The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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UNION PLANING MILL

SELINSGROVE, SNYDER CO., PA.

Keely & Wagner

Lumber Dealers

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Door Bonds, Windows, Shutter Window Bolts, Blinds, Sash, Stair Fixings, Hand Railings, Brackets, Newellings, Fluting, SCROLL SAWING & GUN SHOT TURNING Shingles, Lath, &c., &c.

Orders solicited and filled with prompt attention. Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere

Poetry.

ATTRACTION.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air and land;
It keeps the earth adjacent and tight,
As though strong bolts were through it,
And, what is more mysterious yet,
It binds us mortals to it.

You throw a stone up in the air,
And down it comes—how which;
The centrifugal set it up—
The centripetal—back.
My eyes I can't discover how
One object 'tracts another;
Unless they love each other, like
A sister and a brother.

I know the compass always points
Directly to the pole;
Some say the North Star causes this,
And some say—Sewn's Hole!
Perhaps it does—perhaps it don't;
Perhaps some other cause;
Keep on repeating—who can solve
Attraction's hidden laws?

A fly lights on a 'lasses cup—
Attraction binds him woe it;
And when he's in attraction keeps
The chap from paddling through it.
Attraction lures the cat to drink,
To all his troubles drawn;
But when his legs give way, he falls,
And 'traction keeps him down.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air, and land.
It operates on everything—
The sun, the tides, the weather;
And sometimes draws the sexes up,
And binds them fast together.

—*Scientific American.*

Miscellaneous.

Thoughts on the Close of the Year.

What is time? Austin said: "I know what it is," I have some conception of it; but if any one would ask me, What is time? I would say I cannot tell. Time is measured duration—a moment of space lying between two eternities, eternity past and eternity to come. Wesley says: "Time is a fragment of eternity broken off at both ends." Time is that period of duration which commenced when the world began, and will continue while the world endures and which is measured by the revolutions of suns, planets and systems. Time is distinguished from eternity, in that time had its beginning and will have an end; but when did eternity begin, and when will it end? Time is the record of the past, present and future, it is a brief point of space thrown off from eternity, and is winging its course back to eternity. Time is divided into periods. It is made up of seconds, minutes, hours days, weeks, months and years. This distribution of time into periods enables us to systematize and economize time, in the discharge of the personal and relative duties of life.

Death will be the end of time to me, and the judgment day will be the consummation of time itself. At the loud blast of the angel's trumpet the last foot fall of time will be heard, then duration will cease and eternity begin.

Time is ever rolling onward, bringing the future down to the present and throwing the present back to the past; it will sweep onward, until it covers every moment of space, absorbs every point of duration and is finally lost amid the endless cycles of eternity. Time is passing away, it admits of no delay, it consents to no postponement, it waits for no one. We are often astonished at the rapidity with which time passes; days, months and years are speeding onward, and we are winging our flight with them, though often unconcious of the speed we are making. It is said that in making a balloon ascension you seem to be stationary, while the earth seems to recede from you. So we seem to be stationary while time is moving on. Old age creeps in upon us silently and imperceptibly, while we are yet dreaming of youth.

A child waits impatiently for the roll of years which shall bring on the period of Manhood; the youth looks upon old age as far distant in the future, whilst the aged look back to childhood as the scene and events of yesterday. When we speak of time past we sometimes exclaim: "How time flies!" but with passing remark there is often no purpose formed to improve the present moment. The present time is as often freely squandered as the past has been. How few reflect that time is short, and that the momentous interests often involved in the improvement of it.

Time is even in its course and regular in its flight. The earth moves on, the planets revolve, the seasons come and go in regular succession, day and night succeed each other alternately, seconds are succeeded by minutes, minutes by hours and hours by days. To us time does not seem even in its course and regular in its flight. Sometimes it drags its slow pace along, and then again it seems rapid in its flight. The position we are in, the circumstances surrounding us, the duties we have to perform, the good we anticipate, and the evils we deprecate, make to us this irregularity in the course of time. When we contemplate time to come how long it appears. It creeps along with the pace of a snail, and we often grow impatient with delay; when we contemplate time past, we can scarcely realize how swiftly it passes away. Years past seem to us but the events of yesterday.

