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The Post.

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THE POST.
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 JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.
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Poetry.

MY OLD MAN.

Ab, well I know his brow is wrinkled,
 Well I know his locks are gray,
 Well I know his feet are passing
 Swiftly down the sunset way;
 And his manly strength and vigor
 Long ago have passed away,
 But his heart beats just as warmly,
 As upon our wedding-day,
 As upon the morning of our nuptials,
 His walking towards the river,
 Whose dark tide no bridge may span,
 And the self-same path I'm treading
 By the side of my old man.

My old man is good and loving,
 My old man is true and kind,
 My old man is grief and gladness,
 My old man is grief and gladness,
 We have walked life's pathway through,
 My old man and I remember
 When we were not all alone;
 Many blossoms we have cherished,
 But they faded one by one.
 One by one they crossed the river,
 Whose dark tide no bridge can span,
 And we sit behind the hearthstone,
 Only me and my old man.

First our little Charlie left us,
 In his childhood's sunny bloom;
 O, our hearts were wild with sorrow
 When we laid him in the tomb.
 But another quickly followed—
 Gentle Mary, child of love,
 And the angels bore her softly
 To her father home above.
 And, all too soon, the weeping willow
 O'er the grave of blue-eyed Nan,
 Marked the spot where slept our darling,
 Pride and pet of my old man.

So I was one of my dear darlings
 Entered at the golden gate;
 We are waiting for the summons,
 And we have not long to wait.
 My old man is daily drawing
 Nearer to the shining arch,
 And beside him I am keeping,
 For we journey hand in hand,
 And beyond the stormy river,
 Whose dark tide no bridge may span,
 Peaceful rest and life immortal
 Wait for me and my old man.

Select Tale.

GLITTER.

Simon had done a very foolish thing before taking his degree as doctor of medicine. He had fallen in love with a pretty girl, as poor as himself, and made her his wife, so that, when he came forth to commence the battle of life, he had something more than himself to look out for. In fact, he found himself with quite a family on his hands.

His wife had two younger sisters—they were all orphans—and these sisters could not leave the dear girl who had been their guide and stay. It came hard upon poor Simon, but he put a bold face upon the matter and determined to do his best.

In their suite of small, humble apartments, Simon sat down with his wife Kate, and her sister Lizzie and Mary, to plan for the campaign to come. Kate was nineteen years old; Lizzie was sixteen, and Mary fifteen. They were bright, smart girls, and, if they promised nothing else, they did promise to make Simon's home sunny and cheerful with smiles and song. But they were to do more than this, as we shall see.

"Here we are," said Simon, with the great world before us, and here is our situation. Thank Heaven, I am not in debt; but how long I shall be able to hold up head clear remains to be seen. If I find a place for settlement not more than thirty or forty miles away, I have just about money enough to get us there, and that is all. Upon my soul, I don't see how we are going to manage it. I tell you, it is pretty close quarters, but I can survive it if you can."

"Have you thought of a place yet?" asked his wife.
 "No," he answered; "but I have a fancy for one of the old boroughs—either north, west, or south."
 "That will do," said Kate. "We are not known, and may do very well. Be sure you find a pretty cottage, with a convenient stable attached, which you can hire for a year without paying anything down. You can tell how your money is locked up, and all that sort of thing; and leave us girls to do the rest."

Simon looked at his wife in surprise.
 "Hire a whole house!" he cried.
 "Aye—and a pretty one, too," added Kate.
 "And a stable!"
 "Yes."
 "Goodness me! what shall I do with a stable?"

"We girls want it, and must have it.—Now look ye, Simon—I think I have heard you say that you were not afraid to stand by the side of any man in surgery, and that you had made yourself master of the symptoms of disease, and of proper remedies?"

"Without boasting," returned Simon, "I may say that such is the fact. I have that reputation in the hospital where I have spent the greater part of my last year in downright practice. You know I have filled the place of one of the attending surgeons, who has been away on side leave. It was my successful removal by amputation of the entire left inferior maxillary—just a half of the whole lower jaw—that gave me my first hoist into favor. Since that I have performed far more difficult operations. But I was only a student, the patients poor, and no pay came to me."

"But we'll make it pay," said Kate. "Just you go and select your place. Find a place, if you can, where there is no young doctor—where one or two old fogies have grown fat, and are still throwing work into the

are to be found,"

"Simon knew it very well.
 "And one thing more," added Kate. "Be sure that you find one of those old towns in which there is a goodly element of aristocracy. There purses are deep, and for such we will spread our net. Now don't ask any questions, but go and do as we tell you."

