

The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER. By FRED KURTZ.

Late star-route testimony refers to congressman Belford as having received \$2000. Belford, of course, denies it.

Judge Gamble, who once presided over the courts of Centre county, died at his home, at Williamsport, on 22 ult., aged 74 years and 28 days.

Ex-Senator Alexander has sent us a copy of the report of the committee to investigate the Agr. College, which we print in this issue of the Reporter and ask for its attentive perusal of our readers. It is copied from the Record, but to Mr. Alexander's horror was almost as full of mistakes as the Supplement printed by Meek and Tuten a year ago, at two prices on rotten paper.

Whew! A recent Washington special says there is a flare-up in social circles there resulting from the abrupt treatment which ex-Collector Murphy, of New York, and a party of ladies received at the hands of President Arthur at the White House. Mrs. McElroy is President Arthur's sister, and has recently been annoyed by having the society of objectionable persons thrust upon her. Murphy promised to introduce some ladies to Mrs. McElroy, and took them to the White House with him. They were questioned not only as to who they were, but as to what they had been, and according to the narrative told they were abruptly told by President Arthur they could not see his sister. Murphy is swearing vengeance, and society circles are in a ferment of excitement.

When the Watchman and the Republican join in a conspiracy to hound the Reporter because it did county printing for half their charges, we can listen to their music when we find tax-payers listening too, who know there has been too much robbing in printing jobs, and that the Reporter has been the sole guard of the people's interests, and has caused an annual saving of \$1000.

The republican Senate has passed a tariff bill which does not suit the high-tariff republicans, and Arthur has intimated he will sign it if brought before him. Had this been done by a democratic congress what a howl of ruin would have gone up all along the radical line, and every corner grocery that would have busted would have been heralded as the victim of democratic policy.

It is stated that within a short time, a trial of paper rails will be made on a prominent Western trunk line, the issue of which will be watched with interest. The pulp of which the rails are entirely composed is by a pressure made as solid as metal and much more durable, while the safety thus obtained is multiplied by exemption from atmospheric changes that comprises the main drawback to steel. Besides this the cost of manufacture is so much less as to promise universal adoption in the event that the test proves equal to the expectation of those who have undertaken the matter.

Will the Bellefonte Republican tell which part of last year's Co. Statement it had a hand in getting up, so the people can know where its ignorance in spelling comes in? It was a regular fraud, in price and workmanship, upon the people. The attitude of the Bellefonte Republican is babyish—obedient to its master, Meek, it unjustly hounds the Reporter, yet Tuten goes around to certain parties at Bellefonte and bellyaches about Meek cheating him "everytime he goes in with him." What do Republicans think of that kind of an organizer?

SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.

The Harrisburg Patriot says the state has not only been just but generous to families of the departed heroes who lost their lives in the war of the rebellion. The federal government has been liberal in pensioning widows of deceased soldiers and the commonwealth has made their children the special objects of its care in providing for their education and maintenance at the public expense. All this was eminently proper and no patriotic citizen will utter a word of complaint against it.

The charitable care of the state has, however, been extended to children not orphans and whose parents are not in indigent circumstances. Senator Cox, of Luzerne, called the attention of the senate to certain facts bearing on this point which have come to his knowledge and moved a joint committee of the senate and house be appointed to inquire into the circumstances of parents of pupils at the several soldiers' orphans' school. This is a very proper step and one which will probably lead to the discovery of

abuses in the soldiers' orphans school that will open the eyes of the legislature and the public.

This fact is that the system under which the soldiers' orphans schools have been conducted is radically wrong. They are private institutions, established by their proprietors for private gain, the commonwealth simply footing the bills of expense. As in cases of other so-called private "charities" the commonwealth has had but small control over their management. Some of them have doubtless been honestly conducted but all of them have enabled their proprietors to amass considerable wealth. If the state is to continue its bounties to these institutions they should be placed under state control and cease to be property of private individuals.