Time is valuable to us. It is the measure of our existence, the period of our probation, the vestibule of eternity, the connecting link with the future world. It is our seed time, sowing time, working time and our school time, in which to prepare character and graduate for eternity.

Time is available in the application of it. It has its claims upon us—temporal claims, to serve the body; mental claims, to serve the mind; moral claims, to serve the soul.

Time is valuable when we consider the brief portion allotted to us. The days of our years are three score and ten, and if by reason of strength they may be four score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away. But few enjoy so large a portion of time. Most do not reach half that period. Then strike off all necessary deduction, say ten years for childhood, one third more for sleep, and how short is the longest life.

Time is valuable in its influence upon us. It is a panacea to heal our wounds, and to assuage our sorrow. We receive wounds often which time only can heal. We meet with troubles, losses and bereavements, and we are bowed with grief, and we think we can never recover from it and never be happy again. But time rolls on and we forget our sorrows, and sunshine cheerfulness is brought to our homes and hearts again. There is no wound so deep that time cannot heal. It is well it is so, or life would be a burden to us. Time is valuable in the improvement of it. Time cannot be purchased, it cannot be accumulated, but it can be improved by carefully using it, and devoting it to a good purpose. Each day is made up of twenty-four hours, and each year of 365 days. Now suppose we systematize our time in order to its economy and improvement; say we take seven hours for sleep, two hours for our meals and rest, and ten hours for labor—making nineteen hours in all, leaving five hours to be devoted to mental and moral improvement, and in doing good. Thus there is time for every purpose. Another year has gone. What have we done? What do we purpose to do in the year to come?

"The bell strikes one—we take no note of time,
But from its loss to give it then a meaning
Its voice in man. As it an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity."

Inquirer Examiner.

Baptized by Mistake.

Some of our worthy colored brethren of the Baptist persuasion, says an exchange, had a baptism down at the cross last Sunday, and the ceremony attracted a very large crowd of people. Mrs. Pitman's colored servant girl was not her Sunday out, she slipped away from the house while the dinner was cooking, and went around in her working clothes. Her interest was so intense that she stood close to the minister, who was in the water while the ceremony proceeded. After six or seven had been dipped, the clergyman filled with enthusiasm, seized her and pulled her into the water. She resisted, but the minister imagined that she was afraid of the coldness of the water, so before she could explain the situation he got a hustler. She came up spluttering, and exclaimed:

"What you doin? Lemme go, I tell you!"

But he exerted his strength, and sent her "ker-chuck" below the surface again. She emerged, clawing the air wildly and shouting:

"G'way from here! Don't you chuck me under again, you nigger!"

But the clergyman was inexorable, and he plunged her under a third time, and held her there for a minute, so as to let it sink in and do her good. Then she came up and struck for the shore, and standing there looking like a draggled mermaid cut in ebony, she shook her fist at the astonished pastor, and shrieked:

"Oh, I'll fix you! I'll bust the head off'n you, you ornary trash! 'sposin' me in dat dare crick and nearly drownded me, when you know well enough all de time dat I'se a Methodist, and bin christened by dum dat's yer betters, and knows more about religion than all de Baptisses dat ever shouted, you mis'able black scump! and me got the rheumatiz bad enough to set me crazy! Oh, I'll see what de law can do for you! I'll have you 'rested dis very day, or my name's not Johnson Johnson, you woolly headed herrin! You hear me?"

Then Johnson went home to redress and the ceremony proceeded. Miss Johnson is now persuaded that the Baptists are not any better than pagans.

Among a lot of twelve bales of rags recently sold by a New York dealer, the buyer, to his surprise found one containing twelve fine gentlemen's shirts, worth about $2 a piece.

Josh Billings on Beer.

I hav finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I hav been told by a German who drunk it all nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home sober in the morning. I have seen the same man drink eighteen glasses and if he was drunk it was in German, and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and I have no objekt in stating what was not strictly thru.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, that made my head outwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over was than I did was I got hum that nite. My wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid I should'n't, for it seemed as if everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface; and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would hav cum thundering up too.

