

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., directed, there will be sold at Public Sale, at the Court House, on the 6th day of December next, the following Real Estate, to-wit:

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., directed, there will be sold at Public Sale, at the Court House in Johnstown, on Saturday, the 4th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to-wit:

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By virtue of sundry writs of Vend. Expon., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., directed, there will be sold at Public Sale, at the Court House in Johnstown, on Saturday, the 4th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to-wit:

NOTICE.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

SARAH JANE SMITH, No. 38, September Term, 1875. C. D.

SURRAY CATTLE.

Enclosure of the subscriber, in Chest township, one black steer, supposed to be about the same age. There are no marks or spots on the body, but a white stripe over the right eye. The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; failing in which within the time specified, they will be disposed of as the law directs.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN C. BOLAND, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of John C. Boland, late of Summitville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

[BY REQUEST.] EPITAPH ON A DEAD DOG.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

HIC JACET CANIS!—Now, that is to say, Here lies a dog—a dog that had his day; And such a dog! it would be worse than vain To hope to ever see his like again. Hail, nurse of doggers! afford thy help, Whilst I immortalize this roving whelp; A roaring whelp he was—But ah! his roar Will now confuse the elements no more; Down to the dust he's gone from whence he came. And tho' "unwept, unhonored," not unscathed To hope to ever see his like again. Hail, nurse of doggers! afford thy help, Whilst I immortalize this roving whelp; A roaring whelp he was—But ah! his roar Will now confuse the elements no more; Down to the dust he's gone from whence he came.

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THE BLACK TARN.

Five or six miles to the north of the small town of Brompton, in Cumberland, England, there is a mountain lake known as Black Tarn. In the neighborhood are sheep farms, and a few magnificent lakes, and there are many cottages. In one of these, known as Hayton, a murder was recently perpetrated, accompanied by cruel outrage. At the east end of the village there resided one John Coulter, who kept a beer saloon, and cultivated a small farm. He was a rough, uneducated man, addicted to drink, and when he was incapable of attending to his customers who came of a night for beer, his daughter, who was named Armstrong, was doing the work. He had a son, also, but he was in Carlisle, learning a trade, and seldom visited his native village. Coulter was reported to be worth a few hundred pounds, and consequently, passed in the neighborhood for a man of means. A young man named Armstrong had been courting his daughter, but he had been driven off by Coulter, for assaulting a farmer, who was the latter's friend. Armstrong had quit the neighborhood, having, as was supposed, enlisted. At the time now referred to, Kate, Coulter's daughter, was receiving attentions from one George Routledge, the son of a grocer in Brompton. On the morning of the tenth of last February, Coulter arose late, having been awakened by the noise of a horse being driven about, he went to the top of the stairs and called her by name. No answer came, and he hastily donned his clothes and descended. The stairs led down into the back kitchen, and when he reached the bottom he saw the door leading into the yard open. Thinking that his daughter might be in the byer, he again called her name, but to no purpose. Then he passed into the bar, which was a small room with a window opening into the main room. The glass in the grate, and the disorder showed plainly that Kate had not been at work that morning. Coulter searched around, but could see nothing of his daughter. The bed in her chamber had not been slept in, and her shoes and boots were missing. He summoned one of the neighbors, and when the news got around that Kate Coulter had suddenly disappeared from home, a crowd of sympathizers gathered round the father and offered assistance and counsel. David Redd, a blacksmith, identified that he was the last to quit the inn the night before, and that Kate bade him good night, and drew the bolt in the door. It was then ten o'clock. Peter Steele, the village constable, confirmed Redd's statement, as they were in company, Steele leaving the house only a few minutes before Redd, who continued to get a light for his pipe. Beyond this there was absolutely no testimony. Coulter, accompanied by his friends, searched the neighborhood for the missing girl, but with no success. George Routledge, her lover, who had been notified, remained the village in the afternoon, and joined in the search. Mounted police from Brompton, and the officers from Carlisle, were speedily on the spot, and the whole country-side was aroused. No traces, however, of the lost one were met with. Days and weeks went by and the mystery remained unsolved. One day, about a week after the girl's disappearance, Armstrong's old mother put her head in at

A BEWITCHED WOMAN.

