Orphans' Court Sale of

Valuable Real Estate!

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Daniel Zeiser late of Spring township, Snyder county, Pa., deceased, will by virtue of an Orphan's Court of the said county of Snyder, expose to public sale on Tract No. 1, described real estate, to wit: TRACT NO. 1, being all that certain in suage and piece of land, the Mansion Farm of the testator, situate in Spring township, Snyder county Pa., bounded on the North by land of Simon Yeager and Solomon Lambert et. al., East by land of said Lambert, and Tract No. 3, South by land of Lewis Manbeck, Isabella Yost and Josiah Helfrich and on the West by land of Phares Helfrich and William Droese, containing one-hundred and fifty-two (152) acres and 150 perches, more or less, with the appurtenances, whereon are erected a 2-story weather-boarded plank frame house, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, a well of good water at the house and one at the barn, about 20 acres of this tract is well timbered and the balance is in a high state of cultivation.

TRACT NO. 2, being another certain farm messuage or piece of land situate in township, county and state aforesaid, bounded on the North by land of John Zeiber and Joseph Hassinger, East by land of Joseph Hassinger, Solomon Lambert and Tract No. 4, here nafter described, South by land of Lewis and Annie Manbeck and West by Tract No. 3 and land of John Zeiber, containing one hundred and one (101) acres and 48 perches in we or less with the appurtenances, whereon are erected a 2-story weather-boarded log house, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, plenty of good fruit, about 10 acres is in timber and the balance is clear.

TRACT NO 3, being another farm or piece of land situate as and adjoining tracts 1 and 2 above described, bounded on the North by public road leading from Middlecreek to Troxelville, East by tract 2, South by land of Anna and Lewis Manbeck and West by tract 1 and public road, containing eighty (80) acres more or less with the appurtenances. Main buildings, water, fruit, state of cultivation about the same as on the tract above described.

TRACT NO. 4, being a certain piece of timber land situate in township, county and state aforesaid bounded on the North by land of Abdon Lambert and Gust. Moyer, East by land of Alex. Hommel, South by land of Amos Hackenburg and West by land of Lewis Manbeck and tract 3 containing eight (8) acres more or less, with the appurtenances.

TRACT NO. 5, b ing a certain Limestone lot, situate as tracts above described, adjoining lands of John Klingler, Reuben Steininger et. al. containing 20 percaes more or less, sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. when terms will be made known by

JACOB ZEIBER,
LINCOLN ZEIBER,
Executors.

A SUMMER SAIL

in ladies' shoes is a pleasant voyage afoot. For the pleasure it gives, there's no sail like our sale. r owds are enjoying it, and securing the prettiest, coolest and best fitting Summer shoes now manufactured, at prices which buyers find it a pleasure to pay. For house or street wear, pleasure or every-day practical purposes, walking, riding, or driving, we supply the ideal shoes demanded by fashion and the dictates of individual taste. Ladies, whoever claims your hands, by all means surrender your feet to these shoes.

G. H. GIBSON, Sunbury

Justice of the Peace

AND CONVEYANCER.
M. Z. STEININGER.
Middleburgh, Pa.

JAS. G. CROUSE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

DR. A. C. SPANGLER,

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A. R. Pottieger,

VETERINARY SURGEON.
SELINSGROVE, PA.
All professional business entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention.

One Way to be Happy

Is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight cold or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on J. W. Decker, M. D., Richfield; S. E. Howell, Lecture; W. H. Herman, Troxelville and R. H. Walters, Penns Creek, sole agents and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy free. We give it away to prove that we have a sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Large sizes 50c and $1.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease **Consumption**, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for **Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis**, all throat and lung **Maladies**. He hopes all sufferers will try this remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Brooklyn, New York.

PLAINT OF THE WILD ROSE.

