Cambria Freeman,
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BY JAMES G. HASSON,

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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D. GANSMAN,

Largest Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, 1118 Eleventh Ave., ALTOONA, PA.

M. R. DENNY, Salesman.

TREASURER'S SALE

—OF—

Seated and Unseated Lands and Lots

—IN—

Cambria County,

—A. D. 1892—

I, CHAS. J. MAYER, Treasurer of Cambria county, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling unseated lands for taxes, do hereby give notice that the following tracts of unseated lands and lots of ground in said county of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the Court House, in the borough of Ebensburg, on the SECOND MONDAY, being the

13TH DAY OF JUNE NEXT,

and continue by adjournment from day to day until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon:

Unseated Lands.—1890 and 1891.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

Acres.	P's.	Names	Taxes and Costs.
		Adams Township.	
440		John Anderson	$138 67
439		John Morrison	138 28
440		Valentine Oster	138 67
118	55	Martin McDonald	36 89
	114	Same	38 17
		Samuel Caleto	
433	40	Robt. Ross	136 44
400		Thos. Donahoe	348 19
298		Same	68 12
217		Same	66 88
125		Same	39 21
400		Henry Rice	124 30
400		Ferdinand Gordon	124 30
401		Jacob Clement	125 25
250		Jno. Williams (Smith Capp)	81 77
50		D. T. Storm	16 14
41		Thos. Smith, part	25 89
400		H. M. Neal	30 81
202		A. Nichols	63 80
		E. L. Anderson heirs	
400		John Dalton	126 00
150		Geo. W. Vickroy	24 99
		Barr Township.	
100		Michael Snyder	32 90
100		John Thomas	16 25
14		Owen D. Williams	2 06
		Fred. & Geo. Snyder	
108		Thomas Edwards, part	28 39
		Blacklick Township.	
50		Gabriel Boring (Snyder)	6 71
50		Samuel Reese	5 48
30		James C. Fisher	5 48
		Cambria Township.	
56		William Linton	8 47
56		Jno. I. Evans & Co.	8 73
100		O'Donnell, Kerr & Barker	13 22
		Carroll Township.	
48		John Weber	9 62
		Clearfield Township.	
33		Samuel Calvin	8 80
381		One half interest of Shaw & Test	36 64
135		One half interest of Shaw & Test	17 58
200		J. H. Fiske and S. S. Blair	51 58
200		Condron & Hartman	51 58
1229		James Condron	377 80
150		Martin Thomas of Jacob	56 48
		Croyle Township.	
7		John Stiffler	3 67
		Chest Township.	
405	106	James Ruth	168 05
		Elder, Lutz & White	
127		Wm. Parker	53 01
	124	Henry Philips	33 99
	157	Simon Walker	52 02
73		Daniel C. Carson	24 59
		Dean Township.	
200		Bell & Blair	55 10
40		John Means	7 74
		John Fisher	109 48
		John Harrison	118 82
		John Brotherline	60 92
		Same	35 91
		Thos. Patterson (Andy Grayton)	74 27
200		Patrick Kelly	35 94
200		Patrick Such	35 94
134		James Harris	23 02
400		Joseph Harris	71 88
		Ravard & Barclay	
200		Wm. Barton	35 94
200		Ezekiel Farmer	35 94
116		Wm. Tilton	22 23
		Jesse Rush	59 78
		Ruth McConnell heirs	
		Lewis Wolf	41 77
		James Beyson	18 42
		C. G. Waltz et al.	
400	142	James Jones	73 38
		James Condron	
72		Morris Wolf	13 42
		Henry Wolf	66 75
131		Henry Davis	24 68
433		Jacob Harris	78 29
110		Joseph Davis	20 23
		James Jones	22 90
24		James Condron	4 80
		Elder Township.	
50		Joseph Thomas	42 65
		Gallitzin Township.	
50		Mary Hammer	36 54
50		James Condron (Ashland independent school district)	58 28
		Jackson Township.	
		Wm. H. Sechler	
100		John Hubbley	12 43
		Thomas White	7 52
		Thomas Vickroy	63 29
440		Wise & Brother	55 34
50		Wm. H. Sechler	8 27
100		John McFeaters	10 56
150		Peter Dishong	13 04
		Leo and Jos. T. L. Wess	6 20
		Portage Township.	
100		Frederick Hunter	40 52
100		Samuel Hinton	40 52
200		Geo. Gutwald	78 66
		H. & C. Zeller	26 60
		Wm. T. McConnell	9 34
		Jno. C. Stray estate	13 61
70		Thos. McConnell estate	14 53
400		John and James Kinports	181 22
		Reade Township.	
		Geo. D. Morgan	
	7	P. & A. Flynn	42 71
		Patrick Boreland	38 84
		John Barron	24 73
	108	Thos. Sanborn	30 95
		David Jackson	30 81
		Henry Kepple	26 48
19		J. H. Fiske	15 77
		Wm. P. Walker	
100		Samuel Haggerty	156 38
100		W. H. Woods	26 48
158		James L. Gwin	40 30
9		John Hollen	4 68
95		B. F. Bell	24 26
		E. G. Ackers and E. G. Bobb	
		Wilson Hunt, part	11 74
		Ebenezer Branham, part	9 20
72		Jere Jackson, part	6 76
		Summerhill Township.	
439	80	Jacob Nagle	146 34
439	80	Henry Woods	146 34
439	80	James Dalton	146 34
439	80	James Searight	146 34
72		Wm. Smith, D. D., part	24 40
417		Mitchell, Flude & Palmer being two-thirds interest	46 57
		Stonycreek Township.	
7		Lewis Plitt	2 25
50		L. B. Cohick	15 83
		Susquehanna Township.	
140		Jos. Thomas	37 63
		West Taylor Township.	
30		Sechler & Peelor	4 68
		Washington Township.	
352		Simon Roop	30 38
200		Sechler & Cook	35 05
90		Geo. A. Buchanan	15 15
50		Sophia Hurd	8 66
43		H. S. Smith & Co.	7 48
252		Simon Roop	21 86
100		Geo. Hamilton, part	8 93
		White Township.	
302		Simon Walker	71 24
327		Henry Philips	77 17
		Chas. Ranstead	
449		Alex. Brown	105 77
594		Thomas Brown	142 73
402		Wm. Harris	94 73
429		John Harris	101 09
523		James Reed	123 05
		White, Lentz & White	
456		Thos. Sanburn	107 03
170	93	Simon Walker	40 36
385		Henry Philips	90 74
		James McCoy	
500		Samuel Calvin	117 68
118		One-half interest of Shaw & Krebbs	12 16
		Jno. C. Gates	
56		Fred. Moltenaux	22 31
545		James Stephenson	283 78
80		Wallace & Krebbs	25 52
10		Matthew Cowan	4 35
		Lower Yoder Township.	
260		Johnson heirs	12 13
224		Joseph Gates	5 72
50		Joseph Gates	1 68
100		James P. McConahey	4 98
100		Ellen Zeck	9 48
61	80	Jackson St. Clair	3 28