Somehow Simon allowed himself to put faith in those sprightly girls, and as soon as he could get away, he proceeded to examine the country around.

Suffice to say, that at the end of a week he had pitched upon the good old town of Otborough.

Here Simon found a beautiful cottage, with stable and garden. He was welcome to go into the house when he pleased—the sooner the better—and he could pay his rent when he could make it convenient.

In this town of Otborough were two old physicians. They were white haired veterans, with unshaken faith in the lancet, and in calomel, and the sick-room of one of their patients was like a laboratory. It would make a hale man grow faint and sick to remain in that room five minutes. But they were of the old stock, of the staunch old blue bloods, and representatives of a long line of royal purgators.

All this Simon wrote to his wife as soon as he had discovered it, and when he finally returned he found that the girls had not been idle.

They had an elder sister who had married a man whose business required the use of many horses, and of him they had engaged two horses for the season, with a very pretty gig and a light chaise.

From an old widow aunt they had borrowed something which filled three goodly-sized, old fashioned chests. What was in them they would not tell.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Simon, when he found that another mouth had been added to the mess for which he was to provide. "I think you must be crazy!"

They had called in their cousin Peter, son of the uncle who owned the horses—a lad of fifteen—to go and live with them, for a few months at least.

But Kate put her finger on Simon's lips, and bade him hold his tongue.

We need not tell of the removal. Suffice it to say that, with the assistance of friends, Kate had obtained a lot of good and pretty furniture on credit, and when they reached Otborough they were all ready for housekeeping—all ready save the one need of provisions.

Here was the pinch.
 The butcher, the grocer, the milk man, and the fishman must be paid at least monthly, and it would be suicidal for the young physician to run in debt in Otborough; but Kate told him not to fear.

"We can live on very little," she said, "until we get established."
 By-and-by Simon saw the three large chests opened, and he looked very much astonished when he beheld their contents.

Quaint old silver-ware, massive, pure and bright; china and porcelain of rarest and most exquisite pattern; decanters, goblets, glasses, and fruit-dishes of brilliant Bohemian glass.

"In the name of all that is wonderful!"
 Thus far went Simon, and then Kate closed his lips.
 "You shall see," she said; "and, while we are fixing up, do you have Peter harness one of the horses to the gig, and do you take your medicine-cases and drive off. Drive as though you were on a matter of life or death."

Simon went as directed. He returned at dinner-time. In the dining room, leading out from the sitting room by folding doors, the large mahogany table was set, with its cloth of snowy damask, and loaded down with its wealth of silver and cut glass.

And then they sat down to the feast.
 On the second day, when they had made three full meals, Kate reckoned up the cost for the five of them. The two horses in the stable did not bring the expense up to much above five shillings a day.

By the merest accident, people who came to see the doctor were allowed to blunder into the sitting-room. The folding-doors had been carelessly left open by the servants! Goodness! what a sight of silver-china and cut-glass! And how natural that the first visitor should tell the story with wondrous garniture of fancy and admiration.

And then to see those two horses on the move continually. Of course people saw, thought, and reasoned one with another. And then the two or three leading men to whom Doctor Digtorum had brought letters from great men, feeling their own importance in having been thus selected by the magnates of their reward Alma Mater to receive credentials of the doctor, and recognizing him as a child of the same University with themselves, they were not slow to sound forth all that the college president had said in his favor, but they did not hesitate to add bright promises of their own.

Well, that gave Simon entrance into one or two of the first families. As fortune would have it, his first case was that of a child of one of the very biggest and puffiest of the nabobs. The disease was scarlet fever—a disease which, in Otborough had been regarded as almost surely fatal.

Dr. Simon was called on in a pinch. The village Whitehead was laid up with the goat. Simon carried the child through, not only successfully, but so easily and kindly, and so pleasantly, it was talked of, and well it might be.

Then came measles. Dr. Pad had lost several cases. He pursued the old heroic course, and the chances were that a grown man under his treatment with measles would die of brain fever in the end.

Dr. Simon lost not a case. And why should he, if he had only measles, unmix'd with any old chronic or congenital ailment, to contend with? The very nature of measles is to gallop away at a swift pace, if you will only keep up the vitality, keep the pores of the skin open, and give them a chance to get out.

However, Dr. Simon Digtorum was set down as "one of our set." That he was of a "First Family" was very evident.

Within two weeks every man and woman in the village had taken a peep into that glittering dining-room and some of the more favored—especially among the women—these of the very highest class—had been permitted to lift and examine the rare old silver. And that it was silver, solid and honest, they well knew.

