

The Centre Reporter

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CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885.

NO. 4.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Dynamite in the hands of socialistic devils did bad work in London, the other day, as will be seen in another column. No good citizen will fail to condemn the aim and action of the socialists.

Suppose some one would set off a dynamite bomb among O'Donovan Rossa and his gang in this country when they hold their next meeting, just to show them how it works. It might both kill and cure.

Cameron thinks of putting up Beaver for governor again, next time, in consideration of his having agreed not to interfere with the senatorial election and to allow Don to have a walk over.

Neither congress or the state legislature has done any thing this winter, so far, to be worth mentioning. The heaviest performance has been drawing salary, and Flannigan would say "that's what we are here for."

Judge Furst occupies the bench this week, his first regular term. He presides with dignity and has the ability to make a good judge. Centre county is the mother of judges—we had the Burnside, Hale, Linn, Orvis, Hoy and Furst, all within thirty years.

The Liberty bell has been sent to the New Orleans exhibition guarded by four policemen. A soft snap for the policemen. At Altoona about 8000 people had gathered in the vicinity of the depot to get a glimpse at the bell. General Owens delivered a short address.

A man in Grand Rapids, Michigan, got a verdict the other day for being kicked down stairs ten years ago. According to this a kicking down stairs, like wine, must improve in value on account of its age. Who wouldn't be kicked down stairs for \$10,000.

New York has elected Mr. Everts to the senate in place of Lapham. Everts is a man of brains and will not be a pigmy in the senate.

Pennsylvania has re-elected Don Cameron, a political boss, and not a man of brains. What a contrast between the representatives of the two greatest states in the Union!

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days as reported to the mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co. numbered for the United States 371 and for Canada 40, or a total of 411, as compared with 420 last week and 457 the week previous to the last. The casualties are still unusually numerous in the western and southern states, and there is an increase in Canada. In other sections of the country the failures are about up to the average.

In the senatorial controversy in New York, among the scandals unearthed is the fact that in 1883 Jim Fisk and Jay Gould gave Wm. M. Everts \$70,000 for a legal opinion on which the Erie ring based their action which gave it control of the directory of the company. The exposure of a transaction where Everts was claimed to have given corrupt advice for a princely fee saved a member of the Bar Association of New York from expulsion on a similar charge. The World makes a calculation and finds Everts got \$566 a word for his opinion.

Ten thousand men resumed work in the coal regions last week, being the miners and laborers employed by Pardee & Co., Cox & Brothers & Co., George B. Markle, Leisenring & Co., coal operators in the lower portion of Luzerne county, at a reduction of ten per cent. in wages. This order affects about 10,000 men who have signified their intentions to work rather than lay idle. In the Wilkesbarre section the large coal companies have already nearly filled their quotations for January, and little work will be done during the remainder of the month.

Further details of the devastation caused by the avalanches in the Piedmont Alps are coming in slowly, the telegraph lines being prostrated and the post roads blocked by snow in many places. A report from Bronasco states that nine persons were killed and many others injured in that village. At Chianbrando every house was buried, and in some cases the masses of ice and snow covering the houses were twenty feet deep. The soldiers and the neighboring villages are laboring with desperate energy to rescue the survivors. Scores of dead bodies have been taken out, and in many cases they bear no marks of injury, showing that they must have been suffocated. Many of the survivors who have been rescued had been imprisoned in the narrow and partly wrecked cabins for several days, together with the corpses of their relations who had been killed. Relief trains have been sent from Turin.

Don Cameron made a good haul of suckers with his throw-net last week. He bagged the whole school of republican legislators at Harrisburg, save three, at one throw. This makes Don the republican boss of Pennsylvania for six years more at least and the Independents will be independent in vain. They deserted their colors at a period when active opposition to Cameron's re-election would have been effective. While the legislative nominations were being made throughout the state, Cameron was taking care that his friends were placed upon the ticket while the Independents stood indifferent thinking that Cameron was asleep and allowing his henchmen to put it out that he did not want a re-election—and thus did the Independents permit themselves to be hoodwinked.

You don't catch a Cameron napping, nary time, when a senatorship is lying around.

