THE CENTRE REPORTER,

JAED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Dec. 2, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

The rads carry the election and already Reading is opening soup houses. Other towns are doing the same.

Grant takes his whisky straight, and hence his friends deny that he had any connection with the crocked whisky frauds of M'Donald and other pet rads, in St. Louis.

"All the Democratic candidates for speaker of the next house of representatives play poker, and on the averge a Democratic politician would'nt amount to much unless he did."

So says the Wm'sport Gaz. & Bull. Well that's not as bad as with the fellows in the Bulletin's party—they all get the "poker."

The Pope has sent a secret note to Spain. Here is food for the third-termers, and Grant should demand an explanation. This note undoubtedly means a conspiracy to upset American institutions, and smash our school system. Surely Grant did smell a mice when he made the Des Moines speech a few weeks ago. A secret note to Spain! what the deal does that mean? Up and at 'em, Granties, and hurrah for a third-term.

The Chicago Times becomes unusually severe when it remarks that an exchange newspaper expresses sympathy for Grant, in that his friends, one by one, are dropping off into the Penitentiary. But when his friends are all corraled, perhaps Grant will want to join them in the penitentiary; and it isn't necessary for him to add much to his present record to entitle him to admission. This kind of talk will not please the Gazette very well, which is just now engaged in picturing the transcendant beauties of a Third Term.

Gen. M'Donald, Grant's bosom friend and boss of the great St. Louis whisky frauds, has been found guilty. A dispatch of 22 ult., says: To-day has been devoted to speech by counsel in the M'Donald trial. Judge Chester H. Krum spoke for the defense, and Col. Dyer, District Attorney, for the prosecution. The case was then given to the jury who, after consultation for nearly three hours, returned a verdict of guilty on all counts of the indictment, eight in number.

Goes to meet Boss Tweed.

The third-term question is gaining new life, notwithstanding Grant's letter to Harry White, which went to say that he didn't and that he did desire a third term. Any eight year old school-boy could tell that the letter was ambiguous, and now Grant's own late sayings and the language of his kitchen-organs show plainly that he is trimming his sails for a third-term, and that his White letter was carefully trimmed with a loop-hole for his popping out for a third time.

All federal office holders, and radical newspapers which enjoy fat advertising jobs from Washington, are proclaiming that Grant is the only man to lead their party to victory next year, and that he must be nominated for a third term. A majority of the radical organs are opposed to Grant's third-term aspirations, and declare that he will meet with overwhelming defeat, and from present appearances the subject is likely to raise a row in that party.

The Harrisburg Patriot has been improved lately, and appears as an eight-page daily. Always a good paper it is now better, and as the leading democratic organ of the state, should have the most liberal support from the party. If we desire to have a good organ—and we can not do without one—it must have a good support.

Ex-Governor Clifford, president of the Boston and Providence railroad, requests the directors to cut his salary down one-half rather than reduce the wages of the workmen on the road.

Herein is an example worthy the imitation of Grant and Hartranft. While the pay of the laboring man was going down, down, down to the starvation point, their wages were doubled. We do not expect to hear from either of these officials a desire to have their pay reduced until the wages of the poor man get back to a comfortably living figure.

Says the Times: The more closely one looks into the crooked whisky developments, the more the suspicion grows that somebody very near to the President was friendly to the ring. Letters signed "Bab," and attributed to Babcock, were shown to distillers by the dishonest officials who were corrupting them. McDonald, who has been chief of the ring for three or four years, was an intimate friend of Mr. Grant, and had influence enough with him to procure a revocal of Bristow's order changing the districts of supervisors to detect the frauds. McDonald was seen riding with the President on the avenues at about this time, and when he returned to St. Louis he left with the latter a splendid team of horses. Colonel Grosvenor says in his letter, that when Mr. Grant visited St. Louis McDonald was much in his company, and on one occasion, when they were at a fair together, the President having praised a pair of horses, McDonald bought them and gave them to him. These things alone would be disgraceful and suspicious enough, but they are not all. When Mr. Bristow prepared his grand *coup d'etat* upon the ring, he distrusted Chief Clerk Avery, who turns out to have been one of their Washington partners, and took nobody into his confidence except Solicitor Wilson. The utmost secresy was observed, and up to the time when the papers were put into the President's hands for his signature, neither Avery nor any other confident of the ring knew that a storm was impending. Yet no sooner did the papers reach the President and come to the knowledge of his private secretaries, Babcock and Luckey, than the telegraph flashed to St. Louis this emphatic warning: "Lightning will strike to-morrow." The leak may have been elsewhere, but in view of all the facts, the conclusion is almost irresistible that some member of the President's household furnished the information upon which that dispatch was based.