In lonely spot all wild I grew,
Pale, though sun and rain caressed,
When soft one morn, as yet the dew
Sparkled on my snowy breast,
A poet came and pressed his lips—
Warm and red with life's young blood—
Upon my snow white rosebud tips.
And, lo, there surged a crimson flood
Throughout my veins, which dyed my breast
As never sun nor rain could do,
And soft each morn his fond lips pressed
My petals till I rosier grew.
But woe is me! One luckless day
There passed a plowboy on his roan
Who plucked me in his sportive play
And claimed me for his own.
I faded in his ruthless grasp.
He cast me here alone to die.
Oh, love, once more to feel your clasp
And breathe a last goodby!
—Maley Bainbridge Crist in Womankind.

THE HAUNTED SLOOP.

At one time, not so remote but that the memory of it still lives in the minds of some of the older river men of New York, there were a great many sloops engaged in trading on the Hudson river between New York and various points on the river, and among these was one that will probably be remembered long after the others are forgotten.

The Martin Wynkoop was designed to be one of the swiftest of the river fleet, and her builder put into her construction only the very best material that could be procured, while her designer, Captain Peter Van Corlear, had modeled her with such care that when she was finished she was indeed a thing of beauty, but the zeal of her commander was responsible for the tragedy which blighted the marriage of the Wynkoop to the Hudson and seemed to put an evil spell upon her which followed her throughout her brief career.

On the day set for the launching of the sloop the captain was here, there, everywhere, issuing orders and guarding against anything that might occur to mar the beauty of his beloved craft. He had kept her name a profound secret, intending to proclaim it as he left the stocks, and had provided a magnum of champagne with which to baptize her as she flew to the embrace of her bridegroom, but unfortunately for the captain fate had decided that he was not to carry out his plans, for by some mischance the sloop started from her resting place and slid into the water before the preparations were completed, seeming to choose a moment, too, when her noble commander was directly in the way, and to the horror of the bystanders he was caught between the vessel and the stocks and crushed to death. He was not instantly killed, but lived only long enough to whisper to his mate, "The sloop—Martin Wynkoop," thereby signifying his desire to have that name applied to her, and so she was duly christened.

Captain Morris Bleecker succeeded the ill fated Van Corlear and fitted the sloop out for her first voyage. When she was ready to sail, she was a craft that would have caught the eye of any seaman, for she was as buoyant as a cork and graceful as a swan upon the water. Her quarter deck, like the poop of a man-of-war, stood high above the main deck, and her immense main boom extended far and clear beyond her stern.

At last she was finished, and Captain Bleecker took in a cargo for Poughkeepsie, leaving New York in the afternoon and continuing under way till night, when he anchored behind Clermont point, not caring to cross the Tappan Zee that night.

About midnight the captain was aroused by the steady clank, clink, clank of the windlass, as if some one were getting the anchor. Angry and amazed at this apparent breach of discipline, he sprang from his bunk and ran on deck, to find the crew coming aft in a body.

"What is the meaning of this—mutiny?" he roared. And he backed up against the poop bulkhead, determined to fight to the last.

"No, sir," answered one of the men, his teeth chattering as he spoke, while his companions crowded about him, pale and silent. "It's ghosts!"

"Ghosts?" repeated the captain angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, we heerd the windlass goin like some un was gettin the anchor, and when we runs on deck to see what the matter was there was nobody there, and the windlass hadn't been touched."

The captain had recovered his wits by this time and saw that he must do something to quiet the frightened men.

"Is that all?" he said lightly. "Why, that was some vessel around the point heaving short, and the sound came across the water. It was not aboard of us. Go below and turn in, and I'll look out for the vessel." The men, seeing that the captain was not frightened, went below together, leaving him on deck alone. Scarcely had they got into the forecastle when there broke on their ears the sound of the chain rattling and snapping as it paid out through the hawse pipe, as if the whole cable were coming out of the chain locker.

