

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA: Friday Morning, November 5, 1869.

THINGS ABOUT TOWN & COUNTY.

Our contemporary over the way has been "doing" the glass works this week.

Last Sunday was Reformation Day in our German Reformed and Lutheran Churches.

The session of the Nittany Valley Institute has been suspended until spring. See card.

The sweet, hazy Indian summer is upon us. May its delicious days be lengthened and its dream of joy be lasting.

Locals are scarce this week, at least they have been scarce with us. We haven't had ambition enough to pick them up.

The editor of the National calls our moustache a variegated one. It cannot, however, boast of quite so high a color as his nose.

The hill from the old jail up is being graded preparatory to laying a sidewalk. A most righteous idea, and one that we hope may be fully consummated.

A little boy by the name of Elliott Stone Brown, fell from a wagon load of bark in Unionville, the other day, the wheel passing over his poor little face. He was, of course, killed.

Mr. Hugh A. Larimer, of Gregg township, sent us a turnip the other day that weighed five pounds and ten ounces—about the largest vegetable of the kind we have ever seen. Can anybody beat it?

Mr. R. A. Cassidy, formerly an athlete of the Cent Democrat in this place, but now of Canton, Ohio, surprised us by a pop visit last week. Bob looks first-rate and says he is doing well—all of which we are glad to know.

The appearance of any credit upon present, does not reflect any credit upon the town. There is too much trash to be seen, and a more than reasonable amount of filth. We suggest that the commission take a peep around the corners occasionally.

The National editor has been threatening to "go for" those fish that the WATCHMAN has been talking about. If we catch anybody from that cheating larking around our sanctum door with a fishing pole in his hand, we will tip him over into the creek. Dye, mind you!

We are pleased to see on our streets once more, W. P. McManis, Esq., who for the last three or four years has been engineering railroads in Missouri and Tennessee. Will it be a competent engineer, a companionable gentleman and a good fellow, and we extend to him a hearty welcome home.

We are anxiously looking for a very large turkey fowl which to make our Thanksgiving dinner. We know our friends are anxious to make us a presentation, but we feel obliged to say our coop is not large enough to hold more than adobe at a time. So don't crowd them on us, friends.

A fire broke out in Lock Haven, on the morning of the 1st instant, about one o'clock, which destroyed Rydler's music store, Hopkin's photograph gallery, and a number of other buildings. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Lock Haven is a first-class place for fires. A few more will teach the people there the folly of erecting so many frame buildings.

The Lock Haven Independent says that the Grinnell, who performed here on the velocipedes and several other instruments, last week, was not a Lock Haven "gal." That's funny; we saw several Lock Haven chaps in her train, and understood they were running the concern. We are fully acquainted with the discriminating taste of our friend of the Independent, in the matter of legs, and when he asserts that the performances of the Grinnell are unexceptionable, of course we have nothing more to say.

Bellefonte seems to be an attractive place for young men—the last few months having witnessed the location here of a large number of young gentlemen of various professions. And now our friend C. R. Gearhart, Esq., lately appointed agent of the York Fire Insurance Company, informs us that he is opening a General Insurance Office in town, in connection with said agency. Success to him. Come on, gentlemen—room for more.

We publish, on our next page, an original story from the pen of a highly talented contributor, W. J. Thompson, Esq. It is entitled "Kewick Grange," and is a well written and interesting production. Mr. Thompson, who is not unknown to the literary world, will continue to contribute to our columns sketches, stories, poems, &c. We will soon publish a continued story from his pen.

The editor of the Independent remarks that Bellefonte has about 375 loose vagabonds, who ought to be in jail, in her streets. We had, then, according to this, about 375, before he left for Lock Haven.

The Luzerne Daily Union, edited by our genial friend Hinns, has suspended for a season, owing to the lack of an adequate force to get it out. As soon as a competent and reliable corps of compositors can be found, its publication will be again resumed.

Mr. Alf Burnett, the celebrated comedian, assisted by Miss Helen Nash, will give two exhibitions in Bush's Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. Alf is one of the most amusing men in America, and always draws splendid houses. We expect to see the Hall crowded. Burnett's facial powers are remarkable, and he has the reputation of being among the world's greatest humorists. He receives the highest encomiums wherever he goes, and our exchanges are full of his praises. Be sure to go and see him.