Congress meets next Monday. The house is largely democratic, and a lively canvass is going on for the Speakership. Randall, of Philadelphia, Kerr, of Indiana, Cox, of Yew York, Walker, of Virginia, and one or two other democratic members, are candidates for the position. Randall and Kerr are the strongest, but it is thought that neither will have enough to elect, and that a compromise candidate will be chosen.

The fierce storm, on last Sunday night, did much damage to shipping on the northern lakes.

At Omaha the thermometer on the morning of the 29th, was 9 below zero. Storm and cold weather reported from other sections.

FAILURES.

Boston, November 25.—Royal Gilkey & Co., extensive coal and lumber dealers in Watertown, Mass., have failed, with liabilities estimated at $250,000. The failure was caused by their inability to collect from a large number of master-builders and carpenters indebted to them.

Montreal, Nov. 25.—Baldwin & Sleeper, of the Coolicooke Mills Company, Montreal, have failed, with liabilities between $40,000 and $50,000. One hundred skilled artisans and laborers are thrown out of employment by their suspension.

Buffalo, N. Y., November 27.—The extensive dry goods store of W. T. Marcy, at 270 and 272 Main street, this city, closed its doors to-day. The liabilities are about $150,000. The assets are supposed to be about $100,000. The creditors are mostly eastern firms.

Thus it continues—each day brings a batch of failures, suspensions, panics, or whatever you may choose to call them. Hands thrown out of employ with each—honest creditors loosing heavily and dragged along down into bankruptcy—and this all with promises, for the last ten years, of prosperity and goods things generally, if only the radicals be kept in power. When was there such a long-continued depression with no prospect for a change for the better? How long is this to last? How long are the people willing to vote that the men in office shall continue to get rich by robbing them, while they themselves are getting poorer with the rise of each morning's sun? Grant has his salary doubled, and asks a third-term. Hartranft had his salary doubled and was re-elected; a radical congress doubled its pay, and all the while the pay of the farmer, mechanic and laborer, has been going down to the hand-to-mouth point. How long is this state of affairs to continue?

PRAYING FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—At the Moody and Sankey meeting in the depot building this morning, Geo. H. Stuart prayed earnestly for the President of the United States, that he might be brought to the feet of Jesus.

Now this Geo. H. Stuart is a radical himself, in full standing, and he should know whether U. S. G. needs praying for—about every body else thinks he needs it, and if Moody and Sankey can succeed in converting the Long Branch sea-gull, it would amount to a great deal in the honest administration of the government. But Grant is too fond of horse-races, dog and cock fights, to pay much attention to spiritual affairs, and then it would be a bigger job to convert the old smoker than any two men would like to contract for. It would require a thing like the Wayne station camp meeting, one entire season, to make an impression on Useless.

A NEW INDIAN FRAUD.

The disciples of the Winnebago are still true to Middletown practices and keep going for poor "Lo."

A Topeka, Kansas, dispatch says that Enoch Hoag, superintendent of this Indian superintendency, and Agent Gibson of the Osages, are both to be removed. It is charged here on good authority that a ring of speculators has been systematically defrauding the Potawatomie Indians, who, until recently, occupied a reservation near Topeka. The principal charge is that certain members of the tribe, living in the Indian Territory, were represented as being dead, and their estates were administered upon and the proceeds pocketed by the ring. The amount realized by the scheme is estimated at $20,000.

THE WHISKY CASES—TRIAL OF CHIEF CLERK AVERY COMMENCED.

And now another pet under Grant is coming to grief. The case of Avery, Chief Clerk of the Internal Revenue at Washington, indicted for complicity in whisky frauds, was called in the United States District Court at St. Louis, on 23d ult., and both parties being ready to proceed, a jury was empannelled and the trial commenced. The indictment contains four counts, charging that Avery had knowledge of fraudulent practices by Bevis & Fraser; wilfully failed to report the same for the purpose of aiding said firm in its practices, and conspired with McDonald, Joyce, Fitzroy, Bevis & Fraser and Ulrici to defraud the government; also, that in the furtherance of this conspiracy he and his co-conspirators did perpetrate the frauds for which they were organized.

