

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not re... is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXI.

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, NOVEMBER 29, 1883

NO. X.

## POETRY.

### IS IT WORTH WHILE!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road  
of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each  
other,  
In blackness of heart that we war  
to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.  
God pity us all as we jostle each  
other;  
God pardon us all for the triumphs  
we feel  
When a fellow goes down neath his  
load on the leather,  
Pierced to the heart; words are  
keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe than weal.  
Were it not well in this brief life's  
journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the  
tide,  
We gave him a fish instead of a ser-  
pent,  
'Ere folding the hands to be and  
abide  
Forever, and eye, in dust at his side.  
Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the heralds all in peace on  
the plain,  
Man, and man only, makes war on his  
brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peri-  
and pain,  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on  
the plain.  
Is it worth while that we battle and  
humble  
Some poor fellow down into the  
dust?  
God pity us all! Time too soon will  
tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a  
gust,  
Humbled, indeed, down into the  
dust.

### TOO LATE.

When the crumbling bones of  
John Howard Payne were carried in  
State across the ocean, and borne to  
their last resting place amid the  
pealing of music and singing of  
requiem, the whole nation looking  
on, it was impossible not to remem-  
ber how much the life of the poor  
poet would have been warmed and  
brightened by a very little of this  
appreciation and honor.  
If, instead of the universal lauda-  
tion which has been given to the  
dead Poe, a hearty, genuine effort  
had been made by one or two friends  
to keep him from ruin, he might  
have lived happily for many years.  
It has always been the habit of the  
world to neglect its heroes and lead-  
ers while they are living, and to  
heap honor and praise on them as  
soon as they are dead and blind to  
both. "Baillifs," sang poor Moore,  
(who himself knew the baillif well),  
"may seize my last blanket to-day,  
whose pall will be held up by nobles  
to-morrow."  
When Ben Johnson lay dying in  
poverty and hunger, Charles L., who  
had long known of his want, sent  
him a small sum, without any kindly  
message.  
"I will have none of his alms,"  
said the poet. "He sends it to me  
because I live in an alley. Take it  
back and tell him his soul lives in an  
alley!"  
Thousands of years ago the prov-  
erb was old, "Better being a living  
dog than a dead lion." Especially,  
let us add, if the living dog is not  
starved by his friends in food or  
praise or love.  
Americans are usually too crowd-  
ed and hurried by the incessant  
struggle, to cordially cheer and en-  
courage each other. Detraction and  
fault-finding followed. Lincoln and  
Garfield to the very minute they  
were struck down, when they became  
popular demi-gods. Some of our  
public men might be tempted to wish  
for assassination as good luck, com-  
pared with the perpetual lashes of  
the knout of public opinion.  
Even in our individual lives, we  
are too apt to keep back the expres-  
sions of our admiration and love for  
our living friend to lavish it on him  
when dead. Sisters and brothers,  
even husbands and wives and par-  
ents, treat each other with politeness  
and selfish coldness for years, until  
death comes, when they sob out on  
the coffin of the dead an affection  
which would have illuminated their  
lives. "He knows now how I loved  
him!" they cry.  
The living man hears and knows  
that which is told him. But there is  
always the possibility that the dead  
do not know.

