Advertising Rates.

One column one year, $60.00
One-half column, one year, 30.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
One square (10 lines) 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
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

The Post.

VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 9, 1879. NO. 31

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening by
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or [illegible] if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

WINTER SONG.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Summer joys are o'er ;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintery winds are sweeping ;
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song ;
Ice bound trees are glittering ;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

Miscellaneous.

The Oldest Printer.

"Fifty-seven years at the case, said the foreman of the *World* composing room to the reporter last week, as he pointed to and old grey-bearded man picking type in the corner of the room. The old man stood where the sunlight fell upon him, and he was chewing tobacco under his green shade and clicking the type unconcernedly. "He never stops chewing. He comes down here at six o'cock in the morning and works till six in the evening. He never eats a morsel nor takes a drop to drink ; he lives on tobacco.'

"Uncle Bob," said the reporter, as he approached the old type setter and touched him on the shoulder, "how old are you ?"

The old gentleman looked up kindly into the reporter's eyes and answered : "I was seventy-five day before yesterday.'

His name is Robert Tappan, but everybody calls him Uncle Bob. "I was born in Kingston, Ulster county, in 1803. I entered the office of my uncle—the *Ulster Plebeian*—in 1821. I worked on the same press that Jesse Buell used. I came to New York in 1824 on the James Kent, and we took Lafayette on board at West Point and brought him to New York with us. When I came to New York I went into Major Noah's office, the *Inquirer*, than on the *Courier and Inquirer*, where I worked steadily for twenty-one years. Mr Webb presented me with a magnificent Bible and I've kept it twenty four years.'

On the day following the above "Uncle Bob" came down to the office with the Bible in a basket. "Here," he said, as he opened the book and pointed to the fly leaf, "Read this :"

Presented to Robert Tappan on Xmas 1854, as a slight testimony of respect and regard for his character and appreciation of his valuable and faithful services in the office of the Courier and Inquirer from 1832 to the present time, by his friend,
J. WATSON WEBB.
December 25, 1854.

The old man then whiped out his genealogical record written with blue ink on a narrow slip of paper. It was so far back that it was perplexing to dive for. He skipped a few generations as he pointed about an inch from the top of the slip, and said : "I've got a pair of sleeve-buttons belonging to Christopher Kiersted, who was the father of my grandfather Luke. Luke was a surgeon in the revolution with Washington at Newburg.

And then, as he traveled by a pan handle route over the blue ink, he said : "A grand-nephew of Governor George Clinton married my grandfather's sister. I was married on the 16th of December, 1831, to Maria C. Lowe, of Flatbush, whose grandfather was Colonel Bauman, of the artillery regiment that placed the flagstaff on the battery on the day the British evacuated New York. He was afterwards appointed first postmaster of New York.'

"Uncle Bob" lives in Brooklyn with one of his married sons. He is fond of life and enjoyment, and on Hallow eve played "blind man's bluff" and "button, button," as lively as any of the family. He has been at work on the *World* ever since he left the *Courier and Inquirer*, which is now fifteen years.

"You have read many hand-writings in your time, haven't you, Uncle Bob ?"

"Yes, indeed ; but old Bennett' was the worst I ever tackled,' he answered. And once more the click of his type sounded in the corner.—*New York World.*

A letter recently produced in a breach of promise suit as evidence contained the following sentence : "Dearest love—I swallowed the postage stamp on your letter, because I knew your lips had touched it."

A Meriden watchmaker has made a steam engine weighing only fifteen grains [illegible]

For The Post.

European Correspondent.

LETTER No. 18.

Naples.

Leaving Geneva by the morning train we go by way of Mt. Cenis tunnel, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and Civita Vechia to Rome without stopping. Remaining here long enough to make rail road connections, we are on board the train for Naples, which we reach early in the morning just forty-seven hours after leaving Geneva. Our first view of the Mediterranean is by moonlight at Genoa, and for several hours we are in constant sight of it. The early morning finds us on the lookout for the leaning tower at Pisa, which we do not see from the train, but have seen before. Until noon, when we reach Rome, we are much of the time on the shore of the sea. We pass in plain sight of the island of Elba, and perhaps see the dim outlines of Corsica in the far distance. Beyond Rome we are away from the sea, and passing through places familiar to every classical student. Of the many we can only mention Capua, which was the winter quarters of Hannibal, and where the insurrection of the gladiators under Sparticus commenced. The speech of Sparticus to the gladiators, so dear to every school boy's heart, come back to me, and I looked about for some gladiator with short sword, helmet and shield, but saw only a full rigged Itallian officer strutting about the depot. A little later while the freshness and beauty of early morning yet hung upon the vineyards and orange groves of this almost tropical climate, we reach Naples, the light of Italy, its largest city and paradise of travelers. Naples has a population of 400,000 and is most delightfully situated on the bay of the same name whose wonderful beauty has been recognized for nearly 3000 years.

