The Post.

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One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
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
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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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.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY W. S. A.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Father, Mother,
Sister, brother,
Merry Christmas to you all
Rings down each stair and hall.
Here and there
And everywhere
Fills the happy call,
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Sounds the tidings glad—
Horns are blowing,
Crackers throwing,
By each laughing lad.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Infant lips have vainly striven
To form the part
They felt at heart,
And sweet embrace have given.
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
From the heart the greetings come,
'Tis not the lip
That lets them slip—
As well the lips were dumb.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Every father feels the ring
Of these words
As the birds
The breath of opening spring.
By the heartfelt "Merry Christmas,"
Tender chords are softly shaken—
Memories sweet
With winged feet
The slumbering past awaken.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Oh the mother's feeling—
Tears of gladness,
Not of sadness,
Down her cheeks are stealing,
Thus her love and joy confesses,
Choked with tears she but caresses,
With fond embrace
The smiling face
Crowned with golden tresses.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Deck the Christmas tree,
That the eye
Of Him on high
The innocent may see,
Who, in their merriment, give praise
To the Birth
That gave the earth
Amends for wicked ways.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Heavenly anthems sing—
Increase the joy
With tempting toy,
And every fair play thing.
Rouse with the children's horns and drum
The slumbering souls
Of human ghouls
By wickedness struck dumb.

Select Tale.

AGNES MALLORY'S MONEY.

A Christmas Story.

BY JOHN D. MISSIMER.

Christmas day dawned beautifully and bright. The snowy diamonds sparkling in the sun, upon the housetops, trees, outbuildings and lanes, the merry ringing of church bells, the songs of children, salutations without upon merry meetings all told of the birth of another happy, merry Christmas time

And Agnes Mallory sat at home drooping, sighing and pining, "the most unfortunate creature in all the world.' She was the daughter of a rich and haughty iron-master of the country, and a few days before had celebrated her eighteenth birthday. Agnes was a pretty girl. Lithe in figure, well rounded form, sparkling dark eyes, large and heavily shaded with long lashes and brows; with a wealth of glossy brown hair and a complexion fair and beautiful in the extreme. She had health, wealth and their accompanying attendants, but upon this beautiful, blithesome Christmas morning, with elbow upon the sill, and loose wrapper about her person, she looked from her chamber window disconsolate, heart-weary and forlorn. And love was at the bottom of all her troubles Far down in the valley beyond the streamlet that came rushing from the mountain, in that quaint and somber looking farm house just hid in a clump of waving willows, lived young Tom Alpine. Tom was a farmer, superintending his father's mill; a bright eyed manly, energetic fellow, near twenty two years. He was known for miles around as honest Tom, and every young maiden passing that way, by carriage or foot, looked toward the mill office in the hopes of winning a smile of recognition from the handsome young miller. Christmas morning came, the mill was opened as usual, the water turned upon the great revolving water wheel, and the machinery rattled away the same as if Christmas had never been known.

As Tom stood watching the rotation of two immense stones, and examining the bright golden grains of wheat as it lay in piles in every hopper, old Squire Halpine, his father entered. "Why Tom,' said he, 'ain't you going to keep your Christmas? Shut up the mill for a day, and get out your horses and sleigh, go across the township and take in little Mary Ritter, and both of you young folks have a day of it. You're a hard working son, and if there's jobs to be finished to-day, I can do it.'

"Much obliged to you, father,' replied Tom, "Christmas is no more to me than any other day. As for taking Mary Ritter sleighing, that cannot be.' At this, Tom's father looked at his son some what alarmed, looked at his son some time and said, 'Tom, I know the mill is going to day. You have planned that night from the time I came and told you all against your wishes. Now, Tom, I want you to go and take Mary Ritter sleighing, that the folks may see that we are not the worst Christmas for Agnes after all.

the State. Why, look at such likely daughters as Owen Hamersly's Solen Harkaway's, Reuben Trenwith's and Guy Thomas', why they're all handsome as pictures, good, smart looking girls, and any of them would make a better wife for you than that hot-house posy, Agnes Mallory. What do you want with such a tender flower-garden sort of a girl for a wife, you great, strong, heavy carmudgeon? Close up the mill, turn, take your choice among the others, for you can have any of them, and never let it be said that a Halpine pined for a Mallory while we live and own the property in 'Meadow Glen.' Squire Halpine left but Tom kept ahead with his work, and when fairly alone, he drew from his pocket and read for the hundredth time the letter he had received from old Mallory the day before. It read:

BETHEL FURNACE, Dec. 24.

