The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 2, 1882.

Gov. Hoyt denies that he intends to call an extra session of the legislature.

Guiteau having been found guilty, makes one republican candidate less for the presidency in 1884.

We have the Philadelphia *Times* Almanac for 1882, and find it a valuable book for reference. Its political statistics are complete, and its record of conventions and late acts of general interest make it a useful handbook. 15 cents per copy—free to all subscribers of the *Times*.

Riddleberger says when he gets to the senate if neither the democratic or republican principles suited him, he would build up a little party of his own. A Riddleberger party would certainly be a novelty, and if put in a cage with stuffed animals, might draw a crowd of big and little boys anywhere.

THE THREE B'S.

What's troubling the republican party now are the three B's—Butler, Beaver and the Bosses. Butler is making it hot for Beaver and bids fair to get the Bosses to favor him (Butler) for governor. Then the Bosses do not care much for Beaver and it bothers them how to throw him over board with safety. Then come the people who hate the Bosses; old Nick seems to be loose in the radical B hive generally.

Farmer Butler, the present state treasurer, has stepped into Beaver's way for governor, and is making quite a stir. The bosses had better look after Butler if they are deeply in favor of Beaver. After giving the General such a good start it is not right to whistle down breaks on him, and let on somebody else had pulled the bell-rope. Let Beaver have a chance, now, since you bosses have tickled him with the idea that he is the only man to win with. The REPORTER fears that its surmises about the bosses fooling Gen. Beaver, are thus early found to have been well grounded.

Governor Hoyt on Tuesday of last week issued warrants for the hanging on Friday, March 24, of Jonathan Moyer, Snyder county; John A. Neveling, Clearfield; Frank Small, Allegheny; Henry and Frank Rumberger, Dauphin; and John Coyle, York. The murders for which Moyer and Small are to be hanged were committed four and three years ago respectively. Moyer took part in the murder of an old couple named Kintzler, and was convicted of the killing of Mrs. Kintzler. A former trial for the murder of the woman's husband resulted in an acquittal. Coyle killed Emily Myers because she would not marry him. The case of Small was held under advisement nearly two years by the Board of Pardons because of a doubt of his guilt, but no facts of his justification having come to light the Board at its last meeting decided not to stay any longer the execution of the death penalty.

A TRINKET FOR BEAVER

A St. Louis paper says, "About a month after the Chicago convention the suggestion to have a medal struck to commemorate the steady voting for the Grant phalanx was made by Don Cameron, and after consusting with Roscoe Conkling, Chauncy I. Filley and others, the order was given to J. M. Kershaw, of St. Louis, to strike 330 bronze medals. The matter was to be kept a profound secret, and Kershaw was enjoined to silence. He has been working on the medals for several months and they are now completed and within a few days will be sent to Chauncy I. Filley at Washington, who will superintend the distribution of them. The medals are perfectly round, 2½ inches in diameter, 3-16 of an inch thick, and weigh nearly one pound. On the face of the medal is a profile head of General Grant, surrouned by a wreath bearing a record of the Grant balots arranged in a circle. Inscribed in the centre of the reverse sides are these words: "Commemorative of the 36 ballots of the Old Guard for Ulysses S. Grant for President, Republican National Convention, Chicago, June, 1880." Each medal is to be inscribed with the name of the member of the "Old Guard" to whom it is sent, of whom there were 113, and the remainder of the 330 will be sent to General Grant and a few other stalwart friends."

General Beaver was one of Grant's chaps at Chicago, and it is fortunate he was, for now he gets one of these 1 lb. ornament

To dangle from his watch chain,
Because he didn't vote for Blaine.

This precious charm the General can wear on his travels seeking a nomination for Governor, it will be the "open sesame" to all the stalwart hearts. Blaine men may froth when they see it, but who cares, Guiteau's shot made them the under dog. Whenever the General gets this keepsake the REPORTER would advise him to use it a short time on small-pox patients and see whether it has not virtue to kill the disease.

