The Post.

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One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
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Poetry.

How A Man Shall Be Judged

What shall judge a man from nature?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crimson shirt and dirty jacket
May conceal the golden ore
Of the purest thought and feeling—
Gold is gold the world no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While He values thorns the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellow
Oft forgets his fellow-man;
Master—rulers—lords—remember,
That your power at hands are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to—manhood
In a man's God-giving name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea—

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Tilted laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and flattered on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its upward voice!

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born in loveliness and light;
Soon the wrong will never prosper
While there is a starry night.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Select Tale.

Adventure With Robbers.

BY PAUL PLUMB.

A severe storm kept me at Vanbani's ranche for several days, and during the time I had to resort to many expedients in order to relieve the monotony of the situation. I played cards and chess with Don Jose, but he being an indifferent hand at these games, they consequently gave me but little amusement. The thought occurred to me that the old man might afford me some entertainment by the narration of some points in his early life. I therefore adroitly introduced topics that I knew would lead to the subject, and pretty soon got him talking about the past.

"When I was about twenty years old," began Don Jose, I went to live with Don Refugio Torres at his hacienda on Escondido Creek. It was just three leagues distant from Durango, therefore nothing of a ride. I was employed in the capacity of an under superior of the cattle, and received my orders from Pedro Rivas, the major domo, for Don Refugio was a very quiet, indolent and easy man, and troubled himself very little about business, the management of which he left entirely to Rivas.

"For some cause or other—I never could find out what—the major-domo took a great dislike to me, and, being a surly man, I got from him nothing but an abundance of hard work, and no small quantity of ill will. I went to Don Refugio with an excellent recommendation from my former employers, and as my mother had been a sort of distant connection of the Torres' family, Don Refugio looked upon me with a certain degree of favor that was not accorded to every person on his place.

"We used to raise a good many cattle on Escondido Creek, and send them to Durango for sale. The herders always drove the beast there while I followed leisurely in the rear until they arrived, when our agent would sell them and pay over the money to me, which I would secure on my person and bring to Don Refugio.

"I had been at the hacienda about a year when one of my friends made me a present of a fine blood-hound which I named Moro. The animal was three months old when I got him, and as he grew to strength and stature, he became very much attached to me. I really loved that animal, for though he had a savage nature, he was gentle as a lamb to me. He accompanied me wherever I went and slept at the foot of my bed. It seems to me that he was the only real friend I had in the world.

"One autumn evening, Pedro Rivas informed me that some cattle would start the following morning for Durango, and as one of the herders was sick, I would have to assist in driving them. At first I inclined to resent what I considered as an affront and a trick to mortify me; but upon second thought I concluded to have no words with him, as he might make it a cause of complaint to Don Refugio. Therefore, the next morning saw me in the saddle with one herder to accompany me, and my faithful Moro trotting by my side. There were thirty head of cattle in all, bearing Don Refugio's brand. The herder I had was named Benito, a surly fellow who did nothing but grumble from morning till night, and get drunk every time he could obtain *pulque*. You can imagine I wished the journey soon over, and pushed the drove on as fast as possible, so as not to be long on the road. It was always a rule of my life never to shirk from any task imposed upon me, and never evince any unwillingness at the imposition, so I journeyed along, whistling and talking to Moro, but paying little attention to the ill-natured Benito. We reached Durango in time for the great fair, which they have every year, and our cattle sold, the cattle for a good price, and turned the money over to me to take back to Don Refugio. I always made it a custom to stop at the Fonda del Bomba, for Juanita the pretty daughter of the proprietor, was a great favorite of mine and I hoped some day to marry her when I was better off in life. A young man always looks forward to make money, and notwithstanding my situation yielding me only enough to support myself, still I thought there would come a turn in my affairs whereby I could claim Juanita for my bride.

'I found my sweetheart on the watch for me, for she had heard from a traveler that I was on the road. I spent two days in her company, and got ready to depart, when suddenly I discovered that Moro was missing. I searched the stables for him, but he was nowhere to be found. I couldn't account for his absence, and was quite sure he wouldn't follow any one, for he had a certain ferocity toward strangers that made it unsafe for them to meddle with him.

But Moro was gone, and I had to return, and the idea of going without him made me feel very unhappy. I had sent the herder, Benito, ahead of me the previous day, as I did not wish the fellow's society. Just as I was bidding Juanita good bye, a Mexican passed through the room, and asked me to describe my dog. When I had done so, he remarked: "I saw two men about an hour ago have such a dog which they were leading away by a rope." He could not give me the direction they took, but I determined to watch the roads as I rode along, in hopes of seeing my dog."