## THE LIMELIN CLUB.

"Who am de doctah?" asked  
Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shin  
finally got room for his feet and the  
meeting came to order.  
"In the first place he am a young  
man who 'ars up sidewalks, lugs off  
gates, takes up two seats in de street  
kyar, walks six abreast on de side-  
walk, cultivates slang an' am only  
two p'ints removed from a loafer.  
He graduates. He has 'arned some  
Latin, some surgery, and what he  
doan' know 'bout medicine he ain't  
w'ine to practice on. By an' by you  
'ar of him as a successful doctah.  
He has stuck his stakes an' draw  
his lines. He has 'arned dat caw-  
ler ile am a gentle cathartic, an' he  
will p'ureed from dat to figger what  
may be good for typhoid fever.  
"De doctah am a man who p'ne-  
kers his mouf an' shakes his head.  
He am wery careful not to talk too  
much. If one of his patients foun-  
dat aqua pura meant water de  
doctah would consider the case  
hopeless. What he lacks in knowl-  
edge he reck us de family will make  
up in good nussin'.  
"The doctah am a wise man. If  
he finds de pulse an' de tongue  
coated he knows dar am a fever. If  
it shouldn't happen to be a fever de  
medicine would do just de same  
good. When he can't tell a case of  
measles from a case of small pox he  
kills two birds with one stone by  
p'rescribin' for de latter.  
"If a family doctah should stop  
down an' tell a patient dat he had  
bilious fever, an' dat he was givin'  
him sartin remedies an' dat he would  
be out in twelve or fourteen days, de  
patient would expire inside of two  
hours. De only safe way am to  
shake de head, scare de wife inter-  
fite, an' pronounce it a case of life an'  
death whar de chill'en mus' be  
spanked and tied up, de doah-bell  
muffled, an' all de relashuns tele-  
graphed to. It's only arter de pa-  
tient am seen sawin' wood de week  
arter dat he am told what a clus  
shave he had.  
"De doctah am a man who sticks.  
When he gits hold of a case dar' am  
no let go unless he am pulled off. If  
he can't cure he kin advise a trip to  
Mackinac or Florida, an' if de pa-  
tient am unwell 'nuff to die on his  
hands all odder doctahs am ready to  
testify dat his life was preserved a  
hull 'yar longer dan could have bin  
expected. De doctah who would ad-  
mit dat a case was too complicated  
for him would be hustled outer de  
ring in no time.  
"De doctah am a great stickler for  
de 'professional'. It ain't profession-  
al to advertise dat he am a doctah.  
De public mus' take him for a bank  
robber or a boss-jockey an' keep up  
de inquiry until it am discovered  
dat he am a doctah. It ain't profes-  
sional for two doctahs to meet ober  
de same patient, for fear he will git  
well. It ain't professional for one  
doctah to amit dat anoder has writ-  
ten morphine whar he meant quine  
an' killed somebody. Eber when  
a coroner's jury am sittin' on de  
body of a butchered woman it ain't  
professional for a doctah to call it a  
case of abortion. It mus' be his  
opinyun dat de woman was run ober  
by a train of kyars. Nobody eber  
'ears of a doctah makin' mistakes.  
De undertaker kivers 'em up an' de  
fraternity take de witness stand.  
Let us now p'ureed to bizness."

Another fraud is reported by the  
Hazleton "Plain Speaker." Farmers  
read this: "For some time past a  
man named Frank Bennecht, rep-  
resenting himself as agent for John  
Mottor, a heavy horse dealer of  
Harrisburg, has been practicing  
some tricks on the farmers in some  
of the surrounding counties and  
parts of Luzerne. His method of  
working is simply to go among the  
people to whom Mr. Mottor is well-  
known and to endeavor to purchase  
horses for the latter. Agreeing on a  
price he presents the farmer with a  
check on a certain bank, and adds  
that he has made arrangements with  
a prominent man in the neighbor-  
hood, by which the farmer can get  
his money immediately if he so de-  
sires. This scheme appears to  
work well, as several have lately  
been swindled; Constables are now  
on the lookout for him, but at pres-  
ent his whereabouts is unknown."

