

The Post.

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Advertising Rates.
One column one year, \$20.00
One-half column one year, 10.00
One-fourth column one year, 5.00
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Editorial notices per line, 15
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Poetry.

AUTUMN.

The dying leaves fall fast,
Cherishing, willow, oak and beech,
All brown and withered lies,
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now sudden under foot—they teach,
This one or all must die.

This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my heart,
Where youthful hopes are dead,
The darkening days are drear—
Each love once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss—non gain remote?
Monotony and pain?
Ah! no! I here a lay
The robin sings, How sweet the note—
A pure, unassuming strain.

And, of all flowers, the first
Beneath the leaves in spring shall blow
Sweet violets blue and white,
So all lost love shall burst
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In heaven upon our sight.

Select Tale.

A Strange Adventure.

Orrville was one of those noble little American towns which a certain class of novelists so delighted to select as the scene of their romances, and which frequently lie asleep for so long a period of time that it is a positive blessing when something out of the ordinary course of events happens, to awake them out of their state of lethargy.

Orrville had been asleep for almost twelve years, when an event occurred which together with the attendant incidents, completely aroused the whole town.

Orrville was situated on Lake Wanona, one of the most charming little sheets of water in our inland States. In a secluded valley, shut out as it were from all the rest of the world by the surrounding hills, with a solitary majestic mountain keeping silent vigil over the slumbering scene, lay the beautiful lake, and, on its margin, the miniature town. The spot was all that a poet might fancy, or a romantic lover might desire; and when there was advertised "A new summer resort, the Orrville House at Orrville," with every accommodation, &c., &c., it is not surprising that many persons, who had been struck by the surpassing beauty of the place, as they caught at flying glance of it in the whizzing train should respond immediately to the opportunity, and engage to spend the summer or autumn months at so charming a resort.

Among the earlier guests at the Orrville House, were Charles Lacy, a talented young barrister of limited means, Colonel Harris, and a Mr. Van Haven, a handsome young merchant of New York.

Charles Lacy and Mattie Harris had been playmates in their childhood; but the former had removed from his native place in his fifteenth year, and had never met the sweetheart of his boyish days until time had transformed him into the full stature of a man. Both were now so completely changed, that they met at Orrville as entire strangers, and were only recognizable to one another by the mention of their names and places of residence. The acquaintance, thus renewed, ripened into ardent love, and Charles Lacy considered himself the luckiest fellow on earth.

"Did you hear the news Mattie?" asked Lacy, one morning, as he brooded seated herself at the breakfast table by his side.

"No; what is it?"

"Johnson & Co., bankers in this town, have been robbed of over one hundred thousand dollars!"

"You don't say so! When did it occur?"

"Some time during the earlier part of the morning. The thief, whoever he is, made a pretty fair haul of it—left the firm with a very small sum for its own pocket-book. It was a private banking-house, and involves many of the leading persons of the town."

"And they haven't secured the guilty parties?"

"No; and are not likely to do so either. Men who take such goodly sums as this, generally secure a safe avenue of escape. But I can tell you this," he added, lowering his voice, and inclining his head toward her, "a suspicion falls on the Orrville House, but no one individually, as far as I am aware of."

Just then a waiter placed a letter by his side saying:—"Something for Mr. Lacy."

It read thus:—"Come to Dalton at once—Your presence is needed immediately at Mr. Greenups. Do not delay. A. H."

"What is this? Come to Dalton at once! A. H. Who can that possibly be? But I'll go."

"I'm called away for a little while Mattie," said he, in explanation, replacing the note in the envelope, but expect to be back soon. I must go forthwith; and pressing her hand, he left the breakfast room, hurriedly packed a few necessary articles in his valise, and was at the station just in time to catch the morning train.