Assistant Attorney Bliss opened the case for the prosecution, marking out its line of action, and stating what it expected to prove. The jury is composed of Nathan Cole, a prominent merchant and ex-mayor of this city, two retired merchants of St. Louis, and several gentlemen occupying respectable and responsible positions in interior towns of the State.

TO INDEMNIFY GRANT FOR LOSING THE THIRD TERM.

Washington Correspondence of the Chicago Journal: There is, however, a scheme on foot, with the object of conferring continued honor upon President Grant, which I must regard as fairly entitled to the candid consideration of the public. The scheme, or rather suggestion, here referred to, grew out of the fact, which will not be denied, that Gen. Grant, in accepting the Presidency, made a great pecuniary sacrifice.

Two plans in connection herewith have been canvassed. One is a proposed amendment to the Constitution.

This is, in short, the suggestion of a new article to the Constitution providing that every ex-President of the United States shall be, upon his retirement from office, except by impeachment, a Senator of the United States at Large for life.

Another plan is to specially provide for President Grant, without waiting for a general provision on the subject. This plan is simply to declare by law that ex-President Grant shall be Generalissimo of the army. It is a proposition, in a word, to place him again at the head of our army, by the creation of a new office, made expressly for him during his lifetime, and without at all interfering with the pay and emoluments of the present General and Lieutenant-General. This proposed plan would be in almost exact analogy of what was done in the case of Washington, who after his retirement, and war was threatened with France, was declared Generalissimo, and actually held that office for some time, though never exercising its functions in the field.

Such are the proposed projects as to President Grant as I get them here. They are not, of course, talked about on the streets or in the saloons and public club rooms; but those who are able to go behind the scenes and get at the inside of things—the open secrets of this political metropolis—know that these things are being constantly talked about by the initiated, and are likely soon to take shape and come before the public.

NATIONAL GRANGE.

Louisville, Nov. 22.—In the national grange to-day a committee was appointed to arrange a special marriage ceremony for grangers.

Resolutions strongly condemnatory of the custom of farmers mortgaging their crops, were presented and referred.

Resolutions looking to the establishing of an official organ either at Louisville or elsewhere were not favored. A committee was appointed to memorialize congress for protection against grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc., by the establishment of a scientific bureau. Officers will be elected to-morrow.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Louisville, November 23.—The important feature of the Grange proceeding to-day was the report of the finance committee, recommending that the salaries of the officers be increased to the following figures, which was so ordered; Master, $1,200 per annum and expenses; treasurer, $600 per annum and expenses; secretary, $2,000 per annum and expenses. The bond of the secretary was fixed at $10,000, and the bond of the treasurer at $5,000. The election of officers resulted as follows: The master receiving a plurality on the tenth ballot, Master, J. F. Jones, of Arkansas; overseer, J. J. Woodman, of Michigan; lecturer, H. B. Smedley, of Iowa; steward, A. J. Vaughn, of Mississippi; assistant steward, Mortimer Whitehead, of New Jersey; chaplain, S. H. Ellis, of Ohio; treasurer, F. M. McDowell, secretary; O. H. Kelly, of Kentucky; gate-keeper, O. Dinwiddie, of Indiana; Ceres, Mrs. J. T. Jones, of Arkansas.

A REVOLUTIONARY CONVENTION—HINTS THROWN OUT THAT CERTAIN CITIES WILL BE FOUND IN ASHES SOME MORNING.

Boston, November 14.—The New England Labor Reform League held a Convention in this city to-day, afternoon and evening. A series of resolutions were adopted denouncing all political parties, creeds and faiths, asserting that all legislation in this country tends not to protect persons and property, but to personate the interests of speculative robbery. A large number of speakers addressed the Convention. Dark hints of revolution and secret military organizations among laboring men were thrown out. One speaker asserted that men were drilling in Chicago and people need not be surprised to find that city in ashes. Some morning other cities are to be similarly served. Tramps were lauded as only honest men, the Savior having been one. The Convention failed to hit upon any remedy for alleged abuses and adjourned subject to call.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The Hon. Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, Fernando Wood of New York, S. S. Cox of New York, and M. C. Kerr of Indiana, all mentioned in connection with the Speakership, are now in the city. The last named arrived to-day.

THE SPEAKERSHIP—RANDALL vs. KERR.