A former school teacher in this county, by the name of McFeaters, is thus complimentarily noticed by the Fort Scott (Kansas) Press:

W. S. McFeaters, once a member of the Bourbon county bar, was brought into our city last week, charged with horse-stealing, and escaped the custody of the sheriff, who has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for his apprehension. A short time since, Mac understood to steal a farm, but failed; and his accomplice left him alone to answer for the charge of forgery. He is a beautiful bird. The fewer we have of the kind, the better for the country.

Benjamin Bennett, Esq., an old and respected citizen of Mendville, and formerly of this place, died at his residence in Mendville, on Saturday last, in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Bennett was formerly proprietor of the Franklin House (now Germania) in this place. He was a giant in size, being nearly seven feet high and built in proportion. When a boy we used to look at him with awe, and even now, we call up that period, we feel like exclaiming, "There were giants in those days."

On Tuesday last, the safe in the office of the railroad company, at Unionville, was robbed of two or three hundred dollars, in broad daylight. The facts, as far as we have been able to glean them, are as follows: The agent of the company, Mr. Davis Rumbarger, an estimable and trustworthy young man, having occasion to leave the office for a short time in order to assist in unloading some freight, locked the safe and went out. After unloading the freight, he returned to the office, and on entering the door, met a person coming out. Suspecting nothing, Mr. Rumbarger passed in, but, on going to the safe, he found it open and the contents gone. In the meantime the person had disappeared, and could not where he found. We believe there was between two and three hundred dollars in the safe.

Merchants who refuse to advertise their business are like the foolish boy of whom one of our exchanges tells the following story: "He was sent from Croton to New London one day last summer with a bag of corn. The boy was gone all day, returning the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor saying: 'There's your corn, go and sell it, I can't.'"

No, I've been all over London with it, and nobody said anything concerning green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business what it was.

Now, business men, who will not advertise their wares, say, in effect, to the public: "It's none of your business what we have to sell. How, then, can they expect to prosper?"

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.—The editor of the Journal acknowledges the receipt of a jar of peaches, and says they were delicious. Lucky chap.

A team of horses ran up Pre-queque street the other day, frightening everybody, but doing no damage. Lucky again.

The Catholic church is progressing rapidly, and its pastor, Rev. Boozes, has received a new coat—of point on his house.

The Baptists are going to erect a new meeting house which they expect to have ready early in the spring.

The "B-B-Men" are beginning to assemble. An order was started last Wednesday week.

An extensive tanning establishment is about to be started by C. Munson & Co., involving a capital of \$35,000 with a prospect of its soon increasing to \$50,000. The capacity of the tannery will be about 10,000 hides per annum.

The Beaman Bell Ringers were well patronized and gave general satisfaction.

From City College.—The course of study and business training pursued at this popular business college has the unqualified approval of business men in all parts of the country, as will be seen from the following communication of the Principals, Smith & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—The beauties of midsummer have passed away; the faded leaves of autumn rustle amid the dells and valleys, or are borne on the chilly blasts o'er woodland, hill and lea. The morning suns greets us through the misty haze, the varied tints of decaying vegetation give to the fair face of Nature a sombre and melancholy aspect—all remind us of the close of summer's gentle reign.

Yet is there a charm in these autumn days—sombre and leafless though they be. Now, too, they bring us the charms of the Indian Summer, the finest season of the autumnal period. How beautiful is the aspect of Nature now! What though she bears the impress of decay? This it is which but makes her appear more lovely. What summer scene displays half the glories which these autumn days present! Let us lift our eyes to the eternal hills. Let us gaze on the valleys at our feet. What has mid-summer, among all her beauties, to compare with the lovely sight before us? "Oh! enervant quoniam Dec!" we are constrained to exclaim, at any time, when gazing at the starry heavens "but the earth, in these autumn days, 'showeth its handiwork'."

To the thoughtful and contemplative mind, this autumn period is full of instruction and useful admonition. It reminds him of the vicissitudes incident to this mortal life. The fallen leaves, which surround his path, are the silent reminders, the eloquent similes, of his earthly state. He is reminded that, like them, he was born to mingle his dust with the clouds of the valley; that, as they were preceded by the leaves of other summers, so was he by other generations of men, and, as the coming will be clothed in another foliage, so will succeeding generations live and tarry where he now lives and tarrys; and the paths which echo his footsteps, will know him again no more forever. And so may each of us say, "And thus will be when I am gone!"