the gay crowd of thoughtless dancers in the brilliantly lighted hotel, for an atmosphere more in harmony with her saddened spirit. Her heart was very heavy to-night. She wandered listlessly down to the water's edge. A little boat lay moored there. She seated herself in it, where she felt she could be undisturbed in her lonely meditations. Her thoughts soon found utterance:—"What a change!" she murmured "what a change from our happy condition of a week ago! I can hardly realize it! A bank robbed, and Charles arrested as the perpetrator of the robbery and thrown into prison! How could they ever suspect him? Yet the circumstances are very mysterious, and a hasty investigation points to him. It is evident to me, though that he only left Orrville temporarily, that he was called away. Strange that he should have destroyed the letter, and that it turns out there is no such person as Greenup in Dalton! It is not at all strange that he should have become excited when a couple of men laid their hands on him as he was getting out of the train, and told him he was a thief, and was wanted immediately at Orrville. Who wouldn't get excited under such circumstances? What nonsense they allege! They say he might have written the note himself, and passed it through the post. But I know he has not the least link of connection with the affair; and the authorities have no right to commit him to prison, when he can obtain bail from half a dozen different persons. But the people here are so excited that they will listen to nothing." A tear trickled down her pale cheeks. "Pshaw! I'll not be such a baby; all will be right yet."

She sat in the boat until the lights in the different departments of the hotel gradually disappeared, and was just about to rise and return to the house, when a figure, coming down the path towards her, induced her to retain her seat. The figure proved to be that of the young merchant, Mr. Van Haven. Mattie had always been attracted by the handsome face and winning manners of the gay New Yorker, and rather enjoyed his society than otherwise. So she remained seated until he took his place by her side.

"Let's row out upon the lake," said Van Haven, without an unnecessary "good evening," as he raised the oars and pulled gently from the shore. "It is a very quiet night, and we shall not be disturbed. Most of the folks have retired. We must move cautiously."

"Why?" questioned Mattie, rather surprised at this remark.

"Why? Do you want to betray yourself?"

"Betray myself! Why, what are you talking about, Mr. Van Haven?"

Just then the moon, which had been shining on his back, fell full upon his face, and revealed a countenance with an unusual strange expression, and to the great astonishment of Mattie, the fact that her companion was asleep! Van Haven had been known to walk in his sleep and perform a great many marvelous feats while in that condition; and Mattie Harris herself had happened to meet him once while enjoying a somnambulist's ramble. So she was not at all frightened by the circumstances under which she suddenly found herself placed, but somewhat astonished; and, being a young lady of a good deal of mischief and possessed of the usual amount of curiosity, of course she determined to let her companion continue on his nocturnal excursion.

"What are you talking about?" repeated Mattie, her saddened features giving place to an amused smile.

"You know well enough what I am talking about, Jim. We must secure it to-night. It may be found where we have hidden it, and that would be the last of us. That letter was a sharp thing of ours, wasn't it? I tremble lest Lacy may be cleared—though, then a suspicion would seek some other party. So we'd better find other quarters as soon as we can possibly do so without causing any comment upon it; and, of course, we will not let the money remain where it is now."

At the mention of Lacy's name, and 'money,' Mattie's mind, which for the past week had been invariably coupling those words together, caught eagerly at the suspicion thus aroused; and her very frame shook as the light of a great disclosure suddenly flashed upon her. She had found one of the guilty parties, concerned in the bank robbery, and could liberate her lover!

The discovery was almost too much for her. A dim mist suffused her eyes. She clutched eagerly the side of the boat. But she soon recovered the first shock, yet did not permit herself to speak, she trembled so violently.

Van Haven continued:—"We must leave to-morrow; don't you think so?"

"Yes," ventured Mattie. "Now let's be quiet, for fear we should be heard."

It was evening. The calm sound of the water slowly and noiselessly

the way to a dense thicket of underbrush, pausing a moment to assure himself that they were alone. Having satisfied himself of this point, he took a few steps forward and cautiously raised a large stone. Under it lay a casket. He picked it up and replaced the stone.

"I'll carry it," said Mattie, with avid eagerness, feeling confident that if she once got possession of the stolen money all would be well with her.

"Very well," said the somnambulist, and considered the casket to her keeping. "Now let us get to the boat again, and we will finish the arrangement of our plans as we cross over to Orrville."

Mattie considered it a matter of prudence to agree, and followed her sleeping companion to the lake. He took his seat in the boat and loosened the chain from the sapling, enjoining his associate to maintain perfect silence until they should be out on the lake. He seemed to think that all was well, and shoved off from the shore.

Mattie stood in the moonlight, and watched the boat and its solitary oarsman until they both were concealed within the dark shadow of the mountain, behind which the moon was fast hiding herself.

