

The Centre Reporter.



OL { OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES, XVIII.

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1885.

NO 36.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Rev. Moses Hopkins, an ex-slave, has been appointed minister to Liberia.

Russia and England have settled their dispute about the Russia-Afghan affair.

Mr. Day, the Democratic nominee for state treasurer is one of Philadelphia's best business men. Quay, his opponent, is an old wire-puller and machine politician.

If General Beaver is to be nominated for governor, let Judge Orvis, of the same town, be the Democratic nominee—an able man is not in the Democratic ranks in this state.

It is rumored that the Bellefonte Republican thinks of putting out a Sunday paper. If it drew on the Bible for accounts of the battle of Jericho and the like it would be news to its readers.

We like the new postal card—it is a pretty improvement on the old one. Only the kind of type "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side," would puzzle an ignorant lawyer to read.

In some quarters Franklin B. Gowen is strongly urged as the next Democratic candidate for governor, and is likely to sweep the state on the anti-discrimination issue. He is brilliant and able and having used up the Mollies he would make it hot for the fellows who had used the Mollies as tools.

A disease among cattle is prevailing in Bernville and vicinity, Berks county. There is no known cure. Many cattle have died. The cattle suddenly become ill and are only sick a few hours before they die. Death invariably results within twenty-four hours after the first symptoms appear.

On Tuesday of last week notices were posted on the bulletin boards in the shops at Altoona announcing that the working hours would until further notice be from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m., being 8 hours a day and no work on Saturday. As rumors of a suspension of men and reduction of time had been circulating in the shops for several days this announcement was no surprise to the men.

From New York, Pittsburg, and other business and manufacturing centers, come cheering reports of a revival of trade, and brighter outlook for business generally. We trust this may be so, as winter is near at hand and with a continuation of the last two years' dullness there would undoubtedly be suffering among the laboring classes, thousands of whom have either been out of work or on half-time.

The Mifflin county Republicans held their convention the other day and nominated Joseph Winters, of Bratton, for Poor Director, and Samuel Dell, of Derry, for Jury Commissioner. General J. P. Taylor was elected delegate to the next State Convention and W. P. Stevenson chairman of the county committee. Resolutions were adopted endorsing Quay and instructing the delegate to the State Convention to support Beaver for Governor.

The great railroad injunction case, as we stated last week, was postponed. Solicitor Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, asked for a continuance of the South Pennsylvania Railroad injunction case, and the request was granted, the time for the argument being fixed for the 26th inst. Those who expected a great legal battle were disappointed. It is said the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., in answering Cassidy's bill in equity, will admit the attempt to consolidate, but will contend that the Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered long before the law relating to the consolidation of competing lines was passed.

It seems to us so unnatural that Quay should be elected state treasurer over Mr. Day. The masses have been loud in their expressions of hate of boss rule and machine politics. Now let us see whether in November they will vote as they let on to feel, or whether there is no honesty in the majority of the people. If Mr. Quay receives the suffrages of the people of the state, then all their professions for purified politics and good men for places of responsibility are sheer humbug and hypocrisy. Quay is the embodiment of all that is loathsome in politics, whether practiced by Democratic or Republican bosses, hence he should be defeated so that leaders may know that machine politics is at a large discount. Mr. Day is a business man of eminent fitness and not besmirched with intrigue, trickery and bossism. His character is as pure as that of any man can be. Men who desire to see honest men in office, are not consistent if they do not vote for Day and against Quay.

AN IMPORTANT ISSUE.

The Philadelphia Times thinks the Prohibitionists of Iowa have found themselves outwitted again on a legal point and, as a result, have suffered the worst defeat ever administered to them. Proceedings having been instituted against some liquor sellers in Dubuque their counsel raised the hitherto unheard of point that the proceedings were directly opposed to the civil rights bill and asked that the suit be transferred to the Federal courts. The Court granted the petition and the whole question of prohibiting the sale of liquors is thus given a different turn from any it has ever had.

The section under which this action has been taken is the following from the bill of April 20, 1871:

SEC. 1979. Every person who, under color of any statute, ordinance, regulation, custom or usage of any State or Territory, subjects, or causes to be subjected, any citizen of the United States, or other persons within the jurisdiction thereof, to the deprivation of any rights, privileges or immunities secured by the Constitution and laws, shall be liable to the party injured in an action at law, suit in equity, or other proper proceeding, for redress.

It is claimed by the defense that the State of Iowa had encouraged men to settle within its boundaries, thus placing the manufacture and sale of liquor among the "rights, privileges and immunities" secured by the Constitution and the laws.

If this point be sustained by the Federal courts the Prohibition people will learn something of the difference between hunting the tiger and being hunted by the tiger. Such an interpretation would turn the tables most completely. Under the State law the liquor selling is not only made a crime; it is absolutely prohibited. Under the construction maintained by the defense, and now to be judicially determined, the State cannot destroy a business which it has permitted its citizens to follow and build up without compensating its victims.