On 22 Gen. Beaver gave the defeated candidates on the republican state ticket a grand dinner. The dinner no doubt was a fine affair—but the recollections of it called up! disappointed expectations and sorrowful campaign experiences. Good as the dinner no doubt was, any outsider could, have gone through it with a greater gusto than the squad of great defeated. This was a movement in which the naughty independents for once could not interfere, and the stalwarts had things their own way.

The Morning Patriot has purchased a new Hoe Press, which will print 10,000 copies per hour. This is evidence that our old favorite morning contemporary finds a great measure of deserved appreciation.

If any one wishes to see a curiosity come to this office and see the Supplement printed last year by the two papers the Watchman and the Republican, with its innumerable errors marked. It is a curiosity and would disgrace a Hotentot. Come in and see it side by side with ours. If you have a Watchman supplement of last year examine it and you can spot it in nearly every line with shameful error marks. Yet those fellows had the boldness to charge the county just double, and gave the people rotten paper and dirty work.

A new comet has been discovered. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, on evening of 22 ult., discovered a bright telescopic comet in the constellation Pegasus. Its right ascension is 22h. 50m. and its declination north is 28 degrees. Its motion is eastward and it has a faint tail.

Senator Wallace introduced a bill to make uniform throughout the state the pay of Co. Commissioners, \$2.50 per day.

The two cent letter postage is to go in to effect next October.

By latest accounts from Washington the House will not pass the Senate tariff bill.

The Michigan legislature is still halting for a senator, with present senator Ferry down among the scattering.

It is stated that letters have been received by the authorities conveying threats to blow up the Kremlin, at Moscow, where the Czar is to be crowned. Search has been made, but nothing indicating preparations for the destruction of the Palace was revealed. Close watch is being kept, and the public will not be allowed to enter the building.

SEVENTEEN CHILDREN LEAP INTO ETERNITY.

New York, Feb. 29—17 children were killed to-day, by a panic in a school house in Fortieth street. The school was connected with the German Catholic Church, of the Most Holy Redeemer, and under the tuition of Sisters of Charity. Shortly before the hour for dismissing the pupils an alarm of fire was raised. Instantly one of the attaches left the building to notify the fire department. On returning, he found the stairs a mass of girls, aged from ten to twelve years. They were piled on one another, screaming and moaning piteously. A number of men came to their relief, and the sisters of charity above endeavored to calm them. When the children were finally extricated, it was found that seven had been crushed to death and a majority of the others injured. They were taken to neighboring houses and medical aid was rendered. The cause of the alarm was a small fire under a staircase on the third floor. The flames were speedily extinguished. The sisters succeeded in keeping a number of pupils in the class rooms, of the disaster might have been frightful. The accident has caused great excitement in the city.

THE GRANGER TAX BILL.

JUDGE BLACK'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE Lancaster Intelligencer: GENTLEMEN—Your paper has been sent me, with two articles marked, in which your opposition to the Grangers' tax bill is very strongly expressed. That does not meet my ideas at all, but it comes from a source entitled to the highest respect, and is an effort (which you may call crude if you will) to distribute among all the people as evenly as possible the burdens which are now imposed with a frightful disregard of justice. Is not this movement of the Grangers' committee a first step toward equality? Criticize if you please, for its probable inefficiency, but do not pool-pool the great principles.

Where is your Democracy, if you are not in favor of equal taxation? Where is your fidelity to the State administration, which you did so much to elect, if you meet the admirable doctrine of the Governor's inaugural with ridicule of the Grangers' bill?

You are very anxious for harmony among our political friends at Harrisburg. You wish they would settle their little differences about offices. So do I. But, if they "accept their weightier matters of the law," I do not care how much they quarrel about the "tithing of the mint and the cummin," for the sooner they tear one another to pieces the better.

Perhaps I misunderstand your views on this whole subject. If I do, it is some body's fault. Let us see if it is your want of precision or my dullness.

