THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JAN. 21, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞ Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for the year's postage was 20 cts.

——Thanks to P. S. Kerlin for Galena paper.

——C. F. Harlacher has been re-appointed post-master at Centre Hall.

——We had about four inches of snow on last Monday morning, which will fix up sleighing nicely, no doubt.

——Rev. Leckie commenced a protracted meeting in this place on last Sabbath evening.

——Who does not delight to list to the "doleful peals" of a cow bell in sleighing time.

——The borough and township elections will take place on Tuesday, the 16th day of February.

——The Grangers in Sugar Valley intend building a large hall and store house.

——A few nights ago some one not having the fear of judgment day before his eyes, helped himself to a lot of corn from the crib of Mrs. S. S. Wolf.

——Mr. Thomas Davis, of Rock Spring, while staying over night in the hotel here, missed his pocket book with $6 next morning. A stranger had quarters in same room that night, and Mr. Davis thinks his money may have traveled along with him.

Howard Spangler and Mr. Davis went in pursuit of the fellow, in the morning and overtaking him in the neighborhood of Mr. Barkholder's, induced him to surrender the pocket book and money.

——Through the kindness of Mr. Sam'l Farner, we were shown through the Odd Fellows' hall, a few days ago, and were pleased to see it so creditable an affair. It is quite handsomely furnished and fitted up and shows a spirit of liberality among the members of the order here that is praiseworthy.

——Now is the time when persons who intend building next summer will endeavor to find out where they can buy their hardware to best advantage. Wilson & Hicks, Bellefonte, will offer special inducements to all such and suited to the times. They will supply builders with any thing needed at low figures. Housekeepers, mechanics, and farmers, will find Wilson & Hicks the grand emporium for anything in the Hardware line, and capital men to deal with.

——I. O. O. F.—Centre Hall Lodge, No. 895, was instituted on Friday, 19 inst., by Dist. Dep. Grand Master D. H. Parker of Phillipsburg, assisted by past D. D. G. M. J. S. Barnhart of Bellefonte, and Past L. G. Dom, of Phillipsburg, Pa., and other officers of the Grand Lodge of Pa.

Boalsburg Lodge, No. 894, was instituted on Tuesday, 14 inst., by the same officers.

——The names mentioned in connection with the nomination for Assembly, thus far, are: John F. Krebs, Ferguson; Sam'l Gilliland, W. A. Murray, Harris; Dr. Smith, Potter; Jas. Van Ormer, Wm. Alexander, of Penn; B. F. Philips, Asronsburg; H. Van Pelt.

——It is queer by what standards different folks will measure the degrees of temperature—or it may be too that thermometers are marked with varying expressions to indicate the degrees of cold. This we only found out a day after the recent cold snap, when we questioned persons from different portions of the valley as to the temperature on the memorable morning of the 10th. The question to each of our informants was the same, viz: How cold was it with you on Sunday morning; to this we received the following replies:

Man from Gregg—Cold as thunder.

Man from the Loop—Sixteen degrees below Selinsgrove.

Man from Potters Mills—Infernal cold.

Man from Penn Hall—Cold as blazes.

Man from Millheim—Cold as h—l.

Man from the lower end.—D—n cold.

Man from Brushvalley—Devilish cold.

Man from Centre Hill—Seventeen degrees below Missouri.

Penns Creek Man—Cold as gewhittaker.

Whiskey Hollow Man—Most darn infernal cold.

Earlystown man—Cold as all Sam Hill.

Boalsburg man—Cold enough to freeze old Nich to the North pole.

We intend to send this report to Old Probabilities, and see whether he can strike the average.

——The Directors of the Bald Eagle, Nittany, Brush and Penn's Valley Turnpike Company have declared a dividend of fifty cents on each share of stock, which will be paid on and after the 1st day of February next, at the President's office, opposite the Fallon House. This is the first dividend since 1845, wich the proceeds have invariably been put on to the road. —*Clinton Republican.*

——A pretty well authenticated rumor has reached every hole and corner of the county to the effect that our Railroad is to be completed the coming season. This is certainly cheering news, for, besides giving employment to many idle laborers, it will revive business of all kinds all along the line, and, when completed, prove immensely profitable to the Company by reason of increased travel and largely augmented shipments both ways. In corroboration of the rumor, the indefatigable President, George F. Miller, whom we know is solicitous for the early completion of the Road, has informed us that the unfinished portion is to be put under contract very soon. Let it be done and the people who have long and justly complained will readily award praise to whomsoever may merit it.—*Telegraph.*

"THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS." An able critic writes: "A careful reading of the introductory chapters of Dr. Holland's new serial in Scribner's Monthly, gives good promise of what the story is to be, and the opening is more brilliant than any of Dr. Holland's previous novels, in the quaintness of the characters and the delicate outline of the plot; the dialogue is particularly striking."

