

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

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

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## POETRY.

### IN A MONTH OR SO

In a little while, a month or two,  
The buttercups and violets blue  
Will bloom and flourish on the hill,  
The birds their sweet notes loudly  
thru,  
The roses sweet will bloom and die,  
And summer breezes gently sigh,  
And soda fountain soon will bloom,  
And lovers crowd the ice cream room,  
The overcoat will go in pawn,  
The girl will wear the dress of lawn,  
The dust will lie thick on the road,  
The boy will kill the harmless toad,  
The bull frog sing his doleful lay,  
And crickets chirp at close of day,  
The organ grinder give you pains,  
The bicycle man will show his leg,  
The busy bee will fly his buzz,  
In every pond and lake and bay  
Boats will be seen each pleasant day,  
And balls and parties will be o'er,  
And folks will seek the cool seashore,  
The boy each day his bath will take  
In every puddle, creek and lake,  
The base ball man will wield the bat,  
The farmer wear the big straw hat,  
The peddler on the street will shout,  
The sun will knock fat people out,  
The baby carriage will soon appear,  
There'll be a boom in lager beer,  
And picnic will be all the go,  
It will all be in a month or so.

### THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY S. M. HUMPHREY.

(Continued from last week.)

"O, pardon me," she replied, starting back; and then eyeing them both in the face, she said, "but you look as near alike as two peas, only Miss Emily is so pale," and marching across the room with the air of one perfectly at home and fixing her eyes on a rich velvet covered easy chair, she said, "what a elegant cheer, but I suppose you've no objection to my sitting in it, now I've got on my best gown, and so comfortable too," she exclaimed, as she threw herself into it; and placing her hands on her knees, with her mouth half open, she stared about the room and expressed her admiration of its embellished beauties, declared it was unlike anything she had ever dreamed of. At length, as if reconecting herself she started up and said:

"But come, Emily, where is the pianny your father spoke of? I'd like to see such a wonderful thing that speaks music right out, and familiarly seizing her hand, she continued, "come, don't be so stupid; you have got to show me everything now, and that will be no small task, for everything in a city is now to us country folks. I suppose I shall be invited to lots of frolics, candy scrapes and parties, and all that sort of thing, and I've brought lots of pretty clothes to wear. I know you will be quite proud of me, and as to the beaux, why, up where I live, they think I am—but there, I won't brag—you'll see what I can do."

At this juncture, Sir Edward, whose generosity would not allow of his torturing Miss Emily, bade her good morning and withdrew, though it must be admitted he had enjoyed the simplicity of the rustic.

"What a pity!" he said to himself, as he turned away, "that such a pretty little creature, (for despite her disguise, she was beautiful,) with eyes soft as the doves, and teeth of pearl half concealed by such sweet lips, and a complexion whose purity might have excited the envy of even the beautiful Emily Howard! what a pity she is so ignorant, and so singularly devoid of taste in her personal adornings. And her voice despite the coarse things it uttered, its musical sweetness thrilled me. Well it is for her that she is under Mr. Howard; for in this vile city she possessed of such fresh beauty, connected with such ignorance of the ways of the world, it were next to impossible that she should escape unharmed from the seductive wiles of some one of those monsters, who are ever on the alert to lure from virtue's path the young and innocent."

"This is only the commencement," sighed the discomfited Emily, as she pressed her pillow after the first day of embarrassments and mortifications had passed, "and I know not where it will end. I anticipated full enough, but her verdancy far, far exceeds it all. It will ruin me, I am sure it will, and something must be done."

To-morrow I will reason with her; she is quite pretty, very pretty, and if I can only induce her to lay aside that gigantic comb, and

those odious curls, and do her hair in something of style; and then, with a little altering, one of my dresses might fit her nicely, and the mits and shoes certainly must be disposed of, and then I am sure she will appear quite a lady—no, not a lady, but quite decent, I mean. But her foolish palaver, that is worse than all; what can I do? and the poor girl finding there was so much to be done, despairingly sobbed herself to sleep.