"I'm safe now!" she said, with a joyful bound. "But what shall I do?" I'm half a mile from any house, and have no means of crossing the lake. There is a road here somewhere, through which leads round to the town. I'll walk to the hotel, if it takes till morning! There is no time to be lost."

So saying, she began her search for the road, which was soon found; and after four hours of rapid walking, for which the excitement of the occasion lent the requisite amount of strength, she reached Orrville.

She lost no time in informing the authorities of the town of her singular adventure, producing the casket for their examination in proof of her statement.

Early in the morning before most of the guests had arisen, the Orrville house was surrounded by half a dozen men, evidently intent upon the capture of some one within. Presently Van Haven made his appearance on the ground floor veranda, apparently unconscious that anything was wrong. The sight of the police quickly undeceived him; it was up with him. He was handcuffed at once without any ceremonious notification of the reason why he was thus rudely dealt with. Mattie came down just then, after a short sleep, and was requested to follow, when the officers started down the street with their prisoner in custody, attended by a large crowd of excited spectators, which had soon congregated.

A preliminary examination convinced all parties of the guilt of Van Haven, but did not exonerate Lacy from complicity in the affair. The subsequent investigation, however, fastened the guilt upon two parties, Van Haven and a James Thompson, an Orrville man, with whom the former had been on terms of suspicious intimacy.

Of course, all redress was made to Mr. Lacy for the hasty opinions of the people concerning him, and was accepted by him as satisfactory. But a more material expression of the thanks of the bankers was made, when Mr. Johnson himself, the senior partner of the firm, rose in the police court, and said: "That in consideration of the surprising good sense and bravery of Miss Harris in securing the guilty parties in this robbery, it became his present duty to present in the name of the firm, to the former, the sum of ten thousand dollars; and to the latter the sum of fifteen thousand, and that he could accept no refusal."

We need not attempt to describe the applause and good feeling elicited by these remarks—that is left to the imagination of the reader.

No clamorous demonstrations of gratitude were made by either of the recipients of these princely gifts; but both expressed their thanks in a single sentence, and retired from the court together, amid the acclamation of the crowd.

Three weeks afterwards, Orrville was going wild over a gay wedding, and had actually awakened out of its long Rip Van Winkle sleep; and the happiest couple in town were Charles Lacy and Mattie Harris.

For The Post.

European Correspondent.

LETTER No. 7.

Belgium.

The horrors of the passage from England to the continent have never been overestimated. The route from London to Flushing in Holland, is better now than at our former passage, for now and better steamers ply between the places. This year, however, there has been so much more travel than usual that even the new boats are over-crowded. The passage is made in the night and in the early morning the low shores of Holland are in sight, and two hours later our steamer is between the embankments of the Scheldt. We can just see the church spires and chimneys of houses over the dykes, which indicates that the river level is a dozen feet above the streets of the city. Taking cars for Antwerp we at once realize that we are in a foreign country.

The strange guttural Dutch and old Flemish which seems to fill the air around us, the dykes extending away as far as the eye can reach, the squatly tile-covered houses, the ditches and rows of trees which take the place of fences, the little patches of different kinds of grain which seem to fly by as the train moves along, and most of all the short, broad, big footed women wearing wooden shoes, doing most of the work in the fields, all are so different from what we see at home that the traveler cannot but be greatly interested. The crops grown are largely wheat, barley and potatoes. No cattle are in sight pasturing, as land here is too valuable. Most of the animal labor is done by cows or donkeys. Careful cultivation and economy of land is especially noticeable. No spot large enough to raise a hill of potatoes even is uncultivated, and grass is harvested almost up to the track of the railroad.

