# The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA, FEBRUARY 16, 1882. NO, 28



**Advertising Rates.**

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|---|---|
| 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 |
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| Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, | 2.50 |
| Editorial notices per line, | 15 |

All transcient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.

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.


## Poetry.

### Our Loved Ones Gone Before.

They never quite leave us, our friends
who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the
sunlight above.
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their
presence and love.

The work which they left and the
books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an
eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung,
and dear words that they said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate
air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the
throng,
Or when evil allures us or sin draweth
nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not
the wrong,"
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-threaded morn and the
opaline eve,
When the children are merry, or
crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we
grieve,
For the thought of their rapture forbid us to weep.

We toil at our tasks in the burden
and heat
Of life's passionate noon. They are
folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their
heaven is sweet,
And one day for us the bitter will
cease.

We too will go home o'er the river of
rest,
As the strong and the lovely before
us have gone,
Our sun will go down in the beautiful
west,
To rise in the glory that circles the
throne.

Until then we are bound by our love
and our faith
To the saints who are walking in
Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at
the touching of death,
But they live, like ourselves, in God's
infinite care.

### A Talk with Jesus.

A little talk with Jesus,—
How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There is naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with him.

I tell him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
That I'm daily, hourly longing
To repose upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly,
In the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."

Ah this is what I am wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And, I'm not afraid to say it,
I know he's wanting me.
He gave his life a ransom,
To make me all his own,
And he'll ne'er forget his promise
To me, his purchased one.

The way is long and weary
To yonder far off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Doth wile away the time.
The more I come to know him,
And all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know him more and more.

I cannot live without him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food.
He is altogether lovely;
None can with him compare;
Chiefest among ten thousand,
And fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient
And mourn his long delay,
For I never can be happy
While he remains away.
But we shall not long be parted;
I know he'll quickly come;
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway
My pilgrim feet shall climb.
There, in my Father's dwelling,
Where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus,
And he will talk with me.

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A dead set is being made against the Mormons. Congress is giving attention to the subject, and the people are more than ever aroused to the importance of eradicating the blot of polygamy from our country. Public meetings are being held, and the people are determined that polygamy shall go.

## DOLLIE.

She had been called that ever since she came—a round faced, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed little thing—to a family of great, rough, tender-hearted, adoring boys, and she had been treated by them as a doll, up to her sixteenth year.

Tom, Dick and *Harry* had gone to market which was a trip of two days; Jack and Joe had gone to assist a neighboring farmer in a piece of work and at nine o'clock in the forenoon Dollie's father, Mr. Durand, said.

"Dollie, Ned and I are going to the village to do some trading at the store. Shan't be back until after dinner, so have an early supper for us, for we'll by as hungry as sharks."

"Yes, father." said Dollie bringing out twelve dozen eggs in a basket, for she knew her father's ways—he always loaded up the wagon with country produce, eggs, apples, potatoes and other vegetables, which he exchanged at the store for sugar, tea, cloth, farming implements, etc.

"I shan't take a cent with me, for fear I shall be over-persuaded to buy those pesky cattle of Jim Green's. *I* know he's lyin' in wait for me, for he mostly is market days. I don't want 'em and I wont have 'em if they be cheap! But you know there's money in the house. Dollie. There's $300 Mr. Kent gave me for the south meadow lot yesterday in the desk, and there it must stay safe until I go to Peterbough bank So don't entertain strangers or suspicious looking people while I'm gone."

"No, father."

"I'll leave boys at home, and I'll be back long before dark."

So when he had drawn two pails of water and Ned had filled up the wood box for Dollie, and they drove off a little pig tied up in the bottom of the wagon, squealing lustily. Dollie liked the horses and cattle, the hens, chickens, and pigeons, but she didn't like the pigs, so she didn't feel badly at all that this one was going off to be stuffed and roasted for somebody's dinner. She had a baking to do and picalili to make, and set busily about her task,

With a wistful look down the road and a sudden, unpleasant feeling of being unprotected in that lonely place—for the farm was half a mile from any other—Dollie came back into the kitchen.