O, how sick I wuz! It year ago, and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating I shud believe him, but if he shud tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite but that my stummick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I wasn't drunk that nite, I had some of the most mean all sensations that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I was just over two hours on the road, and a mule busted thru each one of my pantaloon legs, and didn't hav any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell pull and uncupel awfully and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and, sitting down on a cheer, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when I wuz going round, and I set down a little too soon and missed the cheer about twelve inches, and couldn't get up soon enuff to take the next one that came along; and that ain't all, my wife and I wuz as drunk as a beest, and as I said before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not an intoxicating drink, it must strangely make fools of folks.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I hav been told so, and I am probably the only man living who ever drunk any when his liver was not plunk.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink any more it will be with all hands tied behind and mi mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxicating, but if I remember right, I think it tasted to me like a glass of soap suds that a pickle had been put to soak in.

Ned, You Do Love Me.

There are two long wooden piers at Cape May—they are about six hundred feet—and as they are provided with seats, refreshment stands and the like, they are the resort of hundreds in the evening. Much promenading and dancing is on foot, as there as well as along the plank walk running for more than a mile along the sand. Any one can scarcely escape hearing a deal of soft things and nonsense in that quarter, and some of the things that greet him are positively embarrassing. I was trying last summer to pass a couple ahead of me and before I could do so these phrases fell upon my ear:

'Yes really love me?'

'Devotedly.'

'But you should not tell me so, for you know I am married.'

'So am I; therefore we are equal.'

'Do two wrongs make one right?'

'In love, yes.'

'But what will my husband say when he hears of it?'

'He won't hear of it, probably; but if he does he won't care.'

'Won't care? What do you mean?'

'He is in love with another woman.'

'How do you know?'

'I heard him say so.'

'To whom?'

'To my wife.'

'You are jesting!'

'Never more serious in my life.'

'Are you sure?'

'I swear it.'

'Then it's no harm?'

'Not a bit. His infidelity absolves you from your allegiance.'

'Ned, you do love me?'

'Passionately.'

'Darling!'

The faithful discharge of a duty disagreeable to others maketh the heart of the righteous to rejoice.

Sweet potatoes are raised in Los Angeles county Cal, weighing twenty six pounds each.

An ounce of keep your mouth shut is better than a pound of explanations after you have said it.—[Free Press.

Ingersoll the Infidel.

Col. Robert G., or, as he is generally called, 'Bob' Ingersoll is a native of the western part of New York; but, when very young, removed with his parents to Ohio, and afterward to Illinois. His youth was passed on native prairies and in primeval forests, and he grew up independent in character and ragged in constitution. While in his teens, he left home, drifted around, picked up an education, studied law, and soon acquired a local reputation in Southern Illinois as an eloquent pleader. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, who was very strict, but allowed 'Bob,' always a skeptic, to express his radical opinions because he wanted him to tell the truth. Ingersoll is said to be one of the most, if not the most, popular of lecturers. His infidel opinions prevent his engagement in regular courses, and his dissertations on theologic topics are attended mostly by men, either young or old; but women flock to hear him, and are greatly pleased when he speaks on subjects of a domestic nature. He received $1,200 for one lecture in San Francisco, reputed to be the largest sum ever made at one time by any lecturer. His wife and children share his heterodox views, and have always done so. They are said to love him devotedly, and his home life is described as happiness itself. Neither of his two daughters now young women, has ever been inside of a church, even when they were traveling in Europe. From his profession and lectures he earns from $40,000 to $70,000 a year, and spends most of it. He gives away a great deal in charity, believing that when a man saves he becomes selfish and begins to putrify. He now calls Washington home, and his practice there is mainly parliamentary law. He has a host of friends who are warmly attached to him, and he is reputed to provide life to be as lovable as he is entertaining.

Sliding Down a Mountain.—The trail leading to the Matamoras mine is both steep and narrow, and skirts along the side of Prospect Mountain from the base to almost the summit. In places the descent from it is very precipitous, falling off almost perpendicularly for a distance of two and three hundred feet. Several pack mules have been killed by being pushed off at these points, but never has any one happened to the handy miners and prospectors who pass over it until yesterday, and this fortunately was not a fatal one. The snow had already attained a depth of several feet, making it particularly dangerous, because the surface was treacherous. In one place the trail had to be turned to escape a huge rock, and in doing so it passed within a few feet of the edge of the precipice. Here the snow had drifted to a depth of about ten feet, and the unfortunate man, in passing around the rock, broke through the crust and went down the mountain side with the speed of a cannon ball. He was unable to check himself in any way, and could only hope that he would not be dashed to pieces at the bottom. He struck the snow at the base of the mountain, and sank into it to a depth of about twenty feet. He was not hurt, and was able to walk to camp.—*Leadville Chronicle.*

Sounder than by Steam.