Up started all hands again, and the captain ran swiftly forward to find that nothing had been disturbed and the vessel swung to her moorings just as she had when they anchored her. There was no more sleep for the crew of the Wynkoop that night, for no sooner did they leave the deck than the anchor was apparently either hove up or let go, and the noise only stopped when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared over the eastern shore. The men were in a state of excitement bordering on mutiny, but as they could not leave the vessel till she arrived in port they got the anchor and made sail.

That day will live in the memory of the unfortunate mariners on the Wynkoop as the stormiest of their lives. Three times did the captain attempt to weather the headland at the base of Hook mountain, only to be blown to leeward by the gale and swept around the foot of the cliff. The sloop acted as if she were possessed of some diabolical spirit, for when running along close hauled on a tack, with everything drawing as taut as a bowstring and the helm hard up, she would go about so suddenly as to throw everybody to the deck, and the man at the tiller several times narrowly escaped being brained by the heavy boom as it swept across the deck. At last they weathered the point, and from that time made good weather to Poughkeepsie, where the crew deserted to a man, all of them declaring that they would rather go to the penitentiary than to make another trip in such a craft.

Captain Bleeker managed to scrape together a scrub crew, with which he made the return trip to New York, making good time and having no trouble. On the next trip up he carried a crew of old river men, each of whom swore that he was "not afraid of the devil himself."

This voyage was a great deal worse than the last. All day did they tack and ratch about the point, losing on one tack all that they had gained on the previous one, until about dusk, when the wind increased to a gale and the captain, finding that he could not hope to weather the point that night, put her about and ran before the wind, intending to anchor behind the shelter of the hills till morning.

As she scudded along at a terrific rate, yawing and sheering as the seas caught her under the stern, the main boom suddenly gybed. The captain was at the tiller when this occurred, and as the boom swung across the deck a bight of the main sheet fell about his neck, and when the sheet tautened it cut the head off the unfortunate man and threw it far out of sight into the heaving waters of the river, while the crew stood pale and horror stricken at the grewsome sight. Almost instantly the gale moderated, and the sloop was sailed back to New York without further difficulty.

It was several months before a man could be found to take command of the haunted vessel, for in addition to the other tales that were circulated about her it was rumored that the headless ghost of Captain Bleeker could be seen every night standing on the quarter deck, grasping the tiller in his phantom hands.

At last a man came forward and offered to take the position, and though he was a stranger to everybody on the river his offer was accepted, for he seemed to understand his business thoroughly. This man called himself Rudolph Sturdevant. He was a tall, dark, mysterious sort of a person, with a saturnine cast of countenance, and was terribly profane in his speech. Indeed, his blasphemy shocked the wharf rats about the Washington market, and that was no easier task in those days than it is now. Captain Sturdevant brought his own crew with him, and it was well he did, for there was not a man in New York who would have shipped in the Wynkoop for love or money.

The day which Captain Sturdevant appointed to sail from New York was the 13th of September, and to make matters worse it was on Friday. It was one of those autumn days when the air seems full of vague threatenings, when the glass falls apace and the prudent mariner seeks a good harbor for his craft. The loungers about the wharf tried to dissuade the captain from his purpose, telling him of the experience of her former commander and urging as a reason, apart from other considerations, that it was Friday and the thirteenth of the month, which made it little less than suicide to leave port in such a vessel as the Wynkoop; but the captain laughed at their fears and swore with terrible, blood curdling oaths that he would put the sloop around the headland of Hook mountain that night or he would land her in hades. And so he started on his voyage.

Old river men say that never before within the memory of the oldest of them had such a fearful night visited the Hudson river as that memorable 13th of September. The upbound fleet anchored at nightfall behind the sheltering hills near Nyack, and the crews of the different vessels assembled on deck to watch the Wynkoop as she laboriously tacked and filled across the tempestuous Tappan Zee. Night came on, and still in the inky blackness she crept along amid the buffeting wind and waves. The thunder roared and reverberated among the hills and echoed and re-echoed from the sides of Anthony's Nose and Hook mountain and then went grumbling away across the lowlands on the other side of the river, while the vivid lightning ever and anon played about the toiling sloop as she moved wearily on. The night wore on, and the watchers grew weary at their posts, but still the flashes showed the Wynkoop now on port and now on starboard tack, yet never nearer the headland.