ANOTHER TRUNK LINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 25.—At the office of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company yesterday the information was tendered newspaper reporters that the managers of that company had authorized the transfer to President Vanderbilt of the Reading's interest in the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railroad Company upon the payment of the amount already expended upon the line. The transfer was made on Monday, and later on the same day the annual meeting of the latter company was held at Coudersport, Potter county, this state, and resulted in the election of the following officers: Henry Sherwood, president, George J. Magee, vice-president, and Cornelious Vanderbilt, treasurer, with the following directors: Walter Sherwood, John W. Bailey, Jerome F. Niles, Anson Hardt, William Howell, Jr., E. G. Schieffeline, Jefferson Harrison, William H. Vanderbilt, Cornelious Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, William K. Vanderbilt and George J. Magee.

The Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo Railroad Company will be constructed at once under the direction of General George J. Magee, of New York, Mr. Vanderbilt furnishing the money and General Magee to meet the interest and the same from the revenues of the road. The connection of the Vanderbilt roads with the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo will be effected by the following continuous lines: Geneva and Lyons Railway, Syracuse, Geneva and Corning Railway and the Corning, Cowanesque and Antrim Railway. All these companies have united in an agreement to form a new trunk line from the West to Philadelphia, giving the Reading Railroad Company a western and northern outlet for anthracice coal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will neither go to Washington this winter nor go to Europe in the spring. Mr. Hayes is satisfied with the village of Fremont, where he is a participator in debates down at the shoe store.

GUITEAU FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER.

CLOSING SCENE OF THE PROTRACTED TRIAL

HE DENOUNCES THE JUDGE AND THE JURY.

"My Blood Will Be Upon The Heads of That Jury,"

Washington, January 25.—Judge Porter began his remarks to day, promising to be brief. As he proceeded Guiteau grew garrulous and indulged in a running dialogue with the speaker. Porter, however, paid little attention to his interruptions, and went on from point to point, showing up in dark colors the history of the prisoner.

Guiteau was voluble in his abuse and showed a keenness and shrewdness in his interruptions which argued that he appreciated it as his last chance. Porter always arouses Guiteau to his most angry and savage mood. As the prisoner puts it, "A saint from heaven couldn't stand this man Porter's bosh."

Judge Porter finished at 3.15, when Judge Cox charged the jury.

He called attention to the prisoner's frequent remarks that public opinion, as evidenced by the press and correspondence, was in his favor, and to the prosecution in their final argument interposing a contradiction to such statements, and said that anything which had been said on the other side in reference thereto was not to be regarded by the jury. Continuing, he said, when there is a reasonable doubt the defendant was entitled to the benefit of such a doubt. The only certainty a jury could have was moral sanity, depending on confidence which the jury had in the integrity of the witnesses, and in their capacity and opportunity to know the truth. All that a jury could be expected to do was to be reasonably and morally certain of facts which they declare to be their verdict with reference to the evidence in this case. Very little comment was required by the court, except on the question—insanity. The true test of criminal responsibility, where the defense of insanity was interposed, was, whether the accused had sufficient use of his reason to understand the nature of the act with which he was charged, and to understand that it was wrong for him to commit it. If these were the facts, he was criminally responsible for the act, whether peculiarities might be shown of him in other respects. On the other hand, if his reasons were so defective, in consequence of brain disease, that he could not understand what he was doing, or could not understand that what he was doing was wrong, he ought to be treated as an irresponsible lunatic. The law assumed every one at the out set to be sane and responsible. The question was, What was there in this case to show the contrary as to this defendant? A jury was not warranted in inferring that the man was insane from the mere fact of his committing a crime, or from the enormity of the crime, because the law presumes that this is a bad motive, and that the crime is prompted by malice.

If nothing else appeared, perhaps the easiest way for the jury to examine into the subject, was first to satisfy themselves about the condition of the prisoner's mind for the reasonable period of time before any conception of the assassination had entered it, and also at the present time, and then consider what evidence exists as to a different condition of mind at the time of the commission of the act, and if they find that he was not under any permanent insane delusion which destroyed his power of discriminating between right and wrong, then the remaining inquiry was, whether there was any special insanity connected with this crime. It would be seen that the reliance of the defense was the existence of an insane delusion in the prisoner's mind which so perverted his reason as to incapacitate him from preceiving the difference between right and wrong to this partucular act. As a part of the history of judicial sentiment on this subject was by the way of illustrating the difference between insane delusion and responsibility, he would refer the jury to a celebrated case in English history which had already been commented on in the arguments. Judge Cox here quoted from the opinions of the judges in the McNaughton case and from some American authorities on the same subject. The judge then referred at length to the insane delusions, which, he said, displayed an important part in this case, and demanded careful consideration, and which were the coinage of a diseased brain which defies reason and ridicule, and throws into disorder all the springs of human action.