"Twelve miles out of Durango was a small farm, which stood a half mile off the road. I had almost arrived opposite to it when a heavy storm broke in full force upon me, and compelled me to ride to the place and crave a shelter. It was quite dark when I knocked at the door, and, to my astonishment, the man whom I had met at the Fonda del Bomba, asked me to enter, and took my horse and gave it to a boy to put in the stable. Suddenly I heard several sharp barks, which, I at once recognized as Moro's. I made no remark however fearing I might be mistaken after all, but went up to the room he showed me, and sat down by the side of the tallow candle which afforded me light. Something made me suspicious of the man, and I determined not to go to sleep. The gold I had from the sale of the cattle I carried in a belt at my waist. The man evidently knew I had money. I looked at my pistols which I always carried and found they were ready for use at a moment's notice. As I laid them down beside me, I heard a snuffling at my door. Getting up I opened it cautiously, and, to my joy, Moro, bounded into me, and commenced licking my hands. I fairly hugged him, as I exclaimed, "We won't part again, my friend."

'If I had suspicions before, they were confirmed now. My poor dog had escaped from the man's custody, and came to warn me of his treachery. I looked out of the window. It wasn't very high from the ground, but it was impossible to jump from it, because there was a hot house with a glass roof directly under where I must fall.'

'About midnight I heard a couple of men ride up, and dismounting, they entered. I pricked my ears to hear the conversation, and soon learned they were talking of me. One of them seemed to be dissenting from his comrades'

'I won't do it,' he said, 'I'm getting tired of these jobs. I killed the peddler, and then vowed I' would shed no more blood, and wont either. You must do it yourself, if it is to be done.

At this there was an angry discussion, and one of the party exclaimed:

'Well, we can do it without you, but you understand you have no division in the spoil'

'I don't understand anything of the kind,' returned the other, 'didn't I take his horse and hide him in the chapparal'

'A big feat' laughed the others

'I know trembled for I knew my horse was gone, and I would have to escape on foot, if escaped at all. I drew my money belt tightly around me and placed my hand on Moro's head. 'We'll have to make a dash old boy,' I whispered. The animal seemed to comprehend my situation, for he looked into my face and, growling low, showed his sharp, white teeth.'

'Taking a pistol in each hand, I crept quietly down stairs, with Moro following at my heels. Peeping thro' the door, I saw my host and his two friends seated by the table, drinking.'

'Now,' thought I, 'is my time."—Giving the door a kick open, I cried, 'Seize them Moro!' and at the same time discharged both my pistols at the group.'

'Like a lion Moro sprang upon the men, and I dashed through the room and gained the road with my dog by my side. As there was no pursuit, I hurried on as fast as I could, till I overtook a man riding a mule. On the payment of a small sum of money I got up behind him and arrived at my home about noon.'

'When I had delivered the money and Don Refugio had heard my story, he at once collected some men and set off for the house where I had made my exploit. The owner of the house was dead, shot through the lungs, and he proved to be a relative of Rivas, the major-domo. The other parties had escaped'

'Shortly after Don Refugio discharged Rivas, and I took his place. From that day I date my good fortune. Juanita and myself were soon married, and Moro was loved and petted by my wife to the day he died, which was to a good old age. Some years after, three robbers were executed in Durango, and Pedro Rivas was one of them.

A Start in Life.