Thirty-nine lashes and the singing of an affidavit that he was a malicious liar is the penalty which G. W. Murphy has just paid in a Georgia town for slanderous remarks concerning a respectable lady. Murphy told a tale to several companions which was subsequently conveyed to friends of the lady. They decided to hold Murphy to account. He was first taken to the office of Clerk Phillipsbury of the Supreme Court, where he affixed his signature to a card saying that what he had said was "a base and malicious falsehood." He was then taken to a secluded spot, where his shoulders being stripped, a cowhide was used with such effect as to draw yells from the wretch.

If all, male and female, of loose tongue were treated to a similar dose, it would be a blessing to a majority of neighborhoods, and the retailers of petty slanders would learn to bridle their tongues.

The temperance view of the "hard times" is taken as follows by the Boston Traveler: If the working people of this country want to know why they have had hard times every few years we can tell them. It is not overproduction nor underconsumption, as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the \$90,000,000 they spent every year for strong drink in their pockets for the past five years of good times, the present temporary lull in manufacturing and business activity would find many of them able to bear it without being pinched for the necessities of life. It is the overconsumption of whiskey that makes the underconsumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and woolen goods of this great American people foots up a total of about \$1,250,000,000. But the annual bill for whiskey, beer and the taxes thereon is \$1,400,000,000. In other words it unnecessarily drank \$150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the people who commit this folly every year are amazed that once in a few years they are hard up, and some want to hoist the communistic red flag and destroy everybody else's property because they have wasted their own share of the national substance in rye juice and other riotous fluids.

EXTREME COLD IN THE WEST.
Chicago, January 22.—The temperature in this city is gradually becoming warmer during the evening and shortly before midnight the thermometer marked eight degrees above zero. The continued cold has, however, inflicted much hardship upon the poor in this city. The effects in the surrounding country were even more marked. Specials to-night from points in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin speak of damage to stock, which in some sections was quite serious. Fruit in many places is thought to be killed and has suffered severely throughout all the territory named. Winter wheat, owing to the heavy covering of snow, is believed to be safe. Numerous instances of persons badly frozen have been developed near Decatur, Illinois, this morning when the mercury was 24 degrees below.

More than half of the wheat lands of the West and Northwest are mortgaged, the farmers paying 8 to 10 per cent. interest, and if the bonus paid for the loan is calculated, he is paying 11 to 13 per cent. These mortgages were assumed on the basis of wheat at \$1 per bushel. The effect of the immense decline in the price of wheat at the places of production is to increase the proportionate size of the mortgage. Many farmers are paying interest on interest, as they have borrowed to meet their payments. The money they received upon the mortgages has usually been spent in breaking the land and meeting the expenses of living, all of which were sealed up to correspond with the high pressure price of wheat. If wheat had continued high no doubt they would have been able to emerge solvent from under their load of debts. But as it is these farmers in the Northwest and West are borrowing money to live on and to meet the coupons on their mortgages by giving chattel mortgages on tools, grain and live stock. The strong demand for money at high rates in the wheat belt tells the whole story.

Considerable anxiety prevails in church circles at Rome over the alarming illness of the Pope. He is confined to his bed with fever, occasioned by a severe attack of rheumatism, and great fears are entertained lest the attack prove fatal.

DYNAMITE FIENDS AT WORK.

LONDON SHAKEN UP BY THEIR EXPLOSIONS.

Both Houses of Parliament and the Tower Shaken—Several Persons Injured—No Clue to the Perpetrators.

London, January 25.—The most daring and disastrous attempt upon the public safety yet made by the dynamite fiends, occurred yesterday afternoon. Three infernal machines at least, and perhaps four were exploded—one in the house of parliament, one or two in Westminster hall, which adjoins them, and one in the tower of London, four miles away down the Thames.

Saturday, when there is no session of parliament, is the usual visiting day at the houses of parliament. There were more yesterday than usually come, and the attendants recall that the number of women was unusually large, and that many of the women carried parcels upon which they seemed to bestow uncommon care. The suspicion has arisen that the seeming women were men in women's clothes, seeking an opportunity to deposit infernal machines and leave them to be fired by time fuses.

Mr. Edwin Green, a civil engineer, was visiting the houses of parliament, on a sight seeing trip with his wife and sister, who, by the way, are both Irish women. They were in Westminster hall. As they were about going down the stairway leading to the crypt. Mrs. Green saw a parcel that looked like a roll of clothing lying on one of the stone steps. Smoke was issuing from the roll.