Seated Lands and Lots—1889 and 1890.

A.	H.	L.	Names	Taxes and Costs.
			Adams Township.	
302			Patrick McGough & Co.	$46 86
306			Same	48 14
			M. L. and John Griffin mill	8 94
	1	1	Mrs. Cath. Rankin	8 38
	1	1	C. C. Hussey	7 58
			Daniel Murphy	3 51
	1	1	C. F. Knox	9 17
124			John G. Kring	10 8
81			Adam Fulmer	2 90
50			Same	95
50			B. F. Ruff	4 50
			Ashville Borough.	
		1	John Burgoon	3 16
		1	Albert Flick	2 58
		3	Samuel Gill	14 80
		1	James McMullen	2 03
		1	J. C. McMullen	1 54
		1	John Adams	1 03
		1	Edward Dunnegan	1 03
		1	Charles Prescott	1 30
		2	Charles Borange	2 55
		1	John Hubbard	1 03
		1	Less McMullen	1 53
		1	James Maloney	1 03
			Allegheny Township.	
90			Spendly & Co., M. R., of H. Becher	12 80
31			Spendly & Co., M. R., of Wm. Gallaher	4 51
90			Spendley & Co., M. R., of H. Gallagher estate	12 80
72			James Biter	6 17
			Barr Township.	
100			H. J. Boland estate	9 39
30			Joseph Gardner	5 86
41			Wm. Williams	9 59
39			Wm. Jackson	6 07
15			J. McDonald	1 21
60			Joseph Glan	4 44
3			Wm. D. Keith	84
46			Vincent Baum estate	2 00
20			A. F. Jackson	1 76
			Blacklick Township.	
130			Blacklick Navigation Co.	29 73
123			Same	27 52
10			Benjamin Gilpatrick	2 02
10			Sarah E. Makin	1 00
105			Lawrence Wyland	15 48
190			Same, M. R.	8 56
130			Stoneback & Martin	16 13
40			John Foust	4 42
100			Richard Selders estate	15 16
			Cambria Township.	
100			David E. Davis	16 63
138			Jones & Lloyd	6 52
100			James B. Young	4 48
4½			Same	1 40
60			Andrew Dishart	5 78
97			Jno. Murray	7 39
40			Geo. Smelsburger	1 80
54			Geo. Berkey and mill	3 20
32			C. H. Kemp	4 03
5½			S. Reed	2 08
8			Mary E. Tibbott	90
117			Paul J. Long	4 00
			Carrolltown Borough.	
	1	3	Bernard Kari	5 41
			Carroll Township.	
4			Samuel Kelly	1 10
40			Reuben Newman	2 90
			Chest Township.	
100			S. E. Burns	40 26
72			P. & A. Flynn, Mineral	15 51
98			Jno. Gates & Bro., Mineral	13 58
50			Samuel Gill	10 89
40			Same	7 38
85			Gray & Wyland	10 95
3			Daniel Kline	2 81
60			Martin Spangler, Mineral	5 67
57			Albert Roha	3 30
			Clearfield Township.	
	1	1	James McKenzie	3 65
20			T. W. Nagle	1 80
109			Lewis & H. McMullen	22 27
	1	2	August Moyer estate	1 55
45			Vincent Tonkin	8 26
			Conemaugh Township.	
	1	½	Samuel Page	4 08
			A. J. Haws' Fire Clay Bank	3 20
5			Jno. Park estate	2 30
		1	Nicholas Kellar	66
	1	1	Samuel A. Brown	3 69
130			Jno. Egan	5 40
	1	1	Michael Carl	3 80
	1	1	James Dorsey	2 40
	1	1	Mrs. Jennie Oyster	77
		1	Albert Geiselhart	73
3			Griffith & Davis	1 94
	1	1	Jos. Harropp	74
	1	1	Savilla Lang	68
	1	1	Henry Otto	2 18
	1	1	Henry Schmith	2 18
			Chest Springs Borough.	
	1	1	Wm. Jones	2 87
	1	2	Mrs. Ella McCoy	82
	¼	2	Cath. McGuire	3 02
	1	2	Elizabeth Watt	2 87
			Croyle Township.	
150			Cambria Coal & Iron Co.	84 66
		2	Andrew Bradley	1 13
157			Joseph Burkhart, M. R.	17 29
			Haywood & Hill, coal bank	48 14
	2	2	George Penrod	1 76
7			B. F. Ruff	4 50
		1	Arthur Finnegan	66
53			Geo. C. Fisher	4 00
	1	1	Jno. Moore	1 70
			Dean Township.	
27			Thos. Kays	1 36
113			Lloyd, Wright & Co., M. R.	3 84
53			D. G. Myers	9 56
75			Thomas Griffith estate	8 90
300			Abe Louden	38 30
86			Irvin Brothers, Mineral	7 94
21			Same	2 32
70			Same	6 54
100			Same	18 46
270			Same	28 01
118			Same	17 23
100			Same	9 15
			East Taylor Township.	
		1	J. H. Clark	1 69
		1	Mrs. Lydia Hoffman	2 75
	1	2	Joseph Burkhart	9 04
	1	1	James G. Findley	5 33
	1	2	Samuel Page	2 75
			Jno. Meegan, coal and lime bank	2 28
		1	Wm. Johns	70
		½	Richard O'Neill	70
80			Hannah Reighard	12 94
			Wm. Reighard	2 74
		1	Chas. W. Brown	2 08
	1	1	Mary Donahoe	4 78
		1	Frank Gatzell	2 08
		1	W. J. Williams	2 08
			Elder Township.	
85			Chas. Bradley & Co.	24 55
		1	Thomas M. Estep	90
97			Dr. Good	28 58
30			Gray & Wyland, M. R.	7 37
30			Same, Timber	2 09
		1	J. W. Hayle	1 15
41			E. W. Ervin, M. R.	9 64
102			Same, Mineral	21 8
100			Jno. Tubbs	13 10
70			Same	9 33
		1	H. C. Wadley	1 15
		1	Sol Wartelsky	1 15
		1	Anthony Miller	75
		1	J. M. Yearick	90
100			A. C. Hopkins	37 25
		1	Wm. Scanlan	75
		2	Chas. Lang	1 28
			Franklin Borough.	
		1	Thos. McCann estate	2 75
		1	Christ Horner estate	55
			Gallitzin Township.	
278			Wm. Decker	25 52
			Hastings Borough.	
	1	1	Wm. A. Brown	2 05
		2	J. K. Charles	3 66
		1	H. O. Hoffer	1 30
		1	J. W. Moore	1 74
		1	Same	1 54
		1	Anthony Miller	1 29
	1		Dennis McCartney	3 27
	1	1	John McCartney	4 75
		1	James M. Gowan	1 29
		1	A. Nelson	1 54
		1	Thomas Rickert	1 74
		1	Wm. Scanlan	1 29
		1	Wm. Wampole	1 74