THE JURY RETIRE.

After the jury had been out about twenty minutes, recess was taken until 5.30 o'clock. Many of our audience who had been virtually imprisoned since 9.30 in the morning availed themselves of this opportunity to obtain fresh air and lunch. The prisoner, at his own request, had been allowed soon after the jury left the court room to retire to the little room he has occupied since the trial began as a waiting room during the recess. Before leaving the court room he evidenced considerable nervousness, but on getting away to a comparative seclusion his usual composure and assurance returned to him. He sent out for some apples with which he treated his attendants, meanwhile chatting familiarly and good natuteedly. He was asked what he thought the jury would do, he said: "I think they will acquit me or disagree, don't you?" Within ten minutes after the recess had been taken the jury called to a bailiff in waiting that they were ready with their verdict. They were informed that Judge Cox had left the court room, so they remained in their room until the court reassembled. The rumor that the jury had agreed was quickly spread from one to another, and the excited crowd surged back into the court room, and with eager expectancy anxiously awaiting what all seemed to expect—a verdict of guilty. The musty, antique room is devoid of gas and the score or more candles which had been placed upon the desks of the judge, counsel and reporters imparted a weird and fancifully unnatural aspect of the grim old place. The shadows thrown upon the dark back ground of the walls seemed like flitting spectres to the usher in the sombre procession of those who held in their hands the destiny of a human life.

First came the prisoner with a quick, nervous step, and as he seated himself in the dock, perhaps for the last time, the light of a solitary candle fell full upon his face and disclosed its more than usual pallor. Not a tremor of the limbs or a movement of the muscles of the face were observed as he threw back his head and fixed his gaze upon the door through which the jury were to enter. Judge Cox soon afterwards took his seat. The crier called order, and the jury at 5.35 filed slowly into their seats. Every sound was hushed save the voice of the clerk as he propounded to the foreman the usual inquiry. Clear and distinct came the reply: "We have." "What is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?" With equal distinctness came the reply: "Guilty."

The pent up feeling of the crowd found expression in uproarious demonstrations of applause and approval.

"Order! Order!" shouted the bailiffs.

Mr. Scoville and the counsel of the prosecution were simultaneously upon their feet. Mr. Scoville attempted to address the court, but the district attorney shouted: "Wait till we have the verdict complete, and in due form of law."

Order was at length restored, and the clerk again addressing the jury, said: "Your forman says guilty as indicted, so say we all of us?"

"We do," they all responded.

Another demonstration of approval followed this announcement, but not so prolonged as the first.

Mr. Scoville, still on his feet, demanded a poll of the jury which was granted, and each juror was called by name, and each in a firm voice promptly responded, "Guilty." As the last name was called the prisoner shrieked: "My blood will be upon the heads of that jury, don't you forget it!" Mr. Scoville again addressed the court, saying: "Your honor, I do not desire to forfeit any rights I may have under the law and practice in this district. If there is anything that I ought to do now to save those rights, I would be indebted to your honor to indicate it to me."

Judge Cox in reply assured him that he should have every opportunity; that the charge would be furnished to him in print to-morrow, and he would be accorded all the time allowed by law within which to file his exceptions, and that he would also be entitled to four days within which to move an arrest of judgment.

Guiteau, who from the moment Judge Cox began the delivery of his charge, had dropped completely his air of flippant arrogance and sat with rigid features and compressed lips, called out in tones of desperation, "God will avenge this outrage."

Judge Cox then turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I cannot express too many thanks for the manner in which you have discharged your duty. You have richly merited the thanks of your countrymen, and I feel assured you will take with you to your homes the approval of your consciences. With thanks, gentlemen of the jury, I dismiss you."

At this announcement court was declared adjourned and the now famous trial which had absorbed public interest for more than ten weeks was ended. The court immediately left the courtroom and the prisoner, gesticulating with his manacled hands, was led out. As he passed the reporters' tables he leaned over and called out to an acquaintance, "The court in banc will reverse this business." His appearance was that of a man deeply moved with indignation at some outrage which had been put upon him. As he was being put in the van the crowd of men and boys upon the pavement yelled and shouted themselves hoarse in mockery of the prisoner's constant boast, "The American press and people are all with me."