"THE YOUNG SURVEYOR." The story of the "Young Surveyor," by J. T. Trowbridge, just begun in St. Nicholas, is a capital story for boys. It gives a true picture of life on the Prairies of the West; the surveying is so mixed up with hunting, and other adventures, that the boys hardly know where the instruction leaves off and the fun begins.

——If housekeepers suffer from the use of unwholesome table goods; if they sink in purse because they buy eatables that are too high in price for the quality they get; if they find themselves imposed upon in their groceries, and any article not up to first class goods, it is their own fault and they have a remedy. What is the remedy, you ask; why it is simple, plain and easy—let them go to Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block and buy groceries, and they are lifted out of all the above petty annoyances at once and save a deal of money to boot. Here ther, housekeepers is a remedy which brings you a double satisfaction, buy your groceries of Sechler & Co. and be happy.

——Charles Miller, dec'd, had a $2,000 life insurance. Lieut. Wolf, dec'd, had a $5,000 life insurance.

——Rev. Bright has a protracted meeting in progress at Snydertown; the meeting is one of unusual interest—fourteen souls have thus far been converted, and an equal number are now seeking pardon.

——The Zellers Zouaves have been disbanded by Adj. Gen. Latta, their term of service, 5 years, having expired. The arms and equipments have been returned to the state arsenal. An effort is being made by the young men of Buffalo Run to organize a new company.

——Capt. Sellers and six or eight more young men of Patton twp., think of emigrating to Missouri about the 1st of April, next. Success to them.

Reassembling of the Democratic County Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee, held in Bellefonte, on Saturday, 16th inst., the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Chairman of the Standing Committee be directed to request the President of the last Democratic County Convention to reassemble the Convention which met in August 1874, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. S. S. Wolf, and any other vacancy that may occur—allowing the people to re-instruct their delegates if they desire.

In compliance with the above, the delegates to the County Convention "which met in August, 1874, are hereby notified to re-assemble in the Court House in Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 2nd day of February next, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose mentioned in the resolution. By request of

J. H. WOODWARD.

J. H. MORRISON, *Pres't. Dem. Co. Con.*
Chairman Standing Com.

CALL OF AN ELECTION FOR RE-INSTRUCTION OF DELEGATES.

At a meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee, held on Saturday Jan. 16, 1875, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, further, That the present committeeman of each election precinct is hereby requested to appoint two suitable persons who shall meet at the usual place of holding elections on Saturday preceding the assembling of the Convention, for the purpose of holding an election to re-instruct the delegates, between the hours of two and five o'clock P. M., of said day, the Committeeman being the Chairman of said Board."

In compliance with the above resolution, I hereby give notice that an election will take place on Saturday, the 30 day of Jan., 1875 for the purpose of re-instructing the delegates to the Convention to be held Tuesday, February 2nd, 1875.

J. H. MORRISON.
Chairman.

America has obtained the Parisian premium for beautiful women. St. Louis is as justly entitled to the American premium.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

The writer of that has never been in Williamsport.—*Bulletin.*

And the Bulletin man has never been in Centre Hall.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

Sheriff Mutthersbough of Mifflin Co., sold the following properties on Saturday and Monday, 9 and 11:

The old M'Manigle homestead in Armagh township, 219 acres, to O. P. Smith for $11,000.

The woodland tract, near the above 880 acres, to D. W. Woods for $600.

The M'Manigle lot in Milroy, with two dwellings, storehouse, stable, &c. thereon, to A. Reed for $1500.—*Gazette.*

LIST OF JURERS. JAN. TERM.

Grand Jurors.

Phillipsburg—L T Munson, R E Munson.
Bellefonte—M Cunningham, Wm Curtin, W F Reynolds.
Harris—G W Campbell.
Marion—Joel King.
Snowshoe—James Redding, Jac Robb, Wm Stewart.
Potter—Sam'l Slack, Wm Royer, D M Henney.
Penn—Jonathan Harter, G W Stover.
Liberty—Joseph Winslow, T S Winslow, J D Gardner.
Howard twp—N Askey.
Worth—Geo Kelley.
Walker—Geo Kafman, C F Romick.
Milesburg—Jos Rogers.
Union—Wm B Fisher.

Traverse—1st Week.