## MOTHER.

Don't call your mother "old wom-  
an." Let her always be "mother."  
"Old lady" is bad enough, but "old  
woman" applied to her who gave you  
life and nursed you in infancy is  
rude and unkind.  
Once it was "Mother, I am very  
hungry." "Mother, mend my jacket."  
"Mother, put up my dinner," and  
then mother, with her loving hands,  
would spread the bread and butter  
and stow away the luncheon, and  
sow on the great patches, her heart  
brimming with affection for the im-  
petuous, curly little pate that gave  
her so many steps, and disturbed  
her with his boisterous mirth.  
Now she is the "old woman," but  
she did not think it would ever come  
to that. She looked on through the  
future years and saw her boy to  
manhood grown, and he stood trans-  
figured in the light of her own beau-  
tiful love. Never was there a more  
noble son than he, honored of the  
world and the staff of her declining  
years.  
Ay, he was her support even then,  
but she did not know it. She never  
realized that it was her little boy that  
gave her strength for her daily toil,  
and that his slender form was all  
that upheld her over the brink of a  
dark despair.  
She only knew that she loved the  
child, and felt among the mists of  
age his love would bear her gently  
through its infirmities to the dark  
hall that leads to the life beyond.  
But the son has forgotten the ten-  
der ministrations now. Adrift from  
the tender moorings of home, he is  
cold, selfish and heartless. "Mother  
has no sacred meaning to the prodi-  
gal. She is the "old woman," wry-  
naked and grey, lame and blind. Pity  
her, oh grave, and dry those tears  
that run down her furrowed cheeks!  
Have compassion on her sensitive  
heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that  
it may forget how much it longed to  
be "dear mother" to the boy it nour-  
ished through a careless childhood,  
who, in return for all its kindness,  
has only returned reproach. Dear  
reader: are you guilty of like fugra-  
titude?

## There Were Giants in those Days.

Years ago the Sawkill was then  
only a village tavern in Milford Pa.  
and was kept by a remarkable man  
named Lewis Cornelius, who, at the  
time of his death in 1841, must have  
been the heaviest man in the coun-  
try. The following is a copy of a  
copy of a certificate entry in one of  
the books of record in the Clerk's  
office of the county, the original en-  
try having been made immediately  
after Mr. Cornelius' death:  
Lewis Cornelius—Died September  
27, 1841.  
His height was 6 feet.  
Circumference below the waist, 8 feet  
2 inches.  
Circumference above the waist, 6 feet  
2 1/2 inches.  
Circumference of arm above the el-  
bow, 2 feet, 2 inches.  
Circumference of arm below the el-  
bow, 1 foot 9 inches.  
Circumference of wrist, 1 foot 3 in-  
ches.  
Circumference of thigh, 4 feet, 2 in.  
Circumference of calf of leg, 2 feet 7  
inches.  
Circumference of ankle, 1 foot 7 in.  
His weight was 645 1/2 pounds, with-  
out clothing.  
During his lifetime Mr. Cornelius  
would not consent to be weighed.  
The above was his weight after  
death, and after a long illness, dur-  
ing which he had lost much flesh.  
Mr. Cornelius was survived by a  
wife and seven children, three sons  
and four daughters. The manage-  
ment of the hotel has never passed  
out of the hands of the family. The  
wife, three sons and one daughter  
are dead, and the house is now man-  
aged by the remaining daughter.  
Two of the sons weighed over three  
hundred pounds each at the time of  
their death, and the deceased daugh-  
ter weighed over four hundred. One  
son, who died two years ago, had  
been sheriff of the county five times.  
John Gedlinger, a miner at the  
Coyler Colliery, near Girardville, by  
mistake poured a basin of scalding  
water upon his head. All the skin  
and hair have fallen off and it is be-  
lieved that his sight will be de-