		1	J. M. Yearick	1 29
			Jackson Township.	
60			James D. Adams	7 06
100			M. S. Rush	2 30
3			Elizabeth Dishong	69
2			David Paul, mill	94
41			Jeremiah Pergin	7 45
3			John A. Rager, mill	1 32
176			Isaac Bowser	5 06
50			Paul Couser	3 00
150			Michael McMahon	4 00
100			Patrick McCabe	3 50
96			Jno. Lloyd	5 40
51			Geo. Rager	4 70
32			Geo. B. Rummell	2 25
100			A. W. Zeigler	6 19
49			Jacob Funk	6 88
			Johnstown, Fifth Ward.	
		½	D. J. McLaughlin	4 44
			Johnstown, Seventh Ward.	
		1	James Burke	1 28
		1	Ida A. Burrell	1 28
		1	Jno. Boyle	1 28
		1	Stephen Campbell	1 28
		½	Hiram Cozzens	90
		½	Margaret Cozzens	90
		1	John Crull	1 79
		2	Mrs. L. Dudley	2 08
		1	James Everode	1 28
		4	R. J. Edwards	2 10
		2	John B. Green	2 08
		2	Henry Gougenour	2 08
		1	H. J. Gibbs	1 28
		1	M. Grant	1 28
		1	Maria Grove	1 28
		1	Emma Ginter	1 29
		1	G. J. Hammer	1 29
		2	M. R. Hoops	2 08
		1	John Hochstine	1 29
		1	John Hines	1 29
		1	J. Hochstine	1 29
		1	Sanford Hetzell	1 29
		1	Mrs. Hollvia	1 28
		1	Mrs. Rose Hoskins	1 28
		1	N. J. Haggart	1 29
		1	William Hile	1 28
		1	D. M. & L. K. Hayes	1 29
		1	Sarah and T. O. Harris	1 29
		1	Samuel Ingran	1 28
		1	W. H. Jones	1 28
		4	Mary H. Martin	1 94
		1	Merill Francis	2 08
		1	Maggie J. Metzgar	1 29
		2	Henry Macon	2 48
		1	Lizzie McCallegan	1 29
		1	A. B. McDaniel	1 29
		1	Mary J. Miller	1 29
		1	W. Kroberneck	1 29
		1	Joseph Mulvehill	1 29
		1	McHay & Rodgers	1 29
		1	A. Menoher	1 29
		1	James Marron	1 29
		1	Ed. Nebe, Jr.	1 29
		1	N. B. Nestler	1 29
		1	Morgan O'Brien	1 29
		1	W. S. O'Brien	1 29
		1	John Park estate	8 38
			Same	5 23
		1	Wm. Pugh	2 30
		½	D. L. Rankin	1 53
		1	John Rutter	1 28
		1	Robert Kusselberger	1 28
		1	Ida A. Russell	1 29
		2	Geo. T. Reesy	2 08
		1	James W. Rose	1 28
		1	C. A. & J. W. Rose	1 29
		1	Geo. W. Stull	1 05
		1	Chas. Sanders	1 45
		1	W. H. Sanders	1 14
		2	J. W. & H. G. Stormer	1 29
		1	Chas. Sheets	2 63
		1	J. M. Stiger	1 29
		1	Samuel Stineman	1 29
		1	E. B. Schrum	1 29
		1	Taylor & Co.	1 61
		1½	D. C. Williams	1 53
		2	James Williams	2 08
		1	Jerry B. Wilber	1 28
		2	Peter Wartz	2 08
		1	L. A. Williams	1 28
		1	Geo. Wieser	1 29
		1	Mary Young	1 29
			Johnstown, Eleventh Ward.	
		½	Cath. Goss	1 45
		½	Jno. W. Stull	1 45
			Lilly Borough.	
		2	W. R. Frazer	92
		2	W. H. Sechler	82
			Munster Township.	
100			Samuel Calvin	27 64
50			Moses Lett	15 21
42			M. M. McHugh	3 15
100			John C. Noel	27 64
			Portage Township.	
		1	Joseph Borkey estate	1 60
		1	Mrs. E. Griffith	1 60
			Patrick McCrossin	14 67
			Cath. Parrish	3 84
			Reade Township.	
600			Ephraim Burkett	75 50
753			Edward Bell heirs	113 10
418			Blair & Packer	103 95
52			Same	13 28
102			Same	25 63
113			Same	83 69
162			Same	40 57
433			Same	107 13
433			Same	109 08
32			Same	8 76
4			Same	1 48
530			Rev. A. K. Bell	52 76
	1	3	Geo. T. Beers	18 33
50			Jos. Frye estate	15 00
	1	1	S. I. Fries	15 85
	1	1	John L. Gill	5 07
45			Samuel Hagerty, Mineral	4 74
24			Same, Mineral	6 35
49			Same, Mineral	2 83
333			Hamilton & Co.	38 50
	1		Ben Hess	6 90
100			Annie F. E. Kirkland, Mineral	21 13
465			Chas. Ranstead	94 66
70			W. P. Walker	26 96
217			S. M. Woodcock, part of P. Such	71 82
217			Same, part of P. Kelly	71 82
116			Same, part of M. Wells	39 18
25			Joseph Tittle	1 30
45			Jno. C. Gates	9 96
80			Same	16 80
16			David D. Dillen	2 82
7			Dillen heirs	1 59
67			Isaac Edmiston	3 58
30			Geo. W. Gallaher	10 10
		3	John Flynn	2 08
50	1	1	J. F. Gallaher	9 95
	2	2	Susan Hollas	3 41
1			Ben Hess	5 12
	1	1	J. H. Lute	3 70
	1	1	Lile Morrison	3 58
35			F. A. Shoemaker	5 80
79			Same	31 25
	1	1	Nancy Cree	1 25
	1	1	J. C. Bowman	1 75
35			Van Scoyoc, Mineral	2 75
			South Fork Borough.	
	1		J. W. Haywood	2 48
		1	Robert Bowen	95
		1	Thos. M. Jones	95
			Stonycreek Township.	
3			Ella K. Cover	4 50
		1	Richard Davis	90
3			John Dinehart	1 22
2			John Dibert	2 10
	1	1	A. Farabaugh	2 10
		1	Chas. Fisher	1 30
		1	Nancy Gardner	82
		1	Philip J. Gens	98
		1	Godfrey Hoffman	1 30
½	1		Frank Hendricks	2 10
		1	M. R. McAbee	70
		2	Eckhart Phile	1 14
		3	F. X. Sedelmire	1 22
1			Same	1 30
5			Maria Wyland	2 10
		2	John Wettermaugh	1 30
		1	Francis Seighman	90
		1	John Hines	90
		1	Jno. H. Horn	90
		1	Samuel Hetzell	90
1⅛			Frank Hess	1 17
234			Kring & Ellis	6 90
	1⅛		Evan E. Lloyd	1 10
		1	R. F. McConahey	90
		1	B. B. McConahey	90
		4	A. J. McLain	2 10
		1	John Now	90
		1	J. D. Rose	90
½			Jno. Rutter	90
		2	Jacob Averill	1 30
		2	August Stinen	90
		2	Jno. B. Green	1 30
		1	E. L. Mueler	90