Certainly such a man must be worthy. And then how perfectly Kate played her part; and how respectfully and demurely the servants answered her little tinkling golden bell when the nabobs were present!

Well, Simon Digtorum was sure he had what the people really needed—a humane and reasonable method of treating disease.

His wife felt sure of the same thing. And so the glitter of the dining-room, and the glitter of the silver-mounted harness, as the steeds that bore them sped hither and thither, took the nabobs by storm. They were hooked and drawn in.

And though the glitter that caught the purple proud ones of Otborough in the first place was of a somewhat false metal, yet there was the true metal in reserve at bottom; and to-day Simon and Kate, with sisters and cousins, can not only eat from silver all their own, but hundreds of families bless the day that brought the glittering doctor to their part of the country.

Winsome Women.

A write in the New York Evening Mail says: "Walking up Union Square the other day, in company with a gentleman not yet out of the thirties, we met a lady whose hair Time had silvered. 'That,' said he, 'is the most beautiful woman in this city. I believe her loveliness attracts more attention than that of any young woman I know!' This led me to think of the women in history whose charms had outlasted youth. Aspasia was thirty years of age when she first attracted Pericles, and at sixty her reputation for beauty and powers of fascination were undiminished. Cleopatra ensnared Marc Antony when she was more than thirty, and her beauty was undimmed when she died. Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, and her charms never lost their power over him. Diana of Poitiers was thirty-six when she made captive the heart of Henry II. (then Duc d'Orleans), who was but eighteen years old. Nonie die ago rob her beauty, for, until the day of her death, at the age of sixty-seven, she was considered the most beautiful, as well as most fascinating lady of the court, which was famed for its lovely women. Then there was Anne of Austria, Minon de' Medice, Bianca Capello, Madame de Maintenon, Catherine II. of Russia, Mile. Mars, the famous French tragedienne, and Madame Recamier, who was probably the most beautiful of all."

women all retained their power of fascination long after the time when fading years are supposed to have faded away. Most of these women were French or had adopted French manners and customs.

"There is little doubt that while French women, are not naturally as beautiful as either English or American women, they retain their power of fascination long after their British and Yankee sisters have become faded and forgotten. Retention of charms depends doubtless largely upon a proper attention to dress and care of the person, but it depends still more on the careful cultivation of the graces of the mind, the excellences that appeal to the intellectual aesthetic sense. The French woman marries to enjoy more social freedom than she can possess as a single woman. It is her delight to attract the best masculine society, and to this end she cultivates every grace, personal and mental, and leaves no art of fascination that comes within her reach untried. It is not enough for her to win love or admiration—that is comparative ease—it is her triumph to hold it. The American and English women, having fulfilled the object of their education and ambition, that of marrying, too frequently cease the efforts to please that they lavishly bestowed previous to marriage, and descend either into household drudges or indifferent society women. The cultivation of the feminine quality is neglected, and the girl who charmed at eighteen, at twenty-eight, is passe a wall flower.

"Women's influence depends largely upon her power of charming. A freewoman may possibly be morally very excellent, but her influence will be far less than that of a fascinating sister. It is time that women understand that beauty, grace, culture and every feminine attraction may be made powerful for good. The representative French woman cultivates and preserves her charms to pander to a personal vanity that longs for continued adulation and adores. A class of American women pursue the same course regarding outward charms. But it is left to a few noble, appreciative, lovely women to grow old beautifully and gracefully, to make for themselves places in the hearts and esteem of men, and to trench themselves in the stronghold of their purest love so firmly that no rival can dethrone them. Their sons are their ardent lovers. Aged men retain for them all the admiration, respect and gallantry of their youth; and young men reverence them, and hope their own young loves may live to be as lovely as they."

Money What is it?
 Look at it; little circular pieces of dinky copper, or shining silver, or gandy gold. Can we eat it, or drink it, or make a garment of it, or warm ourselves at its glitter? No; a handful of stones picked up by the wayside would answer these purposes as well. No; it is as hard and cold as the hearts of those who heap it up merely to gaze upon it and count it in secret day by day, without a thought of making one fellow-creature the happier for their board.