When she had taken a solitary lunch of bread and milk at the kitchen table, she made a nice tea cake for the evening meal and then set about making her father's favorite relish picalili.

It was five o'clock when Dollie had finished this last task and carried the jars down below. When she came up, a man had entered the open kitchen door and was seated before the stove.

He was a rough looking customer and Dollie was frightened, but she did not show it.

"Whom do you wish to see?" she asked.

"I'd like something to eat, if you please," answered the man in what was evidently a feigned voice.

But in spite of that and the muffler about his face, Dollie knew, him. It was Jim Green the cattle dealer, and he had a very bad reputation. She had never seen him but once before in her life, but she remembered his leer and hooked nose. She had him pointed out to her in the village, but she did not think he had ever seen her. What did he want here when her father was away?

With no idea that this was the object of his errand, Dollie, however, cut one of the pumpkin pies and gave him a generous quarter, which he proceeded to eat as well as he could without too freely revealing his face.

Dollie hoped when he had finished it he would go away, but he did not, instead of that he got up, walked into the sitting-room and looked around. *After* a moment, he walked up to the desk and shook the lid.

"Say *I* is this locked?" he asked.

The frightened blood came hot and indignant to Dollie's young cheeks. The man was a robber! after her father's money. She took her hands out of the dishwater where she had been washing up the cooking dishes and went into the sitting room.

"See here," she said boldly, "I know you; you are Jim Green What do you want here?"

"*Money*," laconically. "I have seen your father at the village; I knew he has not got the money Kent paid him with him, so I think it must be here."

He shook the lid violently and peered about the edges.

"How dare you try to rob a house in open day?" asked Dollie, "Don't you know you will be arrested and sent to jail?"

"No, I won't," answered Green, coolly. "I am going out of the country to-night. Come, I want the keys."

Dollie turned scornfully away, but gave a longing glance out of the window.

"I expect my father every minute, he has the keys," she said.

"You need not expect him at present, said Green, still at work upon the desk. "His horse cast a shoe and he's at the blacksmith's and likely to stay awhile."

"Well, he has the keys with him," replied Dollie, still coolly. "You had better take yourself off My brothers are liable to come home at any moment."

"Oh, I know all about that," responded Green, taking a large pocket knife from his pocket and proceeding to force the lock.

What could Dollie do? The house was half a mile off the main road, and that distance from any living soul. There was not a weapon of any kind under the roof, If there had been Dollie was more afaird of a pistol than she was of Jim Green.

But the snapping of the lock and the villain's long drawn "Ah!" of satisfaction, almost frenzied her Her honest, hard-working father's money—she must save it if she flew at the rascal and scratched his eyes out.

A sudden thought came to Dollie. She went into the buttery and took a small, wide-mouthed bottle, closely corked and marked "Cayenne Pepper." She took out the cork, concealed the bottle in the palm of her hand, and went into the other room.

Green had not found the money, but he had seized upon a fine gold repeater which he used only upon rare occasions. His never-failing companion was a big, silver timekeeper which he carried in his fob.

"Ah!" repeated Green again, and hurried to the still open door of the kitchen to examine the watch more closely.

He had time to see by the fading sunlight that it was even more valuable than it had at first seemed to be, but Jim's eyes did him little other service for many weeks.

Dollie raised her little hand and quick as lightning dashed a portion of the fiery compound into his face.

With a shriek of agony the man dropped the watch and clenched his hands over his eyes as he leaped out into the yard. With howls and yells he dances about the door-yard and was tumbling over the wood-pile as Dollie saw him last before she shut and double-barred the door.

She picked up the watch, restored it to its place and went to the window. She had to wait but a short time before her father's wagon wheels rolled into the yard.

She flung up the sash as her father and brother sprang out and approached the suffering mortal, who was still howling and kicking in the wood pile.