HOW SCOVILLE FEELS

The Points on Which He Will Base His Motion For a New Trial.

Washington, January 25.—Mr. Scoville said to-night the next move in the Guiteau case would be a motion for a new trial, which he expects to file on Saturday. The main points on which it is to be based are: The jury erred in rendering a verdict contrary to law, and they erred in rendering a verdict contrary to the evidence; Judge Cox in his charge did not base it upon all the evidence, and the jury during the trial read newspapers and had conversations with outside persons. Should the motion be denied, an appeal will be taken to the Court in banc in April. Referring to the verdict, Mr. Scoville said, after hearing Judge Cox's charge, he was not surprised the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. He refrained, however, from passing any criticism upon Judge Cox's charge further than to say he had not been accustomed to hear a Judge address a jury as Judge Cox did, but simply submit written instructions, and that too upon the law bearing upon the case and not upon the evidence. Judge Cox, Mr. Scoville thought did not review the entire evidence given in the case but only portions of it.

Mr. Scoville thinks that when the excitement attending the trial is over—the excitement which Mr. Scoville thinks has sustained Guiteau all through it—he will be a raving maniac. Scoville does not talk to night like a man who thinks his labor in this matter is at an end. There are good grounds, he says, for a new trial, and he proposes to show this from the record of the trial, when popular feeling against Guiteau has died away. In that record, he says, will be found the fact that a letter from Guiteau to District Attorney Corkhill with the signature and a large part of its contents torn off, was admitted in evidence. Besides this, there is expert testimony which, he says, is condemned by thousands of competent men throughout the country, and other facts now matters of record, all of which can be used as reasons for asking for a new trial.

The Assassin Furious When Told He Brought The Verdict On Himself.

Washington, January 26.—There was an animate discussion in the Warden's room at the jail this afternoon between Mr. Scoville and Warden Crocker over Guiteau's new address.

It was arranged that for the next week no one should be permitted to interview the prisoner, and that no communication shall go to him or come from him without passing through Mr. Scoville's hands. When Guiteau spoke of his address Mr. Scoville at once told him that he must not attempt anything of the kind in the future, as it only prejudiced his case and injured his ultimate prospects. Mr. Scoville's manner was kind but firm as he added:

"You have talked and written too much already, and to your own utterances you are indebted for the verdict which was given yesterday."

Guiteau's eye flashed with anger and with great vehemence he turned upon Mr. Scoville and poured out a torrent of denunciation.

"It was your blunderbus management that did it- a series of mistakes all the way through. In the first place, the idea of putting Spitzka on the stand—a bright fellow, and he meant well; but what did his evidence amount to? Simply that I was a moral monstrosity, just playing right into the hands of the prosecution and supporting their theory of depravity in stead of insanity. Then my sister with that ax story, another evidence of depravity according to the prosecution; and then, last of all, my brother. I have made an appeal to the people, and I shall soon have plenty of money, and then I will employ two or three first-class lawyers, and when I get my case to the court in General Term they will put this thing all right."

"But," expostulated Mr. Scoville, "don't you see that the papers comment on your addresses, and the people look on them in a different light from what you intend and expect?"

"No, they don't," angrily retorted Guiteau. "Don't I read the papers, and haven't I got judgement?"

Mr. Scoville—Now can't you see the folly of this course? Have you read what the jury say about your talk and your speech?

Guiteau—I don't care a snap for what the jury says. A nice lot they are to sit in judgement on a Christian gentleman when by their own showing, they passed their time smoking, drinking grog, and playing card.

NUMEROUS APPLICATIONS TO SEE THE HANGING OF GUITEAU.

Washington, January 27.—General Crocker said this morning that Guiteau passed a quiet day yesterday and seemed to be reconciled to his safety. During the morning he was cast down but recovered his usual confident tone towards night. He occupies the same cell as before his conviction, but will be more closely confined and have fewer liberties. His appetite remains as keen as ever, and the warden says they will give him enough to eat in order to keep him in good condition for the hanging.

Now that the jury have declared him a criminal and an impostor, every effort will be made to retire him from public attention. The policy will be to deny him to reporters and curiosity seekers, and to prevent him from issuing manifestoes to the country, and parties interested in the case agree on the propriety of such a course.

General Crocker thinks the execution will take place in July, but possibly it can be hastened sufficiently to bring the end in May.