		1	Samuel Ingram	90
			Summerhill Township.	
414			Thos. Donahoe	115 38
372			Chas. H. Gross	100 46
83			Same	27 28
83			Same	13 89
184			Same	18 65
350			Jere McGonigle estate	113 78
45			John Brown	11 35
20			Mary A. Evans	1 40
439			John Reilly	71 55
			Susquehanna Township.	
		1	J. R. Cordell	2 93
		1	J. K. Charles	5 36
102			J. & B. Douglass	26 82
		2	J. M. Estep	4 36
		1	Francis Kline	2 93
43			James Lamer	6 61
		1	P. P. Miller	6 34
		2	W. J. Moore	4 36
144			Dell Notely	53 96
294			Same, Mineral	110 02
60			Same, Mineral	22 83
50			Same, Mineral	19 12
19			P. S. O'Brien	9 68
	1	1	Mary Rishell	5 87
		1	J. M. Watt	2 53
50			Jno. Tubbs	5 59
		1	Mary C. Banan	1 20
50			John Westover	3 75
20			Stephen Wilson	2 12
			Tunnelhill Borough.	
		1	Mrs. Ann Glancy	82
		1	Michael Lynch	90
		1	Thos. McFadden estate	82
		1	Gallitzin Myers	4 06
		1	Thos. J. McCloskey	82
		1	Chas. Ward	82
½			Wm. C. Wolf	1 28
			Washington Township.	
8			Thos. Burns	1 80
42			Same, Mineral	6 49
58			H. J. Evans	3 58
	1	1	Everhart & Read	2 00
27			John Hamilton	3 48
78			Owen Inglesby	12 77
185			R. M. Lemmon estate	39 01
20			M. B. McLaughlin	2 08
			David McCoy, Mineral	7 34
200			M. A. McGonigle	10 00
89			J. L. Orr	6 84
	1	3	Mrs. J. O'Neill	3 64
40			Albert Hall	5 14
4			Ed. Dougherty	1 55
219			Standard Coal Co., Limited, M. R.	7 67
30			Gardner B. Morrow	2 00
12			H. J. Hopple	1 00
105			Dan. Kearney estate	2 58
248			Samuel Lemon	8 43
400			Same	10 10
69			Wm. Lilly	3 34
5			Same	70
160			David Wilhelm	3 70
	1	4	John Dunn	3 58
	1	2	John Kinney estate	2 10
5			Pat. O'Dowd	1 70
	1	1	Thos. Purdy	1 70
	1	1	Alex. Raab	4 04
	1	1	John Singer	97
		1	R. B. Westbrook	1 28
	1	1	Michael George	1 30
6			Henry J. Hopple	1 50
			West Taylor Township.	
15			Cyrus Hoffle	24 15
			White Township.	
10			Benj. Beers	2 00
13			Same	1 51
58			S. W. Byers	11 07
73			P. & A. Flynn, Mineral	4 62
25			Same, Mineral	2 63
73			Same, Mineral	5 72
50			Jos. I. Glass	14 71
100			Perry Troxell	24 54
½			T. T. Williams	66
100			Augustine Hantt	2 90
50			J. M. Elliot	2 50
2			Amanda Chambers	92
50			Jno. G. Gill	3 50
42			D. A. Luther	2 34
100			C. C. & C. Coal & Coke Co.	13 38
50			Same	7 14
315			Same	51 48
33			Same	85 48
13			M. D. Kittell	2 85
50			Shaw & Test	4 91
86			Same	8 08
40			Shaw & Krebbs, Mineral	3 96
140			Same	[illegible]
118			Same	10 76
100			Same	9 27
			Upper Yoder Township.	
		1	Mary Coburn	1 45
		1	Wilson Cramer	1 28
		5	Thos. J. Howe	4 42
		1	Cath. Hoffman	2 08
		1	Jno. D. Knox	1 45
		1½	Mrs. Flora S. Ortys	2 08
		4½	Christ Slagle	4 05
		1	A. J. Bard	90
		½	Wm. Barnett	97
		1	Johanna Clark	1 13
		2	Jno. W. Kelly	1 28
		½	Adam Koch	97
		½	Christ Koch	97
		1	E. Peters	1 13
		1½	Jno. Wilkins	2 86
			Lower Yoder Township.	
		1	Albert Bear	5 80
		1	Rachel Clawson	2 08
		1	Rose Clawson	2 08
		1½	Mrs. Jno. Donnelly	1 28
	1	1½	Same	3 79
		1¼	Hattie L. Davis	2 38
		1	Wm. Davis	3 66
		2	Frank Framokok	6 46
100			Peter Gardner	22 90
		1	Henry Heiner	4 88
		1	Aug. Lillia	7 68
		1	S. A. Luke	9 26
		2	Sarah C. Layton	2 39
31			Michael Mulvehill	6 68
		1	Chas. J. Plieter	9 26
		1	G. M. Thomas	3 66
		1	David Teeter	2 08
		1	Thos. Toner	9 26
		1	J. C. Ryan	2 08
		1	Wm. Sweeny	2 08
200			Bheam & Potts	8 90
		1	Wm. Mehan	2 80
		2	Wm. Owens	6 10
		3	Same	5 65
		1	Miles A. Smith	7 68
		1	Same	5 10
		1	Geo. Warley	7 68
		1	Jos. Wagner	3 30
13			Morrellville & Cambria Water Co.	8 90
		1	Russell Smith	4 70
		1	Ivor Thomas	3 30
	1		Johnstown St. R. R. Co.	4 10
		1	Samuel Lenhart	3 04
		1	Mary Nightingale	2 88
		1	Mrs. Barbara Albright	1 28
46			Isaac Culin	22 81
	1	1	Sylvester Davis	1 70
	1	1	Fred. Derkbeck	2 48
20			Chal L. Dick	3 88
	1	1	Stephen Fodge	2 48
	1	1	Jos. Hayzi	4 88
		2	Uriah Hulzett	4 88
		1	Grace E. Yoder	2 08
		1	Jno. Morrison	2 08
	1	1½	R. R. Tibbott	4 10
		2	G. W. Moses	2 88
		1	Abe Makin	4 88
	1	1	Thos. Mabylinko	2 48
		1	James L. Pett	3 79
		1	Stephen Patrock	3 26
	1	1½	Dennis Ruden	4 79
	1	1	Wm. Rager	4 43
	1	2	Israel Robertson	5 43
	1	1	Alb. Rott	5 43
		1	Findley Smith	2 08
		1	Lewis Smith	1 69
		1	Mrs. Lizzie Stevenson	3 04
		1	L. C. Temple	2 08
	1	1	D. A. Williams	4 44
	1	1	Nancy E. Wilson	2 48
		1	Joseph Mahaffey	1 69
		1	Bird & Poling	1 68
		2	Abe Blough	3 65
		2	Ignatius Kibler	1 40
		1	Mrs. Kate Kinley	2 60
		1	Louis Menhold	1 40
	1	½	Michael Ruder	3 85
		1	Jacob Smith	4 00
		1	Wm. Thompson	4 70
		1	Anthony Weiler	1 40
	1	½	Adam Miller	3 30
		1	John Spangler	1 40
	1	1	Mary A. Krone	1 50
		1	Geo. E. Lingle	1 50
	½	½	Jno. Leib	2 00