Washington, November 28.—There is a steadily increasing interest shown in the matter of selection of officials of the next House. With regard to the Speakership, no clear idea of the actual status can be had. Randall and Kerr continue, however, ahead, and Kerr's friends claim that his strength is growing in the South. John G. Thompson, of Ohio, is growing more formidable as a candidate for Sergeant-at-arms.

Chief Justice Waite writes a letter refusing the use of his name as a presidential candidate. Let a few others show good sense and Wait.

California papers are publishing the docket of a Tuolume county justice of the peace who held office in 1850. The following is an extract from his minutes of the case: "N. B. Barber the lawyer for George Work insolently told me there were no law for me to rool so, I told him I didn't care a d——n for his book law, that I was the law myself. He continued to jaw back I told him to shut up but he wouldn't I fined him $50 and committed him to goal for 5 days for contempt of court in bringing my roolings and dissions into disreputableness and as a warning to unrooly persons not to contradict this court.

Next year an association known as the Patrons' Centennial Encampment Company, propose to locate a home for farmers within a few miles of Philadelphia, during the continuance of the International Exposition.

Dell Norris, of Darby township, Delaware county, pointed a gun at Charles Price, a colored lad, on Sunday, supposing the firearm to be unloaded. The gun went off, tearing the entire lower part of Price's face away, and scattering his teeth and jaws over the room.

Mr. Caleb Robinson, of Paradise Furnace, Tod township, Huntingdon county, was 102 years old on the first day of November last. On the 21st day of October he made 250 shingles, and from the elasticity of his walk, and the condition of his health, there is no doubt that he will outlive the Centennial year.

There is one very mad man in Oconto, Wisconsin. He was a candidate for the Legislature, and being too high-toned to vote for himself he voted for the other man, who was elected by one majority. He is disgusted with politics.

The Treasury Department acknowledges the existence of a gigantic whisky ring in New Orleans, but claims that it is powerless for evil.

An incendiary fire on night of 21, destroyed the Harrisburg Trotting Park stables. Nine horses were burned to death.

Although the democrats lost the legislature in New Jersey, it turns out that they carried the state on the popular vote by a majority of 3,300. Four of the seven congressional districts also gave democratic majorities. Another block knocked out of the radical pyramid.

Just previous to the departure of the 9:20 p. m. Northern bound train from the Richmond depot, an exciting scene occurred between Gen. Bradley T. Johnson and Gen. John D. Imboden. The latter, going off the train, was approached by Gen. Johnson, who, saying to Imboden he had been looking for him all day, administered sundry blows with a cowhide. Imboden made at Johnson, when the latter drew a pistol, but before he could use it bothwere seperated and arrested. The cause of the fassault is attributed to the evidence given by Imboden in the contested election between Johnson and Knight for seats in the State Senate.

P. C. C. Hale & Co., boots and shoes, Boston, offer their creditors forty cents on the dollar and a settlement will probably be made.

The New England carpet company, and Gustavus Abbett & Co., carpet dealers Boston, are reported failed. The liabilities are said to be $100,000 each.

Two hundred and forty bushels of oats, weighing thirty eight pounds to the bushel, were raised on four acres of ground by Mr. Albert W. Porter, of Tioga county, last season.

DEATH OF CHAS. O'CONOR.

This distinguished lawyer and statesman died on Monday at his home in New York, and the suddenness of his decease took the public by surprise, as there had been no intimation of his illness given to the public.

Mr. O'Conor was about 68 years of age, and one of the most brilliant Irish-Americans of the present century.

DEATH OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

New York, November 24.—William B. Astor died this morning in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had been in ill health for a long time, and the event was not, therefore, unexpected.

During the course of his long life the value of the property bequeathed to him by his father has been constantly increasing, and it is almost impossible, at the present time, to estimate its amount. It consists of real estate in all parts of the city, and is worth many millions of dollars.

DEATH OF WILLIAM H. WITTE.

The Philadelphia Chronicle of last evening announces the death of Hon. W. H. Witte, of Montgomery county, at his residence yesterday morning at six o'clock. Mr. Witte was well known throughout the state as a public speaker of splendid ability and held for many years a leading place in the councils of the democratic party. He was at one time, about twenty-one years ago, a representative in congress from Philadelphia. During the last few years he has been the editor and proprietor of the Commonwealth, a weekly democratic journal published in Philadelphia.