Banner—P Houser, Wm Searson, J W Shoey, S H Swartz, H Kibe.
Spring—Robt Ray, Thos Barnhart, Jno Eckenroth, David Shearer.
Curtin—Jno I Packer.
Haines—J G Meyer.
Union—J P Holt, W B Turner.
Taylor—J Beckworth, L Merryman, Huston—Hugh Adams, D Yothers, J Turner.
Bellefonte—J I Rankin, T Hicks, J H Sands, J B Graham, Chas Cook, J Mitchel.
Milesburg—A T Boggs.
Penn—Henry Weiser.
Ferguson—Levi Kreps, Mat Rider, Wm Bloom.
Walker—Adam Vonads, L Zimmerman, Joseph Shafer.
Boggs—J C Walker, D Lucas.
Potter—J C Boal, J M'Clintock, Adam Smith, D Gilliland, David Kerr.
Harris—Henry Dale, Jon Karper.
Liberty—J Gunsolis, W Stull.
Halfmoon—Thos Gray.
Worth—A R Barlow.
Rush—H W Adams.
Miles—And Shafer.
Snowshoe—M Gunsolis.

2nd Week.

Snowshoe—C T Cheesman, G W Minsker, A Campbell.
Gregg—Sam'l Crawford, M Notaker.
Howard bor.—J Swyers, A Montgomery.
Philipsburg—G S Flegal.
Halfmoon—J Runbarger, Wm Cross.
Ferguson—W E Meek, Jas Sample.
Rush—J B Simile, Jno Nutall.
Milesburg—Jno Lyman, J S Proudfoot.
Union—H Hoover, S Mitchell.
Unionville—B Rich.
Spring—Robt Barnes, Sam'l Null, John Cole.
Benner—Geo Dale, J N Kephart, John Know
Miles—T E Royer.
Marion—O P Orr, S Garbrick.
Haines—Geo Bower.
Bellefonte—J H M'Clure, P Mullin.
Potter—Wm Wolf, F Burkholder, Alex M'Coy.
Penn—Eman Kerstetter.
Boggs—Jas Teller.

TRIAL LIST FOR JANUARY TERM, A. D. 1875, COMMENCING ON THE 4th MONDAY OF JANUARY. JANUARY 25, 1875.

1st Week.

Joel King (Fergreed Issue) vs Jac Zerby, *et ux*—88 Jan Term 1875.
Samuel Hagerty, use of vs Smith Freeman—296 Nov Term 1870.
Hahn & Wagner vs Wm Poorman—294 April Term 1871.
Joseph Dealing vs J P Dehass, *et al*—331 Aug Term 1872.
Michael Moyer vs W C Wagner, *et al*—223 Aug Term 1873.
Nathan Hough vs C Schade—239 August Term 1873.
S Kimmel vs Jno I Thompson—258 Aug Term 1873.
W W Wittman & Co vs D M Wagner & Son—297 Aug term 1873.
Andrew Zerby vs D H Lutz—204 November Term 1873.

2nd Week—January Term.

Jno H Yocum, *et al* vs John Lyon—47 Jan Term 1865.
B & F D Ligget vs L A Mackey—19 Apr Term 1871.
Etnier & Faust vs E A Green & Co—49 Apr Term 1871.
1st National Bank of Huntingdon vs Same—50 Apr Term 1871.
Same use of vs Same—Apr Term 1871.
Cline Quggle vs Geo Furst—306 Aug Term 1871.
Milliken, Hoover & Co use of vs Joseph Underwood's Adm'rs—153 Apr Term 1872.
R R Bridgens vs Jno B M'Williams—222 Nov Term 1872.
Norwood Coal & Lumber Co vs Jno Elliot & Co—107 Jan Term 1873.
Hoffer, Bower & Co vs Michael Peters, *et al*—216 Jan Term 1873.
Jno Hoffer vs Bridget McGill—73 April Term 1873.
Jos Robinson vs Gideon Wheeland—102 Apr Term 1873.
McCoy & Linn vs Geo Fetzer—161 April Term 1873.
Jas Courtland, *et al* vs D Z Kline, *et al*—350 Apr Term 1873.
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs D B Reese, *et al*—41 August Term 1873
Samuel B Wyland vs Wm Lichly—60 Aug Term 1873.
Loyd, Caldwell & Co vs J S Reed & Co—75 August Term 1873.
Jno Hoy vs Wm Holt—137 August Term 1873.
Terrence McElarney vs Jno Thompson—181 Aug Term 1873.
Isaac Gaines vs Jno Heiss—108 Nov Term 1873.

For the Reporter.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

Sleighing the order of the day.

Hauling ice is trump of game.

Candidates on the war-path.

Grangers are fast increasing in our neighborhood, inasmuch that they doubled in the space of six months. We have now two for good.

Mr. Sheetz, near Wolf's Store, is making preparation for the erection of a dwelling house. Very sensible indeed, since but a short time ago he got burned out.

We understand that Mr. Rishel is lying in a critical condition. Little hopes of his recovering is anticipated. He is delirious, which is caused by a concussion of the brain that he sustained in the fall. Thus we have before us another mirror wherein King Alcohol is reflected in his true character. How long will we harbor the evil demon.