## LOVE IN THE DEPOT.

A woman arrived at the depot  
here recently from the East with  
seven children in tow, and at almost  
the same hour a man reached the  
same depot from the North with five  
offspring of various ages and sizes.  
She was a widow and he a widower,  
and the children had not been  
spanked more than once around be-  
fore there was a sort of mutual sym-  
pathy that begot admiration and  
then friendship. One of the widow's  
boys offered one of the widower's  
girls a bite of his friend cake which  
was accepted in the spirit tendered,  
and a 10-year old girl belonging to  
the man made to the 2-year-old belong-  
ing to the woman, and soon secured  
the privilege of wiping its nose and  
combing its hair. Presently the  
widower made bold to inquire:  
"Madam, am I wrong in believing  
that you are a widow?"  
"I have been a widow fourteen  
months to-day," she answered.  
"Great Scott! but it's just four-  
teen months to-day since my Han-  
ner died!"  
"Which way be you going?"  
"To Illanoy."  
"That's just where I am going,  
too. Did you promise your husband  
never to marry again?"  
"No."  
"And I didn't promise my wife,  
either. Fact is, I believe I shall  
nrite as soon as I find some good  
woman."  
"And my children need a father's  
care," she sighed as she pulled little  
John Henry off the window-sill and  
bumped him into a seat.  
The man got up and walked  
around the waiting-room and took a  
closer look at the children. Then  
he returned and said:  
"I suppose you've got a few hun-  
dred dollars, belonging to some  
church can wash and bake and mend,  
and are of a mild and forgiving dis-  
position?"  
"Yes, that's me."  
"Well I am kinder religious, even  
tempered, and am worth about \$2,  
000 I'm sort o' struck on you. There's  
something about your eyes that re-  
minds me of Hauner."  
"And you look like Alonzo around  
the mouth," she sighed.  
Then he bent over and whispered  
something about Chicago and get-  
ting married, and she nodded her  
head. He gathered his children un-  
der his wing, took them into a cor-  
ner, and solemnly and im'ressively  
observed:  
"Children, I'm going to git mar-  
ried to that woman over there and  
give you a new mother. If any of  
you are going to kick and boo-boo  
about it, begin now, so that I can  
tune ye down before the train goes.  
Henry, you are the oldest. Are you  
going to declare you'll run away or  
commit suicide? Let me know right  
now for this is a good place to prance  
ye around with a shingle."  
Henry said he guessed it would  
be all right, and the rest of the  
crowd seemed to agree, and ten min-  
utes later the widower and widow  
sat holding hands and trying to eat  
peanuts, and the twelve children  
were biting, and pulling hair and  
kicking to see who should have a  
seat on the steam heater.  
"This is kinder the work of heav-  
en clunked the widower as he hitch-  
ed a little nearer.  
"You bet, love!" she replied as  
she shucked another peanut with her  
teeth.  
The vast population, traffic and  
turmoil of the world's metropolis are  
strikingly suggested by the simple  
statement that 2,200 trains leave the  
railroad stations of London every  
twenty-four hours.  
The stone upon which George  
Washington stood when he took the  
oath of office as the first President  
of the United States, is now set in  
the wall of the main corridor of  
Bellvue Hospital, New York, but is  
to be incorporated into the monu-  
ment now in course of erection on  
the steps of the sub-treasury build-  
ing.  
Virginia gave Hancock nearly 85,  
000 majority in 1880. In 1882 Ma-  
honey carried the State by 1,400, and  
now it has gone Democratic by  
something like 10,000. This plainly  
shows that the State is doubtful, and  
that it will be fair fighting ground  
in 1884. That the chances for car-  
rying it under the present issues lie  
with the Republicans will be gener-

## LISTEN BOYS!

Wardsworth says: "The boy is  
Father of the man," and the Cleve-  
land, (Ohio) Farmer offers this good  
advice to aspiring boys:  
The highest attainment for you,  
my boy! is to be a man. This  
world is full of counterfeits. But it  
is a grand thing to stand upright in  
defense of truth and principle. When  
persecutions come. Some hide their  
faces until the storm passes by oth-  
ers, can be bought for a mess of pot-  
tato. From such a one, turn away.  
But stand by a friend; be a man;  
do not run away when danger  
threatens to overwhelm him or your-  
self. Think for yourself. Read  
good books and read man's faces.  
The eye is the window to the soul;  
use your eyes and hold your tongue.  
If opposition comes meet it man-  
fully. If success crowns your efforts  
bear it quietly. Do your own think-  
ing and keep your own secrets,  
worship no man for his wealth nor  
his lineage. Fine feathers don't al-  
ways cover fine birds. Be sober, be  
honest, be just in all your dealings  
with the world; be true. They  
will sell you for money or popular-  
ity; don't trust them. Wear but  
one face and let that be an honest  
one.