Reckon you know (for you know all things of that kind a great deal better than I do) that the farmers pay nine tenths of the taxes. Of course, I do not speak with fractional accuracy, but that is generally supposed to be about the degree of the inequality. Citizens engage in other pursuits which are ten times as profitable, and are taxed only one-tenth. Judging this system by the rules of common sense and common honesty, I call it robbery. What do you say to this? Is it not possible to right this cruel wrong? Perhaps it is difficult. It is not easy to devise the machinery which will work out perfect justice in the collection and disbursement of the revenues. Some of your objections to the Grangers' bill are well founded.

It may be, for aught I know, that a tax upon property not in sight would be evaded. You give the business men of the State credit for an amount of smartness and shrewdness which would probably make that kind of a tax impracticable.

DOMICILIARY VISITS OF ASSESSORS.

Prying into the secrets of men's private business, are odious and ought to be excluded as much as possible from every system of taxation.

I think a provision which prevents recovery on a bond or note unless tax is paid would be impairing the obligation of a contract, and therefore unconstitutional.

by deserting the truth for the sake of his ease.

If I take too much for granted when I assume, as fact, that you, the faithful organ of the Democracy, are in favor of making the tax laws just and equal, then I offer you my personal congratulations upon the safety with which you may advocate the hideous oppression of the present system. We, the honest yeomen of the State, resent nothing; we have no pluck. Injustice, long submitted to, has "cowed our better part of man." Lord Bacon says truly that an overtaxed class is never valiant; the blessings of Judah and Issachar cannot meet in one people; for no tribe can be at once the "lion's whelp" and the "ass between two burdens."

I wish you would print this and so give yourself an occasion for defining exactly your true position. It is necessary that your friends (of the which I am) should know where you stand. If you are for us for equality, we will take your instructions how to "catch the nearest way" and follow them implicitly; if you are opposed you need not make much of a rush upon me, for I will back down with all possible haste, as a yeoman generally does when a leading politician draws upon him.

J. S. BLACK.
Washington, Feb. 7, 1883.

THE STAR ROUTE CASE.

Dorsey as an Affidavit Maker in a Tight Place.

Washington, February 19.—Rerdell again took the stand in the Star Route trial to-day. He testified that among the papers stolen from his room was a memorandum in S. W. Dorsey's hand writing, containing a tabular statement of the number of notices and expected increases figured on the basis of 150 to 250 per cent; the last column was headed "J. B. followed by allowance of 33 1/3 per cent. Witness went to New York to get the original books of the firm for MacVegh saw Dorsey at his hotel; he was greatly excited and accused witness of being a traitor and of holding interviews with MacVegh and James. Witness also believed the stories about witness, and he sought him in the name of his wife and children not to go back on him. He reminded Rerdell for God's sake to reconsider anything he may have done, or to take no step further until he (Dorsey) saw him. During the conversation with Dorsey in New York the latter accused witness of making affidavit against him before MacVegh and James. Witness told him his action had been taken in his Dorsey's behalf, and that he had been assured by Attorney General MacVegh that if he (Dorsey) would come over and make a full and open story of the postal frauds the Attorney General would not even use him as a Government witness against anybody else.

Witness next saw Dorsey by appointment at his residence. Dorsey asked what had been going on between witness and MacVegh, and inquired if Rerdell intended to ruin him. Dorsey asked how he could get out of the trouble, and witness said he would do anything he could to help him except to commit perjury. Dorsey said damn it, what does that amount to when a friend's fate is at stake. I've been your friend for long years. I took you from the District Government when I knew you would be discharged as soon as the President was out of office. I will be your friend from now on. For God's sake don't ruin me and my children. You would be the death of my wife.

Witness became very much affected at this point. Tears sprang to his eyes and his voice was low and broken.