The following morning she was awakened to her troubles by Louisa, who entering her room without ceremony, exclaimed, "Heigho! asleep yet, what say you to a walk?" Emily would have shaken her off, and resumed her slumbers, had not the thought that in a walk at such an hour she would not be likely to encounter any of her fashionable friends, and hastily arising, she was soon equipped.

Choosing a retired, but pleasant avenue, she was carelessly proceeding along when her attention was arrested by a gentleman, whose elegant figure she could not mistake. It was no other than Sir Edward Walton, the very one whom, above all others, she dreaded; and drawing her veil closely over her face, she would have proceeded without noticing him, but Louisa cried out:

"Not so fast, Emily! here is the very same young fellow who was at your house yesterday; he is walking all alone, and looks wistful, as if he wanted to go with us. Here, Mr. what's your name, we are taking a walk too, and as you are going the same way, why not go with us?"

"With pleasure," replied Sir Edward, biting his lip, "I never refuse the escort of ladies."

"How very pretty," said Louisa, as she smilingly extended his jeweled hand to her eyes. But notwithstanding the part she was playing, she was extremely modest, and her eyes fell, while a modest blush overspread her cheek, which was beautiful in the eyes of Edward, although he could not explain such susceptibility from one who would have been thought to him to walk with her. At all events thought he, such mingling of simplicity and modesty is rare, and therefore interesting, and just for novelty's sake, he resolved to pursue her acquaintance, and try to draw her out.

In vain he sought to engage Miss Howard in conversation; she was so pained and embarrassed she could reply only by monosyllables, but the light-hearted Louisa chatted on right merrily, apparently entirely unconscious of the trouble she was giving her companion.

As they advanced into open space, Sir Edward passionately called the attention of the girls to the rising orb of day, tinting with its rich golden hues the eastern horizon.

"How very pretty," faintly replied Emily, while Louisa, betrayed into forgetfulness by her passionate love of the sublime, warmly exclaimed:

"Pretty! how tame the expression! it is sublimely beautiful! Look again, dear Emily, what work of art can equal nature's sweet adornings? how rich, how glorious, are the varied hues and shades." For a moment she gazed in lost admiration, while Sir Edward viewed with surprise and an interest amounting almost to tenderness, her intellectual face beaming with the poetic enthusiasm of her feelings. As she turned her soul-lit eye upon him, his tender gaze recalled her to her senses again, and her eyes fell and a deep blush overspread her cheeks.

Emily was not less surprised than Sir Edward, and pleased that she had made a favorable impression on his mind, (which she could not help seeing, though she believed it momentary,) and she half resolved to let pride alone; love her for what she was, and independently brave public opinion. But alas! pride had gained too strong a hold on her heart; and during the reception of morning callers, she found herself as much annoyed as on the previous day.

Immediately after dinner, she took the arm of Louisa, and drawing her away, said "come, let us go to the dressing room and prepare for the evening."

"You don't mean for me to prepare," said Louisa, eyeing herself with a look of satisfaction: "I've got on my best, and I am sure I look pretty," and she placed herself before

the mirror; "didn't you see that young fellow that walked with us stare at me; I know he was pleased."

"You look well for the country, but city people dress differently, and when you are with them you should try to imitate them both in dress and manners, lest by singularity you might attract too much attention."

"I have no sort of objection to attracting attention," replied Louisa, gaily.

"Well, then, to please me, will you not allow the dressing maid to fix your hair a little more like mine?" implored Emily.

"Just as you please, but then, if it should not be becoming; it must be refitted, and all that trouble will have been for nothing."

"Never mind the trouble, and I will know you will be satisfied."

As the maid removed the comb, and unbound her shining tresses, Emily gazed in astonishment, ever and anon exclaiming—

"What a pity to confine such splendid hair! Only look, Celia, did you ever see anything half so beautiful?" and beautiful indeed did she look to the delighted Emily, when its arrangement was tastefully completed.