Washington, January 27.—Guiteau said to his guard yesterday morning: "Arthur is my friend; I made him President. If all other remedies fail me, he will pardon me." The jurors were besieged by their friends yesterday. Many of them suffered heavy losses in business during their long confinement. One juror, a commission merchant, is said to have lost $5,000 in a single operation, by reason of his forced absence from business. District Attorney Corkhill is of the opinion that the prisoner will suffer the extreme penalty of the law early in July.

Judge Joseph K. Porter left for his home, New York city, on the lightning express last night. The jurors assembled in the Marshal's office, City Hall, and drew their fees, yesterday. They received $146 each, the pay being $2 a day. It cost the Government just $3,000 for their board and maintenance.

THE WILMOT MASSACRE.

The Horrible Spectacle Witnessed by Little Benny.

Danville, Ky., January 20.—The farm of the Wilmots, the scene of the bloody tragedy detailed in the *Post*, is about ten miles from here, and the house in which the quadruple murder was committed is na almost inaccessible location. Little Benny, a bright little fellow about ten years of age, who escaped with his brother James while the remainder of the family were being butchered, gave an account of the frightful deeds he witnessed on that awful night. He said that he was awakened by the screams of his mamma, and when he opened his eyes he saw his papa trying to kill her with an ax. Mamma jumped out of bed over the foot, and papa was striking at her. Little Benny jumped out of bed, too, and threw up his slender arms to implore his papa to spare his mamma. Mamma did not say anything to papa. Benny asked his papa what he was doing, but got no reply and the boy began to cry. He was frightened almost senseless.

There was a table in the middle of the room, and Benny crawled under it to keep his papa from killing him. He saw his father bury the ax in his poor mother's head; then again saw the heavy weapon cleave into her shoulder, and once more the ax was driven into the helpless woman—this time in her neck. By this time she was dead on the floor, between the bed and the table where Benny lay.

Benny then shouted for his brother James, who was asleep upstairs, telling him that papa had killed mamma. The father tried to get at Benny under the table to kill him, but the boy got out of his reach, and going into the front room opened the rear door and resumed his cries for James. In the meantime the little fellow was destained to witness another murder, that of his aged grandmother. Mr. Wilmot was now a raving madman, more dangerous than a whole band of robbers. With one blow the old gentleman buried the ax to the handle in her right breast. She never spoke, and probably never knew what hurt her. She died as she laid in her bed. Benny does not know whether grandmother woke or not, even before she was struck. It is probable that she did not, as the child did not hear her say anything.

Benny said that when Jimmy came down he and papa had a struggle, and before Jimmy came down stairs papa did not have the gun. He got the gun afterward. Benny heard his papa say to Jimmy: "I will kill you my son!" and then there was a struggle. Papa tried to shoot Jimmy and Jimmy knocked the gun up. It was a thirty-eight inch caliber rifle, and the ball went into the ceiling above the fireplace.

When Jimmy got away from his father he started to go to the cabin of Enoch Parks, a colored man, who resided on the farm, about one hundred and fifty yards from the house of the Wilmots. Benny being left alone with his father, became completely terrified, and loudly called for Jimmy to tell him that his papa was going to kill him; and James ordered the boy to come out of the house and follow him to Enoch's cabin, which he did. The father pointed the gun at little Benny, but it was not loaded so he could not shoot. Benny got out of the house, and started to run after Jimmy, and Mr. Wilmot followed, but the boys escaped. Wilmot then went to the barn and hung himself.

It is stated that the younger daughter was killed first. She was cut in the right side of the neck. The ax was almost buried in her neck, and her head was nearly severed. She evidently did not make the least struggle. The elder girl was also cut in the right side of her neck, but not so deeply as the first. Doubtles the killing of the second girl awakened Mrs. Wilmot, but before she could realize the situation she was herself a corpse.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY.