## WHISKEY AND TALENT.

"Take that bottle and go out and  
get me some whiskey," said Col  
Jimjans to the sad-eyed woman  
whose misfortune it was to be the  
wife of a convivial inebriate.  
"Give me money to buy it with."  
"Give you money! Why, any  
damn fool can get whiskey if he has  
money, but to get whiskey without  
money is what takes talent. I  
thought you had some talent."  
Taking up the bottle with a sigh,  
the patient, long-suffering woman  
went out. In a short time she re-  
turned. Apparently she had been  
successful, for she placed the bottle  
before him, and said, in low, re-  
proachful tones.  
"There! take it, and drink to your  
heart's content."  
"Now, that's what I call smart.  
You have got real genius or you  
couldn't get whiskey without mon-  
ey," and placing the bottle to his  
mouth he was about to quench his  
thirst when he discovered to bottle  
was empty.  
"Why, what does this mean?"  
"It means that anybody can drink  
whiskey when the whiskey is in the  
bottle, but it takes real talent to  
drink whiskey when there is none in  
the bottle. Drink away. I know  
you have got talent."

## CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

Always say, yes sir, no sir, yes pa-  
pa, no papa, thank you, good night,  
good morning.  
Use no slang words.  
Clean faces, clean clothes, clean  
shoes and clean finger-nails; indicate  
good breeding.  
Never leave your clothes about the  
room. Have a place for every-  
thing and everything in its place.  
Rap before entering a room, and  
never leave it with your back toward  
the company. Remember this.  
Always offer your seat to a lady or  
an old gentleman.  
Never put your feet on cushions,  
chairs, or tables.  
Never overlook any one who is read-  
ing or writing, nor talk or read  
aloud while others are reading.  
Never talk or whisper at meetings or  
public places, and especially in a  
private room where any one is sing-  
ing or playing the piano.  
Be careful to injure no one's feel-  
ings by unkind remarks.  
Never tell tales, make faces, call  
names, ridicule the lame mimic the  
unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects  
birds or anything else.  
Jeff Davis, says a writer in a New  
York evening paper, really was put  
in irons while in prison at Fortres  
Monroe; but his captors had a hard  
time in getting the chains on him  
When he learned that he was to be  
ironed his excitement rose to fury  
as he paced his cell, venting itself in  
incoherent ravings; and while the  
four men employed in riveting his  
chains were doing so, the writhings  
and upheavals of the infuriated man  
developed the strength of a maniac,  
and only ceased from sheer exhaus-

## Physicians, &c.

**J. W. SAMPSEL,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Centerville, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Centerville and vicinity. Office two doors  
west of Washington House. Aug. 2, '83.

**G. EDGAR HASSINGER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Middleburgh, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office two doors  
west of Washington House. July 12, '83.

**I. GRIER BARBER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Middleburgh, Penn'a.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office two doors  
west of the Court House, in Arnold's Building  
Residence on corner opposite St. B. Church.  
July 12, '83.

**H. H. BORDNER,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
BEAVERTOWN, PA.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Beaverstown and vicinity. Apr. 9, '82.

**D. B. MARAND ROTHROCK,**  
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.  
Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians  
and Surgeons. Offers his professional ser-  
vices to the public. Speaks English and German.  
March 31, 1883.

**H. J. SMITH,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public  
Office on Main street. June 12, '79.

**DR. J. O. WAGNER,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug. 5, '80.

**H. J. ECKBERT,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
ECKBERT'S BLOCK,  
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.  
Professional business promptly attended to.  
May 22, '79.

**PERCIVAL HERMANN,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Kratzville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens  
of Kratzville and vicinity. Aug. 29, '77.