C. J. MAYER,
Treasurer of Cambria county.
Treasurer's office, March 31, 1892.

Happy and content is a bride with "The Rochester;" she lives in the light of the morning. *To learn more, write Rochester Lamp Co. New York.*

THE FREEMAN is the largest paper in North-Cambria. Don't forget it.

MY BONNIE LADDIE.

My bonnie laddie said to me
(Oh! but a bonnie lad was he)—
"Come, lass, and sit by me awhile,
And cheer me with your winsome smile."
I sat beside my laddie there
(Oh! but the day it was so fair),
I talked and smiled with him whose love
Was worth to me all hearts above.

He praised my eyes, he praised my hair,
He begged that I his home would share.
"I'll be your shepherd—you, my sheep,
And safe from harm your life I'll keep."
So sang my bonnie lad to me!
So cheerily my lad sang he.
And I—I listened with a smile,
My heart o'erfull for words the while.

My bonnie laddie went away
(Oh! but the snows were deep that day).
My laddie, who my life would keep,
Were he my shepherd—I, his sheep—
Went down the hill at duty's call,
And perished in the deep snow-fall.
But in the fold above is he,
Safe there to watch and wait for me.
—Happy Hours.

MY FOOLISH JEALOUSY.

It Led Me to Doubt a True and Loving Husband.

"We've been married just a twelvemonth come next Friday, haven't we, Jennie?"

"Just a twelvemonth, John!"

He was standing in the doorway, my handsome young husband, his dinner basket on his arm, his honest eyes all aglow with love and delight.

"Just a twelvemonth, and now I've got baby as well as wife. Oh, Jennie, girlie, I'm the happiest man alive! Come here and kiss me before I go, and tell me what you would like me to give you on the anniversary of our wedding day?"