A lady living in a country village in Italy writes, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of her neighbors and their habits. She says:

It is amazing how smart the very poorest lady who has any pretentions to being such will turn out on occasions, however dilapidated her dress may be. Two young ladies belonging to an old but utterly ruined family, whose parents were too poor to keep a servant, would dress themselves for their evening walk in the most fashionable of hats and custumes, with their fans, smelling-bottles, lace handkerchiefs, and gloves all complete. In order to obtain these dresses, the lady has to condescend so far as to work for the peasant, who paid them for manufacturing of the smart stays and chemises they wear on feast day. The attempts at being fashionable, combined with an entire ignorance of the ways of the fashionable world, produce sometimes the strangest incongruities. The lace veil is now almost confined to the class called "artisti"—that is shopkeepers and skilled workpeople; but a few of the old-fashioned ladies still keep to it. Curious specimens are to be found in these remote villages—people bearing grand names, and retaining considerable pride in their ancient lineage, whom generations of idleness and unthriftiness have reduced to extreme poverty. They are not educated for any profession, and when starvation stares them in the face they have no resource but to earn their bread by manual labor. One noble count of my acquaintance is a carpenter; another a bricklayer. I have seen the granddaughters of a countess working in the fields. With their fortunes, their manners deteriorate, until nothing but a remnant of pride remains to distinguish them from the peasants between whose class and theirs so great a gulf was once fixed. I remember nothing more melancholy than the assemblage of these poverty-stricken nobles I once met at the house of a rich man of a village. We were at supper, and as we waited one ragged and dirty old man after another came shambling in, each in turn was, to my great surprise, introduced as the descendant of an ancient and noble family, but fallen—"caduto"—added my host, with a gesture of compassion. The old man would then bow his head in melancholy acquiescence, and, casting a rueful glance at his shabby cloak with the faded green lining, would slink into a chair at the far end of the table. One of these fallen nobles, who had taken to house-painting, we thought it only charitable to employ for the decoration of our ceiling. I was prepared to feel quite a romantic interest in this unfortunate nobleman, and to be enchanted with his artistic genius; but he was so uncommonly dirty, and his manners were so little removed from those of a peasant, that my illusions were dispelled at once. Neither did his style of decoration exactly come up to my idea, although it was ambitious enough. A basket of flowers soon adorned each corner of our ceiling, and in the centre, from amid clouds and wreaths of roses, a rather shapeless Cupid began to be delineated. In the middle of the work the artist, whose temper was short and whose feelings were sensitive, took offence (as we supposed) at some unintentional slight on our part. Without the slightest explanation he departed one day, leaving the Cupid minus one leg and one arm, and returned no more. Poor Cupid!

SUGAR UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Professor Lattimore, of Rochester, is one of the chemists appointed by the State Board of Health to analyze food and drugs supposed to be adulterated, under the law for the punishment of adulterations. The editor of The American Rural Home visited his laboratory the other day, and thus describes a part of what he saw, in viewing a number of samples of sugar under a microscope:

Samples of ordinary brown cane sugar showed clear, regular crystals, sharply defined, every grain distinctly visible. So samples of granulated sorghum sugar from Minnesota and Illinois showed perfect crystals; but he had a sample of white (so-called) crystallized corn sugar, now quite extensively manufactured in some sections. He first asked us to place a quantity on our tongue and hold it there until dissolved, that its taste might be fully realized. We did so, and observed, that while it possessed a low degree of sweetness, it left a bitter, slightly astringent, very unpleasant taste in the mouth. He then placed a small quantity under the microscope, and we could see at once there was no crystals, but a gummy agglomeration of particles such as hardened glucose shows. Then, to show how readily any mixture of glucose with cane sugar—sucrose—could be detected under the microscope, he put a small quantity of each together, and one could see every particle of the glucose. It does not require a microscope of high power to detect the adulterations.

HOW IT FEELS TO FREEZE.

A Man Before Whose Weary Eyes Strange Colored Lights Danced And Flickered.

From the Leadville Chronicle.

That there is at least sufficient latent heat in the snow to prevent death from freezing while entirely surrounded by it, Frank White, who returned a day or two ago from a long trip in the Indian country, is willing to testify. In the course of his homeward journey Mr. White had an experience which all the mineral wealth of Leadville could not attempt him to repeat. It was on the grand river, where the snow had recently fell to a great depth. The weather was somewhat murky when he started to return, but he relied upon a tolerably good prairie and that unknown quantity termed good luck to get back before the snow had fallen in any great quantities. In both of these he was badly deceived, as the freezing flakes which began to fall on the second day out soon obliterated everything save the most bold and readily recognized landmark.