On our long ride along the quay to our hotel we realize that we are indeed in a strange city and in the midst of a people and productions different from any we have before known. In the markets, which seem to be all only pieces of canvass to keep off the sun, were peaches, grapes, oranges, lemons, aloes and nectarines from Sorrento just across the bay, pomegranates, olives, figs, and several other fruits of which even the names are unknown to us. Barefooted men and women, and half dressed or entirely nude children are to be seen everywhere. In the two miles along the quay an artist could pick out a dozen "Neapolitan Fisher Boys," while men clothed only in two garments stretch out at full length upon the stone pavements and sleep.

All kinds of work are carried on in the street in front of the houses Barbers, shoemakers, harness makers and clothes dealers often have every thing out on the sidewalk. Women cook, wash and iron, care for their babies, sew, knit, smoke and do all kinds of housbold work on the streets. Two or three times we even saw them going through the children's heads and hunting game with a fine tooth comb. In places there were large yards in which strips of macaroni ten feet long, hanging over poles, were drying in the open air, exposed to whatever of dirt the beezes of heaven might bring them from the street.

Every thing about us shows that we are among a strange kind of people, and in a southern climate. The narrow streets, and high houses with a balcony in front of each window, the braying of the ceaseless clatter of wheels and snapping of whips, the harsh screaming of the peddlers, the undaunted impudence of beggars, guides and carriage drivers, all combine to give the traveler something new at every turn.

The national characteristic of the inhabitants of Naples, as far as they have any, has always been and is now, a love of the enjoyment of the present and an entire disregard of the wants of the future. Of all the Italians the Neopolitants are the happiest and the poorest, the laziest and dirtiest and the least given to mourning the misfortunes of the past, or the wants of the future. The bare legged lazzaroni with an empty stomach and not a single *soldo* in his pocket or any prospect of his getting one, will curl up in some warm corner and go to sleep as contentedly as through he were a millionaire.

Probably no finer or more varied view is to be had in all Italy than from the Carmedoli, former monastery, on a lofty hill at the back of the city. It includes all of the matchless bay of Naples with its numerous islands, much of the city below, on the left Mt. Vesuvius with its vine covered base, and miles of fertile plain dotted with numerous villages, while in the opposite direction stretches the open sea. The wonderful beauty of the situation and its surroundings has given rise to the Italian saying, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*" (See Naples and die. [illegible]

[illegible] articles which are here preserved. Among these are various housbold and domestic articles, many of which are of similar shape to those in use with us. There was a plane which a modern carpenter would handle with ease. I do not know how many articles there are in all but I saw one numbered 10,878. There are a great many statues, bronzes and vases, in a more or less perfect state, which have been exhumed. One room contains grains of various kinds, bread, meat and some eggs which came from the buried city. There are all charred and would not be recognizld except by their form. There is also a glass bottle filled with oil, which is in a good condition and not dried up. One of the most interesting rooms to me contains the Library of the Papyri, which was discovered in a villa near Herculaneum. These rolls were completely encrusted with ashes, and they were supposed for a long time to be valueless. Originally there were 3,000 of them, but only 1,800 are now preserved. They are charred and are as black as coal. The inner bark of the papyrus plant was pasted together forming a long roll, and on this the writing was done with the writing was done with the stylus. It was for a long time thought impossible to unroll them but at length an ingenious machine was made by which they are carefully unrolled after being moistened. Two or three of these were at work at the time of our visit. Several hundred papyri have been unrolled and read, but they are mostly of little value. There are also human figures encrusted in ashes, which were found in various places in the buried city.