Mrs. Hilbush, we are pleased to learn, is slowly recovering from her stroke of palsy. May she soon enjoy perfect health, is our fervent wish. HEW MOR.

London, January 12.—The steamer Cartes, belonging to North Shields, has been lost in the Bay of Biscay and twenty-six persons drowned.

San Francisco, January 12.—It is reported that by a fire in the Western hotel, last night, twenty men were suffocated in their rooms. The firemen and police are searching for the bodies.

Sixty thousand colliers in South Wales have struck work, in consequence of a reduction of wages.

Some of the farmers in the western towns of Kane county, Ill., complain that the murrain is affecting their herds of cattle.

The Northumberland car works were recently sold by the sheriff for $11,000. They cost about $40,000.

THF CHARLEY ROSS MYSTERY.

Identifying the Horse which the Abductors of the Child Drove.

Mr. Christian K. Ross, father of Charley Ross, his little son Walter, and Detective Sellick examined a horse at Van Fleet's club stables in Fair street, Newark, on 11th. The horse was recognized by Walter as the one which was driven by the abductors of his brother.

On the 23d of October a boy inquired the price for boarding a horse in the stable, saying he had been sent to inquire by an old gentleman. Three hours afterward the lad took the horse to the stables. The animal was thin and sunburned. On the 25th of the same month an elderly man, who is described as Mosher, the dead burglar, called with the boy, and pretending to be the owner, told the hostler to wash the animal's tail and mane with salt and water to take the sunburned appearance away. On the 28th an expressman called for the horse, saying that a man had sent him from the Bull's Head Hotel in New York. The expressman did not have the money to pay for the horse's boarding, and Mr. Van Fleet refused to let the horse go. Mr. Van Fleet has never heard anything more about the ownership of the horse, which is still in the stables. Superintendent Walling's published description of the animal corresponded so minutely with the horse in the Fair street stables that Mr. Van Fleet telegraphed to the Superintendent, and yesterday little Walter Ross said he was sure it was the one that the abductors drove.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Office of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre County.

CENTRE HALL, Jan. 11, 1874.

In compliance with the provisions of their charter the directors present the seventeenth annual statement of the transactions of the Company.

ASSETTS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the last year		$36,544.84
On which there has been paid		$828.15
Leaving due on premium notes taken the last year		$35,716.68
To which add cash in treasury		$700.92
Total available assetts of the Company last year		$36,417.60
EXPENSES.		
Compensation to directors	$108.18	
Salary of Secretary	150.00	
" " Treasurer	50.00	
Printing, Office rent, Postage & Stationary	114.21	
Election Board	5.00	
Discount Penns Valley Banking Co	25.83	
Penns Valley Banking Co	600.00	
Daniel Durst balance due on barn	600.00	
Adam Krumrine on resper	58.00	
Dr. J. W. Stem	220.84	
Dr. J. B. Leitzel.	15.00	
		$1,941.56
Total accruing assetts and funds of the Company the last year after deducting expenses		$34,476.04
To which add funds reported of previous year	$104,882,99	
Minus notes expired and canceled	$29,529.18	
		$75,553.81
Making the total available assetts of the Company this day		$109,829.85
Risks and insurance taken the last year	$467,551.00	
Same reported for previous year	$4,233,710.35	
Grand total risks and insurances taken since organization		$4,701,261.35
From which deduct policies		$2,153,416.98
Expired and canceled leaving		$2,547,844.46
Due the Company from agents, mainly on unpaid policies of members		$1,705.85

GEO. BUCHANAN, Pres't.

Attest:

D. F. LUSE, Sec'y.

At an election held the same day the following members were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Geo. Buchanan, Joshua Potter, Henry Keller, J. W. Campbell, Jno. W. Krumrein, Amos Alexander, J. G. Meyer, Jno. Wolf, Sam'l Gramley, Jno. H. Keller, and David Gilliland, Sam'l J. Herring.

Whereupon the new board organized and appointed the following officers:

President—Geo. Buchanan.
Vice Pres't—Henry Keller.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.
Secretary—D. F. Luse.

MARRIAGES.

On 7th inst., in Pine Grove, by Rev. M. G. Earhart, Mr. Samuel A. Dunlap and Miss Lizzie R. Gummo.

On 7th inst., by Rev. C. H. Reiter, at the Reformed parsonage, in Aaronsburg, Mr. James W. Stover to Miss Susanna L. Bower, both of Haines township Centre County.

On 3rd inst., at the Luth. Parsonage in Hublersburg, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. A. T Pifer of Lamar, Clinton Co. to Miss Nellie J. Eddy of Nittany Hall, Centre Co.