"Ah, now," said Emily, "you look sweetly," and with an air of condescension she for the first time kissed her, adding, "I shall be quite proud of you; and then, as if a new idea had occurred to her, although in reality she had been pondering it all morning, she exclaimed, "Oh, Celia! if we could only dress alike, and indeed we can, for there are my two blue dresses, exactly alike, only one is silk and the other cashmere. Go bring them immediately. 'tis quite a romantic idea."

As Celia departed, Louisa, who had been twisting her hair before the mirror, turned, and in a dissatisfied voice said, "what a botch Celia has made of my hair! I did not like to say it to her, for she took such pains; but I've no notion of wearing it, not I."

"The kind Emily expostulated; with provoking gravity, and quite a show of impatience, she gathered it up in its former style, mounted her big comb and bow.

"There now," said she, "don't you think it looks better, and much more becoming?"

"I am sure it does not," reprofully replied Emily, while tears of vexation filled her eyes. "It is ridiculous in the extreme; nothing like style about it."

"Who cares for style?" said Louisa contemptuously; "nobody but city folks, who cover their faces with their hair till they look like monkeys, cramp up their feet, squeeze their insides out, tie a lump of cotton wool on their backs, and because it is fashionable think they look first-rate, and really despise a lady from the country who has sufficient independence to know what becomes her without regard to fashions."

Convinced how vain her attempts at modernizing were, Emily cast an angry look at her and left the room, shutting the door violently.

"I do believe, dear uncle," said Louisa, as she encountered him in the garden, "that Emily is sufficiently punished. She is really very unhappy at my obstinacy, and my heart aches with pity, even while I torment her. If I have forgiven her a thousand times for the few tears her thoughtless remarks occasioned me."

"I appreciate the generosity of your motives," replied her uncle, "but this fault has gained too strong a hold upon Emily, to be easily overcome. I can but reclaim her from the influence of those silly Wiltons. I shall be satisfied, I know it is painful to you, as to me, but if you will wear a little longer, she must come to her senses."

In half an hour after this conversation, Mr. Howard, Emily and Louisa, were started on a shopping expedition; Emily fully determined to recognize none of her fashionable friends, if so unfortunate as to meet them; her position was very much like a young child, who sometimes shuts its eyes, thinking it screams itself from observation.

"O, papa," cried she earnestly, as they stopped before a spacious and elegant store, "this is no place for me!"

"And why not, my daughter? Have I not often heard you say you preferred it to any in the city—that

Mr. Courtland and clerks were gentleman-like and accommodating, and do you not generally trade here?"

The fact was, Mr. Courtland, who was indeed a finished gentleman, had been charmed with the beauty of Emily, not less than with her well-filled purse, and always foremost in welcoming her, had delicately bestowed on her many of those flattering attentions so pleasing to the heart of woman.

As the party entered, Emily shrunk behind her father, but Louisa pulled her sleeve, saying, "only look, dear cousin Emily, what pretty things! Not much like the stores up where I live, I can tell you; why there they have pork, cheese, corn, molasses and codfish, besides their calicoes, tapes, needles, and what not; don't they, Uncle Charles?"

"But this is a much better way, all calicoes and furbelows. What an elegant lady! Well, I never, why, its really worth twenty-five cents to come here, if it's only to look at the pretty things."

"Good evening, Miss Howard," said Mr. Courtland, bowing politely and affecting not to notice her embarrassment, "are there any goods I can show you this evening?"

"No, she don't want any," replied Louisa, stepping forward, "but I'd like to buy a new gown."

The remarks of country rustics were not entirely new to the dealer and, experience had taught self-command; so without changing countenance, though secretly wondering that Emily Howard should have so vulgar a relation, he courteously asked:

"What shall I show you, madam? silk or delaine?"

"Calico, first rate, handsome calico," interrupted Louisa.

"I would like to look at your nice prints," chimed in the affected voice of a fashionably attired young lady, languidly seating herself on a stool by the side of Louisa, and ungloving her delicate hand.

The prints were produced, with the usual communications of new styles, elegant patterns, fast colors, unexceptionable prints, &c. &c. &c.

