Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
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One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
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The Post.

VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 1, 1878. NO. 9.

Poetry.

Man and Women—Then and Now.

In ancient ages man was wholly man,
And woman only woman;
The former was as God, a God almost
The latter only human.
The former was a lord upon the earth,
A great one 'neath the sky,
While it was woman's at his will to love,
Or at his will to die.

Men were the singers then, and sung themselves,
They were the heroes then,
And they the poets—men were all in all,
And all was made for men.
They were the sayers then of every word,
They were the thinkers then of every thought;
They were the doers then of every deed,
And all the rest was naught.

But now—(perchance it may be for the worst,
Or for the best, there's none can tell,)
The hero pales before the heroine,
And e'en a battle's nothing to a belle.
This world is woman's. Woman fills the world,
And rules it when she fills it with a sway.
That men may satarize but still submit,
That men may never own, but still obey.

A woman is the main spring of a man—
His motive power;
He is a clock that simply serves to strike
With his own hand the hour.
He thinks he strikes the time to please himself;
Sometimes he does, but it is sure as sight
That when she wishes day, then it is day,
And when she wishes night, 'tis night.

A man in modern times is but a gong,
He makes the noise 'tis true;
But woman's is the hand that strikes it—so
The deeds men do
Are done by women. Every mortal hour
Of every mortal day
Does teach that though the Man may act the Part,
The Woman writes the Play.

Select Tale.

Valley Forge.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quiet old farm-house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow. It was a cold dark winter night, the snow began to fall—when from the broad fire-place of the old farm-house the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes blood-shot, his hair changed to an untimely gray, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter, who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slender formed girl of some seventeen years clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man before the Revolution. Since the war he has become drunken and idle—driven his wife broken-hearted to the grave and worse than all joined a band of Tory refugees, who scour the land at dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait in a neighboring pass to attack and murder Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farm-house; the cut-throats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting as they wait for two o'clock at night.

The daughter, Mary, had been reared by her mother to revere this man, Washington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered—to revere him next to God—nay, more; that mother on her death-bed joined the hands of her daughter in solemn betrothal with the hands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold of Valley Forge.

Yesterday afternoon she went four miles over the roods of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his long journeys; this night at twelve the partisan Captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to "trap the trappers" of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl remembering the words of her dying mother, has broken through her obedience to her father, a long and bitter struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plots to his enemies—stipulating first for the life, the safety of her traitor father.

And now as father and child are sitting there, as the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next room, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven—there is a pause—the door opens, a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose.

Why does the Tory Manheim start apart at the sight of that stranger's blue and gold uniform, then [illegible] something to his daughter [illegible] for the [illegible] rushes swiftly into the [illegible] his hunting [illegible] and [illegible]

Tell me why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face with its blue eyes and kindly smile?

Ah—if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face benumbed with cold—it was the great "Rebel" of Valley Forge, who returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few minutes, behold the soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food spread out there by the hands of the girl who now stands trembling at his shoulder.

And look! *Her* hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm—her lips move as if to warn him of his dangers, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there.

One moment ago, as the girl in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door, adjoining the next room, she heard the dice box rattle, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his sleep!

But now the words: "Beware or this night you die!" trembled half formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber. Mary—that chamber at the head of the stairs on the left. On the left you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand in the landing, in the wing of the farm-house, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber, on the left, the chamber of the soldier, to him chamber of death.

For a moment Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale face with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there! Her father's rough face appears above the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep"

While the Tory watches from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof—still the storm drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim hell of that farm-house, are seven half drunken men with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst, the murderer's knife in his hand. For the lot had fallen upon him. He is to go up stairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought—how the knife trembles in his hand—trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades rouse him to the work—the light in one hand, the knife in the other he goes up the stairs—he listens—first at the door of his daughter's chamber on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor—he enters the chamber on the left—he is gone for a moment—silence! There is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, and stands before the fire with the bloody knife in his hand.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades faces, over the hearth into the fire. "Look! it is his blood—the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gather around him with yells of joy; already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be paid for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a wound, without even the stain of a drop of blood, stands George Washington, asking for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the Tory Manheim "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your heart? No blood upon your uniform?"

That apperition drives him mad. He starts forward—he places his hand tremblingly on the breast of Washington! Still no wound. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clutched in his right hand, and stands there quivering as with death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is flung open, the troopers from Valley Forge throng the room with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought crushes like a thunderbolt upon the brain of Tory Manheim. He seizes the light rushes up stairs—into the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant. Then towards that room on the left, with leaden heaviness. Look! now the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door; he listens! Not a [illegible] stillness like the grave. He stood [illegible] in the room!

Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. He enters. Toward that bed through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago! Again he pauses, not a sound—a stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains. There in the full light of the lamp, her young form half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter Mary!

Ah, do not look upon the face of the father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror listen to the mystery of the deed.