"His eyes are full of cayenne pepper, Ned. He was stealing your money, father."

She saw her vigorous young brother collar the already punished man and pull him upon his feet, while her father recognized him with exclamations of amazement.

But his cries and moans continuing, they finally decided that he had been punished sufficiently, and after awhile let him go.

He sneaked away, and without the booty he had so confidently expected to obtain.

When the excitment was over, Dollie, like any other woman, had a crying spell; but her father and brothers, to this day, tell proudly how she saved the money.

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A suit of clothes, like a suit at law, is unconfortable until you get used to it.

## Who Will Help Mother Now.

A scream of agony, a pause, a rush of hurrying feet, mingled exclamations of horror, and questions put from one to another, "What is it?" "What's the matter?" "What's the row, now?" and amid them all a small helpless figure lying pale and almost lifeless in the dust and noise of the street.

The papers scattered in soiled confusion about the poor bruised form told the story of his business, one of the newsboys that cry their papers day after day on the city streets.

Pushing his way through the crowd came a rough ragged fellow, carrying under his arm his bundle of papers,—another news boy with curiosity stamped on his face, anxious to find out what was going on But as he caught sight of the white face and mangled body of the child lying there under the gaze of the pitying crowd, an exclamation of surprise and sorrow broke from his lips. "Why its poor little Max, the pluckiest fellow. I am afraid he's done for now. Many's the chap I have licked to help that young 'un," with which expression of sympathy he drew his ragged sleeve across his face to wipe something very much like a tear from his eyes. He followed the policemen as they gathered the poor little unconcious figure from the ground and conveyed it to the hospital, and gave the mother's address, "though," he added, "from what Max says, I guess she ain't fixed for this world either."

On one of the hospital beds the little sufferer lay. The blue veins could be traced on the white forehead, while the poor little face, thin and pinched even in the days before the cruel wheels had trampled out the young life, grew more thin and white with the purple shadow of death gathering about the wan lips and circling the great brown eyes, that for a while was awakening to a realization of life and death. He watched the kind thoughtful eyes of the doctor as he held the wee frail fingers and scanned with tender sympathy the well known tokens that spoke of the presence of the death angle.

"Doctor, *I* must die?" he said, looking eagerly for some contradiction of what something whispered too surely for hope to gain a place.

The doctor nodded, as he answered, "*I* am afraid so, my little man."

Then he turned his young face to the wall and there was silence Who but God could read the struggle in that young heart. Life even to this poor little half starved news boy, with his dailylot of toil and struggle, held something to cling to, something to make it worth the longing to hold.

He turned his face to the doctor's once more as he said and of, what a world of pathos, what a gleam of beauty from the heart of this child of poverty shone forth in those simple words!

"I do not mind so much, but who will help mother when I am gone?"

Grand unselfish words! No thought for the young life ebbing its painful way to the great beyond, but for the mother hastening, too, fast to the land to which he was going a little sooner. Angels record such words in the great book of eternity, and who shall say but those words were the keynote of a soul's redemption. All that might have been wicked or reckless in that young life, that had not seen fully 14 years, redeemed in the great unselfish love that spoke through those dying lips.

Stranger hands folded the wasted limbs that no longer felt pain, and closed the weary eyes that had fallen asleep with those words lingering on the dying lips.

Poor little Max! Little need for worry for the mother that was all of earth to him. With the news of her boy's death the last hold of life was dropped, and she, too, lay cold and lifeless for stranger hands to bury, with no tear of sympathy or loving care to make more bright the fading life.

God had answered poor Max, and with his tender love had cared for both. No more weary days of poverty and toil, no restless torturing pains but safe in the heaven beyond Max found an answer to his cry, "Who will help mother when I am gone?"

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The man who is a little under the weather will soon get over it.

## A Pathetic Story.

The Toledo Blade says: In our party was an American gentleman who was blessed with an abundance of boys, but no girls, and he and his wife had been contemplating the adoption of a girl Here was an opportunity to secure not only a girl, but just the kind of a girl that he would have given half of his estate to be, the father of, and so he opened negotiations.