Just at midnight there came a flash of lightning which illuminated the heavens like the noonday sun, and at the same instant the thunder boomed as if the universe had split in twain. In that blinding flash of light they saw the Wynkoop standing out bold and clear against the dark background of the eastern shore, and outlined full to their gaze was the form of Captain Sturdevant standing on the quarter deck, his head thrown back and his clinched fist extended upward toward the sky as if he were defying the powers of heaven. The air seemed to glow with a bluish luminosity, and a strong odor of brimstone greeted the nostrils of the amazed watchers, while a wild and thrilling shriek came across the water, sounding loud and clear above the roar of the tempest.

When another flash of lightning came, the sloop had vanished, and never to this day has a vestige of either vessel or crew been seen.

No one knew where Captain Sturdevant and his crew came from, but it became a matter of grave discussion among the river men, the general opinion being that they were agents of the foul fiend.

It is currently believed on the river that on every 13th of September a ghostly craft enveloped in a mist of bluish flame may be seen beating across the Tappan Zee and that at midnight she disappears beneath the waters of the Hudson, while a blood chilling shriek wakes the echoes of the headland.—Charles F. Nash, U. S. R. C. S., in Short Stories.

A Trick of the Trade.

A lady who has been in London told me that as she and her husband were walking along the Strand one day—and they don't think that they look ferociously American—the vender of a kind of bagpipe whistle was displaying his wares by playing various tunes.

As our compatriots passed him he struck up "Yankee Doodle," and when that didn't seem to have any effect he followed it with "The Star Spangled Banner."

Such ingenuity deserved reward, so the couple purchased one of the pipes.

"How did you know I was an American?" demanded the gentleman.

"'Ow do I know a duck's a duck?" was the reply. "Hi'm an old sailor, your honor, han I've been heverywhere. When a Scotchman goes by hi give 'im 'Bonnie Dundee;' han Hirishman, 'The Wearing hof th' Green,' han I cort ha darky just now with 'The Hold Folks hat 'Ome.'"—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

The Gun Goes Off

instantly when you pull the trigger. So sickness may come on suddenly. But it takes time to load the gun, and it takes time to get ready for those explosions called diseases. Coughs, colds, any "attack," whatever the subject be, often means preceding weakness and poor blood.

Are you getting thin? Is your appetite poor? Are you losing that snap, energy and vigor that make "clear-headedness?" Do one thing: build up your whole system with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. It is the essence of nourishment. It does not nauseate, does not trouble the stomach. And it replaces all that disease robs you of.

A book telling more about it sent free. Ask for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Remember The 'Dead!

—o—

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Old Stones Cleaned and Repaired.

LOW PRICES! LOW PRICES!!

I have one of the best Marble Cutters in the State and consequently turn out good work.

Come and see my work & prices. Thankful for past favors I most respectfully ask a continuance of same.

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As a Family Medicine Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have Kidney, Liver or Blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. S. E. Howell, McClure, Pa., J. W. Decker, Richfield, W. H. Herman, Troxelville and R. H. Walters, Penns Creek, the leading druggists, sole agents, and are distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50c and $1.

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of Engines, Boilers and Mill work. Families can be supplied with Bath Tubs, Pipe and Pipe Fittings. I give as reference concerning my mechanical skill, Frick & Co. of Waynesboro, Pa. and Lebanon M'f'g. Co. both companies of high standing.