A DOUBLE EXECUTION IN MISSISSIPPI.

Memphis, Tenn., November 26.—A special despatch to the Appeal from Sardis, Miss., says Ben Edwards and Oscar Freeman, both colored, convicted at the September term of Court of the murder of Lewis Hibbler (colored), were hanged in the jail yard here at 1.30 p. m. to-day, in the presence of about 4,000 people, three-fourths of whom were colored.

Three colored ministers were in attendance, one of whom gave out the hymn, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

They both died without much struggling. Edwards made a desperate attempt to escape last night.

Freeman was to have been married soon and committed the murder in order to get money therefor.

DISASTROUS STORM IN ENGLAND.

Thirteen Vessels Foundered.

London, Nov. 20.—It is believed that thirteen vessels foundered in the Downs during the storm last night, and from forty to fifty lives lost. From 500 to 600 vessels of all sorts are now anchored in the Downs, waiting for fair weather.

The coast between Yarmouth and Lowestoft is strewn with wrecks. Three vessels are ashore on Goodwin Sands.

GOV. ENGLISH APPOINTED U. S. SENATOR FROM CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, Nov. 27.—Gov. Ingersoll to day appointed ex-Gov. James E. English to be United States Senator in place of Hon. O. S. Ferry, dec'd.

HOW CREDITORS MEET.

A Picture Drawn by the Pen of One Known to the Writer.

[Cor. N. Y. Sun.]

One of the most amusing places to visit in these times of business depression is "a meeting of the creditors" of one of the firms that have suspended payment.

If you are one of the creditors, you have the honor to receive an invitation to attend the meeting. It is generally neatly printed, and in it they request the pleasure of your company at such a day and hour, at their own or their lawyer's office. Perhaps you swear a little when you read it, which is naughty. If too good to do that, you swear mentally (but I have heard some swear openly and call the firm bad names), and at last you decide to accept the invitation.

On arriving at the meeting you had a mixed assemblage, about half smoking, and most of them in the best humor; but there are a few sour creditors who have old fogy notions of right and wrong. One of the creditors, perhaps only on paper, jumps up and says, "I nominate Mr. Jones as chairman." If it is a "crooked" failure, it is generally a friend of the firm's. The motion is seconded, and carried. Secretary nominated, motion seconded, and carried. Everything is "carried" at a meeting. A motion is never negatived. Meeting organized, hats come off.

Some one moves that a statement of liabilities and assets be read. Motion seconded and carried. Statement generally read something like this: "Liabilities about $80,000; stock on hand about $12,000, present value about $9,000; bills receivable and open accounts, $21,000; bills bad $9,000." Firm offers thirty cents at six, twelve and eighteen months. Up jumps one of the fogy creditors and wishes to ask Mr. Smith, one of the firm, what he meant by stating to him a month ago that he had $50,000 stock, and only owned $30,000.

Mr. Smith replies in a bland voice that "the gentleman who spoke last must have misunderstood the tenor of his remarks at the time he mentions."

Irate old creditor says he "rather thinks he did not, and is ready to go on the stand and swear to it."

Up jumps another old fogy and "wants to know how his books stood on December 31."

Mr. Smith replies that his books were not "balanced."

Old fogy "wants to know why they were not balanced."

Mr. Smith replies because they could not make them "balance." [Laughter.]

Then young America jumps up and says "he does not see that talking will mend matters; time is valuable, and he cannot afford to lose any more at this meeting, as he has several more to attend to to day. [Laughter.] The firm, no doubt, needed more capital to conduct their business properly, and took this means to obtain it [Laughter.] No doubt if they settled with them on these terms the firm could take a larger store in a better location [laughter], and most of the creditors could sell them more than they did before [laughter], and get worse 'bit' next time. [Laughter.] Therefore I move the offer be accepted."

The chairman states that the motion is before the meeting. Motion carried.

Young America—I move we adjourn. Carried.

Young America—And I move an amendment "to the nearest restaurant" to drink everybody's health, the firm's included. [Laughter.]

SPAIN.

Madrid, Nov. 25.—General Quesada has captured San Cristobal, with all the Carlist positions in the neighborhood of Pampeluna.

Additional reinforcements, to the number of 1,365 men have embarked for Cuba.

An official dispatch from Gen. Quesado announces that Pampeluna has been completely relieved after three days. Twelve battalions of Carlists were routed with heavy loss.