On 7th inst., at the residence of the bride's father Mr. Henry Zeigler, by the same, Mr. Z. W. Hoy, son of J. S. Hoy Esq., Jacksonville, to Miss Clara A. Zeigler of same place.

DEATHS.

On 7, at State College, Adeline, wife of Calvin Meyers, aged 21 years.

At Aaronsburg, on 15, of typhoid pneumonia, Mrs. Susan Kurtz, widow of Daniel Kurtz.

On 14, in Haines twp., Mrs Susan Fox, aged 61 years, and 5 months.

For the Reporter.

KATE LENWOOD'S MISTAKE.

By J. HARRISON BUTTS.

Jane, come clasp my bracelet, and turn the gas yet higher.

The simple dressing maid turned, quickly to her mistress and performed the commands—"Now Jane, will I do for the soiree?"

"La yes! and you will far out shine all the grand folks there."

I hope so—mentally exclaimed the proud girl as she stood before her mirror surveying her beautiful self. There she stood in glistening robes of silk that swept the floor in billowy foam, one solitary diamond sparkled in her dark hair shedding a glittering light on the camelia that slept in her braids.

Her features were royally beautiful, and her queenly figure shown to effect in her array of costly garments. Her lips curved with a haughty curl as she thought of the conquest she would make to-night, and with full confidence she threw the rich cloth cloak about her snowey shoulders and descended to the parlor, where Count Delanor awaited her coming.

"Oh! Kate Lenwood, what a mockery you make of love, as with joyous smile you greet Count Delanor—your heart says you do wrong. Yet you go on, and time will tell you with bitter words that you have lost a diamond in securing a perl that will prove worthless when most needed."

Kate Lenwood was an heiress—all that love and money could secure belonged to her, a costly equipage driven by a liveried servant was at her command—position beauty, wealth and youth poured into her lap all that heart could desire or expect, and none knew better than self-willed Kate Lenwood how to enjoy them. Indomitable pride and self-will were the great characteristics of her being—life to her was one Summer's dream of royal power over the fortune hunters who followed in her train of admirers and how often behind the costly fan raised to her face as a screen, a suppressed snicker would rise at the kneeling form before her, with what cold disdain and queenly supremacy she would put the ardent lover aside, and he would find his idol indeed but clay. So Charles Morton found when he poured his love tale in her ear, yet he never forgot the earnest love light in her heart, and well he knew. Yet too proud to tell her that her actions and words were not from the heart—how her cheek paled as she warmly bade him good bye, and a tear glistened in her sparkling eye as he pressed a kiss on her ruby lips, though he was silent, yet to her it spoke volumes. The door closed on Charles Morton's form, the lithe step sounded for the last time for years in the ears of Kate Lenwood, and well she knew she had sent the best friend she ever had away. Long, long, she sat in the dimly lighted library almost stupified with the thought, that the dearest man to her on earth was gone, and well she knew forever.

Regally, gloriously, beautiful she entered the parlor where awaited her the feted, lionized Count St. Delanor, her face beaming with smiles, she greeted him, and none save her knew the tempest raging in her bosom. Just one short hour before, Charles Morton had silently left her, his kiss yet burning on her lips, who would suspect the perfect actress as she entered exclaiming, "Why Delanor, I am sorry I kept you waiting so long." "No apology dear, it is a pleasure to know that you are really in my presence. The carriage is here," and putting out an elegant watch, statched to a chain of tretted gold, "8 o'clock, come, we will go."

The splendid rooms of Mrs. St. Clair were filled with the ton and fashion of the city. Mirth took possession of the hour and unbounded joy reigned supreme o'er that happy throng. Kate Lenwood and Count Delanor shone resplendent on that night, and there in the conservatory she gave her hand but not her heart to the Count—sold herself for naught, while one earnest heart would have taken her in and sheltered her for a lifetime. Oh! what barter and sale in a marriage vow, promises given that soon will be broken and set at naught, and never a thought of the vital importance of the sacred vow. How soon, alas! did Kate Lenwood find Count Delanor was not what she expected, he sought her gold and when it was gotten despised the fair, bright girl.

Adiews were said, carriages rolled away from the St. Clair mansion, lights were outened and Kate Lenwood sought her couch that night not happy but sad after all that even in loneliness seemed a joy not to be envied.

The glistening robes were all put aside. The die was cast—was she indeed to lay away the image of Charles Morton in a secret chamber of her heart, enshrine it with the memories of happy days now thrown away? Walking to an escritoire of exquisite design, she touched a secret spring and brought forth a package—gazing at it long and intently. "Farewell Charles"—she said, and retracing her steps to the grate, where smouldered a seacoal fire—tossed the outpourings of one faithful heart into the embers. Sinking into a chair she watched the red tongued flames lick them up into a smouldering heap of dead ashes. The heart of that haughty woman recoiled as she watched the quivering heap and in a moment of weakness called up the manly face of one who was still dear to her. And Oh, when retribution came to her years afterward, the scene we have depicted came to her like a long lost something never again to return save when alone and none so near to hear the wild beating of a heart whose idol has indeed fled.