"What's the use," I said, as I received his kiss; "you know you haven't an extra dollar to spare."

"So I do; but we'll play at make-believe, as the children do. What would you like to have, provided you could have it? Speak out, girlie!"

I laughed, and fell to thinking.

"Let me see. There's so many things I want, John, 'tis hard to decide; but I think I'll take that dress pattern of brown silk, that we looked at down at Wilson's the other day."

"All right, and what for baby?"

"Oh, a christening robe, of course."

My husband's brown eyes danced.

"Poor Jennie," he said, "I'm afraid you'll not get 'em, unless we keep up our game of make-believe. By-by; take good care of Blossom."

And, with another kiss for us both, he was gone.

I got baby to sleep, and fell to work, cleaning my kitchen and baking tarts. We could not afford to keep a servant. John's wages being small, and I had all the housework on my hands; but I did not mind it at all. I loved my husband, and he loved me, and a happier couple did not live.

In the midst of my busy work in comes Miss Dorcas Dent, an old friend of my mother's. An old maid, too, was Miss Dorcas, a great scoffer at matrimony, and at mankind in general.

"So you're hard at it, Jennie," she said, sitting down, and throwing back her bonnet-strings, "and drudging yourself to death, and that child on your hands, too! Such a trim, handsome lass as you used to be, and look at you now! A poor, fagged slattern! What a fool ye were to marry, Jennie! Weren't ye, now?"

"No, indeed, Miss Dorcas; I'd do the same thing over again to-morrow."

"Pah! Such simpletons as you lasses are. Well, you'll open your eyes to the truth soon enough. Working your hands to the bone, and spoiling your good looks, as if any man that ever had breath was worth it. I say, why don't John supply a hired girl?"

"He can't afford it, Miss Dorcas."

"Can't he? Maybe not. Has to squander too much on his own pleasures, does he?"

"No, indeed," I answered, indignantly; "John never squanders a penny."

Miss Dorcas shook her ample sides with sarcastic laughter.

"Never squanders a penny!" she repeated; "and never stays out at night, either, or goes gallivanting round the town with other women, and you be at home darning his stockings? Don't tell me about them, Jennie—these good husbands—I know them. I haven't two eyes for nothing. Didn't I see John only night 'fore last walking down town, and another woman beside him?"

"John?" I gasped—"my John? Oh, you must be mistaken."

"I never mistake. 'Twas your John."

"And who was the woman?"

"Can't tell. Didn't see her face."

When John came home to supper I determined to ask him, but a feeling of shame kept me silent while we were at table, and the minute he was done he arose and took down his hat.

"Why, John," I asked, "are you going out again? And it is raining, too."

"So it is; but I must go to-night, Jennie."

"What for, John?"

His eyes fell, and he turned from me in evident confusion.

"Well—you see—don't ask me, Jennie. I've promised to go, that's all; but I sha'n't have to go again, maybe."

My foolish, jealous heart rose in my throat, and I stood hurt and silent.

John kissed me and kissed baby in her crib. Then he took off his coat and threw it on a chair.

"If you don't feel too tired, little wife, you might fasten in that sleeve-lining. I'll wear my thick coat tonight."

He was gone, and after clearing away our small table I sat down to think, and I soon made myself miserable enough.

At last I thought of John's coat and picked it up to mend it. It was his best coat, which he had only taken for common wear a few days before. Brushing off the dust, I heard the rustle of paper in the breast pocket.

Is there a wife loyal enough, unfeminine enough, to refrain from prying into the secrets of her husband's pockets when she has a chance?

I drew the rustling paper forth. It was a note—a dainty, three-cornered affair, with a rosebud on the broken seal. I looked at the direction: "John Danton," my own husband's name, written in fine feminine characters.

A sharp pang pierced my heart, a mist dimmed my eyes. What woman was this who dared to write to my husband? I must know. I had a right to know. I tore open the tiny sheet.

"MY DEAREST JOHN: Do not fail to come to-night. I am alone, and I shall look for you—"

I could not read another word. A blindness like that of death filmed my eyes, a faint, horrible sickness crept over me. Miss Dorcas had told me the truth. John was untrue to me. And I had loved him so!

I crushed the fatal note into my pocket and caught up my coat and hat.

"Come, baby," I sobbed, driven out of my senses for the minute by my terrible pain, "we will go. When he comes he shall discover that we are gone."

I took up the little one, and wrapped her in a heavy shawl; then we left our cheerful fireside, and set forth through the pelting rain.

"Why, what in the name of wonder has brought you out to-night, Jennie?" cried my father, when we entered the sitting-room. "And you've brought the child, too! What's up?"

I shrank down beside my mother, and began to sob out my misery, my head upon her breast.

"John untrue?" repeated father. "Is that what you're driving at? Oh, bosh, Jennie; you're jealous, that's all. I don't believe a word of it. A truer, better man than John don't breathe."

I drew forth the crumpled note, and held it toward him.

"He's out every night," I sobbed; "and—and I found that in his pocket."

Father pulled his spectacles over his nose, and opened the note. A minute, perhaps, he peered at it curiously, and then he exploded with laughter.

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie, what a sell!" he cried. "What a precious little fool you are! Take this note, and look at it again. Did you never see it before?"

I took the note and looked at it, wondering what he could mean. The name at the bottom of the tinted sheet caught my eye for the first time. I grew hot with shame from head to foot. The letter was my own, written to John by my own hand in the days of our courtship. I fell upon mother's bosom, and burst into tears.

"Come, Jennie, take up the child, and I'll go home with you," said my father. "Now, don't you feel cheap?"

I did not; I only felt supremely happy.

Home we trudged through the dark and rain. John met us at the door.

"Why, here you are, Jennie," he cried. "You've given me a terrible fright. I was just locking up to come in search of you."

"She's not worth the trouble, John," put in my father, and then and there he blurted out the whole story.

"Forgive me, John," I whispered.

He bent down and kissed me.

