



BY virtue of a writ of F. F. Pa. Vend. Expon. and Al. Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county...

MONDAY, March 5th, 1877.

At 10 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:

All the right, title and interest of Archibald Farrell, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of Joseph Heister, Jr., Philip Gray, and others, containing 129 acres, more or less, of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of Archibald Farrell, and the occupancy of Mary Ann Peck. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Daniel Fry.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Patrick Kelly and John Kelly, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of Francis Eberly, dec'd, William McFarley, and others, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of Patrick Kelly. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John P. Kelly.

Also, all the right, title and interest of J. W. Gray, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of Charles H. Fick, and others, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of J. W. Gray. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. W. Gray.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Lathrop, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of Philip Peit Jr. and Michael Donoghue, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of John Lathrop. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Lathrop.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James W. Taylor, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of David Van Syckel, Thomas Van Syckel, and Benjamin Fagan, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of James W. Taylor. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James W. Taylor.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John P. Kelly, of and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Columbia county, Pa., adjoining lands of Philip Peit Jr. and Michael Donoghue, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, in the occupancy of John P. Kelly. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John P. Kelly.

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JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

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BLANKS AND PRIZES.

BY PEPPER CORN.

Like a pilgrim of old, I have roamed to and fro.

Heard maxims both foolish and wise, And ever have found midst the high and low.

There are always two blanks to a prize.

A drum in the hand always makes the most sound.

And a hypocrite makes the most noise, And in every profession, the whole world around.

There are twenty-five blanks to a prize.

With money to spend we have friends by the score.

To flatter us, fawn and advise, But how soon we find, if we chance to be poor.

There are seventy-five blanks to a prize.

If to settle a grievance to law we resort, What quibbles and cavils arise, But one thing is certain, in every court.

There are ninety-five blanks to a prize.

There are other things, too, in a journey through life.

But the risk is the greatest in choosing a wife, There are ninety-nine blanks to a prize.

OUR IDEAL.

Close the door lightly, Breathe the breath, Our little earth angel;

Let him with death; O'er the white breast, So like a wild spirit

Strayed from the rest, Let her out gently, Let the grave slumbers

Be mid the sweet flowers.

THE TRAMP'S RIDE.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

No. Ninety-nine stood puffing and blowing off steam at the water tank of a little

wayside station—a beauty and marvel of brass and iron and steel; strong beyond

smile, making play of the hundred cold cars it drew swiftly along, with its eye

power into the hot glow and steam-battered air—thinking of the hard winter—of all

most starvation prices to which wages had been reduced, and more than all, of his

humble home and bright-eyed little boy of half a dozen years, who was then dreaming

that papa would be home to breakfast and spend the next day, Sunday, with the

“It’s hard to be poor,” he said, bustling the icy frost from his heavy beard and

mustache, “and it does seem as if the company might be a little more liberal after

the way they’ve worked us and piled up stamps during the Centennial.” “But—

“John, here’s a tramp,” sung out the fireman from the interior of the water tank.

“That’s nothing new,” was the answer.

“They were as plenty all summer as blackberries.”

“But the poor fellow’s half starved and frozen, and begs so hard for a ride.”

“Ride? Humph! And get set up for thirty days, if any of the big guns of the road find it out?”

The light from the open furnace door showed full in the face of the tramp as he stepped from the desolate icy tank where he had paused to gain something of shelter, even if little of warmth. A rapid sign

passed between him and the engineer, and the latter continued:

“Come aboard. I’ll take the chances. I don’t mind the conductor will give me away, and mightly clear of the brakemen

showing their faces more than they can possibly help such a night as this. Anyhow

“I’m not going to leave a fellow being so starved and freeze to death for all the rail-

road companies this side of Canada. Blessed if I do! Come aboard, old fellow.”

The tramp obeyed the summons, and his scanty clothing, numbed hands and feet

and pinched-up features told how sorely he was in need of food and warmth. The cooking

funnel speedily supplied the one, and the dinner pails of the engineer and fireman the other, though they would sadly miss their

hot coffee.

Two shrieks of the whistle, a tug at the lever, and Ninety-nine started and shot

away with the long train following behind like an immense black serpent over an air

line, around curve, through tunnel and across bridge. Then John Lathrop had

more time to more closely scrutinize and talk to his unpaying passenger. The mys-

tery sign that had passed between them told him that he had

“You aren’t used to tramping and haven’t been long at it,” said he, laughing quietly at the rapid manner in which the supper of

bread and butter and a slice of ham had been devoured. “You’re a regular

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

“Yes, sir,” said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands after coming from braking.

