I Want to be a Granger.

ern papers have amu nt over th anxiety of politicians there to learn ways agricultural. Here is some poetry one of the pa nes, the verses supposed to have pers pub been sung by a local politician :

> I want to be a granger And with the grangers stand A horny-headed farmer. With a haystack in my hand.

Beneath the tall tomato tree I'li swing the glittering hoe-And smite the wild potato-bug As he skips o'er the snow

I've bought myself a Dunham ram And a gray alpaca cow, A lock-stitch Osage orange hedge, And a patent leather plow.

The Shoemaker's Song.

The shoemaker sat at his leathern bench, And sang as he pegged his shoe; He worked and sang and sang and worked, While he drew the wax ends through,

Perchance his song was not so sweet As the nightingale's sweetest trill ; But he worked as he sang and sang

worked. And sang and worked with a will. was not of love and Cupid's power

That the shoemaker gaily sang ; But he worked as he sang and sang worked.

While the shop with the echoes rang. He did not sing to Italian strains-

Those words that none can tell ! But he beat the time to his own heart's rhym With the hammer that rose and fel

The words that he sang are known to all, And are known the old world through ; But little he dreamed of his coming fame

As he sang and pegged his shoe. He had left the door of his shop ajar, For a breath of cooling breeze, That murmuring sighed in the forest wide,

Of the gently whispering trees, From the clover red in its crimson had

The breeze its fragrance bore, And swept it along with the stream of song That flowed from that open door.

And this was the song that the shoems As he sang and pogged his shoe, While a fly lit on the end of his nose

As he drew the wax ends through. His hands were full and he could not stop

So what to do was he? Then he sang in the words that echo yet-

"Shoo, fly! don't bother me." And he beat the time, in a kind of chime, And his hammer that rose and fell;

And the words of his song were borne along When now so soon the sun of June.

And summers sultry sky. Shall work on man the curse and ban By bringing back the fly.

Then whereso'er the breezes swell, On land or o'er the sea, His sopg shall rise in countless cries-Shoo, fly ! don't bother me."

AN UNINVITED GUEST. It was nearly three o'clock on a hot matters that bring grist on main best of a dozen reasons for inascons for ina

of the directors—laid before the share-holders at their annual meeting—in which they are pleased to say— But after all, perhaps I might be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they sneak of me_

they speak of me. A clerk puts his head inside my door. "Mr. Thrapstow, sir, wants to speak to must have had a sunstroke or some-

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the itself through," said the man—"they will sometimes—and I've brought it to light. Yes, I know the original of that." Again he dived into a closet, and brought out a negative with a happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the checks in the confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course, these checks, which were crossed, would have and have been presented on the mor-ing have been presented on the mor-

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. VI.

Maidmont's house was a small com-fortable residence, with bright win-dows, verandahs, gorgeous window-boxes, and striped sun-blinds. Mrs. Maidmont was at home, said a very it. The not. I'll make a clean breast of it. and have been presented on the mor-row. But it seemed that his creditors had some distrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out neat, pretty-looking maid; and I sent in

of due course. The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the sus-pense no longer. Telling the bank porter that if Mr. Thrapstow came, he of due course,

was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out, and made my way to his office, which was only a few hundred vards distant. He wasn't deal of unserve enviroite visible in her way to his office, which was only a few courtesy, at the same time time take a day. hundred yards distant. He wasn't deal of uneasy curiosity visible in her there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, face. This was not the original of the but posted off to the bank, and got but posted off to the bank, and got there just as the board were assem-

knew nothing about him. He was in Capel Court, perhaps—anywhere—he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half-hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie. the customer waiting at his office was a lie. the customer waiting at his story time." the customer waiting at his story time. The customer waiting at his story the customer waiting at his story time. The customer waiting at his story time. The customer waiting at his story the customer waiting at his story to the customer waiting at his story to the transformer waiting at his story time. The customer waiting the customer waiting at his story to the transformer waiting the customer waiting at his story to the transformer waiting the customer w

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't som, and went off to the office of Mr. "Stay !" said the old lady. "You are laboring under a complete mistake. I know notking whatever of the gen- in general that day, but I couldn't help tleman whose name you mention—a name I never heard before." som, and went off to the office of Air. Gedgemount, the solicitor to the bank. I asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow fer stealing the bonds?" "Upon my word," said Gedgemount, "I don't think you can make a crimi-nal matter out of it. It isn't larceny, heaven an obsendened the possession think so.

"Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know " 2 Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know " aid eagerly." He had a tongue that

nal matter out of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarialy. No: I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankrupt of kim, and then you can pursue him, as having fraudulently carried off his assets." But that advice was no good to me. I think I was mong in taking it. I think I was mong in taking it. I think I was gone straight off to the police station and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Digni-fied men of law, like Gedgemount, alto the police station and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Digni-fied men of law, like Gedgemount, almilliner's box, more likely a wedding. ways find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to

At that moment there was a bit of a

Was she deceiving me? I did not As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his

m," I said eagerly. "Miss Maidmont is not likely to would wind round anything, if you only

intimate personal friend, who had served on the staff of General Harrison in I was about to take my departure reluc-tantly, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded into the room. She was the original of the photo-graph.

An Old Plea. It is about thirty years ago—I think was in 1844—that Clark Sefton was

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1873.

indicted and tried for murder. He had been a public character, and had many and influential friends. Of the fact of the killing there could be no doubt; and it would be difficult to set up anything like due justification. The pub-lic was indignant, and it was evident

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

he public feeling should be cool ; but n this they were foiled. The case was to come on at the very next session of the court. The friends—two of them— went to Philadelphia and consulted Cy. Carpenter, one of the best criminal lawers of his time, and a boon companion f S. S. Prentiss. They told him if they ould gain time-if the trial could be ould gain time—if the trial could be ut off three or six months—they were onfident Sefton could be cleared. Said

"Keep quiet, and leave the case in my hands. But don't, on any account, mention my name. You know Selfrish McDonald?"

The friends, trusting Carpenter, hough much against their better judg-nent, engaged Selfrish McDonald to onduct the defence in behalf of Chark lafter, and the structure of the self-Sefton, and the attorney entered upon

warder, on the ground of the insanity in the known indifference or collusion of the insanity of McDon-to was proved to the satisfaction of the unit carried out the law to its utmost, and a new trial was granted. In and imprisoned him whom it have

in the end Sefton went clear.

this case, as in the other, a motion was made for a new trial on the ground of serve a term of years in the same insti-

name now." "Thrapstow," I interjected. "A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bella?" "I know of no Mr. Charles but Charles Tempest," said Isabel. "It is singular, too, that the initials of our friends should be the same. May I ask if you have given your por-

The Benton Family. Daughters of "Old Bullion" Reduced to Poverty--Singular Misfor-tunes of Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Botileau

and Mrs. Jones. 'Aaron Boilleau, who was sentenced to imprisonment by a French Court for his connection with the Memphis and

Bursting of a Bog.

El Paso Railroad affair, is confined in the Conciegerie. Before his trial M. Paso Railroad. Mme. Beilleau is at Boulogne. She and her six children

live through the generosity of their friends." To many people of Missouri, says the St. Louis *Dispatch*, this brief paragraph will convey more than a passing interonfident Sefton could be cleared. Said "Keep quiet, and leave the case in y hands. But don't, on any account, iention my name. You know Selfrish "Oonsul at New York, Susan, a daughter of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, having met this lady in Washington city a few months previous. The movement was a most happy one, and between the two there existed only the utmost confidence and perfect affection.

"But, "cried the friends, in Baron Boilleau was afterwards ap-"Never mind," interrupted Carpen-ter. "Do as I bid you. Secure Sel-frish McDonald for chief counsel of the accused, and await the result." The functions of his office in this locali-ty that he was recalled and disgraced ty that he was recalled and disgraced by the French authorities. During his

stay in New York he had become in-volved in railroad schemes, and had been induced in an evil hour to recom-mend, in his capacity as an official agent Sefton, and the attorney entered the the work with a magnificent flourish. The trial came off, and Clark Sefton was declared Guilty. The Comparter came to the res-the comparter came to the res-the came off, and set the res-the came of the set the res-the set the set the set the res-the set the set and made a motion for a new trial a the case of Clark Sefton, accused of inder, on the ground of the insanity his counsel? The insanity of McDonburt, and a new trial was granted. In e next trial the jury disagreed, and imprisoned him whom it before honored in the Conciergerie or debtor's prison, thus making the example all the more suggestive. It will also be remem-bered that Fremont is a brother-in-law in the end Sefton went clear. Another case transpired of like char-ter—that of Marsh, accused of mur-der and convicted, at Newark, New Jersey, about the same time (1844.) In which tried and found his connection which tried and found his connection

Terms: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

A number of young ladies of Macon Ga., have attended the State Fair clad A belegram from Calentia says a ac-

to England. We expect to hear from

A little boy at Winchester, Va., latel fell head foremost into a pot of boiling

ber again,

le business portion of the

one \$40,000 cow has been sent

ince of Bengal.