"Nothing to forgive, Jennie. The fact is, I'm rather pleased to see you care so much about me. Sorry to have made you suffer, though. I was wrong; I should have explained before, but you see, Jennie, I wanted to surprise you. But we'll have it all out to-night. I've been doing a little extra work, you see. I wanted the money to buy the anniversary gifts, and here they are. To-morrow's the day, but tonight will do as well."

He put them in my lap, the glossy brown silk, that I had coveted, the embroidered muslin for baby's robe. I looked up with brimming eyes.

"Oh, John, how good you are. But let my happiness be perfect. Miss Dorcas says she saw you walking with—"

"Yes, she did," he interrupted, "with old Mrs. Grimes. I built her greenhouse; that was the extra work, Jennie."

Father laughed and buttoned up his coat.

"You're a good-natured husband, John," he said. "She deserves a sound scolding for being such a little goose—"

"But I'll not scold her," said my husband, with his dear hand on my head, "and I'll never keep another secret from her. Between married hearts there should never be concealments."

"Good-night, Jennie," said father; "I'm sorry for you. I'm sure you feel cheap."

I only felt unutterably happy.—Emma Garrison Jones, in N. Y. Weekly.

RABBITS HAVE FAMILIES.

That Is the Reason Why Australia Is So Very Unhappy.

The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that, under favorable conditions, a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year, averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over twenty million! That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio, no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remoter sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbiter with a pack of dogs supervises stations where one hundred were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they have frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction.—Scribner's.

A Shrewd Indian.

Sometime ago an Indian named Washetaka, a member of the council of the Kaw tribe, made a visit to Arkansas City and got gloriously drunk. Now, the Kaws have a law that if a member of the council gets drunk his associates are to expel him and elect his successor. As Washetaka sobered up this impending disgrace confronted him and he began to plan how to avoid it. Finally he bought a two-gallon jug of whisky and took it home. At the next meeting of the council he took the jug to the council lodge and before the council adjourned it was a very full council indeed. There was nobody in condition to make charges against Washetaka and he remains a councilor of the Kaws.

Too Much For Him.

Mrs. Snaggs was bewailing the fact that she had no library.

"Look at me, my dear," said Snaggs, swelling up with pride, "am not I a whole library, including dictionary and encyclopedia?"

"Yes," answered his wife, looking at him discontentedly, "bound in calf."—Detroit Free Press.

"DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT."

Where automatic indication lies in wait for agitation,
To weigh you and record it on the spot,
'Tis no use to hedge or higgle, for the pointer will not wiggle
Unless you drop a nickel in the slot.

If you want from hotel waiter tender steak and good potato,
And all the nicest dishes that he's got,
He will surely entertain you with the the best that's on the menu
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

In a "parlor car" or "sleeper," in a "flyer" or a "creeper,"
Fee the porter for the choicest chair or cot,
It secures you the best places, cheerful looks and smiling faces,
If you always drop a nickel in the slot.

If you want a politician to secure you a position,
And he'd like to, but he knows that he cannot,
Your surest way to win him is not to urge or chide him,
But just you drop a nickel in the slot.

If you love some pretty daughter, and she lets you know you've caught her,
But her loving father thinks he'd rather not,
Don't you argue with the "rhino"—just show up a handsome income—
That's the way to drop a nickel in the slot.

You will find the same variety in all grades of good society,
For money is the basis of the plot;
You can raise in invitations, with the entree to most stations,
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

So through life, in all your gettings, fortune, fun and all abettings
That go to keep a boiling in the pot,
It's the coin that has the chrism to start up the mechanism—
You must always drop a nickel in the slot.
—J. Harry Stedman, in The Campus.

PAYING THEIR DEBTS.

How a Life Devoted to Duty Became Pleasant.

John Ramsay was working on his farm, his careless, loose dress displaying to advantage his tall, muscular figure, and a broad straw hat shaded a handsome face, with large dark eyes set beneath a forehead whose breadth and height indicated a powerful brain. The hands that guided the plow were strong hands, but whiter and more delicate than such pursuits usually allow.

Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her dress was print, but made with flounces on the skirt, and ruffles on the waist. Her short golden hair was curled into a fringe carefully over her forehead, and gathered in longer curls into a comb behind, above which was a jaunty hat, covered with puffs of white muslin and bows of blue ribbon to match the spots upon her dress.

The face under Daisy's hat was gloomy, not to say cross. A very pretty face, but not pleasant, having a petted, spoiled-child frown, and a brooding discontent in the large blue eyes.

Presently the farmer drew near her, and, taking off his hat, fanned himself with it, stopping his horses while he leaned indolently against the plow.

"You look deliciously cool under this great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very much dressed for nine o'clock in the morning."

"In a five-penny calico!" she said, contemptuously. "When are you coming in?"

"At noon, to dinner."

"It is too absurd," she broke out, angry tears in her eyes, "for you to be plowing and hoeing and milking cows and doing the work of a laboring man; I thought when you came home from college you would do something besides work on a farm."

"And let the farm go to ruin? That would be a poor way to pay my debts."

"Your debts?" she said, looking astonished. "Do you owe debts?"

"Certainly. You and I are both very heavily in debt, Daisy. I think, when Aunt Mary took us in, poor little orphans—I her nephew, you her second cousin—"

"Third cousin," she interrupted, "since you are so particular. I know what you mean, but I am very sure that Aunt Mary never intended us to drudge on the horrid old farm."

"Do you know that all the money she saved in a life of hard work was spent upon our education? Do you know that she has nothing now but the farm, and that to take her away from it would probably shorten her life?"

"She always has taken care of it herself."

"Are you blind that you cannot see how the four years she has been alone here have aged her, how feeble she is? While we were living at ease at college and school, she has toiled for us until she is wearied out."

"But you could send her money if you were in the city in some gentlemanly occupation."

"Perhaps so, ten or twelve years from now. To-day I propose to work this farm, and see how many bushels of corn I can raise on it."

He took hold of the plow handles as he spoke, started the horses, and left her, her eyes full of angry tears.