The following "rules" are posted up in a store in town, and are certainly explicit enough for all practical purposes:

The proprietor is not in; don't know when he will be.

We have no money to lend, but borrow all we can.

The person who repeats anything from "Pinafore" will be bounced.

Don't want any suspenders; got a loft full up stairs.

Don't want any lead pencils; buy them by the ton.

Are not in want of soap; have a contract for it.

No shoe blacking required; we wear patent leathers.

Cuffins provided for book agents and canvassers.

Bull dogs in the cellar; feed him on pedlers.

Office hours for tramps from 11 p. m. to 5 a. m.

All beggars are bounced,
Bouncer goes by steam.

Professor Edison has in part at least fulfilled his promise to light up the little town in which he lives. He had his lamps up, and for hours continuously they sent out a clear, steady light, eminently satisfactory to all who saw it. So much, therefore, of his boast has been fulfilled. Two other things remain for time to test—these are, first, the durability of his carbon burners and vacuum lamps, and, secondly, the declared cheapness of the light. He is as positive as ever that all he promised will be realized, that it will be found the new light is cheaper than ordinary gas, and the expense for electricity much less costly.

When does the farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

The Predicted Fate of the Earth.

The Apostle Peter, in his second epistle, announced the approach of the time when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up." What has modern science to say to the possibility of a catastrophe such as that shadowed forth in a comparatively unconscious age, eighteen centuries ago? Mr. R. A. Proctor, writing in his latest volume, "The Flowers of the Sky," remarks: "It is no longer a mere fancy that each star is a sun, evidence has made this an assured fact, which no astronomer thinks of doubting. We know that in certain respects each star resembles our sun. Each is giving like our sun with an intense heat. We know that in each star processes resembling in violence those taking place in our own sun must be continually in progress, and that such processes must be accompanied by a force and tumult, compared with which all the forces of upheaval known upon our earth are as absolute silence. The crash of the thunderbolt, the bellowing of the volcano, the awful quivering of the earthquake, the roar of the hurricane, the reverberating peal of loudest thunder, any of these or all combined, are as nothing compared with the tumult raging over every square mile, every square yard of the surface of each one among the stars."

He proceeds to describe, with considerable confidence, two appearances witnessed in the heavens within the last few years—in 1866, when the tenth magnitude star (that is, four magnitudes below the lowest limit of the naked eye vision) in the constellation of the Northern Crown suddenly shone as a second magnitude star, afterward rapidly diminishing in lustre, and in 1876, when a new star became visible in the constellation Cygnus subsequently fading again so as to be only perceptible by means of a telescope.

After telling the conclusions deduced from the application of the most approved instruments to these observations, Mr. Proctor remarks pertinently: "A change to our own sun, such as attended the star in Cygnus, or that other star in the Northern Crown, would unquestionably destroy every living creature on the face of this earth, not excluding even those plants of the simplest form. Our sun is the Northern Crown star, still with more than its former splendor, the earth is the Cygnus star, with its scorched continents and dried-up seas, its dead forests and its cities in ruins."

Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed, the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris is not unfrequently terminates in this way, for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as speedily as does excessive pleasure.

There may be what is called a fatty degeneracy of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement.

Sometimes the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickening of that action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the part and a bulging of the walls of the vessel. Hence it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the tissues.

Every one is fully aware of the well known fact that quick and strongly any emotion whatever acts upon the heart—known from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self-control at all times is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Model Love Letter.

My Dear Dear Harry.—I embrace the present opportunity to let you know as to how I am had a spell of sugar. Hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same. Bessie's Why don't you ride a sweet line to your suffern Katrina all about the pretty sweet Henry. Oh! My sweetheart—my darkie dove—my pidgeon—my dear honey how my soul is longin for your sweet voice—think I hear him singin yanky doodle as he comes from his plow row. On my dear heart do come home and let me get married. So no more at present but remain your dear loving.

Kathrina An Tilden

They must marry.