CHAPTER II

Judge Lenwood's mansion was a blaze of light, carriages rolled to the scene of mirth and festivity. The bride looked beautiful in trailing robes of silk, white as the foam crested waves of a tempest-tossed sea, as the bridal cortege entered the gay salon, the guests arose in semi-circles, and the beautiful Episcopalian services were performed. As the last word was uttered that bound Kate Lenwood to Count Delanor the grand piano pealed forth in notes almost divine Bethoven's wedding march—wail after wail realed through that vast and sumptuous salon and the quivering notes found no response in the heart of proud Kate Lenwood, for her thoughts were far away, yes far away in the golden days of sweet sunshine, when Charles Morton was indeed her all. She again sat in the old farm orchard of aunt Eunice, the blossoms falling all about her in snowey and fragrant beauty; she feels the beautiful May sunset shedding a golden warmth and beauty about her, and with a sickening pain in her heart she gazes on the man for whom she promised to forsake father and mother, the comforts of a princely home with all its warm attachments. There he stood, grand, noble and almost divine to look upon. Yet Charles Morton came between and the bride of an hour was at heart a mourner. "Away wierd phantom of the past, I will be gay," exclaimed Kate and wreathing her face with smiles, and none in that vast assemblage would judge the crushing of a heart pent up full of tears.

The gushing strains of a Mozart march wailed soft and sweet; merrier hearts than the bride bound to the enchanting strains, and glad hearts beat love to hearts that were in unison. Count Delanor had led the peerless Kate into an alcove of a bay window fragrant with exotic plants, and poured again the vile reiteration of a heart dark with deceit into the ear of his newly made wife, who entranced for the moment with the honeyed words of the vile intriguer, bending low to catch the echo of every word that fell from his false lips. Then she stood gazing upon him with parted lips, drinking in the love phrases that fell from his dewy mouth a false happiness which she took for the real, had possession of her, and in that moment of transitory triumph she felt her heart respond to his. Vile and dark as Euroclydon winds—

For the Reporter.

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Her features were royally beautiful, and her queenly figure shown to effect in her array of costly garments. Her lips curved with a haughty curl as she thought of the conquest she would make to-night, and with full confidence she threw the rich cloth cloak about her snowey shoulders and descended to the parlor, where Count Delanor awaited her coming.

"Oh! Kate Lenwood, what a mockery you make of love, as with joyous smile you greet Count Delanor—your heart says you do wrong. Yet you go on, and time will tell you with bitter words that you have lost a diamond in securing a perl that will prove worthless when most needed."

Kate Lenwood was an heiress—all that love and money could secure belonged to her, a costly equipage driven by a liveried servant was at her command—position beauty, wealth and youth poured into her lap all that heart could desire or expect, and none knew better than self-willed Kate Lenwood how to enjoy them. Indomitable pride and self-will were the great characteristics of her being—life to her was one Summer's dream of royal power over the fortune hunters who followed in her train of admirers and how often behind the costly fan raised to her face as a screen, a suppressed snicker would rise at the kneeling form before her, with what cold disdain and queenly supremacy she would put the ardent lover aside, and he would find his idol indeed but clay. So Charles Morton found when he poured his love tale in her ear, yet he never forgot the earnest love light in her heart, and well he knew. Yet too proud to tell her that her actions and words were not from the heart—how her cheek paled as she warmly bade him good bye, and a tear glistened in her sparkling eye as he pressed a kiss on her ruby lips, though he was silent, yet to her it spoke volumes. The door closed on Charles Morton's form, the lithe step sounded for the last time for years in the ears of Kate Lenwood, and well she knew she had sent the best friend she ever had away. Long, long, she sat in the dimly lighted library almost stupified with the thought, that the dearest man to her on earth was gone, and well she knew forever.

Regally, gloriously, beautiful she entered the parlor where awaited her the feted, lionized Count St. Delanor, her face beaming with smiles, she greeted him, and none save her knew the tempest raging in her bosom. Just one short hour before, Charles Morton had silently left her, his kiss yet burning on her lips, who would suspect the perfect actress as she entered exclaiming, "Why Delanor, I am sorry I kept you waiting so long." "No apology dear, it is a pleasure to know that you are really in my presence. The carriage is here," and putting out an elegant watch, statched to a chain of tretted gold, "8 o'clock, come, we will go."