The municpality of Vittoria are preparing to receive King Alfonso on his way to the front.

Don Carlos has issued a proclamation exhorting his soldiers to an energetic resistance against the fresh attack of the northern army.

Treasury officials estimate that the government will recover more than $2,000,000 from the "crooked" whisky distillers.

The official count of the vote of New York at the late election is nearly completed. The total vote as thus shown for Secretary of State was 776,854.

For the Reporter.

OSCAR SNOW'S DOOM.

A Story for Boys.

By J. Harrison Butts.

It was a sweet, cool May morning, the birds seemed to sing their cheeriest song, the flowers nodded in variegated beauty along sunny slopes and vine trailed hills, their bright petals flashed in glen and dell, and made many hearts swell with gratitude at their sweet beauty; and just where the flowers burned brightest and the sun shone loveliest stood a modest little cottage, the front east end was almost covered with vines, English ivy clung in bright green beauty, a trailing arbutus hung in graceful wreaths and a glorious old trumpet creeper stood sentinel over the door, and in the little trellis window stood a pot massed over with soft eyed pansies.

In the door of that sunny cottage stood the widow Snow, the sun shone through the old trumpet creeper and played hide and seek in her soft, brown braids, a smile of motherly joy broke over her face as a bright golden-haired boy of perhaps eight summers came romping towards her—his skin was pearl, his cheeks wore the tint of the conch shell, and his eyes looked laughingly up as the very heart of a blue-eyed pansie.

"O, mamma, the boys are going to play down at the old mill, may I go 'long, do let me go dearest mamma," plead the boy, while the pansie eyes almost turned to jet black; the mother stooped down and kissed the ruby lips, smoothed back the stray rifts of golden hair, and bade little Oscar go. "O, mamma, you are a dear good mamma, good bye, mamma," and gracefully skipped out from under the old trumpet creeper, out into the golden sunshine as merry and happy as a childish heart could be, throwing back a kiss of farewell, the little form disappeared.

Widow Snow looked after her child, and her heart went out in prayer to Him who doeth all things well, for the welfare of her only comfort, and feeling that God's blessing rested upon her child.

The beautiful little widow Snow traced her steps back to the cozy morning room and busied herself knitting a tidy; her thought went back from her beautiful boy to a mound of waving grass and flowers just over the hill top. What expectant joys were never realized, for Death marks a mile stone in its path, and Mrs. Snow felt and knew there would never again be a return—and had centered her love, devotion and happiness on her little Oscar.

We will pass over a period of ten years and look in upon widow Snow and her son. It is spring-time again, the cottage seems almost a bower of beauty; the ivy clings heavily to the walls, the trumpet creeper bursting out in tender buds, and the trailing arbutus tells of a long, happy summer's reign. The pleasant little widow has grown more matronly, and the brown braids are threaded with here and there a silver line, but the same sweet smile lights up her face as when first introduced to the reader, it may be a little mellower, yet the same, sitting opposite her at the little teatable is Oscar—him we scarcely recognize save those large lustrous eyes, the dye of the pansie is still peeping out; he seems his mother's pride and joy, and even the old trumpet creeper seemed to nod a welcome to Oscar as he talked pleasantly with his mother. Oscar Snow had received a liberal education, and with a commanding person, seemed to bid fair to make his mark in the world; his mother doted on him, praised him, and looked forward to a brilliant future for her handsome boy, but alas! how soon are a mother's hopes blighted.

Standing in a fashionable saloon we see a tall, handsome man, with a glass passing up to his bearded mouth, "Come boys, drink to my health, for to-morrow we start for the west," the clash of glasses told that all were friends. Farewells were spoken in social terms and one of the party glanced at an ormula clock warned all that it was near train time, one parting glass was taken and Oscar Snow with two companions wended his way to the depot. Oscar was hurried into the far west—he led an aimless life for two or three years—to come home would have humbled him. As a last great effort he joined a band of brigands—years sped on, the sweet widow Snow was laid by the grassy mound over the hill top; the little cottage had passed into stranger hands and Oscar had almost been forgotten when the papers were filled with the arrest of a band of marauders, and amongst the list of names was Oscar Snow—they paid the death penalty. Such, boys, was the fate of one known to the writer.

George Gibbs fell against a circular saw in a mill at Cameron and was cut to pieces.

Hon. Andrew Apple, a soldier of the war of 1812, died in Northampton county a few day ago.

