The world, and what the world calls fair,

'Take all that it can give or lend,

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head ; Then tears fell upon the page he read. -St. Nicholas Magari

By Private Telephone. (A Dialogue of the Day-after-To-morrow.)

ngelina (out of Town for the Season.) Edwin (in a populous City pent.) ingelina. I've read the last page of the latest

Miss Braddon, I've strummed the piano until I am tired ; I've sung-to myself-the last song you went

My thoughts and my telephone straight turu

Edein. En dernier ressort, dear? I'm really too tired to be talked to like that, Ehein. Well, the chance of a chat is su-Angeling. That's very much nicer. Pray what

are you at in your den at this moment? Inquisitive darling! How needless a question? I'm talking to you. Angelina. Now don't be evasive; and, if you get snarling, I'll shut up the tube, and go -flirting.

Is the flirtee at hand? (Pausa longa.) Angelina (timidly). Are you there, Haughty? Edicin (cooliy). Oh, yes! Was just of

Angelina. No, don't; and I'll promise I'll not be so naughty. Edicia, 'Tis I was a brute I Sounds of a somewhat inarticulately labia

Angelina (after an interval). You were pleased Educta. That if some cleves

By which lips might meet through-You're very absurd. Echcia. You think so? Assure you 'twas no

In my den in the Temple, though you are at Now what would Leander have thought of

Angelina, Disdained it, of course, Ah! that youth seas a lover. Miss Hero most lucky [Wafts a telephonic sigh from Dover to the

Should not keep me from you, if-Ah! if! That's a barrier Edwin. Do you think 'tis from choice that in

town I'm a tarrier,? 'Tis fate, and the burden of "Jinks persus Jebb." Angelina. Oh! is that what you're doing? Poor fellow !

Old Heads and Young Hearts.

"Do I look nice. Auntie?" full-length mirror, her pretty head silk, constituting the elaborate evening dress covering her slender, graceful fig-ure. Clusters of blue flowers with overskirt, formed a bouquet de sion of golden curls.

survey of the exquisite face before she spoke, and was satisfied with the appear-"Very nice," she repeated, "Hortense most becoming. Now, if you will get my jewel case, you shall wear my pearls."

aread in the vault trying to revive him. He was arrested and tried. He tolds story, not credited, that Charles Ralston had

this!"

She held up as she spoke a sleuder chain, from which depended a gold locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and large.

"Oh, how lovely," Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender throat.

"May I wear it?"

as Miss Merriman wrapped a warm opera cloak over the delicate dress. "I never feel so happy if you are at home."

"Thank you, dear. Now run along."
So Elsie, already forgetting the locket and the troubled face, kissed herso-called annut warmly, and flitted away.

"There was a long silence after Misson Marrimore and the shadow upon your life till you were a woman."

Elsie was sobbing quietly, often lifting to her lips the gentle hand that had given her all she had ever experienced of life's blessings. "I wish you were going," Elsie said.

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after introduction to society, to all piness as this. You are mine, Delia; I've done up my hair in the way you admired; during Elsie's absence—so busy that she And still it is raining, a down-pour quite started as if from a dream when the car-

clock chimed two. There were words of parting, then light steps on the stairs, and Elsie came his wife. , not as usual, full of bright animation but with an earnestness of purpose quite

usual to her.
"Did you have a pleasant evening, Miss Delia asked. "Yes-no-I don't know. Are very tired?" The last words were all of the disconnected answer the girl seemed able to give, on account of her emotion. "No, dear! Why, Elsie, love, what is

For she was looking troubled. "I have a message for you, auntie."

"For me?" "From a stran er who was at Mrs. Walton's, Mr. Carrington—Ralph Car-

"The message?" she whispered.
"He told me to tell you that the man 'Tell Miss Merriman that to-morrow I will see her.' Auntie," Elsie continued

ot Henry Garman my father ?"

good thing on me. And then, auntie, he whispered, half to himself, that I had

too. He was assistant cashier of the bank, where your father was night watchman, and Charles Ralston was head cashier. Ralston was in love with attentions.
"One day, to rid myself of his importunities, I told him I had promise to marry Palph. He left me in a rage. her young and lovely protege.
ry nice," she repeated, "Hortense ed you perfectly, and the dress is my jewer case, you shan wear my pearls."