The party ran back, calling to the first policeman they saw. His name is Cole. He seized the bundle and ran up stairs with it, meaning to carry it out of the building. Just as he reached the top step leading into the hall he dropped the bundle and it exploded. The ladies were thrown to the ground, bruised, and half stripped. They both fainted. Mr. Green was hurled a dozen feet and dashed violently to the stone floor. Several of his ribs were broken, and his clothing was torn to tatters. Policeman Cole was fearfully wounded, and another constable named Cox, who came to his assistance, was almost equally injured.

A large quantity of explosive matter had been placed inside the great ornamental gates leading to the crypt under Westminster Hall. These gates were blown off their hinges and thrown to the ground. All the windows on the north and south sides of the immense building were blown to atoms. The concussion shook down from the grand oak roof of the hall the accumulated snow of centuries. This in its downward movement made such a dense cloud that the officers on guard became alarmed and dared not enter the room. In the lobby the splinters were for a time as thick as flakes in a blinding snow storm. They were propelled in many cases with dangerous force. They cut and ripped the leather from the seats and tore out and scattered the horse hair stuffing all over the house. A man who happened to be standing upon a scaffolding near the crypt when the explosion occurred was knocked forcibly to the ground. The great window over the main entrance to Westminster hall was smashed to atoms. Three minutes had hardly passed when another explosion completely demolished the lobby of the house of commons in the parliament buildings adjoining and opening into Westminster Hall. Here the dynamite must have been deposited under the peers' gallery, back and to the left of the speaker's chair. Gladstone sits to the right of the speaker; Bradlaugh's favorite seat was to the left. The explosion came from under either the peers' gallery or the strangers' gallery, still further to the left, and very close to the seat usually occupied by Mr. Bradlaugh when he visits the commons. The lobby was completely wrecked, the strangers' gallery was torn down, a chip was torn off the speaker's chair and Mr. Gladstone's seat was badly broken. The western extremity of the house is a total wreck. All the woodwork in that part of the building was shattered, and a wide hole was made through the floor. The gallery was displaced, even the solid stonework of the doorways was either pulverized or shifted from its position. Every pane of glass in the house was smashed to atoms. The gallery benches were overturned and broken and the gallery generally dismantled.

Had the occasion been a session at the time of the explosion, it is believed that not less than 200 members would have been killed. This number would necessarily have included Gladstone and several of his ministers. Even more strange, if possible, than this is the fact that, under the same circumstances, neither Mr. Parnell nor any of his followers would have been injured at all, for recently they have been sitting on the opposite side of the house, among the conservatives, and the lobby quarters escaped almost undisturbed. The police aspect to see in this singular coincidence a carefully planned warning to the government.

The glass roof of the house of commons was completely shattered. The clock in the house stopped at precisely 2:13 p. m. A heavy beam which formed one of the supports to the gallery, under which Charles Bradlaugh is accustomed to sit when he visits the commons, was projected into the speaker's chair, seriously injuring it. The Statues of King William IV. and of King George IV. in Westminster hall, were overturned. The explosion of the Tower of London occurred at exactly 2 p. m. According to the earlier reports it was the most successful which has yet been made upon any of the public buildings since the inauguration of the present era of dynamite warfare. The famous old building was crowded with visitors at the time of the explosion. The wisest rumors were circulated as to the number of persons who had been injured by the crime. These rumors were carried through the city and constantly exaggerated by the visitors. Up to 4 o'clock 16 persons had been officially reported injured. None of them mortally hurt.

An old subscriber of the Reporter, clubbing with a new name, and sending us \$5 in advance, will each get the Reporter and the "Weekly World" 1 year.

THE EUROPEAN BED.

Let it be recorded that a room in a European hotel does contain a bed, writes a correspondent to *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*. When you hire a room you have to set up housekeeping for yourself, going out and purchasing soap, candles, comb and brush, letter paper, etc. (one usually prefers buying them outside of the hotel; but I believe the bed is usually included as a part of the furniture of the room. Whatever else there may be deficient, let it be set down that the bed is on hand. I have yet to discover a place, also, where a certain amount of water is not allowed to each hotel guest. Let justice be done though the heavens fall.