MR THOMAS HALPINE—*Dear Sir*: Considering the fact that your visits to our home are extreamly distasteful to myself and family, the simple announcement, we trust will be sufficient to induce you to discontinue them. You will be entirely welcome, and would be glad to see you at any time at my office, when busines matters may lead you hither.

Yours, etc.,
AUGUSTUS MALLORY.

After the receipt of this, the day before, Tom dismissed the idea of calling at the Mallory mansion the night before Christmas. Agnes reading alone in the faint hearth light of the great parlor of her home, patiently waiting his coming. The clock in the kitchen had struck eight, and father and mother hrd retired to their room for the night, the house was closed, save the window blind that faced the road leading up hill from the direction of 'Meadow Glen.' But Tom did not come. Half-past eight and no signs.

The minutes became hours, and the heart of Agnes Mallory, sank within her at the bitter disappointment. It was Christmas eve. The night of all nights she had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations. She had known Tom from childhood. but had only loved him eight months, and as the clock struck nine she gave up all hopes, and sat buried in the deep arms of the rocking chair crying as if her very heart would break The little trifles she had so delicately arranged upon the side board for him, and which a few hours ago seemed so beautiful, now grew horrible in her sight, as she wept in her adject misery until she slept. It was twelve o'clock when she woke to proceed to her own chamber, but not to sleep. And thus we find her on the bright beautiful Christmas morning, looking from her chamber window far down toward 'Meadow Glen,' wondering why Tom had not come.

And as she sat looking, the mill-boy from the Glen came up the hill. Agnes divined his mission, and in an instant she noiselessly glided to the front door, and out to meet as it proved to be Tom's messenger, bearing a note to her. Hastily taking it, she bade the boy seek cover in an outbuilding until she appeared with an answer. In her room she read Tom's letter:

In the Mill, Christmas.

AGNES:—I send you a letter I received from your father yesterday. I cannot believe that it is your wish. I did not dare come to you last night, nor even write to you. I do it now only after severe trial. I must know my fate from you Agnes. Answer, please, by the bearer that I may know all. Yours, as ever,

TOM

She then read the cruel letter of her father, of which she had known nothing. But like a sensible girl she kept her own counsel, sat down and wrote Tom the following reply.

At Home, Christmas.

TOM:—I hardly know what to say. I waited for you last night until late. I knew nothing of the letter until I read it this moment. Be assured, Tom, your Agnes never no never gave her consent to such a letter as that. I shall not notice it, nor need you. Act as if you never received it. Father shall not know that I know anything about it. O, how I wish this were a happier Christmas to me, though it has improved considerably since the receipt of your letter. As ever, yours,

AGNES.

P. S.—Never mind father.

Tom read the reply, and determined at once. The mill wheel stopped and the doors were closed and he repaired to his room at home. Giving orders that his horses should be driven to the door, he was soon ready, and away he drove to the furnace on "business'. Old Mallory had distinctly said that he should at all times be ready to see him at all times on business. Tom drove up, drew rein at the office of Augustus Mallory, and soon stood before the haughty proprietor of the Bethel Furnaces. Mr. Mallory was in no fair mood to converse upon such business as Tom had come upon.

"Good morning, Mr. Mallory,' said he. 'Good morning Thomas.' "I have come,' continued Tom, 'on business. I want to ask your daughter Agnes to be my wife.' "Ha! ha! ha!" roared the old man, ... Tom, without waiting for a word in explanation, entered his sleigh and drove off.

Squire Mallory chuckled to himself as he watched Tom Halpine drive rapidly away. Entering the house, he called "Agnes, Agnes, here is a package your Tom left for you, with his compliments, I hope and trust you will have sufficient strength to live through it, as Tom says he is irreparably in earnest.

She took the package and turned pale. She had seen Tom at the office, and noted his hurried and excited manner. Taking the package to her room, in breathless anxiety she opened it. The most beautiful watch and brooche chain of pure gold came from the package of many pieces of paper t which they had been wrapped. With it came a note from Tom.