As we near Antwerp the dykes are not so high and finally nearly disappear and there is occasionally a low hill. We at length pass through heavy fortifications and enter Antwerp, which although it has experienced the many vicissitudes of a varied fortune is now on a whole the most important city of Belgium. In the 16th century it was the most wealthy and prosperous city on the continent, surpassing even Venice. It received its death blow, commercially, in the war with Spain, driving from the depot to our hotel we see strange things on every side of us. The great draft horses which we pass, (celebrated the world over) have immense collars running up to a point two feet above the horses' shoulders while the traces are generally made of rope. Small loads are drawn by cows, donkeys, men and women and frequently by dogs. A team of five dogs drew a cart of wood which would be called by an American farmer a good load for one horse. Most of the streets, particularly of the old city, are narrow and winding. The upper stories of the houses frequently project over the lower, and at the corners of the streets there are often little shrines built into the second stories of the houses. Artistically, Antwerp is famous as the birthplace and home of the artist Van Dyck, as one of the several places in which it is claimed Rubens was born, and as the center of the celebrated Flemish School of Art, which in the 16th and 17th centuries was of world wide repute. Like every continental city of the least pretensions, Antwerp has a cathedral dating back for its foundation from 400 to 800 years ago, a good assortment of churches, which the tourist is compelled to visit or be considered a lunatic, and museums and so called art galleries sufficient to worry the life out of the average man if he consents to see them. The cathedral contains Rubens's far-famed masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross, which ranks among the first three or four paintings in the world. The museum, the finest art gallery in Belgium, contains 600 pictures a number of them by Rubens and Van Dyck. Nearly all the paintings are ancient and have been mostly taken from the suppressed monasteries.

If the traveler generously gives a day to the museum he will go through at the rate of five pictures in three minutes, which will just about give him time to find the name in the catalogue and the picture on the wall, and leave him no time to look at the painting.

The church of St. James has some of the finest and most intricate work ever executed in marble.

The cathedral has a chime of 82 bells, on which the most solemn and long winded Dutch tunes are played nearly all the day.

Within the past forty years the old fortifications of the city have been removed and a fine boulevard, with some of the way three carriage drives and two foot ways, has been made in its place. The same thing has been done in Brussels, Vienna, Paris and many smaller cities of Europe.

establishes for sale, which they place on the pavement. There were in the market carrots, cabbage, peas, very large gooseberries, Strawberries, pears, fine apricots, potatoes, currents, large quantities of beautiful black and red cherries, and two or three vegetables which were new to me. The greater part of those who came to buy were women, the most of whom were coarsely and plainly dressed, and showed in their every look and motion the pernicious habits of too much heavy work. For ten cents we bought a hat full of cherries, and were given a cabbage leaf as large as a napkin in which to do them up. We had an occasional sight of those wonderful hats of which we have all seen pictures, which look like—well anything—say a Dutch lagger after she has been through a hurricane. We also saw one woman with the ancient Flemish head ornaments, consisting of a broad gold band about the forehead, very long ear rings which hung down resting on her shoulders, and curious gold spiral springs in her hair, on that part of her head where, in my boyhood it was fashionable for young ladies to plaster down the fascinating spit-bow-catcher.

Brussels is only 27 miles from Antwerp, and yet, contrary to what one would expect, they are both cities of nearly 200,000 inhabitants each. In reaching Brussels we have to pass through the little town of Vilvoorde, where William Tyndale, one of the celebrated translators of the Bible, suffered martyrdom, and through Malines of which the old more terse that complementary, "Gaudet Mechlinia stultis," Malines rejoice in fools. This reputation arose from the story that they once saw the moon shining brightly through their tower, and mistaking it for a conflagration the whole city turned out with their fire engines to extinguish it.

Brussels is a more beautiful city than Antwerp, and is often called a miniature Paris. It also has an added importance as being the capital of Belgium. The building in which their annual session is one of the richest and most tasty public buildings I have ever seen. No private house could be better cared for or kept in nicer order. Imagine if you can, a professional American law manufacturer, a committee room with a heavy velvet carpet, and not a splinter in sight, or a stain of tobacco on the floor. It was our good fortune five years ago to attend a meeting of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, or as we would call it House of Representatives. The members seemed to be nearly all talking at the same time, and there were at least 800 French words in the air every minute, to say nothing of the countless gestures and contortions which each of the honorable members contributed to the occasion.

The public buildings, churches, art galleries, museums, squares, and lace factories of Brussels are all of interest to the traveler, nor will he be fore to pay a visit to the battle field of Waterloo only 9 1/2 miles distant.

Of the art galleries, one, the Wiertz Museum, is worthy of special mention, both from the merits of the paintings and from the fact that it is made up entirely of the work of the one man whose name it bears.

From Brussels to Cologne on the Rhine is nearly an all day's ride, passing through Liege, famous for its University with 800 students and as the place where all the arms of the Belgium Government are manufactured, and through Aix-la-Chapelle the favorite residence of the great Emperor Charlemagne.—Our route takes us across some of the finest agricultural districts of Europe, and at times for miles we pass through unbroken fields of grain. For the first time we see the distinctive features of German farm life—living in villages about three miles apart and going out every morning to work in the fields. The social German cannot endure the solitary monotony of the American way of living on a farm.