“You think, as they sit in their warm seats and hear us call out the different stations

that we have nice, soft, easy times. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on

a flat car all night, with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron

brake, and think if that’s easy or up on top of a freight car, running along, the

wind cutting like a knife, as dark as pitch, and watching for fear you may rush sud-

denly under a bridge and be swept off, or perhaps be left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To

be sure, when we are transferred to passenger cars the work is nice enough, but the

dangers we have to go through (for we generally have to go on freight cars first)

outfit us to something better on a passenger car, and we ain’t sorry when we get

orders to take the head end of such a regular train.

“There are very few brakemen who can’t tell never-to-be-forgotten incidents con-

necting with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story from my own ex-

perience. I remember one night, it was fairly cold, right in the middle of winter

and snowing hard. I was breaking in the middle of a freight train. It was running

slow on slow time that night, and we were standing by the brake of a flat car, trying

to get warm by stamping, wishing that we were at the depot, so that I could go back

to the caboose out of the bitter cold, when suddenly I felt the train bumping and

jumping like an earthquake, and I knew something was wrong. It was the

blew for brakes, and in a mighty short time we had the train stopped.

“With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, thinking that

wasn’t a chance at the stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back three hundred

feet, we found one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but as we had

been going slowly, we had run over the spot safely. Our conductor looked up, and

seeing me said: “You’ve got to get back and signal the passenger train. She will be along in a short time;

and take this; we’ll go on. You can come along with the other train.”

“With that all hands got on board, and soon the train was moving but me and the

latter left. “A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn, and then I remembered what

I had to do. Holding the lantern up I saw that the light was flickering, and shaking

it, I found it was hanging from a broken wire. I felt the responsibility of my position;

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THE CONJURERS OF OLD.

The spiritual medium of the present day bears a closer resemblance, in methods and

implications, to the well known conjurer of last century than any other representative of

the magic art. His faith in the still remains of the performance of his prototype is

illustrated below. In 1815 a delegation of highly educated and distinguished men

from the English East India Company visited the Emperor Jahangir. While on their mission they witnessed many most

wonderful performances, among them being to discredit their senses, and far beyond any

limit even of solution. A party of Bengalese conjurers and jugglers, showing

their art before the Emperor, were directed to produce upon a spot, and from

seed, ten nutmeg trees. They immediately planted ten seeds, which, in a few

minutes produced as many trees. The ground divided over the spot, when a seed

was planted, ten leaves appeared, at once followed by slender shoots, which rapidly

gained elevation, putting out leaves and twigs and branches, finally spreading wide

in the air, budding, blossoming and yielding fruit, which matured on the spot, and

was ready to be eaten. And this he did for the Emperor, and ten nutmeg trees

were produced at the same time under like conditions produced, yielding the fruit which

belonged to each. Wonder succeeded wonder. The branches were filled with birds

of various plumage, sitting about among the leaves and singing sweet notes. The

leaves turned to rasset, fell from their places, branches and twigs withered, and

finally the trees sank back into the earth, leaving in their stead all sprang within the

hour.

The same conjurers performed a series of marvels. One of them produced a chain

fifty cubits in length. One end of this he threw into the air, when the chain rapidly

ran out its whole length, and then he fixed in the air as if by magic, a great

sky. A dog was then placed upon the chain, when up he ran to the further end

and at once disappeared heavenward. A hog, a pig, and other large animals

were successively despatched up this aerial path, and all returned safely to the ground from the far end. Nor were they sent

again; and finally the chain was withdrawn, and placed in a bag for convenient

carriage.

Another had a bow and about fifty steel pointed arrows. He shot an arrow into the

air, when, lo! the arrow became fixed in space at a considerable height. Another

and another arrow was sent off, each fixing itself in the shaft of the preceding, until

all had formed a chain of arrows in the air, excepting the last, which striking the

chain, brought the whole to the ground in detachments.

They set up two common tents facing each other, and about a bow shot apart.

These tents were critically examined by the spectators, as are the cabinets of the

magicians, and pronounced empty. The tents were fastened to the ground, and

around. The lookers on were then invited to choose what animals or birds they would

have issue from these tents to engage in a battle. Kinnam—Jahant, indignantly

declined to accept a light contest. In a few minutes an ostrich came out from

each tent, rushed to combat with deadly earnestness, and from them the blood

began to stream; and from them so nearly matched that neither could win the victory,

they were at last separated by the conjurers and conveyed within the tents.

After this a varied assortment of the spectators for birds or beasts were compelled

with, always with the same results.

They took a man and apparently severed him from the tent, at last cutting

off his head, as it appeared. They scattered these members about the ground, at

a considerable distance, and allowed them to remain for some time. Gathering them

together, they spread over these remains a sheet, under which they were

crowded, and soon came out, followed by the man who had been discovered, and

in every part. Neither was there to be found about the place any trace of the

thing that had been done.

A large caldron was set, and into this a quantity of rice was placed, which

was stirred with a stick, and out from the caldron was taken more than one

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