On the fourth day he was lost in the storm and at last found shelter in a little lump of cottonwood trees, the thickest of whose branches in a measure protected the ground. The night had turned bitterly and intensely cold and to his dismay he found that in his tramp he had lost his match safe. For an instant it seemed as though nothing but a frozen death awaited him, for he knew well to spend that night where he stood or even motionless any further length of time would surely be fatal. Already the colored lights that are a sure forerunner of death by freezing began to flicker beyond his eyes and he felt that he must take desperate chances for existence.

It was then that it occurred to him that he had read somewhere of the latent heat in the snow, and the last resort of freezing men. He did not stop long for deliberation, but began, with benumbed fingers, to burrow in the huge white bank before him. In a few moments he had excavated a hole of considerable size, and, drawing his blanket tightly around him, he crept in. After a short time his body began to grow more comfortable and his hands regained their sense of feeling. Then he grew sleepy, but he dared not close his eyes, fearing that it was the stupor of freezing that he felt. At last, without knowing it, he fell asleep and did not awake until early the next morning. He had passed as comfortable night as if he had a roof over his head, and, save for his frost-bitten finger tips, which had been exposed, he was uninjured by his night in the snow, and toward the close of the afternoon was much relieved to strike a camp of surveyors.

BEHEADED FOR FALLING IN LOVE.

New Haven, Jan. 18.—Among the Chinese students who came to this country to obtain an education were two bright boys named Chin Chin Yateh and Chin Chin Chan, who came to this city. They were brothers, and entered the Hopkins Grammar School, where they made good progress in preparation for Yale College. While in this city they boarded in the family of Mr. Vester, No. 59 Kensington street. When the students in this country were recalled by the Chinese government last May the two brothers left for Hartford, where they learned the telegraph business, and later on returned to China. During their residence on Kensington street, Chan became interested in a young lady named Sherman, living near by. This fancy was strongly opposed on the part of Miss Sherman's friends, but Chan's attentions were continued, and were only interrupted by the departure of the young celestial. The acquaintance was kept alive, however, and Chan has correspondence with the lady ever since. The principal reason for recalling the Chinese students was the fear, on the part of the authorities, that they were becoming thoroughly Americanized, and that they would marry American wives. They were here at government expense, the object being to have them return to their native country with power to introduce American civilization. Advices received here state that Chan's persistence in his devotion to Miss Sherman coming to the knowledge of the Chinese authorities, the young man was condemned to death, and, according to Chinese customs, was beheaded in Hong Kong.

Another instance, showing the narrowness of the policy of the Chinese government, is the fact that a young Chinaman now living in the family of the late Dr. Bacon, having become converted to Christianity, was advised by the Chinese commissioner at Hartford to remain in this country, as his return to his native country would be the signal for his death. He therefore remains in this country and will study for the ministry. One of the latest labors of Dr. Bacon was in arranging for the young man's education.

SCIENCE.

Dr. C. S. Donley, of Rochester, New York, has done excellent service by translating and issuing in a pamphlet form Dr. Cohn's recent paper on Bacteria. M. Cohn is the neutralist who has the most occupied himself with the study of these plants, the smallest of all living organisms. To give an idea of their minuteness, Professor Thomas Taylor, in a recent paper on the same subject, remarked "that twenty millions might be enclosed in a globe that would go easily through the eye of a cambric needle." Even at where magnified thousands of times, one appears under the microscope no larger than one of the periods in the punctuation marks of this paragraph. But it appears from the researches of Cohn that, small as these are, it is by no means certain that there is not organized life beyond these, and that when the mathematician dictates that matter is indefinitely divisible he is laying down an actual as well as a theoretical truth. At any rate, it is now beyond doubt that there are different sexes in Bacteria, and that not only spores result from the sexual union, but spore-cases, enclosing the spores, just as the ordinary cryptogamic plants. They feed on organic substances, but do not seem able to destroy life. At least, Cohn is not satisfied that they do by any experiment he has made; but they instantly sieze on that which is dead and are main if not the only agents of putrifaction and fermentation. Great heat destroys them and it is through the operation of this law that we have canned meats and fruits. Intense cold only renders them torpid. During drought or the lack of food, they will continue for an indefinite time in a dessicated state. They are always present in immense numbers during what are known as epidemic or contagious diseases; but whether they have aught to do with bringing about these diseases seems uncertain, from Cohn's researches. We breathe continually in an atmosphere charged with their germs and we take them into our system with everything we eat and much that we drink. They are so small that they can penetrate any cell-wall, yet life goes easily in spite of them. After reading Cohn's treatise, the inference may be that during sickness some portion of the tissue loses its hold on life, and that this, among that which is still vital, is siezed on by the Bacteria. It may then be that, the abundance of food favoring the production of the plant, it may be developed in such immense numbers as to interfere with the circulation, and it may hasten death. Although speculation must yet take the place of absolute facts, labor like this of Cohn's make the world his debtor. It must be that we are getting nearer the end.