The custom of celebrating the close of the autumnal and harvest seasons, has obtained among all nations, and in all ages. With the Egyptians, it was marked by festivities, and by sacrifices to the gods Osiris and Isis. The Jews also celebrated this season, incorporating its observance with one of the three principal feasts, enjoined by the ceremonial law. With the Greeks and Romans, the ending of the autumnal season was a time of festivity and rejoicing. At the present time, the custom is falling into disuse—though the celebration of "Halloween" still obtains in the British Islands, and in some portions of Europe and the New England States.

It is to be regretted that the tendency of the present age is to discourage the simple pleasures of by-gone days. The materialism of an intensely practical existence is just obliterating the ideal and the beautiful from human life. In the eager chase after the shadow, men lose the substance of what is good. The gilded vices and delusive pleasures of the day, possess more charms for the vitiated taste than the health-giving pleasures of a past age. Those songs, scenes and customs, from which the chiefest of poets have drawn their inspirations, those traits, pastimes and observances, which bring out the best feelings of our Nature, and which, in the formation and preservation of a people's character, are "more powerful than a nation's laws"—all these are quickly passing away, and

Rural mirth and manners are no more. But, let us have a care that we forget not that Being, who "giveth us all things richly to enjoy," and who has recorded His promise, that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, day and night, shall not cease."

The most notable local of the Altoona Tribune this week, and one that makes us wish our name was Stewart, is the following:

A young man giving his name as Harry Stewart arrived in Altoona, not long since, in state of complete destitution, and called upon Rev. Mr. Guyer, to whom he stated that his parents had died in Idaho, leaving him alone and penniless, that they had come from England and moved to Idaho when some but Indians infested that territory, and that he had never enjoyed any advantage of education save what his mother had given him. He had heard in Idaho that in Pennsylvania orphans were given education for nothing, and he desired to reach Harrisburg to obtain an entrance to one of the State institutions of learning. The boy appeared ingenious, and greatly interested Mr. Guyer in his behalf, who took him to Mr. John Shoemaker's office. Mr. Shoemaker speedily obtained him a situation in Plack's planing mill, but after working three or four hours he came back and stated that he wished to go on to Harrisburg. A pass to that place was procured for him, and he was set on his way, those who had been willing to befriend him soon forgetting all about him.

While in conversation with Mr. Guyer, the boy had stated that his mother had left him some papers, which she declared were very valuable, but which he could not read. When in Harrisburg a sudden thought struck him, and he entered the law office of Mr. R. Minnich, to whom he showed his papers. A brief examination of the documents showed the latter their true nature, and he at once telegraphed to the Rev. Mr. Guyer, who telegraphed to the

own Minister at London, and in a short time answer was returned that young Stewart was heir to an untold fortune amounting to \$53,000,000 in gold, deposited in the Bank of London, and equal to about \$77,000,000 in American currency. This fortune has been lying in the Bank for some six generations, and has thus increased to its present vast proportions.

Young Stewart's identity as the legal heir to this vast possession, has been fixed beyond doubt, and he will receive the first installment of about \$2,000,000 during the present month. What effect the sudden possession of such immense wealth will have upon the mind and character of a young, uneducated and inexperienced boy remains to be seen. Stewart appears to have a large share of sturdy common sense, a well-balanced, though uneducated mind, and considerable natural shrewdness, and if he is fortunate enough to escape the wiles of the human sharks, who will be attracted by the glitter of his gold, may soon learn to use it for the further enrichment of himself. Mr. Minnich has furnished young Stewart with a traveling companion, a shrewd and talented young railroad engineer, named Johnston, whose knowledge of the ways of the world will be a safeguard against the temptations of designing persons.

We called in the other day at the stove and tinware establishment of our friend Savage on Allegany street, and took a look at the splendid array of domestic utensils on his shelves. He has a magnificent stock on hand, and more coming. In the line of stoves he is particularly fortunate. All sorts and sizes, parlor, cook and bedroom, but he especially pride himself on the "Morning Glory" stoves and furnaces, which for the last three years have taken the highest honors at the "Star." Also, another new stove called the "Star," a most elegant and convenient arrangement. He also sells the "Great Baltimore" fire place heater, which is said to be the only stove without a fault. Indeed, there is nothing new in the line of stoves that he hasn't got, and any person wishing to choose from a numberless array, can have their most particular tastes satisfied at Savage's.