**B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,**  
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.

## Hotel Cards.

**RIEHL HOUSE,**  
Half Square South of School's corner.  
SELINSGROVE, PA.  
JOEL L. RIEHL, Prop'r.  
GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS.  
Terms \$1.25 per day.  
Mr. Riehl is also agent for all kinds of Farm  
implements. Sept. 6, '83.

**NATIONAL HOTEL**  
J. M. HOUSER, Proprietor  
This hotel has lately been re-fitted and re-  
furnished, making it a number 1 hotel in all re-  
spects. No table wine is kept for the accom-  
modation of the traveling public.  
Fishing parties will find this one of the best  
places in the county to stop at, a good fishing  
spot being within a few minutes of the hotel.  
Aug. 2, '83.

**THE NATIONAL HOTEL,**  
JOHN B. FOCKLER, Prop'r.  
Selinsgrove, Pa.  
This hotel is pleasantly located in the "Square",  
and is a very desirable place for travelers to stop  
the night or accommodations at low rates. For  
special stopping places will be sure to call again.  
A first-class Restaurant in connection with  
the hotel. Apr. 19, '79.

**THE NATIONAL HOTEL**  
By WM. HOLZWORTH,  
SELINSGROVE, PA.  
Remodeled, Refurnished and Improved. The  
most centrally located hotel in the county. First  
class accommodations for the traveling public.  
April 12, '83.

**Merchants' House,**  
413 & 415  
NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILA. PA.  
Terms--\$1.50 per day.  
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.  
C. W. SPAHN, Clerk. Apr. 1, '78.

## GREAT BARGAINS.

BE SURE YOU CALL BEFORE YOU  
BUY ELSEWHERE.

A good solid Black suit for only \$4 25  
Men's neat Union Cassimere suits in  
dark colors, at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.25,  
\$8.50, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00  
\$10.00 per suit.

A solid good pair of pants at \$1.00  
and \$1.50 each.

**Lot of handsome Over-coats**  
at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$7.75,  
\$8.00, \$8.50, \$10.00 to \$15.00  
each--big bargains. Everything  
in the CLOTHING LINE at  
**Bottom Prices.**  
Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Hats  
& Caps, Boots & Shoes, and every-  
thing in the line of general merchan-  
dise. No trouble to show goods.

**D. G. SELLER**  
MIDDLEBURGH, PENN'A.

## Attorneys-At-Law.

**GILBERT & GROUSE,**  
Attorneys-At-Law.  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.  
Offer their professional services to the Pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to their care will re-  
ceive prompt attention. Consultations in Eng-  
lish and German. Oct. 2, '83.

**WM. E. HOUZWERTH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SELINSGROVE, PA.  
Collections and all other legal business prompt-  
ly attended to. Consultations in English and  
German. June 2,

**A. H. BILL,**  
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,  
Lewistown, Penn'a.  
All business entrusted to his care will be  
promptly attended to.  
Sept. 20, '82.

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**I. B. WUNDERLY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Middleburgh, Snyder Co.  
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Jan. 20, '80.

**F. E. BOWER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Middleburgh, Pa.  
Collections made. Consultations in English  
and German. June 25, '77.

**M. L. SCHOCH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
New Berlin, Penn'a.  
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will receive prompt attention. June 20, '78.

**CHAS P. ULRICH,**  
Attorney & Counselor-At-Law,  
Office in App's Building one door North of  
KEYSTONE HOTEL,  
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.  
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attention. Apr. 11, '83.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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trusted to his care will be promptly at-  
tended to. Can be consulted in English or  
German. Office on Market Square,  
Oct. 2, '82.

**H. H. GRIMM,**  
Attorney-At-Law,  
AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR SNYDER  
COUNTY,  
Freelburg Pa.  
Consultation in both English and German  
Languages. Oct. 6, 1881.

**JOHN H. ARNOLD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.  
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be promptly attended to.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewistown, Pa.  
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prompt attention.

**A. C. SIMPSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove, Pa.  
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Jan. 17, '83.

**SAMUEL H. ORWIG,**  
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