I promised, continued witness, to do everything I could, and said I would make affidavit denying everything I had said to MacVegh. I drew up a statement of all I had done and all I had said to MacVegh. Dorsey added to and struck from it, finally making the document from my desk with other papers. Dorsey and myself took the affidavit as made to the White House. I stayed down stairs while Dorsey and Ingersoll went up. That's the last I saw of the affidavit.

Witness read a newspaper copy of the affidavit, and pointed out the portions written by Dorsey and himself. It appeared many statements therein contained derogatory to the Attorney General had been inserted by Dorsey.

Mr. Ingersoll, objected to the examination relative to this affidavit.

Mr. Merrick said the affidavit had been wrong from Rerdell by Dorsey's tears and sobs. He demanded of the Court the privilege of cross-examination to show up the entire truth, to show how witness was willing to lay bare his entire knowledge of the subject, and the Court could not refuse his request.

The examination then proceeded.

Witness said he took the check books and went over the stubs. That was the next day after the interview between Dorsey and Brady. Those marked "mad," four or five perhaps, he summed up and charged on his books to "Wm. Smith." The checks footed up either \$5,000, \$6,000 or \$7,000.

Mr. Merrick went through the affidavit in detail, combated at every step by objections for the defense. Finally he exclaimed, "For God's sake, stop your grumbling and let the facts come out." [Laughter.]

As our troubled Millheim cousin estimates it an honor to have a dig at the Reporter, we will, in appreciation of the compliment, give him a minute's attention.

The Millheim man now has an admission that the Millheim paper, at the adoption of the new Constitution attempted a crooked game to get \$300 or \$400. The law required the Constitution to be advertised four weeks in succession. That paper had no order at all to publish it, yet it put out several issues four or five days before the election, which were dated back to make it appear as if put out so many weeks as required by law; then a bill for \$300 or \$400 was made out, and awful to tell, sworn to. We understood the ex-Notary to say it was sworn before him, leaving us under the impression "he thought it was not right." It is not material before whom sworn to, but we must be excused from taking the word of his letter writer after being guilty of such an act. One-half denial from the ex-Notary should weigh more with us than any declaration under oath from the other party if anything were at stake. The deed was done—that's the thing. We only wish to show the bad uses to which this paper at Millheim put itself.

Jumbo after putting out our Supplements three weeks admits he knows nothing wrong about them yet rejoiceth last week that the Watchman misrepresents them. Misery loves company. A few years ago the sage of Millheim told us that the Watchman was "too mean a place, too much whiskey drinking about it," for to put an apprentice there, and if the Reporter did not have room for his young man, he would try the Republican, but never the Watchman. And to the Republican he went. A short period previous to the above he actually wanted to sheriff Mr. Meek for slandering him, but he privately advised him not to do it. Henry got some fellow to write you a note "from somewhere" to help you out of this. What a queer jump-jim-crow you have made of yourself in religion, politics, and associations—for a little filthy lucre throwing away consistency and manhood! Better do like that other betrayer, Iscariot, suspend yourself, fall down and bust.

We believe if we once got a nomination, we might be elected to an office—that has been our experience. But with old Pon-hoss it has been different—he got on the ticket in Penn for "squire," but was woefully defeated at the polls. He then got mad, left the democrats for spite, and went over and howled among those who wanted to hang every democrat. Deinger then got a nomination on the other side for Treasurer and was again beaten worse than before. He got mad again and left that party, and has got over to where he announces himself two months a Democrat and ten months in the year trying to be everything. Poor Jumbo!

Jumbo Friederich and Jumbo Dieterich still whacks away at the defunct Aaronsburg Berichter. By latest returns the defunct is still ahead, altho' old Pon-hoss (so near played out) calls to his aid republican letter writers. Too bad, Ben, to hit a dead chap, better tackle the Reporter.

Disappointed in the Governor.