Talking about witch stories, we have seen nothing to equal the following, condensed from the Mechanicsburg Journal: Several weeks ago, a Mrs. Nesbitt, living with her husband, in Warrington township, York county, on the farm of Wm. Ross, was discovered in an odd position, the face of a human being, with large eyes like balls of fire, moving around from room to room. Shortly after, she was stricken with rheumatism so badly that she could not rest in any position. Suddenly the rheumatism left, and nightly the strange image visited her in bed, and she could then discover in it a naked human being with the same eyes. The form would snatch her with the bed clothes and throw her on the floor, causing her to faint or go into convulsions. These strange actions became noised abroad, and one night last week almost the entire neighborhood gathered to witness the apparition. The house was crowded, many persons being unable to get in. The lights were all put out and the woman retired to rest with her child in the room. About ten o'clock the ghost made its appearance. Although the lady said she could see a human form, those in the room could only see two large balls of fire approaching the bed where the lady was. The lady fainted, and several gentlemen going to her assistance, but she refused to get up. From her and grasped the child in the cradle, but it was also released by the persons standing by, and the balls disappeared, leaving all very much frightened. There is living in the neighborhood an old gentleman named Dr. Reuben, who is famous in his neighborhood for his many cures in witchcraft. He pronounced the lady bewitched and gave her the following directions to be implicitly followed: That the next night at a certain hour she was to take a sickle, heat it red hot and pass it several times over her arm as close as possible without burning herself while he was going over a formula. The directions were followed to the letter and the cure effected. She was also instructed, should any person ask for anything, nothing of any description should be given. The day following, as expected by the doctor, a woman appeared with her arm burned to entire length and asked for lard to grease her burn, but it was refused. A pin was then asked for, but she was ordered away and told that nothing would be given her, which had the effect of starting her off. The lady was then interrogated and said that several weeks ago the same woman came to her house in the evening and requested a night's lodging, but it was refused her. She then remarked to Mrs. Nesbitt, "How would you like it if you were bewitched?" Mrs. N. replied she did not know and shortly after she was afflicted as above stated. "You had better come with us and see your sister," one of the officers said. "Go and ask the foreman's leave, and refer him to us, if necessary, for an explanation." "That's more than I can say," Johnstone replied, "though it may be took a bit of paper from his pocket." "What do you do you sweep your shop?" the detective asked. The shoemaker laughed and said: "Once a year, maybe." Then the detective, very much to the surprise of the shoemaker, went to work examining the floor, carefully all over. The same began in one corner and lifted everything from the floor, replacing it where he found it. After he had been at work over ten minutes he came across a fragment of an envelope, burnt at one end. This he carefully scrutinized, and putting it in his pocket he returned to the room. The detective exhibited his scrap of paper. As before said, it was part of an envelope, and on it was written, but the words "private John" could be deciphered. Whether the writing was a man's or woman's it was hard to say, but the general impression was that it was a woman's. 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It was in an excellent state of preservation, owing to the ice, which had just broken up, and the features were perfect. Both the lads identified the corpse as that of the missing girl, Kate Coulter, carrying it with rushes and leaves, they started for the village and informed the grief-stricken father of their discovery. The body was carefully removed to Coulter's house, and a coroner's inquest was held. A surgical examination showed that the girl had been outraged, and marks of strangulation were distinctly visible on her throat. The body, when found, was entirely naked, and search was made for the unfortunate girl's clothing. They were found under a pile of stones about two hundred yards from where the corpse was discovered. They were torn and mud-stained, and traces of blood were observable on them. What the object of the murderer was in removing the clothing was beyond comprehension; but that he had had an object was evident. A verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury, and the corpse was interred with becoming solemnity. A large reward was offered for any information which might lead to the apprehension of the guilty person, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county specially interested in his behalf, benighted, about seven o'clock, he was at work in his shop in Brompton, which was on the direct road to Coulter's, when a young man, a stranger, put his head in at the door and asked for a light. It was a very odd night, and the stranger seemed to be in a hurry, and shut the door. He did not come in with his back to the shoemaker while he got a light. Johnstone asked him whether he had come by train from Carlisle, and he said he had. Johnstone remarked that it was going to be a sharp night, and the stranger replied that he had judged so, and abruptly quitted the shop. "What did he light his pipe with?" the officer asked, after a pause. 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A verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury, and the corpse was interred with becoming solemnity. A large reward was offered for any information which might lead to the apprehension of the guilty person, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county specially interested in his behalf, benighted, about seven o'clock, he was at work in his shop in Brompton, which was on the direct road to Coulter's, when a young man, a stranger, put his head in at the door and asked for a light. It was a very odd night, and the stranger seemed to be in a hurry, and shut the door. He did not come in with his back to the shoemaker while he got a light. Johnstone asked him whether he had come by train from Carlisle, and he said he had. Johnstone remarked that it was going to be a sharp night, and the stranger replied that he had judged so, and abruptly quitted the shop. "What did he light his pipe with?" the officer asked, after a pause. 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