—Pure spices, best coffee and tea, finest syrup, dried meats, most excellent cheese, peas, beans, and anything needed upon the table, all first-class goods, fresh and pure, at Sechlers, headquarters for groceries.

Any of our subscribers paying all dues and $2.25 in advance, will receive the REPORTER and the Chicago "Weekly News," a large sized 32 colum paper. The $2.25 will secure the "News" and REPORTER for one year. This is the best offer made, and we only make it with the hope of inducing advance payment and increasing our circulation.

Had an almost invisable skin disease, itching intolerable. Peruna cured it. H. Ambil, Pittsburg.

A YOUNG LADY THROWING HERSELF IN FRONT OF AN ENGINE.

Johnstown, Jan. 25.—Miss Frey, a lady whose home is in Johnstown, committed suicide in Blairsville, last evening, in a horrible manner. Miss Frey, who had been ill for some time back, was taken to Blairsville a couple of days ago, and was placed under the care of her uncle, Dr. J. C. McKelvy, at his own residence. Yesterday she showed signs of insanity, and during the evening she escaped from her attendants and wandered to the railroad yard unobserved. When the express train came thundering along about 7 o'clock she deliberately walked in front of it and lying down placed her neck on the rail. Although the head light revealed her awful situation to the engineer, it was too late to save her. The head was completely severed from the body.

CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

Mr. McCord's Apportionment bill, which has been agreed upon in committee and will soon be reported to the House, fixes the number of Representatives at 320, distributed as follows: Alabama, 8, Arkansas, 5, California, 5, Colorado, 1, Connecticut, 4, Delaware; 1, Florida, 1, Georgia, 10, Illinois, 21, Indiana, 13, Iowa; 11, Kansas, 6, Kentucky, 10, Louisiana, 6, Maine, 4, Maryland, 6, Massachusetts, 12, Michigan, 11, Minnesota, 5, Mississippi, 7, Missouri, 14, Nebraska, 2, Nevada, 1, N ewHampshire, 2, New Jersey, 7, North Carolina, 9, Ohio, 21, Pennsylvania, 29, Rhode Island, 1, South Carolina, 6, Tennessee, 10, Texas, 10, Vermont, 2, Virginia, 10, West Virginia, 4, Wisconsin, 8. The States that gain are Arkansas, 1, California, 1, Georgia, 1, Illinois, 2, Iowa, 2, Kansas, 3, Kentucky, 1, Massachusetts, 1, Michigan, 1, Minnesota, 2, Mississippi, 1, Missouri, 1, Nebraska, 2, New York, 1, North Carolina, 1, Ohio, 1, Pennsylvania, 2, South Carolina, 1, Texas, 4, Virginia, 1, Florida, Maine, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire lose one each. Pennsylvania gains two.

It seems to satisfy a family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family.—Mrs. Jines, Albany.

TWENTY INDIANS KILLED.

San Francisco, Jan. 26

A despatch from Guaymas says that authentic reports have been received of an engagement of the State troops with Apaches who raided Lampage, resulting in the killing of twenty Indians. At last accounts the troops were in hot pursuit.

My son had a terrible skin disease of head and face, Peruna cured him. Mrs. E. Yetter, Pittsburg.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 20.—Three cases of smallpox are reported near Reddick, Kankakee county, one case at Elk Grove, Cook county, and one death and three cases at Colchester, McDonough county, all from Keokuk, Medical College students. Two more cases are reported at Richfield, from the same source.

I have used Green's Comp. Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot myself at different times during the past five or six years, and have seen the effects of it in many cases when used by others, and have found but one universal expression among those who have used it, namely, that "it surpassed any medicine they had ever used." BENJ. BEAVER,
State College, Pa., Feb. 19, '81.

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PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by any or all other medicines combined. This is strong language, but it is true.

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PERUNA positively cures consumption and all other lung and heart diseases.

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Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. HEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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