the story, as old men tell it. This is certain: from the visit of that prophet, for many years no member of the Onondagas tasted liquor. Every Indian, squaw, and papoose forewore ardent spirits, and all kept their pledge. Within forty years it was always known that if a drunken Indian was seen in Central New York, he had not on the blue leggings of the Onondagas, but the red leggings of the Oneidas, of whom only a part took the pledge. If an Onondaga asked for a drink of water in a store where liquor was he smelt the glass, and if there was a drop of liquor in it he

GRAND  
**Spring Opening!**  
AT THE  
**New York Fancy Store,**  
(In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)  
MARKET ST., SELINGROVE, 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.  
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** SHAMON & WILKESBARRE, ISAAC BEAVER, Assignee.  
March 7, 1873.

**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. 5, '67]  
H. H. Grimm, Wm. H. Dill.

**GRIMM & DILL,**  
**Attorneys & Concessors**  
AT LAW,  
Office Near the Post Office.  
"Freeburg, Penn'a."  
Consultation in both English and German Languages.  
Dec. 19, '73.

**F. J. R. ZELLER,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
Centreville, Snyder County, Penn'a.  
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. 26, '73

**CHARLES HOWER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Sellingrove, 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. 25, '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 Walls Smith & Co's Store 8-49y

**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]

**J. L. MONBRCK,**  
**Justice of the Peace**  
Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Will be in his office at the above mentioned place, on **SUNDAY and SATURDAY** each week, when all kinds of business relating to his office, will be attended to as early as possible.

**E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.**  
This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It acts on the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life. Everybody should have it. For the cure of Weak stomach, General Debility, Indigestion, Diseases of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring a Tonic. This wine includes the most valuable and efficient salt of Iron we possess—Chloride of Magnesia Oxide, combined with the most energetic vegetable tonic—Yellow Peruvian Bark. Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to eat with relish? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want a better and more vigorous feeling? If you do try **KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.**  
Only ask a trial of this valuable tonic. Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only pure and effective remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, I would caution the community to purchase only the genuine article, manufactured by E. F. Kunkel, and having his stamp on the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy proves its worth and speaks loudly in its favor. Sold only in 64 bottles, or six bottles for \$1. This valuable medicine is of proven efficacy. It is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. **Tapeworm Removed Alive.**  
Head and all complete, in two hours. For full particulars, see Circular, and for a free trial, send for a bottle of Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron to Dr. Kunkel, 23 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular with a free trial of Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It will remove all kinds of tapeworms, and is safe to remove all kinds, from children or grown persons. Directions with it.

**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.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**—Letters testamentary on the estate of Conrad Heister, late of Beaver Township, Snyder County, Pa., deceased, are hereby granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. All claims against said estate will present them for settlement to the undersigned. L. HANCKE, Executor.  
June 1, 1877.

**Caution.**  
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against signing for a note signed by me on the 27th of March, 1877, as I never received any value for the same and will not pay it unless compelled to do so by a due process of law.  
Geo. W. P. March 28, 1877.

**READ THIS!**  
A chance for all to make or save money and get the Best Goods in the market.  
**TEAS, COFFEES, &c.**  
sold at lower prices than the same qualities can be bought at any other place in the country. All goods guaranteed to be satisfactory and as represented. If the same will be received on return of the goods, which may be done at any expense.  
The proprietor of our house for selling cheap goods at low prices (the Germans), has given us a standing in New York City and vicinity that we are proud to be in the trade. After mature deliberation we have determined to offer our goods in large quantities at the lowest prices. We will sell our goods at the lowest prices, and we will give a present of either goods, or money to the person who goes up to the city, or to any other place, to purchase goods for us. We will give a present of either goods, or money to the person who goes up to the city, or to any other place, to purchase goods for us. We will give a present of either goods, or money to the person who goes up to the city, or to any other place, to purchase goods for us.

**DR. J. F. KANAWEL,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,**  
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public. [Sept. 7, '67]

**DR. A. M. SMITH,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,**  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept. 7, '67]

**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 26, '75]

**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 as early as possible. [Sep. 11, '70]

**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.  
Can be consulted in English or German. May 18, 1877.

**Notice.**  
ALL persons owing NOTES to the estate of Sebastian Strousser, dec'd, are hereby notified that the same can be paid on or before the 15th day of August 1877. [Aug. 15, '77]