The splendid rooms of Mrs. St. Clair were filled with the ton and fashion of the city. Mirth took possession of the hour and unbounded joy reigned supreme o'er that happy throng. Kate Lenwood and Count Delanor shone resplendent on that night, and there in the conservatory she gave her hand but not her heart to the Count—sold herself for naught, while one earnest heart would have taken her in and sheltered her for a lifetime. Oh! what barter and sale in a marriage vow, promises given that soon will be broken and set at naught, and never a thought of the vital importance of the sacred vow. How soon, alas! did Kate Lenwood find Count Delanor was not what she expected, he sought her gold and when it was gotten despised the fair, bright girl.

Adiews were said, carriages rolled away from the St. Clair mansion, lights were outened and Kate Lenwood sought her couch that night not happy but sad after all that even in loneliness seemed a joy not to be envied.

The glistening robes were all put aside. The die was cast—was she indeed to lay away the image of Charles Morton in a secret chamber of her heart, enshrine it with the memories of happy days now thrown away? Walking to an escritoire of exquisite design, she touched a secret spring and brought forth a package—gazing at it long and intently. "Farewell Charles"—she said, and retracing her steps to the grate, where smouldered a seacoal fire—tossed the outpourings of one faithful heart into the embers. Sinking into a chair she watched the red tongued flames lick them up into a smouldering heap of dead ashes. The heart of that haughty woman recoiled as she watched the quivering heap and in a moment of weakness called up the manly face of one who was still dear to her. And Oh, when retribution came to her years afterward, the scene we have depicted came to her like a long lost something never again to return save when alone and none so near to hear the wild beating of a heart whose idol has indeed fled.

"Kate, the music so glad and joyous, shall we join the gay dancers?"

"Yes dear Delanor," and rising up shaking out the bilowy foam of her superb dress, taking his arm he led her out triumphantly amongst that glad throng. The queen of beauty and position, but at that moment of triumph could Kate Lenwood have looked into the future, she would have recoiled from the glare and glitter of that midnight throng and been really happy as the bride of an humbler assemblage. Time will bring the reaction when many hearts that beat wildly, will be silent forever.

Let us go back to Charles Morton. After quitting the presence of the haughty heiress. The next sunrise found him aboard the steamer Queen of the sea bound for India, as he stood on deck looking an uninterested spectator upon the busy tumult, he saw a carriage drive up to the wharf, he scanned the vehicle closely and saw a lady of magnificent mein descend, attended by a valet, all the appointments of an experienced voyager were unloaded, the lady closely veiled ascended the plank and to Charles Morton was gone. The ship's bell announced that farewells must be taken and the heavy steamer with its mighty freight of humanity groaned. The placid waters of the harbor surged and hissed; the machinery cracked and the iron hock that held the vessel to the wharf was unfastened, the Stevedore at his post, and with graceful swoop, the Queen of the Sea, with banner unfurled, bade adieu to her native shore. Handkerchiefs were waved that were wet with tears; the good ship was under headway and the passengers watched silently the receding shores of their native country. Charles Morton, as he looked at the last blue point of land fading in the distance, descended the hatchway into the cabin; there his eyes rested upon the face and form of the veiled lady who shipped among the last, and whose mein arrested his attention; by intuition he knew it was the same form, and the calm countenance enshrined in burnished hair told him, she was the same. Days passed away and he adored her not in a wild, passionate way, but with the calm reflective love that comes only once to a man vanquished in the arena of Cupid, a sort of idol worship that the heathen renders to God after a knowledge of the atonement, a subdued love that lasts while the spirit wanders up and down the lifepath.

It is night in Washington. Senator Morton sits in his cozy parlor, the womanly wife of his life sits by his side, as she runs her snowy fingers amid his dark, auburn hair, she says looking up smiling "to morrow will be a gala day for me, dear" I think I see you standing, while compeers are hushed to silence at the voice which three years ago entranced me." "To-morrow will tell dear," he said, stroking his silky beard and stoops to kiss the red lips of his beautiful wife.

The morrow came with beauty and song. Senator Morton stood in the senate chamber, his clear voice and ability attracted the attention not only of visitors, but Senators. The galaries were filled with men interested, and beautiful women graced the scene. Among them sat Mrs. Delanor, radiant in beauty, five years have wrought little change, except a sadened sweetness about the delicate mouth, which none could detect but those who knew her most intimately.

Proud woman of five years ago, where are your thoughts? Away back in the long night of the past, when the man whose voice enthralled all who heard it, was a suppliant lover at your feet, and as she gazed down upon him, she knew that never again could she throw around him the meshes of her magic net. Well she knew it, and gathering up her costly cloak stole silently away, away from the gay capitol, and only feeling happy when seated again with faithful old aunt Eunice in the plain old farm-house high up among the blue hills of Pennsylvania.