May not the gradual adoption of this plan in our country go far towards solving the question so frequently and earnestly asked, "How can the boys be kept on the farm?"

Many of these villages have walls about them, relics of the feudal times when no man's property was safe unless he had a fort built around it.

Having brought our readers as far as Cologne we will leave them for a week to the enjoyment of its many distinct smells, and to contrast them by purchases of "Cologne water" from the dozen or more Furians who claim each to be the only descendant of the John Furian, who first manufactured the "Eau de Cologne." We have had the good fortune each time of getting three or four of them to pulling hair over the important question as to which was the Furian and then escaping while the battle was raging fiercest.

Next week we hope to take our readers with us to "The Rhine."

D. BUCHANAN

Advertising.

"In a little book published many years ago, entitled 'How to get Money,' I find the following remarks on advertising: 'Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or other that will arrest public attention. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising; but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps; it is like half a portion of physic making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Advertise liberally, and the cure will be permanent. Some say they cannot afford to advertise. They mistake; they cannot afford not to advertise.'

"If that was true fifty years ago, it is still more forcibly true to day. Business has thrown off many of the forms that hampered men engaged in it. Retailers no longer tie their trade on horse, nor expect to be personally acquainted with each one of their customers. People buy of the party who offer the best bargain, be he friend or stranger. Although the young firm of Sharp & Beaton are selling goods very low, it is not known around the town, and they have no trade. Slow & Steady have a good stock, are well known, and claim to sell as cheap as the cheapest. Sharp & Beaton must do something to inform the public that they have a better stock of goods and are selling cheaper than Slow & Steady; they must advertise.

"To-morrow it will be heralded about the city that Sharp & Beaton are selling goods cheaper than any firm in the city. People will wonder if it is true; they will call 'just to price things,' buy much or little, and go their way. Slow & Steady notice that a great deal of their old trade is going across the way; what shall they do to regain it? They conclude they must advertise; and in this way advertising is an absolute necessity. To gain customers we must advertise; we must advertise to keep them. We must create a demand for new goods by keeping their good qualities before the public.

"Every business should be advertised, no matter where or what it is. If a moderate custom was sure among a circle of friends and acquaintances in a given locality, it would still be to the merchant's interest to advertise and increase his trade. The main expenses of doing business will be about so much, be the amount transacted greater or less. A large business can be done at a much less percentage of cost than a small one. A man can better afford to sell one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods at profit of ten per cent, than fifty thousand at fifteen per cent. A merchant may expect to hold trade by selling low, but he must have first made it known in some way that he is ready to sell low, or he will not get the customers.

"Ways advertising are as numerous as the busy brain of man can invent.

"Posters on the wall are good, but they are there only a few days, and then they are covered by another advertiser. Signs nailed to trees along the country roads are effectual while they last, but they soon become old, or are rendered of no value by a dozen others being nailed over and under them.

"The most unmitigated humbug in soliciting advertisements are the men who have 'hotel cards,' 'depot cards,' 'business cards,' 'maps,' and similar abominations. Men will invest in these wild-cat enterprises who think an advertisement in the daily or weekly paper is so much money thrown away!

"A retailer should advertise in every legitimate way. If by circulars, they should contain but a very few lines, and ought to have something about them to attract the reader. But the retailer should invest ninety-nine dollars in the columns of his best paper to every one that he expects for circulars, handbills or cards. His name should be constantly before the buying public. But a small card of half a dozen lines, paid for by the year and never changes, is of doubtful value."

—Extract from "On the Road to Riches."

On Thursday of last week \$80,000 in gold coin arrived at New York from Europe, the first installment of about \$100,000,000 that is destined to flow this way during the coming year in payment for our cereals, cotton, tobacco and manufactured articles. The British merchants have been paying off their debts hitherto by returning to us our bonds, but these are now more tensionally held abroad than the glittering gold, and hence specie is peeping out to pay for our produce. Besides the extra value of this coin the purposes of exchange, the stimulus will tend to relieve our money market.