The continental bed is good enough, what there is of it, and there is enough of it, such as it is. There is not enough of it, such as it ought to be, however. In other words, it ends too quick. After testing several scores of them, I am convinced that as a rule there ought to be a few more inches put on the average bed. To be sure, I can just manage to wedge myself in between the head-board and the foot-board, but I always think when I commit myself to the arms of Morpheus, what if I should swell up during the night like a soaked codfish under the influence of this ischrymal weather? And I am not a Titan in stature either.

But the chief feature of the continental bed against which I wish to launch the invectives of my outraged manhood is its quilt.

There is a sheet, a thin counterpane and then a slender, puffy quilt, filled with feathers, a little larger than a pillow. It is sufficiently warm and light, but so small that the least motion may jostle it overboard. You carefully poise this erudition upon the pit of your stomach and then lie perfectly quiet for a few moments. The result is most gratifying. But presently you tire of this lying-still process, and discover that you are uncomfortable. This is an alarming discovery, for now you cannot be content until you have shifted your position, and the moment you do so that dumping of a feathered quilt loses its equilibrium. Perhaps you get to sleep before any such accident occurs, which is a remarkable stroke of luck; but toward midnight you awake to find that the aforesaid quilt had sauntered off into one corner of the room.

There is one remedy. You can get a dictionary and put it on top of the quilt; but this renders it impossible for you to breathe, and though it may be some satisfaction to you to have circumvented the obstinate quilt, it is quite inconvenient to be unable to breathe. Besides, the doctors say that it is not conducive to longevity to be deprived of the capacity to breathe.

TRETH.

In the case of the great sanriam of the Nile, all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay; and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (*trochilus*) which eats the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who long resided in Egypt and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct, in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover, (*Pluvianus erythrus*), flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great sanriam in innumerable swarms, and entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies.

WHAT IS ZERO?

Perhaps not one in a hundred can tell off-hand why a point thirty-two degrees below freezing point on Fahrenheit's thermometer is called zero. For that matter, nobody knows. The Fahrenheit scale was introduced in 1720. Like other thermometric scales it has two fixed points, the freezing point, or rather the melting point of ice, and the boiling point of water. The Centigrade and Reaumur scales call the freezing point zero and measure therefrom in both directions. This is a very natural arrangement. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his thermometer a secret, and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed, however, that he considered his zero—thirty-two degrees below freezing—the point of absolute cold or absence of all heat, either because, being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold that he could produce artificially, or because it was the lowest natural temperature of which he could find any record. The grounds on which Fahrenheit put one hundred and eighty degrees between the freezing and boiling points are likewise unknown.

GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA.

Cathcart Hill has now become the one British cemetery. Extending from the Alma to Balaklava there were 139 burial places, and it was found impossible to look after them all, and now Cathcart Hill is to be taken care of as a monumental record of all the British who died in the Crimea. About 70 feet has been added all round to the old inclosure, and consecrated, and a substantial wall surrounds the space, with a house through which visitors pass into the cemetery. Capt. Harford, who acts as English Consul at Sebastopol, has taken a great interest in this work, and has got the place into very good order. A number of the principal monuments from the other cemeteries have been moved and placed on Cathcart Hill. It would be impossible now to move the bodies, but the headstones if placed in this new cemetery, will be safe from damage, and will be still records of those who fell. It is a heavy work to remove these headstones, and some have to be carried a great distance; it is to be hoped that a grant of money will be made to have this done now once and for all in a proper manner. For much less important objects money has been subscribed by the public, but if the Government did this part of the work, which is their duty, a monument should be erected on the spot to all who fell, and that might be done by public subscription. During the siege Cathcart Hill was the commanding point every one went to for the purpose of seeing Sebastopol and to get a glimpse of the operations. All knew it. It is still the spot where visitors go to see the ground of the great struggle. The pieces of ground has been made over to the British Government, and a substantial and fitting monument on the historical ground would be a record of the past as well as a monument due to the memory of the brave who died. The Russians have done their duty in this respect to their dead and we should not be behind them. In addition to the memorial chapel in the Russian cemetery, a very fine new memorial church has been built in the middle of Sebastopol over the graves of four Admirals who were killed, or at least died, in connection with the defense of the place. It was Admiral Lazareff who created Sebastopol; the fortress and the Black Sea fleet were produced under him. He is one of the four Admirals buried in the new church, and so proud are the Russians of the defense of Sebastopol that after the siege they erected a monument—a statue on a pedestal—to him in the midst of the ruins of the city he had founded. The statue is colossal and stands in front of the "White Buildings," overlooking the harbor. These "White Buildings," which were barracks, are still roofless and in ruins, and the figure of the Admiral, which is black, has rather a ghastly appearance with such surroundings.