At home Christmas.

DARLING AGNES—I wanted to hang this little token about your neck last night, as your Christmas present, but why I did not you know. To-day I told your father I did not care for you, and had returned some little articles of yours. Forgive me but be silent. It was the best I could do. I will drive without bells past your house this evening at 7. Be at the front gate for a ride with your TOM.

And the heavy dark cloud of despondency was lifted from the mind of the wounded young girl, and then it was that she looked out of her window with a light heart and threw kisses in profusion in the direction of Meadow Glen. A moody, thoughtful, silent daughter was Agnes all that day. The hours wore on and her father was congratulating himself upon his easy victory. She'll forget all this in a few days, he whispered to mother Mallory, as they sat talking over the doings of the past few days.

Punctually at the hour appointed, Agnes entirely unconcerned left the sitting-room where she had been reading with her father and mother, slipped noislessly through the hall and vestibule, donned her furs, cape, shawl and bonnet in an instant, silently opened the door and in an instant was out at the gate waiting the coming of Tom. The moon shone out brilliantly and the beautiful Christmas night lay jeweled in its beams. In a second Tom came driving along with his elegant span and sleigh without bells. Agnes entered instantly, without a word, and away they flew over the hills far out of the sight of the Mallory mansion Then began *their* Christmas. The bells were soon drawn from an extra blanket in the bottom of the sleigh and placed upon the horses, and to their cheerful music the young lovers went dancing over the snow as happy as happy could be.

That night there was a wedding. The Halpine home rang out with the merry music of the assembled people. The daughters of the Ritters and Hammersleys, Harkaways, Trenwiths and Thomases, with their male attendants, had been invited, and a merrier throng never danced to the sounds of a wedding orchestra. Until way after midnight could the hymns and songs be heard coming from those happy people, while the great warm fire crackled on the hearth, and the cider and apples, wine and cake disappeared to the toast "long life and happiness to Tom and his runaway bride."

It was more than a year afterwards before father Mallory became satisfactorly reconciled. But Agnes was happy, Mrs. Mallory was pleased two hours after she heard of it, and there is not now a man in all the country round more pleased with his son-in law than old father Mallory himself And it was not "the worst Christmas for Agnes" after all.

Christmas Eve.

BY WILLIAM I. MACCARTY.

Hark to the sounds
Floating in air!
Great joy abounds
To-night, where'er
A pious soul
Longs to be free
To reach the goal
Of Purity
For a Saviour is born into the world,
The flag of the Prince of Peace is
Unfurled; all over the earth, all
Over the sea, a star of the most daz-
Zling brilliancy is pointing to Beth-
Lehem's low manger, where to-
Night is born a royal stranger;
Then raise on high
The glad acclaim
To glorify
His holy name.
Awake! my lyre,
Your feeble lays,
Assist the choir
To chant his praise.
The angels sing
His glory bright;
The valleys ring
With pure delight;
Strains of mirth
Are echoed far,
To hail the birth
Of snow star
That's born to shine
From spheres above
[illegible]
With peace and love
To [illegible]

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY CHARLES DICKINSON.

'Twas the morning of Christmas:
And Benny and Ned
Had captured their stockings,
And gone back to bed:
And there in their night-gowns,
As soon as 'twas light,
They emptied their treasures;
And O, what a sight!
Such stockings! long stockings!
(Mamma's, I suppose,)
Filled full to the opening,
And crammed to the toes.

"Isn't Santa Claus good, Ned?"
Cried Benny, "Dus' look
And see what he's div me;
A great picture book."

"And me!" exclaimed Neddy:
"Mine's diff'rent from yourn;
Tis chuck full of stories
And hard words to learn!
But then you know, Benney,
I'm older than you.
And need older presents
As Santa Claus knew.

"O—o-o!" shouted Benney,
A big Noah's Ark;
An' lots of wild animals!
An' here is a cart
Wiv a little horse in it;
He looks like our Ace,
For he's tinder spettled,
And dot a white face.

"I never!" said Neddy,
"What's this do you thing?
A bag full of marbles,
I guess, by the chink,
Besides a great buzz top,
All red, white and blue!
And a two-bladed jack-knife!
Have you got one too?"