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the heavy casket, and putting it on a table beside Miss Merriman. "I am so sorry you have such a cold! This will be a splendid party, I know. Ah! Auntie," she continued, opening a small box in the jewel case, "I never saw this!"

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the books all the books all the evening. But Ralston swore that he had not been at home that evening; and proved it; that the keys of the vault safe, found hanging in the keyhole, were stolen from his desk, and he had not sent his clerk to in the keyhole, were stolen from his desk, and he had not sent his clerk to desg, and he had not sent his cierk to the bank. So Ralph was convicted and sentenced. He escaped! Elsie, I had saved fifty pounds for my wedding gar-ments. I went to see him in prison, and, knowing he was innocent, I gave him the money to bribe the keeper of his cell. The man took it, and Ralph

"May I wear it?"
Miss Merriman was moved, as the locket was held up before her. Some strong memory stirred her usually placid features, for the soft brown eyes grew taken ill. Before her marriage she had worked for the same establishment features, for the soft brown eyes grew troubled, and her lips quivered.

"Would you rather I took it off," Elsie asked, gently.

"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in the solitaire pearl earrings. I hear the carriage. Do not keep Mr. Jamieson waiting."

taken ill. Before her marriage she had worked for the same establishment where I was employed, and I knew her well. The shock of her husband's death was too severe for her, and she never rose again from her bed, though she lived three months. When she died I promised you should be my charge, and promised you should be my charge, and promised you should be my charge, and promised you should be my charge, and

fire. She had made it one of her duties busy life, but there has not been one

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

Society speculated upon the brief

Society speculated upon the brief courtship, for there was a quiet wedding within a month, but nobody knew of the painful past save Elsie, the cherished child still of Ralph Carrington and Delia.

The murdered woman, whose Christian The murdered woman, whose Christian The murdered woman are to London

Wakened to Die.

Pierre Jean Welker, the odious assassin of a little girl in the Rue Nation-Paris-she was eight, and he strangled her with her skipping-rope and went to sleep, using her corpse as his pillow—has been guillotined. The warrant designated as the hour "about 5.30 A. M," and somewhat after midnight ne arrived and was noiselessly set up with wooden screws, only about 150 persons being attracted to the scene She tried to speak, but the words crozes, who has accompanied so many sould not come.

"Auntie," the girl cried, terrified, and whose hack, No. 148, is as much a part of the procession as M. Roch's van, who killed Henry Garman was Charles
Ralston, the cashier of the Hope Bank,
who has confessed his guilt. He said:
'Tell Miss Merriman that to more said:

Tell Miss Merriman that to more said: er. Auntie," Elsie continued elapse before carrying out of sentence, "what does it mean? Was which jail attendants always tell to conof Henry Garman my father?"

"Yes, child. It means," Miss Merristill some time left to him, and also "Yes, child. It means," Miss Merriman said solemnly, "that the cross that for twenty years has lain upon my life is lifted to-night. You shall know all, Elsie, at once. I will not send you to a sleepless bed, child, with your heart so troubled. But give me a few moments to think of your tidings, and tell me how this message came to be intrusted to you."

"Mrs. Walton came to me late in the evening, and asked permission to indroduce Mr. Carrington. I had noticed a stranger, who looked at me very earnestly."

"A tall, handsome man, with curling "A tall, handsome man, with curling you anything to say? Do you want "A tall, handsome man, with curling you anything to say? Do you want brown hair and pleasant features, wear some brandy?" asked Jacob; but Welling a full beard of waving golden brown?" onvulsive shudders. He was lifted out of bed and made a vain effort to draw on features, smoothly shaven, and hair almost white—quite an old man."

"True! I had forgotten. He was lifted out of bed and made a vain effort to draw on tumbled again upon his couch. The veins of his forehead and temples stood

"True! true! I had forgotten. He must be fifty-five."