"Prints! prints!" said Louisa, "I asked for calico."

[To be Continued.]

## THE BIGNESS OF A BILLION.

The English billion—a million millions—has set Sir Henry Deane to calculating. He reckons that a billion seconds have not elapsed since the world began, as they would reckon 31,678 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, 5 seconds. A chain of a billion sovereigns would pass 736 times around the globe, or lying side by side, each in contact with its neighbor, would form about the earth a golden zone 26 feet 6 inches wide. This same chain, were it stretched out straight, would make a line of friction over 18,328,375 miles in extent. For measuring high, Sir Henry chose for a unit a single sheet of paper of about one three-hundred and thirty-third of an inch in thickness. A billion of these thin sheets, pressed out flat and piled vertically upon each other, would attain an altitude of 47,348 miles.

The last census showed a total of 17,362,000 persons engaged in labor in the whole country, and these figures may be fairly accepted as representing the aggregate strength of the workers of America in 1880. Since that time the army of toilers has greatly increased. At present there are, it is estimated, 8,000,000 engaged in agriculture, 4,500,000 in "professional and personal service," 2,000,000 in trade and transportation, and 4,250,000 in mechanics, manufactures and mining. It may be set down that, although the hardest physical toil in the shop, factory and mine falls to the lot of less than 6,000,000 in all, the designation of workmen properly applies to fully 12,000,000, as more than three-fifths of the whole are really dependent for their daily bread on the exercise of their muscles as well as their brains.

Ten persons will repent of sin for one who will confess to the person wronged. Yet such confession is in truth far more needful to the wronged than to the wronger. It is a small thing to be wronged, but a horrible thing to wrong.

The city of New York will be two hundred years old next month.

## SAM JONES' ONLY RIVAL.

LAMPASAS JAKE AND SOME SURMISES OF HIS ORATORICAL STYLE.

We have all heard of the the song "There is a New Coon in Town," and there will be nothing startling in the statement that there is a new "evangelist" in the country. His name is "Lampasa Jake" and he is described as a "cow-boy revivalist." He preaches in frontier saloons, beginning with describing his own remarkable "conversion," and then proceeds to his call for the unconverted. A letter from New Mexico describes Jake's doings as follows:

"Jake preaches nothing but repentance and salvation. He lives off the country, he says. He takes up no collections, and he asks few favors. He goes well armed and never lays aside his weapons, even when preaching. He has fights frequently and he sometimes brings men to repentance by main strength. Whoever he finds three or four cow boys, gamblers, rustlers or adventurers he begins his services.

"Going into one of the hardest of the numerous hard saloons in this place the other night, Jake mounted a chair and commanded silence. The games and drinking came to an end and about twenty men, young and old, looked up. One fellow undertook to edge out, but Jake stopped him.

"No, you don't, mister," he said, pointing his finger at him. "No, you don't. When you get to hell you'll have chances enough to bell a sneek on somebody, but you don't do it here." Then, straightening himself up, he yelled in a voice that made things creek:

"How many of you's ready to dinow with your boots on? Where'd you be to breakfast? Don't any of you drunken, sweating, fighting, blaspheming, gambling, thieving, tin horn, colle-paint, exterminating gabrats look at me ugly, because I know ya. I've been through the drive. You're all in your sins. You know a fat, well-fed, well-cared-for, thoroughbred steer when you see it and where it belongs. There's a man that owns it. There's a place for it to go. There's a law to protect it. But the naverick—whose is that? You're all navericks and worse. The naverick has no brand on him. He goes belling about until somebody takes him in and claps the branding-iron on him. But your whelps, you've got the devil's brand on you. You've got his brand about you. He lets you have rope now, but he'll haul you in when he wants firewood.

"Some of you can feel the brand now and all you old whiskey tate here now can smell the fire. I'll bet you \$5 you're scared. I'll bet you \$10 you would give something now to know that you wouldn't get cooked. I'll bet \$100 I can tell you how to escape. Just you get down on your knees here now and yell. That's right; all of you down. Won't do it, eh? Well, you will get down. That's right. Now you yell. Cry out for help like a Texas steer in snow belly deep.