MUST GO.
The horrible nauseous worm-seed compounds called vermifuges and worm syrups, many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious, have had their day. It is downright cruelty to compel a child to take them, when McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, so easy to take that children will take them and never know that a medicine is being administered, can be procured for the small sum of 25 cents. Any case of failure to execute expulsion where worms exist, the money promptly refunded.

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THE GREAT ZINGARI
For toothache and neuralgia has no equal. Warranted. Only 10 cents at all drug stores. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia, Agents.

EXTREME COLD AT CHICAGO.
Chicago, Jan. 19.—This has been the coldest day of the year in this city. The thermometer ranged anywhere from 19 degrees to 30 degrees below zero, the signal service quoting 19 degrees below. The same condition of affairs prevails throughout the state. Winnebago is quoted at 14 degrees below, Janesville 16 below, Fargo 19 below, and St. Paul 19 below.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, nicks, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists, jan 19

CHILDREN BURNED AND A WOMAN SHOT.
Louisville, Ky., Jan. 20.—A negro woman, Nancy Sawyer, left two small children in a cabin, near Louisville, and went to a neighbor's house. In her absence the cabin and children were burned. Jane Finley, colored, was shot fatally at a dance to-night by her lover, whose name she refused to divulge.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Down's Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I used it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a good record as this. Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are another good medicine; and Arnica and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, Jan

WEDDED TO A CHILD OF TWELVE.
Gainesville, Ga., Jan. 19.—Nicholas Van Horn, a well-to-do farmer and widower, of Habersham, the father of two children, and over 36 years of age, was married to Miss Ivey, a child of twelve. During the ceremony the child began to sob, when the man patted her on the head in a fatherly manner and wiped away her tears, with his big bandanna.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.
A tiger photographed in the very act of killing a buffalo is probably an occurrence unparalleled in the annals of the camera. Yet that such a photograph has actually been taken, is vouched for in the Indian press. The artist, it appears, had focused on the buffalo, which was tied for the occasion to a tree-stump in the middle of a field, and had just put a dry plate into the camera, when the tiger, brought up to the spot for the purpose, went at it, and struck down the great horned beast with a single blow of his right paw. "My instrument," says the photographer, "was about seven yards from the buffalo, and the tiger might just as well have come at me if he had chosen to do so, but he preferred the beef, and taking advantage of the moment he had sprung his victim, I released the spring shutter just as he had given the buffalo his knock-down blow."

The negative is good enough to give an authentic picture from the life of the most terrible of carnivorous beasts at the precise moment when it had stunned its huge prey. The buffalo, though fatally struck, had not even had time to fall before the "sun picture" of its dying moments was fixed upon the faithful plate, and so there it stands with its knees just giving away under it, and its great head drooping in death. A quarter of a second later and it was lying on the ground lifeless; but on the photographer's glass it remains forever in the actual attitude of dying, and at the instant when it is drawing its last breath.

After slaying the buffalo, the tiger stretched its head round over the neck and, slipping its mouth down to the buffalo's throat, lay across it, sucking its life blood. This fact is an extraordinary one, for it has long been decided, upon what were considered indisputable observations, that the tiger never, by any chance, commenced its meal at the throat. Sometimes, if there were a fight, it would wound its adversary in that spot; but, as a rule, it trusts to its first blow to break its victim's neck, and then pulling it down on to the ground, begins to devour a portion of the hind quarters.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

HE GAVE HIS BROTHER POISON.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, Jan. 19.—Geo. and Ray Sweet, the little sons of Officer Sweet, were playing doctor yesterday afternoon, when George got on a chair and secured a package from the top of a clock he had seen his father put there a few days ago. He gave a portion to his brother for the stomach ache. Hearing groans, the mother rushed into the room and found Gray in convulsions on the floor. The remainder of the powder beside him was found to be strychnine bought to kill rats. The boy died in a short time.

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