"When he was introduced to me, he touched the locket upon my neck."

Pardon me he, he said, 'if I am too carrious; but your name and that trinket are connected with so much of my life that I venture to ask you something concerning them. The locket first. Did not somebody give it to you—a lady? His looks were so eager that I told him the locket was yours. Then he led me to carry him out with his arms around the first hands. Conveyed through long leagues in melliduous tones,
Brings balm to this prisoner pent in the city.

Angelina. The weather is clearing; that handsome De Jones

With his drag's at the door. We are going out driving.

Ethein. That Jones is a—

Angelina. Hush! Telephonic abuse Is an insult to science.

London Purch

that I venture to ask you something concerning them. The locket first, Did not answer, heard nothing, was as one answer, heard nothing, was as one always are locked the attendants were undeed. Indeed the attendants were undeed. The child was seen that I told him my whole life. He said he had been here the stones behind him. Two of them had to carry him out with his arms around their necks, his head hauging on the womenths seeking you. He did not look for a wealthy woman, but one poor and solitary. Then I informed him how your head leviced to a should him. The priest walked backwards before him to shut who knew them theresout.

Now, this unhappy creature gave tright in their hands. Two of them had to carry him out with his arms around their necks, his head hauging on the walked backwards before him to shut the sight of the machine of death, but the sight of the machine on their pressure.

Ethein. That Jones is a—

Angelina. Hush! Telephonic abuse is a seen and solve their pressure of the machine of the attendants were undeed. The object the attendants were un cousin, and how you had lavished every good thing on me. And then, auntie, fell upon the plank like a bag of sand, since its birth. H he whispered, half to himself, that I had no claim on you. What did he mean? Are you not my aunt?"

"No, dear, there is no tie of blood between us. Your claim is the claim of love for you have hear the one complete that he knew hear the one complete that he knew nothing of that, for the child was nothing to him—it was the child of a carpenter in position, the ax shored away the head diagonally, taking off a part of one shoulder, and leaving a part of the jaw to hospital. He was told he must between us. Your claim is the claim of love, for you have been the one comfort, the one sunshine of my lonely life. Twenty years ago, Elsie, Ralph Carrington gave me the locket you have upon your neck, a gift of betrothal, for we loved each other truly and were engaged to be married. I was a poor girl, making urtificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too. He was assistant cashier of the locket was assistant cashier of the locket was poor girl, making urtificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too. He was assistant cashier of the locket was poor girl, making urtificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too, the was assistant cashier of the locket was poor girl, making urtificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too, the was assistant cashier of the locket was poor girl, making urtificial flowers for bread, an orphan, the time occupied being three minutes that with all circumstances. bank, where your father was night watchman, and Charles Ralston was head cashier. Ralston was in love with me, and pursued me with unwelcome

> Morrison, Colwell & Page have in gnard this stable day and night and care for the horses. Besides the watchmen a large dog, a cross between the St. Bernard and Newfoundland species, is kept on the premises. This animal realizes that he is assistant guardian of the premises and faithfully does he perform his duties. At night if anything amiss happens to the horses or anything eise he straightway starts for the watchman and taking his trousers in his teeth will not loosen his hold until he has led him to the spot. Formerly, when any of the horses slipped their halters and attempt-ed to wander about the stable, he would drive them back into their stall and mount guard over them until the watch-man arrived in his rounds and secured them. This practice was kept up until them. This practice was kept up until in an unlucky night, some time ago, when he attempted to drive a vicious mule into his stall from which he had escaped, when the animal let fly with both hind feet, one of which took effect on the poor dog's head, knocking out a number of teeth and cutting his face badly. Since that time the knowing dog has not attempted to drive back any of his equine charge that may become loose but straightway goes to the watchman

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

The Sad Story of the Death of a Young Wife in London-A Tale of Starvation and Terrible Cruelty Ventilated in the Courts.

thirty-five years old.