P. S. Pat Sailed, Joanna Brown her cried a most hours, and she did not know why, but she does that sometimes when she is full. Another year. My sweete honey love, my sleep hours, and if you love me I won't sleep your soland, for a week or so. My sweete honey, we'll would Lick, at remedy else, we'll would Billy says so how can you do so long already. So no more at present, but remain your dear loving.

P. S. Pat Hazel.

my pen is bad, my ink is pail,
my love to you shall never fale,
my heart is my own honey,
my love my dark, my turkle dove.

P. S. Nelly Flour, Mother is dead, and Father has the fever, so no more at present from your loving

Kathrina An

To my fair lovers over the Nally-ganies in Pennsylvania State.

Words of Wisdom.

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

All other knowledge is lustful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

Hatred is so durable and obstinate that reconciliation on a sick bed is a sign of death.

A merry heart doeth good like medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Circumstances form the character, but, like petrifying matters, they harden while they form.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.

During the deluge, Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife an ark angel.

It is easier for a rich man to go through a needless sigh than to sign a subscription for a new church.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, "especially when yer sweetheart is wid yer."

Whether old age is to be respected or not depends much on whether it applies to men and women, or poultry.

The health officer of Philadelphia reports that during the year which ended last week there was 16,251 deaths in that city.

A walnut tree, within three quarters of a mile of Anderson Station on the Chattanooga Railroad, has just been sold for $175.

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"ON MY BACK" HUNT'S REMEDY. The Great Kidney and Liver Medicine, strengthens the Back, Sides or Loins, and all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver Bladder and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weakness, and Diseases of Infancy. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for these diseases.

From Rev. E. G. Taylor, D. D., Pastor First Baptist Church.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 8, '79.

I am testify in the virtues of HUNT'S REMEDY in Kidney Disease from actual trial, having been greatly benefited by its use. E. G. TAYLOR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 19, 1878.

MR. E. CHARLES—Dear Sir: Having witnessed the wonderful effects of HUNT'S REMEDY in many cases, and in a great variety of cases, I can recommend it as the best and most valuable remedy in use. I have suffered with kidney disease of the worst character, and have found more relief by using HUNT'S REMEDY than from all other remedies combined. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Yours truly, E. S. PARVIN, 61 Dyer St.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and is prepared from the receipts of Physicians. It also cures the worst cases of Gravel, in a short time. Sold by druggists. Pamphlets may be procured of ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CHARE, Proprietor, Phila., Pa.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Sold by all Druggists.

Sept. 18, 1879.

The Phœnix Pectoral.

Has proved itself to be particularly adapted to old persons, requiring rest and quietness. It allays irritation, induces free expectoration, and gives tone to the digestive organs, thereby building up the whole system. Prepared only by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Wonderful! How Lost, Now Restored!

Just published, a new edition of the celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal, in plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.

41 Ann St., New York; Post-office Box 4586

Sept. 7, 1876, ly.

CHOICE READING at Low Figures.

E. L. BUFFINGTON, of Franklin Co., having entered the agency for the above popular books will endeavor to supply customers with the same at very low prices. The following are among the most popular:

DOMESTIC BIBLE,

containing the prominent features of which are: A History of all Religious Denominations; a Concordance of Scripture Texts; Marginal Readings; Tables of Interest; Scripture Incidents; the great Events of the Bible; Explanatory Notes; Questions and Answers; Embossed binding and handsome Prints.

The Achievements of Stanley

in Central Africa. 1 volume, by J. R. Worlds, the most brilliant descriptive Author in America. DISCOVERY.

ANIMAL KINGDOM,

a splendid volume of 1792 pages, 600 Illustrations.

These are the most highly interesting publications now before the American public and the prices have been reduced so as to bring them within the means of the masses, and by addressing Mr. Buffington is resident in your county and will call if desired. Oct. 2.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Simon Kerstetter, late of Spring Township, Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and those having claims against said Estate will present them for settlement to

Y. H. WAGNER,
Executor.

Oct. 2, '79.

HENRY A. WOLFLEY,

Saddler and Harness Maker

Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.

Keeps on hand, and makes to order all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars &c., &c. All work guaranteed for one year. Mr. Wolfley asks but a trial to prove that he understands his business. (Nov 15, '78.

WE keep on hand all kinds of Blanks such as Notes, Sums, Mortgages, Warrants, Leases, Subpœnas