"Dess not," answered Benny;
"But I've dot a cat;
An' a sheep vat says baa!
Few pinch him like that.
And then here is somefin
Tied up with a strin'—
O, Neddy, tis tandy!
Dus put core hand in!
D'ye feel what a lot' tis?
I fought I'd have some;
For ma said I should have,
When Santa Claus tum."

"Merry Christmas, my darlings!
Why not up before?"
And mamma with baby,
Appeared at the door.

Christmas Morning in England.

The following extract we take from some of the writings of Washington Irving:

When I woke up the next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceeding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispered consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was:

Rejoice, our Savior he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the elders not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house and singing at every chamber door but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with fingers, and now and then stealing a sly glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle in the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

Everything conspired to poduce kind and happy feelings in this stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a tract of park beyond, with noble clumps of trees, and herds of deer. At a distance was a neat hamlet, with the smoke from the cottage chimneys hanging over it; and a church with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear sky. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer; but the morning was extremely frosty; the light vapor of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine chrystalizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had a dazzling effect among the glittering foliage. A robin, perched on the top of a mountain ash that hung its clusters of red berries just before my windows, was basking himself in the sunshine, and piping a few querulous notes; and a peacock was displaying all the glories of his train, and strutting with the pride and vanity of a Spanish grandee, on the terrace walk below.

I had scarcely dressed myself, when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the old wing of the house, when I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of gallery, furnished with cushions, hassocks and large prayer books; the servants were seated below on benches. The old gentleman read prayers from a desk in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk, and made the responses, and I must do him the justice to say that he acquitted himself with great gravity and seriousness.

[illegible] followed by a [illegible] bridge himself had constructed a poem from his favorite author, Herrick; and it had been adapted to an old church melody by Master Simon. As there were several good voices among the household, the effect was extremely pleasing; but I was particularly gratified by the exaltation of heart, and sudden rally of greatful feeling, with which the worthy squire delivered one stanza; his eye glistening, and his voice trembling out of all the bounds of time and tune:

"'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth
And gives me Wassails bowles to drink
Spiced to the brink;
Lord 'tis thy plenty droping hand
That soils my land;
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one."

Christmas.

Another Christmas anniversary is at hand. Eighteen hundred and seventy-eight years have rolled away since the coming of him, whose mission was to save. The mind goes back over the time that has intervened since the *first* Christmas, and we marvel at the change that has been wrought. Before this event, man had no hope of a life beyond the tomb. All appertaining to the future of the soul was terribly uncertain. Many problems of science had been solved by the learned, but the great question: Where goes the soul after it leaves the body, baffled the sages and philosophers of antiquity. It was not until the coming of Him, who nearly nineteen centuries ago lay on his mother's breast in a manger in Bethlehem, that 'life and immortality were brought to light." What was unanswerable by a Plato and a Socrates was solved by the son of the carpenter.

What an influence this wonderful character has exerted on mankind. Remove from our libraries the works written, either directly or indirectly, upon the subject of Christ, and which would not have been produced had it not been for *His* coming, and what a vacuum you have made in our literature. A world of barbarians has been civilized. And, more than all this, millions upon millions to-day surround God's throne, rejoicing that there was a Christmas in the days of King Herod.

On the first Christmas morning, angels sung o'er the little hamlet of Bethlehem, "Peace on en earth, good will toward men;' and though nearly sixty generations have passed since that event, shall we not to day

——with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again,
To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men.

Let our hearts responding
To the seraph band,
Wish this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land.
Word and deed and prayer
Speed the grateful sound;
Bidding Merry Christmas
All the world around.

CHRISTMAS IS COMMING.

As the holidays are near at hand we would call the attention of our readers to the glad fact, and advise them one and all to begin now to make some preparation for their proper observance and enjoyment. Christmas is coming near with all its happy and hallowed associations and reminiscences. The time for reunions, social gratulations, family gatherings and family dinners. The children's joyous heart-leaping, in anticipation,—when their glad eyes sparkle like diamonds and their faces glow with jubilant love or at least they ought to. It is a time for general expression of love and gratitude by the old and the young. It was and is a glad day for the whole world It is the day upon which God's greatest gift was bestowed upon a sinful world, A gift which demands all the love and gratitude the heart of man is capable of rendering—and all the joy that a creature of grace can express.