Alex. Haslett, of Butler co., was thrown from a buggy while on his way to church and killed.

While out gunning near Landisburg, Perry county, on Monday, Franklin Ellicker was accidentally shot dead by a companion.

A state convention of the Junier Sons of '76, a labor organization, will be held at Tyrone on Dec., 28th, 1875, and continue two days.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in the Sun.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by the Sun, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of Grant's administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our natural history. Of all this The Sun will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon Grant's aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read The Sun will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The Weekly Sun, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the Weekly Sun the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The Weekly Sun, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns is only $1,20 a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters, or anyone.

The Daily Sun, a large four page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, gives all the news for two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, 55c, a month or $6-50 a year. Sunday edition extra, $1,10 per year. We have no traveling agents.

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MOODY AND SANKEY.

The Excuses of Sinners Given Further Illustration.

The sermon was a continuation of his discourse at Monday night's service, "I pray thee have me me excused." He did not have time at that meeting to review all of the excuses offered by those invited to the wedding supper of the Lamb, and last night he spoke of the others that came to his mind. The first excuse which he talked of was the one given by so many backward, unregenerate of not being elected. Mr. Moody believes in the doctrine of election, but he is of the opinion that no unconditional person has any reason to trouble himself or herself about the matter, inasmuch as Paul wrote to the Church, and God has said, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Mr. Moody has an idea, he says, that after Christ had been in Heaven thirty or forty years, and Paul had written his epistle, that God caught John on the Isle of Patmos and told him to write at his dictation. After John was about ceasing his labors, God thought that he might finish by stating "that whoever was baptised might enter the kingdom of heaven." "But," said John, "there will be millions of souls that can't be baptised." "Well," said God, "write it that whoever will worship me shall be saved." "Many souls will not get a chance to worship," said John. "Then write, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely,'" said God, and such were his instructions. The entire doctrine of election for sinners Mr. Moody said was contained in that last statement, and he has no sympathy with persons who use the excuse of not being elected. It is a mystery to him why we do not act with as much reason in spiritual as temporal matters, and he closed his talk on election with a burst of enthusiasm, inviting the audience to partake of the water of life, somewhat as Hawthorne's Town Pump invited the rustic population to drink. "Here 'tis free;" "walk up and drink;" "nothing to pay;" "well do you good;" "here, all of you drink;" "take it to-night;" "there's plenty for every one," &c.

The second excuse alluded to by the speaker was the "lack of time" with which so many are suffering. The men whom he stopped in the street to talk with about their souls, very readily acknowledged that they were badly in need of it, but if he could make it convenient to call another time, as they were under such a tremendous pressure and had no time, they would listen to him. The moment he inquired about a woman's soul she had to rush off home and put the babies to bed. God offers you, starving and thirsty human beings, the bread and water of life, and you have no time or are afraid that it will make you gloomy to eat and drink. These excuses are the devil's lies, and you will believe and cherish them. (Lowering his voice to a conversational tone) "Satan has a clock. When you are young he puts its back and says, 'Put it off.' When you get old he sets the clock way ahead, and murmers 'Too late.' Don't be deceived by him. It is never too soon nor never too late to partake of the wedding supper of the Lamb, and the invitation is to all, young and old, great and small. Do you hear? Everybody is invited. You and I. Not one left out in the cold. Oh, come to the feast."

The next excuse which Mr. Moody has met with in his salvation employment is the cry of "I'm too bad." He considered that the flimsiest excuse ever invented by any person of sense, and he mildly inquired of those presenting that pretext how they were going to become better. There was no reply, and while the audience was waiting to be told, a gray headed enthusiast on the front row audibly echoed Mr. Moody's question.

"I'll tell you, my friends," said Mr. Moody, shaking his head and forefinger simultaneously with the pronunciation of each word. "you can't get rid of sin without God. Because you are bad he invites you to come. All you've got to do is to prove yourself a sinner to him and he will receive you, if you will let him. You don't want to dress up in new robes before confessing. Go just as you are, incased in sin. There was once an artist who wished to paint a picture of the return of the prodigal son, and he tried to obtain some model for the character of the prodigal. In walking through the street he met a beggar, the very image of his imaginary prodigal, and he entered into conversation with and engaged him to call at the artist's studio on the following week. On the day appointed the beggar came to the studio. As he entered the artist beard and inquired the object of his visit: 'Why, you met me on the street one day last week and asked me to call at your studio,' said the man. 'You are mistaken,' said the artist. 'I never saw you before in my life. I made an appointment with a beggar to meet me here to day.' 'I am he,' replied the man; 'and as I was coming to such a fine place, I thought I'd fix up a little.'" Of course the artist could not use him."