There she two years before, had sought rest, rest that would be undisturbed, save by the tumults of her own heart. Father and mother had been taken to the shoreless ocean of eternity. Count Delanor had proven a villain and an imposter, and after all when it was dark, bitter night, she found it was morning in the home of aunt Eunice.

While Charles Morton was speaking, his eyes rested for a moment on the face of Mrs. Delanor, and a manly pity, not love, swept over his heart. The next moment she was out of existence to him. As Senator Morton with his handsome wife sat in their parlor that night conversing over the events of the day, she asked him who that regal woman was sitting in the galary, "that was Mrs. Delanor, once Kate Lenwood—a woman whom I once regarded as perfect." The Senator related to his noble wife his acquaintance, friendship and love with Mrs. Delanor—not in a cringing way, but manly, he spoke of her in softened tones—a far off pity he gave her—and that was all—he worshiped the woman by his side with a holy love, and as the years went by, to him she was more beautiful still.

CURIOUS LEGENDS.

The Festival of the Asses, which has been for long ages observed in Verona, grew out of the following circumstances:

According to the legend, the young ass on which our Saviour entered Jerusalem was set at liberty immediately after, and profiting by his opportunity, took to traveling in Palestine, from whence he made the tour of Egypt, visiting every place of interest or note, and nobody appears to have caught him! Crossing the Mediterranean dry-shod, without the aid of any ship or bark whatsoever, he went to Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, Malta, Sicily; he then walked up the Adriatic to Venice, which city, by the way, was not then in existence; but he seems not to have liked the little island, for soon he passed on to Verona, where he fixed his residence, and where he died at a very ripe age. The pious and hospitable Veronese placed his remains in a reliquary of the same shape, and they kept it in the church dedicated to "Saint Mary of the Organs;" every year this interesting and valuable donkey was carried in solemn procession through the town of Verona; at the present date, the Festival of the Asses has become a mere name.

The Genoese were fortunate enough to obtain the tail of the above-mentioned ass, and they kept it with great piety in the Church of Saint Dominick, which stood where the Theater Carlo Felice was afterward built.

In the city of Constance, on the lake of the same name, among the relics may be seen the spider swallowed by Saint Conrad, when taking the wine at mass,—the spider seems to have made good his claim to mummification by making hislexit from the thigh of the saint, without having done any harm during his residence within.

Two lambs belonging to Saint Francis of Assisi distinguished themselves immensely by pious acts; one of them went early to wake a lady whom he afterward conducted to mass, and the other lamb attended mass every day, remaining on his knees during the entire service!

In the curious legend of Saint Julian encountering a deer in a wood, there is a trace of the Eastern belief in transmigration. The saint went hunting deer in a forest, when suddenly the animal he was following stood at bay and spoke thus: "Do not kill me, for, in so doing, thou wouldst kill thine ancestors."

Saint Roch, Roque, is always portrayed with a dog in close company, to commemorate the story, that, being struck down by the Plague when for from all human aid in a wood, he was discovered by this dog, who brought him food every day till he was entirely restored to health.

The crab of Saint Francis Xavier has been rendered more notorious by some curious old frescoes in Sienna, than by the printed histories which relate that the saint being desirous to calm a sudden squall, reached his hand out beyond the bulwark of the ship, intending to show the curcifix in his hand to the waves, but his hold relaxed and the crucifix fell into the sea, whereupon, a "saintly crab," as the legend calls him, hastened after the vessel, politely offering the recovered cruclix to Saint Francis, and the fresco shows this courtly crustacean holding up the recovered treasure in his claw.

The Cock of Saint Peter is said to have been carried into Spain by the Apostle James; feathers were sold at great prices to the pilgrims who visited Compostella. The poet Southey gives the story with some unimportant variations in his humorous "Pilgrimage to Compostella." The name of that city is said to be merely a corrupted pronunciation of "Sanctus Jacobus Apostolus."—"*Etchings.*" *Scribner's for February.*

THE STATE GRANGE.

The State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, met in the Court House, Williamsport, on the 5th inst., and continued in session until Friday evening. The attendance was large—over two thousand delegates being present and the business was transacted harmoniously. Public meetings were held and the principles and purposes of the Grangers fully discussed. The report of the Executive Committee set forth a very satisfactory condition of the affairs of the State Grange, particularly of its finances. The following officers were elected:

Master of the State Grange—D. B. Mauger, of Berks county.

Overseer—D. C. Kennedy, of Erie.

Lecturer—V. E. Piolett, of Bradford.

Secretary—R. H. Thomas, of Cumberland.

It would appear from the report from counties, that in many localities the growth in Granges has been over 500 per cent the past year, with an increase in membership of over 600 per cent.

Last January the order numbered in