In order to avoid accidents

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should be tested under the hydraulic test at least once a year. Avoid danger and call upon me to make the test,

A. B. WOLGEMUTH,
Selinsgrove, —:——:—— Pa.

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Cancer cured on the breast, head, face, lip hand or anywhere on the external surface of the body (in eight days) without the loss of a drop of blood. No knife used. Terms very reasonable. Call at my office or address

D. R. ROTHROCK, M. D., New Berlin, Pa.

P. S.—Kindly ask your druggist or merchant whether he keeps Dr. D. R. Rothrock's remedies viz: Two-day Cough Cure, Rheumatic Liniment, Electric Neuralgia Cure, Liver Pills, Headache Powders, Vegetable Condition Powder for all domestic animals, Ess. Peppermint, Golden Tincture, Perfecto Vanilla, Laudanum, Paregoric and Castor Oil. If not, tell him to order them at once as they are sold and used everywhere. D. R. ROTHROCK, M. D., Physician and Pharmacist, New Berlin, Pa.

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Having purchased Reigle's Tin Shop I have moved my business to the opposite the jail. I have just received the finest and latest improved

STOVES

that have ever been brought to Snyder Co. and I will sell them at such prices that you can save from 2 to 6 dollars on every stove you buy from me. I insure every stove to be strictly first class. Heater pipe can be attached to each range.

The Best HEATERS in the MARKET

you will find in my store. Every stove that goes out must give satisfaction or it will cost you nothing. I also make

Spouting, Roofing and Tinware

at the LOWEST PRICES and of the BEST TIN. Call and see my stock.

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THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant TAILOR of Selinsgrove,

You can get the best goods for the least money. Be sure to order your

Fall & Winter Clothing

of the man who guarantees a choice fit and gives you rock bottom prices

JNO. A. HEFFELFINGER,
Merchant Tailor. Selinsgrove, Pa.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices

at Verdilla, Snyder Co., Pa.

Few months in the mercantile business has proven beyond doubt, that honest dealing, small profits and cash business is by far the best plan.

In order to give you an idea about our prices we make a list of some articles to show how much can be bought for $1.00 at our store.

3 lbs. Nails, assorted sizes in 1 lb. packs,	10 cents.
1 doz. Chain Repair Links,	10 "
1 pack brass Clinch Nails,	10 "
10 Quart Gal. Water Pails,	20 "
40 feet gal. wire twist Clothe Line,	15 "
1 lb. best Baking Powder,	10 "
3 dozen Clothe Pins,	5 "
4 oz. pack Smoking Tobacco,	5 "
1000 Matches,	5 "
1 pair good Socks,	5 "
1 Fruit Funnel,	5 "
TOTAL	$1.00

Thanking you for your past patronage with fair prospects for the future, I am Yours Respectfully,

A. S. Sechrist.

AT

- OPPENHEIMER'S -

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Fall and winter Suits, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Gents' Furnishing Goods. A full line of

Boots & Shoes.

Solly always treats you right. Call on him at the old place

Great Reduction Sale of

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For Ninety Days!

The Undersigned Offer The Public Their ENTIRE STOCK OF FURNITURE

AT THE GREATEST SACRIFICE EVER KNOWN IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

We are not selling out, but we do this to increase our sales above any previous year. We give a few of the prices as follows:

Soft Wood Chamber Suits	$14.00	Cotton Top Mattress	2.25
Hard Wood Chamber Suits	16.00	Woven Wire Mattress	1.75
Antique Oak Suits, 8 Pieces	19.00	Bed Springs	1.25
Plush Parlor Suits	30.00	Drop Tables, per ft.	.60
Wooden Chairs per set	2.50	Platform Rockers	2.50

In stock, everything in the furniture line, including Mirrors, Book Cases, Desks, Side-boards, Cupboards, Centre Tables, Fancy Rockers, Baby Chairs, Feather Pillows, Lounges, Couches, Doughtrays, Sinks, Hall Racks, Cane Seat Chairs—fine, medium and cheap furniture, to suit all classes.

Prices reduced all through. Come early and see our stock before giving your order, and thus save 15 to 20 per cent. on every dollar.

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