It is seldom that a finer establishment is seen, even in the cities, and the tasteful housewife will be delighted to see the numberless little articles of household comfort that are to be had there. Mr. Savage understands these matters, and always makes it a point to keep a large supply of everything necessary for household comfort.

Call in and see them and take a look likewise at the "Morning Glory" fire place heater, the "Great Baltimore" fire place heater. Everything about the store suits like a mirror.

Business Notices.

If some were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half it would be money laid out.

We will give the above if you please to take a shillings that Zimmern Bros. & Co., of this city, is the place where you will get the most goods for the least money.

They have on hand a large stock of ladies in dress goods of every kind, fine woolen goods, carpets, shawls, &c. A new lot of the New American sewing machines just arrived. Go and see them.

MARRIED.

MARRIED.—On the 1st inst. by Rev. J. A. Harkness, Mr. James E. Fox and Miss Susan Harkness.

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The Bellefonte Market.

The following are the quotations up to 6 o'clock Thursday evening, when our paper went to press: Red Wheat, per bushel \$1.20; White Wheat, per bushel 1.10; Rye, per bushel 1.00; Corn, shelled, per bushel .80; Oats, per bushel .60; Barley, per bushel .50; Buckwheat, per bushel 1.00; Cloverseed, per bushel .60; Potatoes, per bushel .50; Eggs, per dozen .25; Lard, per pound .25; Bacon, per pound .25; Ham, per pound .25; Butter, per pound .12; Raisins, per pound .04; Grog, per gallon 2.00; Grand Plaster, per ton 10.00.

Milroy Markets.

Corrected weekly by GEORGE DUMMER & SONS. White Wheat—per bushel \$1.20; Red Wheat—per bushel 1.10; Rye—per bushel 1.00; Corn—per bushel .80; Oats—per bushel .60; Barley—per bushel .50; Salt—per ton 1.50; Suet—per ton 2.00; Soap—per ton 2.00; Flour—per ton 2.00.

New Advertisements.

ANYBODY AND EVERYBODY who are in debt to

A. STERNBERG

are requested to

Make Settlement Without Fail,

as this firm has determined

TO CLOSE OUT ENTIRELY

A T FIRST COST,

without any reserve whatever

We intend to quit business here, and as we

ARE DETERMINED TO

CLOSE OUT EVERYTHING,

Purchasers will save from

25 to 30 per CENT,

as we intend to sell at

PHILADELPHIA COST PRICE.

CALL AND SEE!

At the corner of

Second and Chestnut Streets,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertisement for A. Sternberg's business closure.

Sheriff's Sales.

SHERIFF SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Vendidit Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, Pa., and all others lawfully made, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte on Monday the 22nd day of November 1869, the following property, viz:

A certain house and lot situated in Millheim Penn Township Centre county Pa., bounded on the north by land of Geo M Grimes, East by land of W C Dunham, South by land of W C Dunham and on the West by public road leading from Millheim down Elk Creek containing one half acre more or less, thereon erected a House, Stable and other out buildings. Seized into an execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel M Swartz.

All the right title and interest of the defendant in and to the following real estate situated in Gregg Township Centre county Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: North by land of John Dunmoyer, et al east by land of Michael Schneider, south by land of John Dunmoyer, containing eighty acres more or less, having about seven acres cleared together with the appurtenances now occupied by John Rossman. Seized into an execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Dunmoyer.

All the right title and interest of the defendant in and to the following real estate situated in Potter Township Centre county Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: North by land of John Dunmoyer, et al east by land of Michael Schneider, south by land of John Dunmoyer, containing eighty acres more or less, having about seven acres cleared together with the appurtenances now occupied by John Rossman. Seized into an execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Dunmoyer.

A certain lot or piece of ground situated in Rush Township Centre county Pa., bounded north by land of John A. Hart and south by land of John A. Hart, containing about one half acre. Seized into an execution and to be sold as the property of John A. Hart.

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New Advertisements.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in the office of the Register of Luzerne County, Pa., and all others lawfully made, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte on Monday the 22nd day of November 1869, the following property, viz:

The final account of Robert Lee, executor of the last will and testament of Phoebe Kren, late of Potter township deceased.

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