"He might as well have said what he meant," she thought, springing down and starting for the house. "He thinks I ought to cook, wash, make butter and work like a servant girl, when I have studied so hard and tried to make myself a lady, that he might not be ashamed of me."

Yet, in her heart, she knew that he was ashamed of her, and that she deserved it. Ashamed that she could sit in her room, selfishly engrossed in making pretty articles of dress or reading, while her cousin, or, as she, too, called her, Aunt Mary, worked in the kitchen, the dairy, the poultry yard, from day's dawn till night.

She was not all selfishness and heartlessness, though there had grown a thick crust of both over her better nature. Her ideas of ladies and gentlemen depended largely upon clothing and pursuit, and she had not yet quite realized how much more nearly John's standard reached the desired point than her own.

As she drew near the house the sting of John's words penetrated more and more through the crust she had drawn over her heart, until a fresh stab met her at the door. Looking in at the open door, she saw a white head bowed in weeping, a slight figure shaken by sobs.

Quickly, through all the selfishness, self reproach struck at the girl's heart, and in a moment she was on her knees beside the low chair, her arms around the weeping woman.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what is it? Oh, please don't cry so! What has happened?"

"Why, Daisy dear," through sobs that would not be checked at a moment's notice, "don't mind me. I'm only tired, dearie—only tired."

Could she have struck deeper? Tired! At seventy, housework does become a weariness. At seventy, it may seem as if one ought to rest while young hands and active feet take up the burdens. She was very tired, this patient old woman, who had given her life work for others; first, for her parents; then for an invalid brother; lastly, for the orphan children; with such innumerable acts of neighborly kindness as only the recording angel of good deeds knew.

Well might she be tired! It was new to her to be caressed, to have tender hands lead her to her room and loosen her dress, a tender voice coax her to lie down.

"Now, I will darken the window," Daisy said, "and you are to rest. Sleep, if you can, until dinner time."

"But, Daisy, you cannot make the dinner."

"I will try," was the quick reply, and Aunt Mary submitted.

Washing potatoes, shelling peas, frying ham, making coffee, all allowed thought to be busy, and Daisy, sighingly, put away some of her day dreams over her homely tasks.

"I cannot be a lady," she thought, "and John won't be a gentleman, but I will try to pay my share of the debts."

She had taken off her flounces and hat and put on a plain dress and large check apron before she began to work, and she was rather astonished, as her kitchen duties progressed, to find herself happier than she had been since she returned home.

When John came to dinner he was astonished to find Aunt Mary "quite dressed up," as she blushingly said, in a clean print dress and white apron, her dear old face showing no sign of heat or weariness, while Daisy, with added bloom and bare white arms, was carrying in the dinner.

"The new girl at your service," she said, saucily, as she pulled down her sleeves. "Dinner is ready, sir."

But her lips quivered as he bent over her and whispered:

"God bless you, dear! Forgive me if I was too hasty this morning."

It was a merry meal. They made a play that was more than half earnest of Aunt Mary's being a great lady who was to be waited upon, and not allowed to rise from the table upon any consideration. Dinner over, John returned to his plowing, and Aunt Mary, firmly refusing to sit in idleness, was allowed to wash cups and saucers, while Daisy made short work of pots and pans.

John said but little as the days wore on and still found Daisy at her post. It was not in the nature of things for Aunt Mary to sit with folded hands, but it became Daisy's task to inaugurate daily naps, to see that only the light work came to the older hands, to make daily work less of a toil and more of a pleasure.

The young girl herself was surprised to find how much she enjoyed the life that had seemed to her a mere drudgery.

With younger hands to carry on the domestic affairs, they ceased to engross every hour of the day, and John encouraged Daisy in making use of the stiff, shut-up parlor as a daily sitting-room. A pair of muslin curtains at each window were skillfully draped to keep out the flies, the center table resigned its gay vase of stiff artificial flowers and stand of wax fruit, to make room for two dainty work baskets for afternoon work, and the periodicals John took in.

Over the shiny horse-hair sofa and chairs pretty bits of embroidery were draped, and fresh flowers were supplied each day. Aunt Mary's caps, collars and aprons were adjusted to suit the new order of things, and the easiest of chairs stood ever ready for her resting time.

John, bringing to his task the same will and brains that had carried him through college, was inaugurating a new order of affairs on the farm, and made the work pay well.

Once more came a June day, when Daisy sat in the fields, and John stood leaning against the fence beside her.

Four years of earnest, loving work had left traces upon both young faces, ennobling them, and yet leaving to them all the glad content that rewards well doing.

Many hours of self-denial both had met bravely; many deprivations both had borne well. Daisy wore a black dress, and upon the hat in John's hand was a deep band of crepe, but through a sadness in their voices there yet rang a tone of happiness.

"You love me, Daisy?" John had said to her.

"When have I not loved you?" she softly answered.

"And you will be my wife? Darling, I have long loved you, but after Aunt Mary was struck down with paralysis I would not ask you to take up new duties. Now she needs you no longer, and you shall leave the farm whenever you wish."

"Leave the farm! Oh, John, must we leave it? I thought it was yours now."

"So it is."

"And you have made it so beautiful, as well as profitable! Oh, John, why must we leave it?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish, my darling."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John, taking the little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than the one he held in his arms.—Home Queen.

Crime as a Disease.

No man can serve many years as prosecuting attorney and criminal judge without forming very decided theories as to criminal manias. I have watched the matter carefully, says Mayor Noonan in the Globe-Democrat, and am convinced not only that crime is a disease but also that it is both infectious and hereditary. More than that, it is a disease which runs very largely in grooves and even in nations. Thus there are emigrants of certain nationalities who will commit offenses of the most horrible nature, without apparently any conception of the crime involved, but who would starve rather than steal a cent, and there are habitual thieves who are the soul of honor in all things save one. Some day, if I can find the time, I will write a book on manias, with special reference to cases which have come under my personal notice, and, whatever the literary imperfections, the work will be a valuable one. I sometimes think our criminal-court machinery is based on an exploded or incorrect theory.