After her father had gone down stairs, an hour ago, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right. Her soul shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting at the table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then though her existance was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to take the chamber on the opposite side. Mary entered the chamber which he had left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's mind lying on the bed intended for the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although the knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, and still clutching the red knife. There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm—her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father, for robber and Tory that he was, still a father, "Mary!" he called to her, but that word was all he could say.

Suddenly she seemed to wake from this stupor. She sat up in bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her—still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said in that husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father, 'Live, Mary, only, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge.'

Then that girl, that hero woman, dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from deep agony which had broken the last chord of life, spread forth her arms, as though she beheld a form floating there above her bed beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to enclose that angel form.

"Mother," she whispered—while there grouped the soldiers—there with speechless agony on his brow, stood the lover; there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light, crouched the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in the centre—"Mother, thank God! For with my life I have saved him!"—

Look! even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed words, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face!

The half-formed words still quivering on the white lips of the hero woman—that word uttered in her husky whisper, choked by the death rattle that word was—"Washington!"

Moscow.

The Russians love Moscow. It is the idol of every Russian heart. Her shrines are to him the holiest in the empire, hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations. But grand and holy as it is, it has suffered from the sword, the torch, and the plague. Three hundred years ago it was nearly consumed by fire, in which two thousand of its citizens perished. Fifty years later the Tartars fired the supurbs, and one hundred thousand of its inhabitants perished by the flames and by the sword. A hundred years ago, the fatal plague so reduced its population that it never regained its former proportions. Within our own century, and to save it from plunder by the foe, the people gave up their beautiful city to the flames, the grandest sacrifice ever made to national pride. But when the French retreated the city was rebuilt, and is to-day a thing of beauty. Its too frequent reconstruction is the cause of the irregularity everywhere apparent. Only a few of the streets are straight, a palace and a hovel, a state building and a stone, a splendid church and a small hotel, adjoin each other, and the rich and poor are nearest neighbors. Nothing is more noticeable and attractive than the display of colors, red, white, green, gold and silver, with which the public and private buildings are ornamented. Rome has long been celebrated as the city of churches, having one for each day in the year and an additional one for leap-year, but Moscow can boast of nearly four hundred temples dedicated to religion. Although the circumvallation of the city is more than twenty English miles, yet the objects of interest to a traveler are within narrow limits. The Moskva flows through the city, spanned by noble bridges, and along its banks are beautiful lawns shaded by noble trees.

General Burnside is reported to be in very poor health.

True Eloquence.

Independence Day.

When the question of the adoption or rejection of the Declaration of Independence, was pending in the Continental Congress, John Adams (as Daniel Webster, in a moment of patriotic frenzy supposes) delivered the following surpassing eloquent appeal:

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a devinity which shapes our ends. The justice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls, proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly though this day's business. You and I, indeed may rue it. We may not live to see the day when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die it may be ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious and immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence *now* and *Independence Forever.*

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. And on no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from me in politics and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanities or their riches.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and not my feelings.

Martain Frobisher in the days of Elizabeth attempted the first Artic voyage.

The Wisconsin Assembly has refused to make insanity the ground for divorce.

A female hotel thief arrested in Boston, said she had to steal to support her husband.

Carrying Their own Brimstone.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was want to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me and said in a canting voice:

"Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"

"I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this willful charge in the right way the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, she bounded into the room, and said:

"Aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell I jest wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place, dat's 'zactly what I would like to know.

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said:

"'Ah honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid um.'

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

'No,' said he.

And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world. —*Bishop Whipple.*

A Story of a Trail.—She was a tall, stout individual, and sprang out of the wagon as lightly as a spring chicken after a grasshopper. He was a little, withered, dried up weasal, and followed slowly, bringing a basket of eggs with him. They entered one of our stores and she asked, "What are yo givin' for eggs?"

"Eight cents," was the reply of the counter jumper.

"Well, here are three dozen," said the fat party, "and I'll take it into calico."

"But I want some yarn to mend my socks," put in the old man.

"The weather is warm and you can go without socks," replied the fat party.

"But my boots hurt my feet,' insisted the old man.

"Go barefooted," said she, rather, sharply. Then turning to the clerk she changed her tune, and remarked: 'Young man, please count me out the eggs and give me four yards of calico to match this 'ere dress.'

"But——" the old man was going to continue, when she raised her huge index finger and said: 'Henry Winter Davis Spriggins, them 'ere eggs are mine; the hens what laid 'em are mine; the corn what fed 'em was mine, and I'se going to have a trail on this 'ere dress as long as Betsy Gowen's if every toe on your feet turns into gum biles. Now, shut. And you youngster, yank off four yards of that 'ere calico or you will hear a bumble bee a buzzin'."

The old man shut and the clerk yanked off the calico.

A Few Proverbs.

Better go round than fall in the ditch.

Better go alone than in bad company.

Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.

Better go to bed supperless than get up in debt.

Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Catch the hare before you sell his skin.