A man in Wisconsin recently ruptured his lungs with a lung-testing machine, and died in a few hours.

and died in a few hours. A Kentuckian has married his step-mother, which is said to be a step far-ther than the law allows. A Pennsylvania farmer has held an eagle captive for thirty-six years, and the bird is as untamable ha ever. In 1871, two persons were killed England by the sting of a wasp, and two more by the bite of a rat. It is said that a new penal code, by

NO. 48.

The Policeman's Dog.

A Panagram data and an an and an and

River, to afford relief to the lands up the valley, and a bog-laden torrent is being discharged into the latter river is both discharging powers of that river is bars after presented a wonderful appearance. The source of this disarter round the latter river is busidence at the discharging powers of that river is injuries, and tenderly bore him to the station. The police is most clear-ly defined by a series of black 'crease is recommended fully and advised his being shot. Wiseburn would not suffer this, so he as the discharging powers of the bog affected is most clear-ly defined by a series of black 'crease which seemed to win into a base to a crater half a mile in diameter.
With considerable difficulty we piloted our way to the centre, where we he ond the brown liquid bog boiling out like a stream of lava and feeding the moving mass in the valley below. At the point where the bog burst, the tur banks were forced right over and round on either side, and assumed somewhat the appearance of 'moraines.'
This and similar disasters to which the appearance of 'moraines.'
This and similar disasters to which the appearance of 'moraines.'
The Woman in Black.

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"Send him in. Roberts " I said dages and eau de Cologne. Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood. We had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that I felt, and I hailed a cab and drove to

the same conntry town. The fact that his parents were of considerable higher social status than mine, perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, push-ing fellow who had the remntation of the difference of the set of the set of the set of the set of the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, push-ing fellow who had the remntation of the set of the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set the set of t was a stock order, a very clever, push-ing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and great good luck. At my request, he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had processing at his deaces

a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks. Charlie, like everybody else in busi-ness, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, I had neverything, to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney-piece; they were only circulars from trades-men. In the fireplace was a considerof course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water Company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds, as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the mar-ket, and that I had full confidence in our customer. our people sanctioned det, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had perhaps a little uneasy feeling myself about those bonds, for they were not everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a cus-tomer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sals. Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and moustache, bright eyes of bluish gray, a nose tilted upwards, giving him a sawcy, resolute air. He was always well dressed, the shiniest of hoots the samcy, resolute air. He was always

gray, a nose tilted upwards, giving him a saucy, resolute air. He was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light a cloves the glossiest of most delicate shade of color in his light tronsers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frockcoats, a neat light dust-coat over it, a blue bird's-eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a mas-sive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold. "Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office; sold 'em well, to--to Billing Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium. and I bought at one dis-

premium, and I bought at one dis-count."

thing, she told me, and brought ban

stances but take my leave? In Susan, owever, I found an unexpected ally. he had heard my parting words of deshe had heard my parting words of de-scription, and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said : "Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that." Half-a-crown and a few here the second state of the second stat like that." Half-a-crown and a few that Jonn Chambers shall be concluded blandishments, which, under the cir- of Iowa." Of course that concluded the subject, and Chambers was ap-

cumstances, I think even my worthy spouse would have condoned, put me into possession of the facts. Miss Maidmont was really going to e married to-morrow morning at St. pikenard's Church to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good-looking young man, whom they had not known long, man, whom they had not known long, but who seemed to be very well off. My description of my friend tallied exactly with Susan's of the bridegroom; but the

Now, what was to be done ? Should I go to Mrs. Maidmont, and tell her how she was deceived in her daughter's lover? That would have been the way

will find some way to warn her lover. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweetheart, and no the times. We had comparatively few

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I was punctual to my trust, and at nine, Susan made her appearance with a moroco-case containing an excellent likeness of my friend, Charles Thrap stow, massive pin with topaz in it, and lover? That would have been the way best adapted to spare the feelings of ands of households, like so many morn-the Maidmonts; but would it bring back the five thousand pounds? I printing office! What a short space in history is a generation, and yet what

The Death of Napoleon. The following incident from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical histor-ian, Abbe Roulbacher, contradicts the irreligious stories that have been circu-lated in reference to the death of the great Napoleon : "When near his end, after having received the sacrament, he said to General Montholn, 'General, I am happy : I have fulfilled all my re-ligions duties. I wish you at your death the same happiness. I had had need of it. I am an Italian—a child of the rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell me pleasure. I wished to make a mys-