'If I had a start in life, I could make my way easily enough,' sighs many an ambitious young man and woman. They look with a feeling akin to envy at the children of wealthy parents, and fancy that had they been thus fortunate in birth the problem would be one of easy solution. But the question at once arises where did the parents of these enviable children get their wealth? In nine cases out ten, nay ninety-nine out of a hundred in this country, they started in life with brain; integrity and industry as their capital. Is not that enough to set up any man or woman in business?—Brain and industry alone are not sufficent. Integrity and ability must be added. Integrity is a sterling virtue which generally meets with its own reward; but ability also is an indispensable quality to the good workman or woman. 'I have twenty girls in my establishment,' said a fashionable dressmaker, 'some of whom have worked for me half a dozen years; yet out of twenty, there is but one I can trust to trim a dress unaided.' 'Tom is the nicest kind of a man,' said an employer the other day; 'faithful, industrious, willing, but he has no ideas; all his work must be basted; if the slightest difficulty arises he cannot act without advice.' How many there are who work hard and patiently, but have nothing to show for it! They spend their time and strength on unimportant issues, and do not push the main chances. An honest farmer now sleeping under the soil he once carefully tilled, was very particular to keep all his fences in perfect repair, the barn and outbuildings tidy, and all the little things about the farm in order, but he neglected to fertilize his acres, to plow and harvest his crops at the right time, to take advantage of the markets, and he lived and died poor. His neighbors took just the opposite course. His land was made rich; his crops were planted, plowed, harvested and marketed at just the right time; but his fences were never sound, old logs and broken down farm tools of all sorts ornamented both sides of the road all along his line, the front gate of his yard remained for seventeen years unhung, but his children had a piano, an organ, nice clothes, and the larder was always full of good things.—He neglected trifles, gave his attention to weightier matters, and in the end prospered. His wife, having precisely the same turn sold butter, cheese and honey, but all small matters were neglected until the competence was secured. There are very few large estates founded upon injustice and dishonesty that lasts to the second and third generation, and there are as few that were the result of ability, integrity, and industry, that have not descended to the third and fourth generation. They who build upon these foundations build securely; their houses are founded on a rock, and are not easily swept away. Keep this truth continually in view, young man, work diligently, ably honestly, and you will find no difficulty in getting a start in life.

THE ADVANTAGE OF IT.—The day had been set, and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business, and he collected all the pink love letters, the lock of hair, the faded violets, etc., and started for her father's mansion. He was high-minded and honorable and felt in duty bound to release her from her engagement. Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay crushed.

"George! dear George!" she exclaimed, as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

"Arabella, I am here to do my duty," he said, as he rose up.

'W-what's the matter?' she asked.

'H-haven't you heard of—of my father's failure? he inquired, his heart beating painfully.

'Why, yes, dear George, and what of it?'

'Aren't you—won't you—that is?'—

'I'm glad of it—that's all!' she cried.

'You are?'

'Of course I am! I was talking with father, and he said if your father had failed for $50,000 he'd make at least $50,000 out of it, and, of course, you'll get twice as much as you counted on!'

A Jerseyman married five wives, and they were all red-headed. He explains it by relating that the first one clawed the spirit out of him so completely that he didn't care after that if he married a porcupine.

Sad Incident of the War.

On April 23d, 1864 the Federal troops stationed at Charleston harbor, from time to time threw shells into the city, but nobody seemed to be disturbed.

Miss Annie Pickens, the daughter of one of our former Governors, would not leave the city. Despite the representation of Gen. Beauregard, she remained, braving shells and Greek fires, tending the wounded and cheering all with her presence. Among the wounded officers under her care was a Mr. Andrew de Rochelle, a descendant of one of the noblest Huguenots of the city. The young man was full of the liveliest gratitude for his nurse; gratitude gave birth to a more tender sentiment; his suit was listened to; Governor Pickins gave his consent and the marriage was fixed for the 23d of April. Lieut. de Rochelle was on duty at fort Sumpter in the morning, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place at the residence of General Bonham, at 8 o'clock. At the moment when the Episcopal clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready, a shell fell upon the roof of the building, penetrated to the room where the company were assembled, burst and wounded nine persons, among them Miss Anna Pickens. The scene that followed cannot be described. Order being at last re-established, the wounded were removed, with the exception, of the bride, who lay motionless on the carpet. Her betrothed, leaning and bending over her was weeping bitterly, and trying to stanch the blood which flowed from a terrible wound under the left breast. A surgeon came and declared that Miss Pickens could not live but two hours. When the young girl recovered consciousness she asked to know her fate, when they hesitated to tell her. 'Andrew,' she said, 'I beg you to tell me the truth; if I must die, I can die worthy of you.' The young soldier's tears were his answer, and Miss Anna summoning all her strength attempted to smile. Nothing could be more heart-rending than to see the agony of this brave girl struggling in the embrace of death and against mortal pain. Gov. Pickens, whose courage is known, almost without consciousness, and Mrs. Pickens, looked upon her child with the dry haggard eye of one whose reason totters.

Lieut. de Rochelle was the first to speak. 'Anna,' he cried 'I will die soon, too, but I would have you die my wife. There is yet time to unite us.'