Let us remember then, for we ought to remember it, that God is first in this happy annual, in the gift of his Son to us, and from this we learn to be benevolent, kind, generous toward one another. If we love God, we will also love one another and especially our own dear ones. Then let the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the children, the friends, the neighbors be prepared to make and give to each other some token or gift of friendship gratitude and love on Christmas morning. Let the rich not forget the poor, the employer his servant or the servant his master. The true value of a gift lies not in its intrinsic market value, but in the hand and heart that gives it. Though it may be small; yet if it comes from a warm, loving heart it is of the highest worth.

Let every one try to make another happy at least for once. If the husband has been morose and sour, let him smile on that morning—a little—and his wife will do happy; or, if the wife has been fitty and vexatious let her appear bland and serene like a calm kitten throughout the day. It is a grand time to begin to sober every way and lay the foundation for a better and happier life. Let every face be prepared to be beautiful, sweet, redolent with love on Christmas; it will be the very best answering for Turkey [illegible]

Figuring for Christmas.

A newsboy, with three or four morning papers under his arm, called into a Woodward avenue jewelry store yesterday morning and inquired:

"Kin you tell me the price of a woman's gold watch—one o' them kind as winds up by twistin' the knob?'

"You mean a stem-winder," answered the clerk; "you can get a pretty good one for about $60,"

"Jist sixty?"

"Yes."

"And how much for a dimond pin—one most as big as a bean?

"Well about $300."

"Three hundred'll take it will they?"

"Yes."

"Thanks," said the boy, as he backed out. He sat down with his back to the wall, figured with a pencil on the margin of one of his papers, and presently soli loquized:

"Three hundred for the pin, and sixty more for the watch—that's three hundred and sixty. Them's my Santa Claus presents for maw and paw, and I've got eighty one cents in hand and two weeks more to work in! Yere's your mornin' papers."

Assignee's Sale!

THE undersigned, Assignee of W. G. Lutz of Jackson township, Snyder Co. Pa., will expose to Public Sale, on the premises in the town of Kratzerville, on

Monday, December 30th, 1878,

The following described Real Estate, to wit A certain

Lot of Ground

situate in the town aforesaid, bounded by Public Road and lands of Henry Brouse, Simon Beaver, Philip Herman, and Henry Beaver, containing (6) Perches, whereon are erected a good Two-Story

House, Bank Barn,

and other necessary outbuildings, a well of good water convenient to the house—choice fruit trees on the premises.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by

PERCIVAL HERMANN,
Dec. 12, 1878. Assignee.

NOTICE.

A petition will be presented at the meeting of the General Assembly praying that body to enact a special law for the County of Snyder to increase the premium of bounty on Fox and Wild-cat scalps to two dollars.

JOHN FETTEROLF, JR.
JOHN FETTEROLF, SR.
ANDREW EBERS,
ISRAEL BOWNY,
JOHN S. HENDRICKS.
Dec. 12, '78.

TAKE NOTICE!

ALL parties indebted to us are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those who have any claims against the firm will please present the same at once, owing to the fact that the firm is now in process of dissolution.

WEIS & OPPENHEIMER.
Dec. 5, '78. Selinsgrove, Pa.

EX-SOLDIERS ATTENTION.

Pensions procured for soldiers of the late war, disabled in anyway by wounds, rupture, disease of any kind, or by accidental injuries.

PENSIONS INCREASED.

A large number of those now receiving pensions are now entitled to an INCREASE under late laws. All soldiers discharged for WOUNDS, RUPTURE, or MECHANICAL INJURY, entitled to FULL bounty. All business done by correspondence, same as if you were personally present. Where the soldier is dead the widow and heirs are entitled.—All soldiers and their widows of the war of 1812 are now entitled to a pension.

I also procure Patents for Inventors. Every soldier who sees this notice should send me his address on Postal card and receive in return a SAMPLE COPY FREE, of the

"National Citizen Soldier,"

a paper published at the National Capitol, giving all the latest information about Pensions and Bounty and Land, to all soldiers and their heirs. Correspondence solicited from all. Address with stamp,

N. W. FITZGERALD,
U. S. Claim Attorney,
Dec. 12, '78.4w. Box 565, Washington, D. C.

$1,000 IN PREMIUMS!