"You're a nice lot of ruffians, ain't you? You'd look nice gallivanting around in heaven, wouldn't you? Wouldn't hell itself turn pale if it saw you coming? You can get your self in condition. You can make your hides slick. There is the grass of salvation that is green all the year round. You can eat of it and you'll make flesh from the word go. You can refuse it and you'll grow poor and miserable till your old hides will flap on your bones like a bed quilt on a ridge-pole."—Chicago Tribune.

There is a woman in the Chicago post-office whose employment is to correct misdirected letters. Her brain is a business directory of the United States, and she knows where to locate every firm of any sort of prominence. If a clerk calls out a misdirected letter as "Smith, Jones and Co., Chicago," she will very often indicate the correct address, as Louisville, Milwaukee or Springfield, Mass., without taking her attention from the work in which she is engaged. During her term of service some 200,000 misdirected letters have been saved from the dead-letter office.

The city of New York will be two hundred years old next month.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PENNA. R. R. DIVISION.

Time Table, In effect April 6, 1886.

Trains Leave Lowestown Junction:

Time	Destination
7:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
8:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
9:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
10:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
11:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
12:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
1:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
2:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
3:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
4:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
5:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
6:15 p.m.	Philadelphia

## SUNBURY NEWBOSTON

Trains Leave Sunbury:

Time	Destination
7:15 a.m.	New Boston
8:15 a.m.	New Boston
9:15 a.m.	New Boston
10:15 a.m.	New Boston
11:15 a.m.	New Boston
12:15 p.m.	New Boston
1:15 p.m.	New Boston
2:15 p.m.	New Boston
3:15 p.m.	New Boston
4:15 p.m.	New Boston
5:15 p.m.	New Boston
6:15 p.m.	New Boston

## Sellewore Accommodation

Trains Leave Sellewore:

Time	Destination
7:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
8:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
9:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
10:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
11:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
12:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
1:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
2:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
3:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
4:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
5:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
6:15 p.m.	Philadelphia

## Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division.

Trains Leave Sunbury:

Time	Destination
7:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
8:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
9:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
10:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
11:15 a.m.	Philadelphia
12:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
1:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
2:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
3:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
4:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
5:15 p.m.	Philadelphia
6:15 p.m.	Philadelphia

## BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

A strictly vegetable preparation, composed of a choice and skillful combination of Nature's best remedies. The discoverer does not claim it a cure for all the ills, but beldy warrants it cures every form of disease arising from a torpid liver, impure blood, disordered kidneys, and where there is a broken down condition. It never fails to restore the sufferer. Such is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Sold by all druggists, who are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the price to any purchaser who is not benefited by their use.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.  
FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Props.  
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A QUESTION ABOUT  
Brown's Iron  
Bitters  
ANSWERED.

Prejudice is hard to combat. It cannot be overcome in a day. More than likely it wasn't formed hastily. Indeed it may have been gradually strengthening its hold for years. For instance, some folks believe Rheumatism cannot be cured. Their fathers believed so before them. So did their grandfathers.

Now, RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED—adding this prejudice, but the course is to make people think so. The only way we know to meet prejudice is to believe in the PLAIN FACTS, and then present the POSITIVE PROOFS that they are facts. It is a fact that the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE not only relieves but banishes Rheumatism Pain. There is positive proof of it. It comes from those who have suffered untold agony with Rheumatism and have been completely cured by this remedy. All who have tried it have had this experience. Some of them permit us to print their testimony. It makes quite a little book, which we send free to any who are interested enough to ask for it.

A complete Russian Rheumatism Cure, costs \$2.50. If mailed, 10c additional. If registered, 10c more. You'll never need but one, so the price isn't high. Who wouldn't give \$2.50 to get rid of Rheumatism? As yet it cannot be found at the store, but can be had only by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American Proprietors, F. FAELZER BROS. & CO., 253 & 251 Market St., Philadelphia.

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