Money lying idle is like a man lying idle—lumber, only lumber. But now let us look around and see what it can do when sent forth to work at the bidding of man, and we shall acknowledge a mighty magician; for who can count the good and pleasant shapes in which it will return to its owner? Food and raiment, fire and medicine, books, houses, horses, cattle, schools, ships, railroads, pictures, music, parks, gardens, mansions; all that may help us to climb the hill of progress, to adorn this beautiful earth, or to multiply the graces of life. Money bears the good tidings of the Gospel message over land and sea, to soften savage hearts and draw closer to the bonds of universal brotherhood. Money feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, heals the sick, strikes the fetters from the limbs of the slave. Money is knowledge, power, freedom, beauty. Why, then, does St. Paul tell us that the love of money is the root of all evil? Alas! the reason is not far to seek. Turn your eyes from the sunny side of the mighty magician, and see the mighty shadow he casts upon the earth. Once more money has gone forth on man's errand, and what are its transformations now? War, conquest, bloodshed, oppression, slavery, the gaming-table, the betting-ring, drunkenness, and all their ghastly train. Behold it in the garb of the serpent, tempting the house-breaker and the murderer to their deadly deeds, lighting the gin palace in the city, filling the village alehouse, emptying the home fireside. Behold it covering the dearest ties of kindred and listen to it whispering the voter to betray a public trust, watch it luring men and women into unhallowed marriages wherein love has no part.

Before accepting Mr. Beecher's theory we would like to hear from some of the politicians who have gone before.

Whoever is in a hurry abouts that the thing he is about to do is too big for him. Haste and hurry are two different things.

About Friday.

Some people will persist in demonstrating Friday as unlucky, notwithstanding that it is the date of some of the most important and most fortunate occurrences on record of human transactions. Let us see: On Friday, August 21st, 1492 Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12th 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 14th, 1493 he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result might never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at paos in safety. On Friday, November 21st, 1493, he arrived at Hispanola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VIII, of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7th 1565, was founded St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the May flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the federal constitution. On Friday, February 23rd, 1732 George Washington, the father of American freedom was born. On Friday, June 16th, 1775 Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22d, 1789, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19th, 1791, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, June 7th, 1779, the motion in congress was made by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent. Thus we see that Friday is not so bad a day, after all.

Walking With God.

So, then, God bids you come often from the noise and strife and tumult of life, bids you to come even from the gradient of public religious worship, and shut your door that you may pray to your Father in secret. It is there strength comes for the toil and weariness of life. It needs not long for this; not long to gather around you that sweet sense of Fatherhood which shall make the whole day sacred, and your work a service to God. You know how, before you start away in the morning to your toil, you have only time perhaps, for a loving word or two to your wife, and a hasty kiss for the little ones. But how much love you may put into those few words, and what sweet memory those little kisses leave all the day long. And so a moment or two of solemn speech with God, before the great tide of busy life flows in upon the soul, one short chap, of the Father's hand, one quick glance into his holy, loving eyes, will make the whole day sacred. We need not long prayers to bring us the sweet sense of God's Fatherhood, the hidden secret of communion of him who is ever with us. I walk with my friend through a bustling, crowded street, and though I speak no word to him, the close pressure of his hand upon my arm, from time to time, tells me all I want to know. The little child, too, holding my hand through a long summer walk; he looks up into my face now and then. I look down into his, and in that look how much is said; what compact of trust and love, what bright assurance that all is fair and calm and pleasing between us. So a good man walks with God.—Rev. George Dawson.

Religious Patriotism.

There is no such thing as profane history. All history rightly considered is sacred history, and the classification that puts all modern life into the limbo of profane history has its origin in the infidelity of much of our so-called religious thought. If God is anywhere, He is here: if his providence has been over any people, it has been over us. We ought to teach our pupils that the God of David and Jehoshaphat is also the God of Cromwell and Washington. This believing way of looking at history gives dignity to national life. It is God who exists of us that we be an honest nation, a generous nation, and an enlightened nation. It is for the boys and girls of this generation, if rightly instructed, to make the country a great deal better than it comes into their hands than it is now. These are high places to be removed, and groves to be cut down, and hidouts to be abolished, as in the days of kings of Judah. Party politics ought not to come into our instruction, but honest patriotism must be there if we would do our share to make a righteous nation. It is a shame to spend our lives teaching only what men ought or ought not to have done three thousand years ago. Where are our eyes, and what ought we to do?