And Commissions to All.

AGENTS WANTED

In every Post Town in the United States to send subscription for the

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

Send five cents for copy and terms to agents.

Hawkeye Publishing Co.,
Dec.5,6w. Burlington, Iowa.

Assignee's Notice.

All persons interested are hereby notified that Sem E. Danberman of Jackson twp., Snyder Co., Pa., has made an assignment of all his effects, both real and personal to the undersigned for the benefit of creditors. All persons having claims are requested to present them to the undersigned, and those indebted will please make immediate payment.

J. T. SMITH.
Nov., 28, 1878. Assignee.

Assignee Notice.

ALL persons interested are hereby notified that W. G. LUTZ, of Jackson twp., Snyder Co., made an assignment of all his effects, real and personal to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons having claims are requested to present them to the undersigned, and persons indebted will please make immediate payment.

PERCIVAL HERMANN,
Nov. 21, '78. Assignee.

Assignee Notice.

ALL persons interested are hereby notified that Henry Reeser of West [illegible] Co., made an assignment [illegible] All [illegible]

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. Hartranft.
Lieutenant Governor—John Latta.
Secretary of the Commonwealth—J. B. Linn.
Deputy Sec. of the Commonwealth—Thos. McCamant.
Private Sec. to the Governor—Chester N. Farr, Jr.
Chief Clerk—C. F. Warden.
Attorney General—George Lear.
Deputy Attorney General—Lyman D. Gilbert.
Auditor General—Wm. F. Schell.
State Teasurer—Amos C. Noyes.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—William M'Candless.
Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan and Common Schools—J. P. Wickersham.
Adjutant General—James W. Latta.
Commissioner of Insurance—J. M. Foster.
State Librarian—C. L. Ehrenfeld.
Commissioners of Public Charities—G. Dawson Coleman, Philadelphia; General Agent and Sec., Diller Luther, Reading.
Fishery Commissioners—Benjamin L. Hewit, Howard J. Reeder, and James Duffy.

JUDICIARY.

United States Supreme Court.

Chief Justice—Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio.
Associate Justices—Clifford, of Maine; Swayne, of Ohio, Miller, of Iowa; Field, of California, Strong, of Pennsylvania, Bradley, of New Jersey; Hunt, of New York.
Recorder—Wm. Todd Otto, 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 Trunkey.

Twentieth 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 Krebbs.
Surveyor—George B. Benfer.
Auditors—Daniel Deifenbach, Ner B. Middleswarth, W. A. Glass.

LEVI RELLER,

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

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFA LOUNGES, STANDS, CHAIRS, &c.

☞A special invitation is extended to newly married folks to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

LEVI RELLER
Selinsgrove, April 6, 1870-tf

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows

MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 50 a. m.
Pacific Express	3 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 42 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	5 29 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 50 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 08 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 54 a. m.
Mail	3 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.		EASTWARD.	
	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 55	5 25
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 46	5 33
McVeytown	11 14	4 27	10 34	5 46
Manayunk	11 25	4 37	10 25	5 52
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 19	5 55
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	10 10	6 07

The Pacific Express west can be flagged at McVeytown at 4 43 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 23 p. m.

GEORGE B. BENFER.

County Surveyor
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.

Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.
July 25th, '78, pd.

YOU WILL BE SORRY

if you replace that old Pump with a new one and do not first carefully examine the

Buckeye Force Pump,

The Buckeye is the very latest improvement in Pumps. It is constructed with Air-chambers which make it very easy to operate. Hose can be attached to the Buckeye Pump, and water can be thrown upon any building in case of fire. You can water your Garden and Yard, Wash Windows, Wash Buggies, and have a

FIRE ENGINE

ever ready on your own premises at no more than an ordinary pump. It

Cannot Freeze

in cold weather. Durable beyond a doubt. The very pump for deep wells. Two working parts are better unknown and valves within a perfectly tight metal chamber. Nothing of Leather about it. The

Iron Turbine Wind Engine

is also great improvement in Wind Engines. Called on to pump or saw wood, or for any purpose [illegible]

W. S. [illegible]