In the afternoon we go by train a ride of forty minutes to Pompeii, where we at once engage a guide for the visit to the buried city.—Pompeii was destroyed during the great eruption of 79, by a cloud of hot ashes, and by subsequent falls of volcanic matter, until at present it is covered with a deposite twenty feet in thickness. For three hundred years after its destruction the ruins were dug into and ransacked for marble and other treasures until it was supposed that everything of value had been removed. For the next 1,400 years, the buried city was neglected and almost forgotten. A little more than a hundred years ago excavations were again commenced, but it is only within the last twenty years, since they have been taken in hand by the government, that they have been conducted in a systematic manner, and any thing like satisfactory results obtained. Every thing which can be readily moved, and even the more important frescoes, as soon as found are taken to the Museum at Naples. An area of about 63 acres has already been excavated, which is supposed to include the most important third of the city If the work is continued at the same rate as now it well take about seventy years to complete it and well cost $1,000,000. The streets are regularly laid out, the main ones 24 ft. wide the narrower ones 14 ft only. They were originally will paved with large square blocks of lava, which have been worn into deep ruts by wagon wheels. At the corners of the streets are stepping stone projecting nearly a foot above the pavement for the convenience of pedestrians in muddy weather, and at the same places there are often remains of fountains, or notices painted in real letters, generally relating to municipal affairs. The houses are mostly built of concrete, and covered with a coating of marble or plaster which was ornamented with paintings in bright colors, red being particularly noticeable. Most of the houses have stairways showing that they were more than one story high and one of them has a charred second story remaining which was built of wood and projected over the street. The shobs which were small were open on the street the whole width of the front and closed at night with wooden shutters. The private houses, particularly those of the wealthy, were built around an open court, and had only solid wall on the out side, with a single entrance from the street. As these walls were built up to the line of the street, and had almost no windows, a walk through a street occupied entirely with residences must have been a dismal affair. Within, the rooms of the houses generally opened into some court, which was an uncovered square, containing a fountain or flower garden. All the walls were brilliantly painted and the floors frequently inlaid with mosaics. With the bronze ornaments and statuary, and the inlaid furniture these houses must have been cheerful and very pleasant. It was with mingled awe and pleasure that we wandered amid these remains of the every day life of the Romans, and nothing we have ever seen except the ruins at Rome has ever impressed us so vividly with the *reality* of those ancient times. As we study them carefully in connection with the museums both here and at Naples, and see the implements of their every day life and labor, we lose something of the [illegible]

[illegible] of those old heroic times dwindles away into the real bread and butter occupations of our modern hum drum life.

Late one rainy morning our party left the hotel in carriages for the ascent of Vesuvious by way of Resina. A ride of considerable more than an hour, all the way along a built up street, brings us to Resina, where we engage a guide and mules. The carriage way winds up the side of the mountain, through vineyards and highly cultivated fields until it comes to the overflow of 1872, over which for nearly an hour the road winds until the Hermitage is reached which is the limit of carriage travel. This lava stream is black and lies in great waves and ridges, such as would be formed by a semi-fluid mass rolling down the mountain, stiffening as it cooled. It is the ideal of desolation itself, not a green thing being able to live upon it.

From the Hermitage one can go by foot or by mule over a rough path to the base of the cone which reached in about an hour. This rises 1,500 feet, and the ascent can only be made on foot. As the cone rises at an angle of about 35 degrees and consists of slag and loose ashes which slip back under the feet at every step, the climb is most fatiguing. The traveler is beset with men who offer their services and *will* help unless they are resolutely and energetically repulsed Some go just ahead and extend a strap to the traveler by which he can be partly pulled up, while others get behind and "boost," and by these combined means even the weakest finally reach the top.

From the edge of the crater is a magnificent panorama. Before us we see the country for miles around, the bay, the city and far out at sea, while turning around we look down into the smoking pit, some two hundred feet below us. Clambering down the hot, steaming sides we are at last at the very mouth of the crater, and to all appearances at the entrance to the infernal regions. The night before our ascent, the first display of the present season of activity had taken place and the sky was lighted up with flames from the burning mountain. We found that there had been a small overflow during the night, and that some two acres of the bottom of the inner crater had been covered with lava, which by the time we reached it had a cool crust an inch or more thick on which we could walk with care. Through the cracks in it we could see the red hot mass not two inches under our feet. The guides cooked eggs in these cracks, and pressed coins in the melted lava attached to them. We could hear the melted mass in the interior of the mountain surge from side to side as it boiled, and as often as once a minute melted lava would be thrown into the air torough the little cone in the inner crater, and fall near us. The air was full of sulphur fumes, which were at times so oppressive that we could hardly breatu. Great masses of pure sulphur were scattered all around us.

At the end of half an hour we were glad to clamber up the side of the crater, out of the "jaws of hell," and with another long look at the grand view before us we scrambled down the steep side of the cone and returned to the city. After this we shall have all faith in the power of Vesuvius, and when we read that during an eruption it threw a stone weighing 25 tons a distance of 15 miles, we shall shut our eyes and swallow the statement without a word of dissent.

After another visit to the Museum, and to some parts of the city not mentioned in this letter, we, with regret, take the train for Rome. We shall never forget how as we rode for miles along the ruined arches of the aqueduct, while we were entering Rome, the full moon just rising flashed through the arches which seemed to fly past us. With this vison of moonlight on the Campagnia, amid the ruins of the greatest nation and city the world has ever seen we retire for the night and in the morning will ask our readers to go with us over the "Eternal City." O. R. BURCHARD

Beauty of the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasure of man is not answered in every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, black, ugly raincloud was broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature produces not scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite [illegible]

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago.

She was a little girl till she was fifteen.