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening
SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
Terms of Subscription: Payable within six months, or \$2.00 per annum 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 hiring and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

GOVERNMENTAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.
President—Rutherford B. Hayes, Ohio.
Vice President—William A. Wheeler, New York.
Secretary of State—William M. Evarts, New York.
Secretary of the Treasury—John Sherman, Ohio.
Secretary of War—George W. McCrary, Iowa.
Secretary of the Navy—Richard W. Thompson, Indiana.
Attorney General—Charles Devens, Massachusetts.
Postmaster General—David M. Key, Tennessee.
Secretary of the Interior—Carl Schurz, Missouri.

STATE.
Governor—John F. Harris, Pa.
Lieutenant Governor—John Latta, Pa.
Secretary of the Commonwealth—J. E. Linn, Pa.
Deputy Sec. of the Commonwealth—Thomas McCann, Pa.
Private Sec. to the Governor—Chester N. Farr, Jr., Pa.
Chief Clerk—J. C. Harjes, Pa.
Attorney General—George East, Pa.
Deputy Attorney General—Lyman D. Gilbert, Pa.
Auditor General—Wm. P. Sebell, Pa.
State Treasurer—Amos C. Noyes, Pa.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—William M'Callister, Pa.
Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan and Common Schools—J. P. Wickertsham, Pa.
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State Librarian—C. L. Ehrenfeld, Pa.
Commissioner of Public Charities—O. Dawson Coleman, Philadelphia (General Agent and Sec., Diller Luther, Reading, Pa.)
Fishery Commissioners—Benjamin L. Hewitt, Howard J. Heeder, and James Duffly, Pa.

JUDICIARY.
United States Supreme Court.
Chief Justice—Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio.
Associate Justices—Chief, of Maine, Swayne, of Ohio, Miller, of Iowa, Field, of California, Strong, of Pennsylvania, Bradley, of New Jersey, Hunt, of New York, of Indiana.
Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Chief Justice—Daniel Agnew.
Associate Justices—George Sharswood, Ulysses Mercur, Isaac G. Gordon, Edward M. Paxson, Warren J. Woodward, John Trunkley.
Twenty-sixth Judicial District.
President Judge—Joseph C. Bucher.
Associate Judges—Hiram O'Neil, Samuel B. Schuck.

COUNTY.
Sheriff—D. Eisenhart.
Prothonotary—Jeremiah Crouse.
Register and Recorder—James M. Vanzandt.
Treasurer—Henry Benfer.
District Attorney—J. H. Arnold.
Coroner—A. M. Smith.
Commissioners—Joel Row, John Romig, Moses Krebs.
Surveyor—George B. Benfer.
Auditors—Daniel Diefenbach, Ner B. Middlewarth, W. A. Glass.

LEVI REELER.
Manufacturer of 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 ALL KINDS, AND Furniture of every Description at the very lowest price. He respectfully invites an examination of
WESTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFA
LOUNGES, STANDS, CHAIRS, &c.
A special invitation is extended to my married folks to call and see my stock or purchasing elsewhere.
LEVI REELER
Selinsgrove, April 16, 1870-17

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
Trains leave Lewisburg Junction as follows
MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.
Pittsburgh Express 1 00 a. m.
Pacific Express 1 20 a. m.
Way Passenger 1 45 a. m.
Mail 1 50 p. m.
Fast Line EASTWARD.
Philadelphia Express 12 30 a. m.
Pacific Express 1 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express 1 14 a. m.
Mail 1 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express 4 45 p. m.
The Fast Line, Way Passenger and the Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east, leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:
WESTWARD. EASTWARD.
M. S. P. M. M. S. P. M.
Greentown 10 25 4 07 10 25 4 29
Anderson's 10 47 4 10 10 47 4 27
Lewistown 11 11 4 13 10 15 4 31
Mt. Victory 11 14 4 27 10 34 4 33
Nantuxon 11 26 4 37 10 35 4 47
Villavard 11 30 4 19 10 38 4 47
N. Hamilton 11 40 4 29 10 10 4 47
The Pacific Express west and the Sagard at Mt. Victory at 4 15 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 4 25 p. m.

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GEORGE B. BENFER.
County Surveyor
Kratzville, Snyder County, Pa.
Surveying and Corresponding Plans and affidavits attended to. The public's prompt attention is solicited.
July 1878