The young girl did not reply. She was too weak. A slight flush rose for an instant to her pale cheek; it could be seen that joy and pain were struggling in her spirit for the mastery. Lying on a sofa, with her bridal dress all stained with blood, her hair disheveled, she had never been more beautiful. Helpless as she was, Lieut de Rochelle took her hand and requested the Rev. Dr. Dickenson to proceed with the ceremony. When it was time for the dying girl to say yes, her lips parted several times, but she could not articulate. At last the word was spoken and a slight foam rested upon her lips. The dying agony was near. The minister sobbed as he proceeded with the ceremony. An hour afterward all was over, and the bridal chamber was the chamber of death.

Growing Old.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of hale sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantice footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that man is no longer going up hill but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its care-nest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not look back.

A SPUNKY GIRL.—On the arrival of a freight train at Reading, Pa., recently, a detective discovered a well-dressed and rather pretty girl riding on the bumper of a car. He assisted her off the car and told her she was in danger of meeting with a fatal accident. She retorted, Meeting with an accident is my lookout, and not yours; you just go about your business and let me alone; I can take care of myself. I came from Lebanon on the bumpers, and I am going to watch my chance to ride to New York City, where I am going to live.' She walked away from the depot, and that was the last seen of her. A smart girl!

It was through the feeling of wonder that men now and at first began to philosophize.

Treasurers Sale of Seated and Unseated Lands in Snyder County 1876.

The Treasurer of said County by authority and in pursuance of the Act of Assembly of March 13th 1815 and supplements thereto and the Act of Assembly of 29 March 1844 and supplements thereto, hereby give notice that he will expose to public sale at the Treasurers office in Middleburg on the 12th day of June next, and by adjournment from day to day if necessary, the whole of the hereinafter described tracts and parts of tracts of lands situate in said county or such parts thereof as will pay the county, state, road, poor and school taxes due and the costs accrued thereon, to wit:

Owners	Warantees	Acres	Amt. Due
Beaver.			
Weller Jackson		7 0	2 50
sower catharine		40	1 [illegible]
sower thomas		4 0	1 [illegible]
"		4 0	1 [illegible]
"		23 0	11 [illegible]
gochler S B		32 0	2 [illegible]
Ettinger Geo.		10	[illegible]
Ocker henry		10	1 [illegible]
reich George		10	2 [illegible]
Ettinger Daniel		16	1 [illegible]
Gross and specht		20	2 [illegible]
Yerger sarah		19	[illegible]
Lupfer samuel		420	8 12
[illegible] John		100	4 [illegible]
[illegible] John		6[illegible]	3 [illegible]
Mertz N D		200	2 [illegible]
"		20	4 65
"		1 2	5 [illegible]
Bloomsburg iron co.		14	27
money John Jun K.		94	98
Deibenbach Michael		10	2[illegible]
shirer and Kremer		51	5 3
Meek rose Ann		10	1 38
Eden robert		42	11 [illegible]
Weller peter		100	4 4
Alger reuben and noah		250	1 [illegible]
middleswarth J F and others		400	2 [illegible]
sanders John F.		100	3 [illegible]
Greenlee Jacob		77	2 84
[illegible] John P		1	2 [illegible]
Yerger Joseph		3	12
Fry John		24	1 [illegible]
Beck N S, Myer John		400	4 81
do Myer Christian		400	4 81
do Myer Phillip		400	4 81
do Myer Sophia		400	4 81
Specht Moses Artilla Harmon		400	7
do Getz Christian jr.		400	62
McCall P (Trustee) Gray Robert		100	2 [illegible]
Crawshank J & W Y. Brady John		400	7 [illegible]
do Artilla Thomas		400	7 [illegible]
do Artilla Francis		400	7 [illegible]
Parlee A Albright Mrs (party)		184	3 [illegible]
do Swartzwelder Antony		170	30
do Albright Jacob		100	27
do Billy Christian		100	33
do Getz Solomon		200	35
do Aurand Daniel jr		215	36
do Fisher John		230	41
do Fisher Catharine		245	42
do Troxell Christian		2 0	3
do Bishop Jacob		275	48
do Troxell George		280	51
do Antsworth Anthony		3 4	54
do Troxell Abraham		322	56
do Troxell John		410	74
do Matzer John		400	24
do Aurand Abraham		400	72
do Troxell Sarah part		100	31
do Dilworth James		124	27
do Hassinger John		1 4	29
do Bell Carson		180	31
do Ross James		80	14
do Dilworth Sal.		50	10
do Rannan Francis		1 [illegible]	[illegible]
West Beaver Township.			
Specht Moses, Wilbinston Martin		237	18 55
do		418	1[illegible]
Fryer Henry, Rhoads Francis sr.		400	21 [illegible]
Stamp Biggs I. Snyder Simon		32[illegible]	17 [illegible]
Green Esther		400	18 [illegible]
Green William		400	33 [illegible]
Mertz Jacob		15	[illegible]
Sandy Edward A.		15	1 [illegible]
"		14	10
Bressman Elias		3	1
Herron John A.		3	18
Hoeker Walter		13	13
Beaver Samuel,		14	16
Brown David Jr.		13	28
Gess Reuben,		12	[illegible]
Wagner John,		6	6
Weiser Andrew		1	18
Weiler Jesse M.		12	1[illegible]
Wheeler Barbara		400	3 [illegible]
Yeager Edward,		32	16
McCall P (Trustee), Rhode Francis sr.		400	4 [illegible]
" Rhode Francis jr		400	4 [illegible]
" Rhoad Francis		400	4 [illegible]
" Kendrick Martin		400	4 [illegible]
crookshank Jno & W Y., Kendrick & J.		400	[illegible]
" Weiler Henry		400	1 [illegible]
" Weiler John		400	3 [illegible]
" Kendrick John		400	6 [illegible]
" Kendrick peter		400	6 [illegible]
" Harris John		400	3 [illegible]
Carey & Schnure, Smith William (part)		23	1 [illegible]
" Royed William		100	2 [illegible]
" Gregg John (part)		61	2 [illegible]
" Reed John "		38	2 [illegible]
" Dar Mary "		12	2 [illegible]
" Reed John "		33	2 [illegible]
" Smith John		400	3 [illegible]
" Dar Leonard		400	3 [illegible]
" Dar Joseph (part)		90	3 [illegible]
" Phillips John "		100	2 [illegible]
" Dar John "		274	3 [illegible]
Fulton A. Hoover Henry "		300	3 [illegible]
" Crawford John "		250	1 [illegible]
" Hoover Jesse		400	3 [illegible]
" McClellan Joseph		400	3 [illegible]
" Harrison Mathew		400	3 [illegible]
" McCoy Hugh		400	3 [illegible]
" Hanson Jno. pt.		300	2 [illegible]
" Hanson G W. "		300	2 [illegible]
" Hanson R. M. "		300	2 17
" Moore Joseph		100	3 2
" Smith John		400	4 [illegible]
" Coupland Abraham		400	3 29
" Hammond John pt.		240	3 [illegible]
" Hammond Jno. "		240	1 90
" Tolbert Chas. "		200	1 [illegible]
" Axe Jacob "		200	1 [illegible]
" Troxell Abraham "		200	2 [illegible]
" Fritchach Jacob "		310	2 [illegible]
" Rumpf Catharine "		208	2 12
" Bishop John "		207	2 10
" Troxell Elizabeth "		208	2 12
" Antsworth Margaret		400	3 29
" Neff Francis		400	3 19
" Stahlnecker Geo.		400	3 21
" Bishop Susannah		400	3 20