She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nice that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could fry griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made, were just as valuable to her as the $20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't" and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she was not brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers, crimping pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an over and over seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown up women do now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and house keeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She had not learned in French verbs, or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pound out "The Maiden's Prayer," and "Silver Thread Among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience and no small opportunity for observation that when it comes to keeping a family happy a good cook and house keeper is to be preferred over an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten and stay till after midnight playing euchre and dancing with any chance young man that happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise others up like her.

He didn't Want any.

The other day a well dressed stranger, carrying a valise, called into a life insurance office in Detroit and inquired if the agent was in. The agent came forward rubbing his hands, and the stranger asked :

"Do you take life insurance risks here ?"

"Yes, sir ; glad to see you, sir ; sit down sir,' replied the agent.

"What do you think of life insurance, anyway ?' inquired the stranger, as he sat down and took off his hat.

"It's a national blessing, sir—an institution which is looked upon with sovereign favor by every enlightened man and woman in America."

"That's what I've always thought,' answered the man. "Does the company pay its losses promptly ?

"Yes, sir ; yes sir. If you insured with me, and you should die to-night, I'd hand your wife a check within a week."

"Couldn't ask for anything better'n that.

"No, sir ; no, sir, the motto of our company is : "[illegible]

"You are—let me see, say thirty-five. A policy on you would cost $110 the first year.'

"That's reasonable enough '

"Yes, that's what we call low, but ours is a strong company, does a safe business, and invests only in first-class securities. If you think of taking out a policy, let me tell you that ours is the best and safest, and even the agents of rival companies will admit the truth of what I say.'

"And when I die my wife will get the money without trouble ?'

"I'll guarantee that my dear sir.'

"And I'll get a dividend every year ?'

"Yes this is a mutual company, and part of the profits come back to the policy holders.'

And it won't cost but $110 for a policy of $5,000.

"That's the figure, and it's as low as you can get insurance anywhere. Let me write you a policy. You'll never regret it.'

"Them's the blanks, I s'pose,' said the stranger, pointing to the desk.

"Yes,' replied the merchant, as he hauled one up to him and took his pen. What do you say—shall I fill out an application ?'

"No, I guess I won't take any to-day,' replied the stranger, as he unlocked his valise, "but if you want something that will take that wart off your nose inside of a week, I've got it here. It's good for corns, bunions, toothache, earache, sprains,—'

He was placing his little bottle on the table, when the agent reached over and took him by the shoulder and fiercely whispered :

"Mister man, if you don't want to become a corpse, you will not be two minutes getting out here !'

He flew.

The Bible.

Its Wise and Welcome Counsels.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminister Abbey, nameless and dateless ; but nevertheless, it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsels to the erring race of Adam.

A nation would be truly happy if it were governered by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It containes everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instructions to a senate authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and the wife as the mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and her, as well how to manage.

It entails honor to parents and enjoins obedience to children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master ; commands the subject to honor and the servants to obey, and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment and limits and use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father ; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to get his house in order, and how to make his will ; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first born, and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, overreacher and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choisest matter, gives the best instruction, affords the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profounded mysteries that were ever penned ; and it brings the very best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immorality from time everlasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matter in debate ; resolves all doubts, and cases in the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him, and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and all that trust in such ; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong ; of wisdom that condems all folly and makes the foolish wise ; a book of truth that detects all lies and confronts all errors ; and it is a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities and strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparrelled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestial and infernal worlds, and the origin [illegible]

and exercises every power to the most skiliful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist, and exercises the wisest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on ; the best deed that ever was sealed ; the best evidence that ever was produced ; the best that will ever be signed.

To understand it is to be wise indeed ; to be igorant of it is to be destitute of true wisdom.

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housekeeper's best guide, the servent's best directory, and the young man's best companion ; it is the schoolboy's spelling-book, and the great and learned man's masterpiece.

It contain's a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave, and is also its own interpreter.

It encourages the wise ; the warrior and the swift it overcomes ; it promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the winner, and the prevalent. And that which crowns all is, that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy "In whom there is no variablences or shaddow of turning.

GOVERNMENTAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President Rutherford B Hayes, Ohio.
Vice President William A. Wheeler, New York.
Secretary of State William M. Everts, 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. P. Schell.
State Treasurer—Amos C. Noyes
Secretary of Internal Affairs—William M'Candlass.
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. Karenfeld.
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.
Tressurer—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. Middlesworth, W. A. Glass.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows
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 50 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 06 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.	Westward p. m.	Eastward a. m.	Eastward p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 55	[illegible]
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 45	[illegible]
M'Veytown	11 14	4 27	10 34	[illegible]
Manayunk	11 25	4 37	10 25	[illegible]
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 19	[illegible]
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	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.

GEORGE B. BENFER.
County Surveyor.
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.
—0—
Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.
July 25th, '78, pd.

$50 [illegible]