She stopped in London at a boarding-house, and there made the acquaintance She stopped in London at a boarding-house, and there made the acquaintance of a young man, Louis Staunton, a good-looking fellow, clerk to an auction-eer. He informed himself of her financial prospects, and immediately offered her marriage, though he was more than ten years younger than she was. She accepted, and the astonished mother in the country hurried up to town, took and torn his hair when sentence was made and torn his hair when sentence was presented and whose her was placed in the

wife away. Her mother never laid eyes on her again, dead or living. Louis had a brother inhabiting a lonely place in Kent, and he now pleads that he paid to this brother £1 a week for his wife's support. The brother's wife had a young sister, Alice Rhodes, and behold a young sister, Ance thedees, and behave them all living together in the same house—the two couples comfortably; the discarded wife, whose £3,000 have been duly obtained, confined in a dark cellar eath, without food, fire or necessaries beneath, without food, fire or necessaries for cleanliness. A servant named Clara Brown, a sort of remote poor relative waits on the lot, and one day when the milkwoman was at the door, a ghastly spectacle of filth and emaciation came peering up toward the light from the basement below, giving the milkwoman as great a fright as if it had been a ghost, and Clara Brown flew toward the gaunt and Clara Brown flew toward the gaunt intruder, shricking, "Go back! Go down stairs! I'll give it you!" The poor, hunted thing fled away with the wild look of fear in her mournful eyes. "Do

milkwoman never dreamed she was Louis Staunton's wife. How could she? Alice Rhodes was Mrs. Louis Staunton to all who knew them thereabout. Owing nothing of that, for the child was nothing ert body to him it was the child of a carpenter

than ten minutes between sleep and death. But how many ages of mental agony in those ten minutes!

A Fight for a Redoubt.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, who dates his letter from the left rendered exposure to the night air an imprudence on this, the evening of Mrs. Walton's large party, and Elsie had joined the family of a friend.

Memory was very busy in Delia Merriman's heart as she sat over the fire during Elsie's absence, we have the read of the read four young people for the murder by starvation of a fifth, a woman, the wife of one of the four. The trial created an extraordinary sensation, and the courtroom was crowded daily. The correspondent says:

The murdered woman, whose Christian delta and can be stream of shell and cannister into the results as well. For three hours he kent. doubt as well. For three hours he kept up this fire, and just after Kriloff's sec-ond repulse, the Turkish fire having somewhat relaxed, dominated by the Russian, he thought the moment had The murdered woman, whose Christian name was Harriet, came up to London from her home in the country four years ago. She was highly connected. She was a niece of Lady Rivers. Her stepfather is a clergyman. Her own father had a good position. Her mother is a lady. From various sources Harriet was entitled to the sum of \$15,000 on her marriage. She was of rather weak intellect, easily influenced by any one to whom she took a fancy, and she was thirty-five years old. built the redoubt, together with two battalions of sharpshooters, not more than twelve hundred yards from the searp. Then, placing himself in the best position for watching the result, he ceased fire and ordered the advance. He ordered the assaulting party not to fire, and they rushed forward with their guns on their shoulders, with music playing and banners flying, and disappeared in the fog and smoke. Skobeleff is the only

general who places himself near enough to feel the pulse of a battle. The advancing column was indistinctly seen, a dark mass in the fog and smoke. made an effort to reobtain control over made an effort to reobtain control over Harriet by trying to prove her of unsound mind; but she was not succestful in this, and Louis Staunton took his Her mother never laid eyes

Her mother never laid eyes

Seen, a data there, every throb of the battle, he saw this line begin to waver and hesitate. Upon the instant he hurled forward a rival regiment to support, and the same with the saw this line begin to waver and hesitate. and again watched the result. This new force carried the mass further on with its momentum, but the Turkish redoubt flamed and smoked, and poured forth such a torrent of bullets that the line in the shoulder. Again he saw the line hesitate and waver, and he flung his fourth and last regiment, the Libausky, on the glacis. Again this new wave car-ried the preceding ones forward, until they were almost on the scarp; but that

doubt was to be carried.