" Troxell Catharine		400	3 20
" " part		208	2 [illegible]
" Bishop Margaret		400	3 29
" Meckel Robert		400	3 29
Centre Township.			
Stahlnecker Susan, heirs,		202	25
Moyer Henry		205	15
Savage Jeremiah		115	6 33
Seebold Henry		80	1 15
Pile Jacob		30	1 15
Culby Isaac		½	20
Biger Frederick, Dr.		½	24
do			24
Baskenburg Jacob		47	2 61
Leaner George		10	84
Walter Catharine		44	1 74
Chapman Township.			
Shepherly Michael		20	16 23
Arnold Solomon		½	5 2
Strouh Jacob		½	1 25
Sechrist Jacob		12	45
Long Isaac		½	3 2
Hummel David		½	20
Strouse Peter		½	1 38
Frost Henry		½	2 22
Keretetter John G.		½	1 83
Keretetter Lewis jr.		½	79
Franklin.			
Falk George, Wilson J		200	13 21
Miller Robert		32	8 18
Warrick Samuel decd.		5	62
Carey and Merrill Brady John		400	1 24
Reninger J Heirs, Kendrick Andrew		400	11 [illegible]
Warrick Samuel decd. Hobby paul		403	12 0
Middleswarth Kerns & co. Gordon Jno		400	7 85
Reynolds Arms and Co. Furnace		21	21 0[illegible]
" " "		162[illegible]	1 42
" " "		47	6[illegible]
" " "		180	1 9
" " "		48	30
Good William		15	1 [illegible]
Smith Jacob S.		25	2 28
Weiler Peter, Brady John		400	10 51
Middleswarth Kerns co. Snyder Simon		400	1 51
Walter Enos F.		110	9 40
Foss Middleswarth est Kinny Abra'm		4 0	50
Hamilton George		½	30
King Lewis		6	50
Rippie John		51	1 30
Egerton C C and A D. Hepburn James		400	63
Egert Matthew		12	2 16
Swineford Philip		25	1 12
Ecker Kitty Ann		11	5
Becker Thomas		80	9
Smith Charles W.		½	15
Gilbert Mary S		4	97
Gruner Frederick E		75	2 25
Hush Albright S		5	31
Boyle John		½	10
McCall R. Trustee Wolf George		400	2 5
" Dewart William		400	2 88
" Vandersice Harry part		377	2 6
" Derling Christopher		400	2 81
" Young Samuel		400	2 81
Morgarroth L B, Irvin Robert		400	2 75
Berlstein J.		23	6 5[illegible]
Jackson township.			
Rogar George heirs		1½	13
Lemon Jacob,		1½	1 14
Lilly J. F.		1½	5
Gilt Reuben D.		½	2 55
Middleburg Borough.			
Smith Jeremiah A.		1 8	19 90
Smith Jeremiah H.		½	740
Smith Uriah A.		1½	7 60
Middlecreek Township.			
Bolle William		4	6[illegible]
"		7	30
Kramer Jacob		8	1 [illegible]
Mining Samuel		24	2 [illegible]
Peters William		15	7
Mining Joseph		24	1 [illegible]
Monroe Township.			
Gangler Jackson M		40	2 47
Schaal Canal Co		2	1 [illegible]
Bassman Henry		77	80
Weitig Frederick		50	45
Schaffer Jacob		100	90
Hammel Lewis n		35	87
Perry.			
Hillis Benjamin		105	75
Rangler Daniel		60	8 67
Shetterly Michael		8	1 [illegible]
Sones Ferdinand		10	30
Kaufman J R		30	2 [illegible]
Gessa Moses		8	90
Jones Henry		24	2 [illegible]
Franklin J.		72	1 20
Gearman Peter M		72	90
Forrester Mary Mrs		1	30
Deesler Henry		60	2 [illegible]
Beyer William		32	2 [illegible]
Trexler Henry		41	2[illegible]
Perry James S.		74	3 [illegible]
West Perry.			
Batteiger Isaac		100	50
Brown and Landis		100	50
Frantz Heim		100	2 [illegible]
Longacre Elias		60	68
Frantz Henry Jr.		15	1 08
Kampman Frederick		5	03
Roth Morgan		325	81
Smith and Warner		200	1 70
Penns Township.			
Jefferis Susan		1½	8 30
Selinsgrove Borough.			
Gingerich Jacob		½	4 23
Barkstresser Jonas		½	1 90
Gemberling Susan		½	2 25
Goodin Moses		½	2 52
Reitz Jonathan		½	26 17
Simpson A C		½	46 07
Snowalter Samuel Sr.		½	9 21
Walborn John A		½	18 5[illegible]
Derrick John		½	2 [illegible]
Showalter Sarah		½	5 2[illegible]
Union Township.			
Arnold Solomon		1	63
Bowler Lucinda		½	63
Hoover J F		½	1 00
Neitz Emanuel		½	1 00
Hoover Andrew		½	1 03
Snyder Peter		2	3 00
Reichner Joseph		½	75
Reigel Daniel H		½	1 45
Washington.			
Lentz peter		8	1 [illegible]
Beck Emanuel		83	4 [illegible]
Eaton Evan		10	75
Whitmer Frederick		1	30
Schoch James		23	4 [illegible]
Woodling Henry		13	1 [illegible]
Maurer Henry		10	1 [illegible]
Weiser Frederick		100	3 [illegible]
Rudy Frederick		48	1 [illegible]
Thorn James		48	1 [illegible]
Snyder P K		12	90
Glass Frederick		1	2 [illegible]
Snyder Peter		43	2 [illegible]
Beckel Solomon		8	2 [illegible]
Long Joseph H		25	5 [illegible]
Rogers Silas		15	1 [illegible]
Hoffman John H		15	2 [illegible]
"		15	1 [illegible]
"		15	1 [illegible]

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Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
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