THE GRAND Spring Opening!
 AT THE
New York Fancy Store,
 (In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)
 MARKET ST., SELINGROVE, PA.
 A LARGER STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS
 NOW THAN EVER.
NOW IS THE TIME!
Extraordinary Bargains
 offered from now until April 1st in order to reduce our Large Stock of Goods. A great many articles **SELLING AT COST.**
 Just received a MOST BEAUTIFUL LINE OF **HAMBURG EDGINGS.**
PRICES MUCH LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
CALL EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.
 Oct. 16, 73. S. WEIS.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
 Middleburg, Penn'a.
 The undersigned would inform the citizens of Middleburg and surrounding district that he has opened a Hardware Store at the above mentioned place and that he will keep full line of all kinds of Hardware, including
 Heavy & Shell Hardware,
 TRIMMINGS, SADDLERY,
 Shoe Findings, Leather,
 Special Inducements in
BUILD'G HARDWARE
 LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, NAILS, &c.
 A Large Assortment of Cast Steel Shovels & Spades, Hoes, Garden Tools, scythes, Grain Rakes, Hay Ropes, Pulleys, &c.,
IRON.
 OF ALL KINDS constantly on hand. All at Greatly Reduced Prices. All who are in need of any kind of Hardware will do well by calling at this place.
 MALANTHON MOATZ,
 Middleburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
 May 25, 1878.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
 Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows
 MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.
 Pittsburgh Express 1:00 a. m.
 Gettysburg Express 1:30 a. m.
 Way Passenger 10:42 a. m.
 East Line 4:00 p. m.
 East Line 7:30 p. m.
 Philadelphia Express 12:30 a. m.
 Pacific Express 1:00 a. m.
 Johnston Express 11:14 a. m.
 East Line Express 7:45 p. m.
 Atlantic Express 1:15 p. m.
 The East Line, Way Passenger and the Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east run daily.
 Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:
 WESTWARD. EASTWARD.
 Gettysburg 10:42 a. m. 10:42 a. m.
 Middletown 11:14 a. m. 11:14 a. m.
 Union Deposit 11:46 a. m. 11:46 a. m.
 Mifflin 12:18 p. m. 12:18 p. m.
 Newburg 12:50 p. m. 12:50 p. m.
 The Pacific Express west and east are staged at Middletown at 11:45 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 11:23 p. m.

Something New For All.
DANIEL C. BERGSTRESSER desires to announce to all interested, that since the dissolution of the firm of Bergstresser & Ulrich on the 1st of April, he has opened in his new Building in Selinsgrove, Pa. at Water Street, above Pine, opposite J. S. Menning's store, a
Leather Store and Finishing Shop.
 where will be found at all times an assortment of all kinds of Finishes, consisting of Harness, Sells, Upper, Rip and Gait Skins, Morocco's, Linings, Topkins &c., of different qualities and prices. The attention of Shoemakers, Farmers, and all others is invited, before purchasing elsewhere.
 They are years as a practical Tannery Qualifier him to judge the quality of Stock. Misstatement in exchange for Leather.
 D. C. BERGSTRESSER.
 June 7-75) Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.

READ! READ! READ!!!
Dan'l Hackenburg,
 Beaver Springs, Penna.
 Dealer in
Hardware, Tinware, Stoves &c.
 Also SPOUTING done at short notice, on reasonable term and satisfactory manner.
 I am fully prepared to furnish all kinds of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, &c. at the very lowest rates. All in need of Tinware or Spouting of anything else in my line of business, will not regret it by examining my goods and terms before purchasing elsewhere.
 DANIEL HACKENBURG.
 Aug. 10, 76.

NEW STOCK
 AT A. K. GIFT'S NEW CASH BOOK AND STATIONARY STORE,
 on the North side of Market Street a few doors west from the Court House.
 THE subscriber would inform his friends and the citizens in Middleburg and the surrounding country that he has just returned from Philadelphia and has now opened an extensive, large and well selected stock of
Miscellaneous Books, School Books, Blank Books, Wallets, Pocket Books, Bibles & Religious Books, ALBUMS and PICTURES.
 All kinds of Paper, Ink and Fancy Goods.
 All sold ON CASH or CASH. Call and see my stock there is no charge for calling.
 A. K. GIFT.
 Sept. 21, 74. Middleburg, Pa.

LEVI RELLER,
 Manufacturer and dealer in
FURNITURE,
 Would respectfully inform the citizens of Selinsgrove and vicinity, that he manufactures to order and keeps constantly on hand
CHAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
 at the very lowest price. He respectfully invites an examination of
SEDS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFAS
LOUNGES, SPANDS, CHAIRS, &c.
 A special invitation is extended to all who desire to call and see my stock and purchasing elsewhere.
 LEVI RELLER
 Selinsgrove, April 16, 87-88

MARBLE WORK.
 LEWISBURG, PA.
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS,
 Tombstones, Statues, Urns, Vases
 LAMBS, for Children's Graves,
 Posts, Tablets, Tablets, Marble and
 Slate Monuments, &c.
 All those who desire to purchase monuments of any kind should call on the undersigned at the above mentioned place, where he will be pleased to estimate and deliver on reasonable terms.
 A. K. GIFT, Prop'r.
 July 17-74. Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.