Skobeleff had now only two battalions look of fear in her mournful eyes. "Do you speak like that to a lady?" asked the milkwoman. "She's no more a lady than you or I," answered Clara Brown. "Who is she?" Master's sister." The milkwoman never dreamed she was Loris courage and instruction. He picked the whole mass up, and carried it forward with a rush and a cheer. The whole redoubt was a mass of flame and smoke, from which screams, shouts, and cries of agony and defiance arose, with the deepmouthed bellowing of the cannon, and,
above all, the steady, awful crash of that
deadly rifle fire. Skobeleff's sword was
cut in two in the middle. Then a moment latter, when just on the point of ment latter, when just on the point of leaping the ditch, horse and man rolled

See A. The thinking of the control o "Feeling was recorded and the standard proper from the was all the property, which is the first the standard property from the standard problem, and the standard problem, and

ABOUT TELEGRAPHING.

force, which had made one last desperate effort and had succeeded in driving the Russians out. One bastion was held to the last by a young officer, whose name force, which had made one had depends of the first the last by a young officer, whose and the research of the state of the last may also of men. They refused to fly, and a very state of the last may.

Skobeleff, the first time that day. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fly. He was in a fearful state of excitement and the fly had been and excited by the state of the fly of the state of the state of the state of the fly of the state of t

been enabled to collect an overwhelming

such a torrent of builets that the line was again shaken. Skobeleff stood in this shower of balls unhurt. All his escort were killed or wounded, even to line are several in number. She is controlled the little Kirghiz, who received a bullet believe the line workings of the combine the little Kirghiz. Again he saw the line back on the place that took her in. The points that make Pete a remarkable felicities are several in number. She is controlled the workings of the combine working deadly shower of bullets poured upon them; men dropped by hundred, and the result still remained doubtful. The line once more wavered and hesitated. Not a moment was to be lost, if the redoubt was to be carried.

She puts har nose up to the society instrument and find out the condition of the multitude of lines that stretch throughout the city. This cat is on deck at the change of every watch, and goes through the very same move feature. The clouds was to be carried. She puts her nose up to the register; she creeps along the casement and puts her velvet paws upon the relays; she does the same thing with the galvanometers, and purrs gently against the switch-board.
She leaps over to the repeaters and looks upon the dials, and then climbs back among the wires to see, apparently, what their condition is. When she has finished her tour of inspection in this room, ished her tour of inspection in this room.

The Lordon house may telegraph, and the Lordon house may telegraph. their condition is. When she has had been condition in this room, she goes out to the battery apartment with Paddy—Paddy is in enarge of the batteries, and not another cat, as might the New Yorkers, by reference to the condition of the New Yorkers, by the New Yorkers, by the New Yorkers, by the

features is the reflection of the needle.
The cheapest message on the cable is seventy-five cents, and is limited to one word. Some of our readers may think that one word can be of little use, but if properly handled it may convey as much information as an ordinary sentence. der to be the Bank of England has advanced its rate of ir terest to three per cent." All this, which at long rate would cost \$3.75, is obtained for a mere comes galloping to the front, and jumps upon the repeater, where she remains till the fire is "struck out." Pete

With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed allence on the method in this fifty water it applied to I have not one of its he needle. The cable is led to one may think use, but if ey as much sentence, he cable is led to one may think use, but if ey as much sentence. It is certain, refuge of the world, "resumed the minister, "that your majesty is late engineer, with whom be peace! It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty is late engineer, with whom be peace! It is dead and buried; but your slave know eith not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he was run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty to dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave—it may be that when that is opened, he may entire it again peaceably." The king, confused and agritated, knew not what to say the could not see, but which spoke volumes to the imposed allence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God keep the demon from me!" he said, "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?" "Touch him," said the favorite, and does not your majesty is late engineer, with whom be peace! It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty is feed and buried; but your slave know."

It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty has not touched the horrible object?"

Touch him," said the king; "it striffrallsh!" said the favorite, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty is feed and buried; but your slave know."

It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed t triffe, and the system certainly shows great ingenuity. The cable cyphers, as these are called, are numerous and are himself ou the other side of the country's