An Irishman who knew him, explained to the father and mother, that the gentleman was a man of means, that his wife was an excellent good woman, and that the child would be adopted regularly under the laws of the state in which he lived, and would be educated, and would rank equally with his own children in the matter of inheiritance, and all that. In short she was made to understand that Norah would be reared a lady.

The American struck in. She, the mother; might select a girl to accompany the child across the Atlantic, and the girl selected should go into his family as the child's nurse, and that the child should be reared in the religion of its parents.

The father and mother consulted long and anxiously. It was a terrible struggle. On the one hand was the child's advantage, on the other parental and maternal love.

Finally a conclusion was arrived at.

"God help me," said the mother. "You shall have her. I know you will be good to her.

| | |
|---|---|
| 33 00 | bridge |
| | M. Ewig, rep. to Good's bridge |
| | D. S. Miller, rep. to Kratz's bridge |
| 21 50 | |
| 51 25 | W. H. Dresse, [illegible] Good's bridge |
| | Benj. Ulrich, rep. [illegible] grove bridge |
| 12 00 | W. L. Hassinger, [illegible] tonville bridge |
| | C. Boyer, et. al., for lumber and repairs to Bowersox's bridge |
| 16 25 | |
| 77 66 | |
| 64 18 | W. J. Weller, et. al., lumber and rep. to Middleburg |
| | P. Keefer, rep. to Burns' bridge |
| 255 00 | G. S. Davis, int. on Bridge Bonds |
| | P. Rauch, for blacksmith to Paxtonville bridge |
| 13 92 | |
| 25 50 | C. Keek, et. al., rep. Meiser's bridge. |
| | J. L. Musselman, stone furnished Selinsgrove bridge. |
| 40 00 | G. Myers, haul. at Selinsgrove |

and so forth. Then he brought them back, instructing the mother that he should leave with them for Cork the next morning at 11, and that the girl and child should be dressed and ready to depart,

The next morning came, and the American went for his child. She was dressed, though very awkwardly. The mother had never had any experience in dressing children, and it was a wonder that she did not get the dress on wrong side up, But there she was The mother wailed as one who was parting with everything that was dear to her, the father lay and moaned looking from Norah to the American. Time was up. The mother took the baby in her arms and gave it the final embrace and the long, loving kiss, the father took her in his arms and kissed her, and the other children looked on astounded, while the girl stood weeping.

"Good bye," said the American. "I will take good care of the baby," and taking her from the mother's arms he started for the door.

There was a shriek, the woman darted to him just as he was closing the door, and snatched the baby from his eyes,

"Drop the child!" said the father "You can't have her for all the money in Americky!"

"No sor," ejaculated the mother, half way between fainting and hysteries, "I can't part wid her!"

And she commenced undressing the baby.

"Take back your beautiful clothes give me back the rags that was on her, but ye can't have the child"

And the girl commenced understanding too, for she did not want to obtain clothes under false pretense but the American stopped the disrobing.

"It's bad for the child," he said "but somehow *I* can't blame you You are welcome to the these thought"

And he left as fast as he could, and I noticed he was busy with his handkerchief about his eyes for some minutes.

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How many more steamboat boilers than reputations will be patched this year?

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A man that is variable is not esteemed very able by his neighbors.

## The Scriptural Seven.

On the seventh day God ended his work,

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven days journey by Laban,

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents,

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day the, surrounded the walls seven times and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell,

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at the dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps.

The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Revelations we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angles and a seven-headed monster

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## Samuel's First Letter.