Soon after the entrance of the train containing the great commoner a countryman was sighted on the rear end of the back car, prominently perched on top of the bumper gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the face of Henry Grady, who was making his exit through the doorway. After a minute and gratifying survey of the noble physique of the Apollo of the local press, he lost all consciousness of his humble station and gave way to the heroic promptings of a patriotic spirit. He ventured: "Governor, can I have the honor of shaking hands with you, seem as I've come a good ways to do it and might not never have the chance of approachin' you agin?" "Certainly, sir; but I am not the Governor—here he comes, now." "Is that him?" "That is Governor Stephens." "Well, I'll be derned." "What did you remark?" "I'd hearn he was a prodigy; but if that's the biggest man they could trump up for Governor of Georgy, I think we'd better leave the State, for the country's degeneratin'." "We don't estimate a statesman by his physical development; it's the brain. The Governor has the greatest brain in Georgia." "I don't care nothin' about brain. But the idea of a man being Governor that's got to be carried around like a bundle of clothes."

Whenever Lorna and Louise sit down to a meal they inquire whether the groceries are from Sechler & Co. How many Victoria told them that if they got to the U. S. they were always sure of wholesome dishes if things came from Sechlers.

The Bad Boy at Breakfast.

"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrariest man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cod-liver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the syrup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul darned hypocrite—that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod-liver oil was near killing him, but he said the syrup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and by gosh I had to eat it, and pa he guessed he hadn't got much appetite and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a donut. I like to dide, and that I think makes this disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma didn't get a very wrong stumish, and when she got some of that cod-liver oil in her mouth she went up stairs, sickern a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooragila all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They eat too much syrup, anyway, and when they got on to that cod-liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of them an Irish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her forehead and said 'howly Moses' and went out into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter for me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they was dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good bye, old potatoes." —Pock's Sun.

A passage from a Chicago speech by Emory A. Storrs: "We must put the city of our soul where it belongs—away up on those shining eminences and where, robed in white and throned above the clouds, it shall be bathed in the perpetual sunshine of an eternal fame." Imagine Chicago, with its 50,000 saloons, stuck on a hill and all painted white." —Philadelphia News.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

Upon the opening of the meeting the President announced the following new theories for the winter season:

1. The sun is not over fifty miles distant from the earth, and not over 49 in a bee line from Detroit.
2. Man and the monkey tribe have nothing in common, or didn't have until monkeys began wearing overcoats decorated with seal-skin.
3. This nation will never be considered cultivated until some American pays \$150,000 for a small canvas duff by one of the old masters.
4. In case a city refuses to raise a fund to support beggars the said beggars may possibly seek for work to support themselves.
5. The moon has as much influence on iron pots and kettles as upon vegetation.

These theories will be turned over and over in the minds of the members of the club until done on all sides, and will then be debated in the library. If they are not sufficient to last through until spring, others will be advanced and put to bake.

A Revised Edition Would Have Served.

A correspondent writes from Cincinnati: "Twenty-seven years ago I was traveling in Indiana. A rain caused me to seek shelter in a cabin owned by one Redman. There was a little crowd collected there and they were talking about the prisoners, Driscoll, Stocking and Rice, then under sentence of death at Lafayette, Indiana, and the probability of their being hung. Sympathy had been aroused by the prisoners' professions of religion and a petition praying for a reprieve had been receiving a good many signatures. Some would not sign it. Redman was in favor of capital punishment and said 'better let 'em be hanged while the religion was in 'em.' In explaining his views he tried to quote a passage from the Bible. He could not do it off-hand and the good book was evidently mislaid, but after a deal of trouble he found the Bible in an outshed, from which he brought it in all green with mold. At sight of the old Bible Mrs. Redman exclaimed: 'Goodness alive, don't bring that old Bible here! We got that when we was first married in West Virginia. It's clean out of date.'"

Kate Field says the journalist "quietly accepts oblivion." We have known him to most enthusiastically seek for it when a citizen entered the sanctum with a club and announced his intention of pulverizing the entire staff. Just at the time when the journalist would accept it most gladly and quietly oblivion is the hardest to find.