Another class of people whom Mr. Moody has met tell him that their intellect will not let them partake of the wedding supper; that they can't reason it out. "If you have got that idea in your head," said Mr. Moody, petulantly, "you will never find God. With him it's revelation not investigation. God is above reason, and you must come to him as a little child." As this subject could very easily extend itself into a theological discussion Mr. Moody dropped it, and passed on to what he characterized as about the last excuse that a man has, that of no feeling. "I should like to be at the feast and want to be a Christian, but I don't feel," Mr. Moody has come to the conclusion that feeling has nothing to do with the matter. If men want to go to God they must set their faces like flint towards Heaven.

Towards the close of the service he began to warm up to his work, and leaning out over the railing of the pulpit box, with his hand waiving nervously to and fro in the air, he shouted:

"If I broke up all the excuses in the world Satan would invent new ones. They are all refuges of lies. Let Death shake his finger in your faces to-night, and where would your excuses be? Your soul won't get fat on excuses, and the kingdom will be farther away the more of them you invent. Make this thing a personal matter. Suppose now," continued the speaker, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, "this document was drawn up for you to sign. I will read it:

"While in the Rink, Nov. 16, 1875, I received an invitation from the servants of the Master to be present at the marriage supper of his Son in Heaven, I beg to be excused.

(Signed) M., or N.

"Now how many of you would sign this? Not a solitary one of you. You dare not. Now suppose this letter should be handed around for your signatures:

"While in the Rink, November 16, 1875, I have received a pressing invitation, from the servants of the Master to be present at the wedding supper of his Son. By the grace of God I will be there.

(Signed M., or N.

"You would all sign it, I think. And yet you will go out of here to-night laughing and scoffing at what you have heard. I pray to God you may accept the invitation sincerely to-night."

The service ended with prayer by Mr. Moody.

Wm. Ehrhard, of Centre Hall, has the agency for Centre and Clinton counties, for the Silver Milking Tubes, advertised in another column. All parties wanting them should apply soon. He will canvass a portion of the county.
Nov 11. 1m.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The taxpayers of Potter school district are hereby notified that the tax-duplicate has been placed in my hands for collection. All tax paid on or before December 1st, next, will have 5 per cent. deducted, and from that date to January 1st the amount on duplicate will be payable, and all taxes unpaid after January 1st 1876, will go into the hands of a collector with an addition of 5 per cent.

I will be at home Tuesday and Thursday of each week to receive tax.

A. H HOSTERMAN,
7 oct 3m Treasurer.

—If your wish a sewing machine of any manufacture apply to Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa.

—If you wish a sewing machine at Granger prices, address Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa. 21 oct 3m.

—John S. Miller, Tailor, of Millheim, is putting up the best of work and the public would do well to call upon him, as his prices and work suit the times. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have seen some of his work and find it equal to that of the best of tailors. 21 oct 6m.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER.
7 oct y

DR S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain.* my8-73-tf.

BEATTY PIANO.

AGENTS WANTED! (Male or Female,) to take orders. D. F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC

of our intention to put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL COMMENCE at HALF-PAST SIX O'CLOCK, EACH WEEK-DAY MORNING, and CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make *certain sacrifices* which will be apparent ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have already been marked at close prices,) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

OUR FINAL and ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,

SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER Prices.

THE STEP WE TAKE WILL WONDERFULLY AID THOSE WHO FEEL LIKE ECONOMIZING.

THE TERMS OF THE SALE ARE THE USUAL TERMS OF OUR HOUSE:

1.—No Second or Altered Price—ONE FIXED PRICE.

2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.

3.—The Contract on our part, to *return money*, is a part of the bargain in each case (provided goods are returned unworn.)

4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE" stock but our own

Carefully Made Clothing.

It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the CHOICEST STYLES of SUBSTANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for both MEN and BOYS. It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL, and THAT IS AT THE CORNER OF

Sixth--Sixth--Sixth--Sixth--SIXTH

and MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass this announcement to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA

SHORTLIDGE & CO., COAL, LIME, &c.,

WILLIA