It was his first letter home from boarding-school, and it read as follows:

Dear Father:—I wrote you before I write ma becoz I know you like to see ma mail. I think I will get along with my lessons first-rate. The garden here is full of chickens, and makes the walking bad. In history I've got as far as Alexander the Great. He carried a sword to cut knots with. There is an apple orchard half a mile off. The boys play ball in it; after that there ain't much apples The minister's son was licked this morning for going a fishing on Sunday. *He* caught lots of fish and says he is going again next Sunday. *I* think I like the minister's son a good deal. Send me marbles as soon as you can, also a jackknife and a top. Two of us boys left a piece of wet soap at the head of the stairs just before daybreak and by the time the cook got to the bottom she was to sick to breakfast. We have prayers reg'lar every day, and the teacher reads out of the Bible, but *I* don't think it's so bully as playing tag in a hay loft.

From your affectionate son,

SAMUEL.

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## That Message.

"I spose you has read de President's message?" inquired an old colored man as he was sweeping an office of Larned street, the other day.

"Oh, yes!"

"Anything speshul in it?"

"No, not much."

"Say anything 'bout de why pertaters has riz up in price?"

"No."

"Git any figgers in dar to play policy on?"

"I didn't see any."

"Did he say it was gwine to be a bad winter?"

"No, he didn't even mention the subject."

"Didn't give any cures for chilblains or sore froats?"

"No."

"*Den* what's de good of any message? What's de use of sittin' dar and foolin' round and burnin' gas? Sakes to gracious! 'Pears like if I could't squeeze in a lessin' or little cure for corns in a seben column message I'd let de old fing go, an' take my chance on a raffle for a Christmas goose!"—*Free Press*


**THE POST.**

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or $2.50 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



# STATEMENT Under Oath.

I HAVE been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of the winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about six weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe nails came off, finger nails dead and hard as bone hair dead dry and lifeless as old straw. Oh, my God! how I did suffer!

My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier), Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures). I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER,
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1880,
A. M. LEFFINGWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

**CUTICURA.**

Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c; Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 15c.; In bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal Depot,

Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

# CATARRH

## Sanford's Radical Cure.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh toward consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package of all druggists, for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. WEEKS & POTTER Boston.

100 Times more effectual than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary organs, Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Nervous Pains and Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere



## PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned offers at private Sale, the following described Real Estate, viz: A certain tract of land situate in Adams twp., Snyder county, Pa., about 5 miles South east of Troxelville, containing

33 Acres,

more or less, whereon are erected a good Frame

Dwelling House, Stable

and other outbuildings—well of good water at the door—thriving young orchard of choice fruit trees—running water on the farm—about 8 acres of the above is good timber land, the balance clear and in a high state of cultivation Terms easy

For further particulars address
DANIEL A. FOREMAN,
Nov. 24, 1881. tf. Troxelville Snyder Co.

## PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE Heirs of Michael Minium dec'd offer at private Sale, the following described Real Estate viz: A certain message and Tract of land situate in Perry twp. Snyder Co. Pa. bounded and described as follows, on the North by lands of Enoch Smith, East by lands of Daniel Lease, South by lands of Mary Weiler, and West by lands Daniel Arbogast containing

Six Acres,

more or less with the appurtenances, on which is erected a good 2 story

Frame *House*, Bank Barn,

and other outbuildings, also an orchard of choice fruit, excellent water near the door. For terms apply to LEWIS MINIUM of Mount Pleasant Mills Snyder Co. Pa., or to his Atty. JACOB GILBERT, Middleburg, Snyder Co. Pa.

Dec. 22, '81.

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Riehl Bros. Lewisburg, Pa., dealers in Wind Engines, Agricultural Implements, &c., has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

RIEHL BROS.

Jan. 19, '82. 4 w.

## ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of GEORGE H SNYDER, deceased late of Union twp., Snyder county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

MARY SNYDER,
Administratrix.

Jan. 12, '82. pd.

## ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of RUDOLPH BRUGGAR deceased, late of Perry twp. Snyder county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

ELIZABETH BRUGGAR,
Administratrix

Jan. 12, '82.

☞ **Mr. H. Swineford of Mifflinburg, Pa., has manufactured a salve for the cure of teter, piles, itch, &c., which is highly recommended. A sure Cure. Try a box.**