Charity begins at home, but does not end there.

Do not rip up old sores.

Doing nothing is doing ill.

Diligence commands success.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

Dependence is a poor trade to follow.

Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Every couple is not a a pair.

Everything is good in its season.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.

Great barkers are not biters.

Great gain and little pain makes a man weary.

Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.

In England the Queen only can drive eight horses on state occasions. There is no objections, if you wish, to seven horses and a mule.

Arbuckle is about to take a vacation. He will get one of his subs to-toot.

A child on exhibition in St. Louis is thirteen months old and weighs 100 pounds.

Maternal Murders.

Maternal murders are numberless. Women the light of whose life has gone out with their dead child, nevertheless have killed the creature they were told by nature to protect, as effectually, if less consciously, than if they had strangled it with their own hands. Improper food, and too much of it—we will not speak of those poor mothers who give their children too little; that is generally a matter of necessity, not choice—murder by circumstance, not action; insufficient clothing, because of the vanity which must have them fashionable and 'nice;' late hours, theatres, crowded balls, wine and strong soups at an age when they should have only milk and farinaceous food; sometimes the hardening system carried out with such Spartan severity that the tender life doops under it, and dies out like a flower in the frost; sometimes the careful system exaggerated to a point that saps the strength and weakens the fibre like wax before the fire; sometimes education began so early and pushed so far that the over-strained brain gives way, and the youthful prodigy drones through life as a nature dunce, maybe an idiot, or maybe flashes out altogether in brain fever. All these are the methods employed so unconsciously, yet so criminally, by doting mothers, whereby to murder their young, and make their own lives desolate. But who can interfere? Children are borne unto the world for the pleasure of their parents, not for good of society, nor for their well being. Fathers and mothers are absolute; and provided there is no malice and no direct action, they are able to kill their children indirectly and by ignorance, without prevention or rebuke.

If this is true of parents, it is equally so of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. The marvel is here, not how many children die, but how many escape.

A Taste for Reading.

Every young man entering upon life ought to give some portion of his time regularly to the development of his mind, to the gaining of useful information, and to the cultivation of some innocent and ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we could name. A rich man without that or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making money, unless he prefers to spend it. A well known millionaire used to say that he would gladly give it all, if he could only himself have the education which his lazy and stupid boy refused to acquire. Make it a rule—never to be broken—to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful book—not stories chiefly. Stories are good in their place; but every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science and other useful subjects; and, if he has only half an hour to give to reading, he will be very foolish to give it all to novels. Be hungry and thrist after knowledge of all kinds, and be sure that you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men.

No Escape.—Every condition of life, be it what it may, has hardships, hazards, pains. We try to escape them; we pine for a sheltered lot, for a smooth path, for cheering friends and unbroken success. But Providence ordains storms, disasters, hostilities, suffering; and the great question whether we shall live to any purpose or not, whether we shall grow strong in mind and heart, or be weak and pittiable, depends on nothing so much as on our use of these adverse circumstances.

Difficulty is the element, and resistance the true work of man. Self-culture never goes on so fast as when embarrassed circumstances, unexpected changes of the times, or other forms of suffering, instead of disheartening, throw us on our inward resources, clear up to us the great purpose of life, and inspire calm resolutions.

Thus all conditions may be pressed into the service of self-improvement.

History of a Drinking Club.—Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle class of society. This club had a great influence in municipal affairs, and several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were to be found often in the club at all hours of night and day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by. The club was broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.

A dog in Nebraska deliberately walked in front of a railroad train, laid its head on the rail and was killed, because of its grief at the death of a child, its favorite playmate.

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Recorder—Wm. Todd Otto, of Indiana.

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LEVI RELLER

Selinsgrove, April 16, 870-tf

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MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 00 a. m.
Pacific Express	6 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 42 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	5 29 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 30 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 04 a. m.
Mail	5 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express	8 48 p. m.

The Fast 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. a. m.	p. m.	EASTWARD. a. m.	p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 35	5 24
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 32	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 45	5 29
M'Veytown	11 14	4 27	10 34	5 09
Manayunk	11 26	4 37	10 23	5 01
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 19	4 56
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 56	10 10	4 47

The Pacific Express west can be flagged at McVeytown at 6 43 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 23 p. m.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.

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 Selins Grove, on Water Street, above Pine, opposite J. S. Henning's store, a

Leather Store and Finishing Shop,

where will be found at all times an assortment of all kinds of Finished Stock, consisting of Harness, Sole, Upper, Kip and Calf Skins, Morroco's, Linings, Toppings &c., of different qualities and prices. The attention of Shoemakers, Farmers, and all others is invited, before purchasing elsewhere.

Thirty-five years as a practical Tanner qualified him to judge the qualities of Stock. Hides taken in exchange for Leather.

D. C. BERGSTRESSER,
June 7-77] Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Moyer, dec'd, late of Adams township, Snyder county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

SAMUEL A. WETZEL,
July 18, 1878 Administrator