This is more than an interesting question of law. It has a direct bearing upon the reciprocal relations and powers of the Federal and State Government, and the settlement of the issue will determine to what extent the late amendments and the laws passed in pursuance of them have changed the original or the ante-war construction of the Constitution. It is given a greater importance because the Supreme Court has already declared unconstitutional those sections of the civil rights bill which were intended to secure to negroes equal accommodations in inns, public conveyances and places of amusement.

Some of the Chicago butchers are willing to make food of cholera hogs, and the facts below would almost turn ones stomach against western meat. During last week the Health Inspector condemned 170 cholera-stricken hogs to the tanks. In a slaughter-house in the yards he condemned 29 that had been killed and dressed and were all ready for market. The hogs were the property of various scaplers, who do business in the yards. The heaviest weighed nearly 200 pounds and the smallest was only thirty pounds in weight. The puffed and discolored flesh, inside and out, and the sickening smell which attached to the carcasses made discovery an easy matter. Cholera has never been so prevalent among hogs at the stock yards as it has been this season, and scaplers, it is alleged, instead of endeavoring to stamp out the disease by refusing to purchase, deliberately buy the stock, in the hope that they can evade the Health Inspector. Butchers who will do the like of that should be hung.

The Mollies are at work again and nine persons have been killed by the order in the Luzerne coal region, and mines are frequently fired. Murderers and firebugs go free, and the Coal and Iron Police seem powerless. The "Moonlight" rifle companies are drilling unmolested, and the Association of Miners and Laborers is growing daily by hundreds. It is well known that the Mollie Maguire Brotherhood has been quietly organizing since last April, and a general outbreak is confidently looked for before November. Detectives are watching for the approach of Socialist Gorsch, of Chicago, who, it is thought, will try to organize a revolt among the miners. The familiar "coffin notices" have been received by members of the Law and Order Society.

Thursday of last week was the Hebrew New Year 5646. It is sacredly observed by every Israelite, and is followed by ten penitential days, preparatory to the Day of Atonement, which begins with the going down of the sun on September 19. For twenty-four hours neither food or water is taken by the devout Hebrew. September 24 the feast of Succoth begins and lasts for eight days. This is celebrated to remind the people of the journey through the wilderness. All the stores of these people in Bellefonte were closed until 6 o'clock, p. m.

LEVELING THE FORESTS.

The whizz and puff of the steam sawmill can be heard in almost every tract of woodland in Pennsylvania, and our stately pines and sturdy oaks and queenly hemlocks are fast disappearing—disappearing at a rate, if the operations continue thus, which will leave nothing but unsightly stumps in ten years. 'Tis a pity to behold this leveling of our forests, but the ravenous sawmill and the gain-greedy lumbermen know no pity, and the timber must go. It was useless for the poet to write, "Woodman, spare that tree"—sawmills know no sympathy and speculators in lumber know no use for a tree but to fell it with the unsparing axe. These disappearing forests of our valley will one day be missed, in the not far distant future.

We have already learned that the wholesale destruction of our forests is working disastrously to the interests of the agriculturist as it is causing a diminishing of rains, rapid evaporation of the moisture in the soil and a flow over the surface and to the channels of our streams of the rains that should be held and percolate through the earth where they drop. In the forest there is no rushing of water during a rain-fall—it is held by the leaves and grass of the surface and goes down to feed the subterranean reservoirs which keep up our springs. In the open and cleared lands we know this is not the case. The water rushes pell-mell to the sea, streams are swollen only as long as the showers last and fall as rapidly after a rain as was their rise during the shower.

But, notwithstanding all these experiences, and the words of caution that have been printed upon this important subject, it seems the forests must go, and the woodman won't heed the poet and spare that tree.

Ireland's population, like that of the American Indian, is on the decay. Emigration to America is no doubt one of the great causes of the decrease, while the wrongs of English rule may act as another cause. Still the Hebrews multiplied under the severest task-masters and in spite of Pharaoh's efforts to keep them on the decrease.

Forty-five years ago the population of the "Green Isle" was 9,000,000 people, a large population for a country only the size of Indiana. To-day, after the lapse of forty-five years, the population is only 5,000,000, a loss in less than half a century of 4,000,000 of people, almost half of the entire population gone from Ireland. The famine of 1843 had much to do with this, but bad government and cruelties by her landlords have done more than famine and pestilence to depopulate the beautiful Isle. It is a serious matter when a man or a woman chooses to leave the home that has been the home of his ancestors for many years, when on account of bad government, unjust laws and cruel system of tenantry there has been driven away nearly half of the population, the question "What's to be done?" comes up. The landlord who draws the rent cannot always enjoy it in Paris and London. He must have part in the fortunes of the people of the country he quits. Tyranny in every form is to pass away, and the day is coming when all men will be blessed with good government and just laws.

IN THE BOTTOM OF A SHAFT.

Lying Far Beneath the Surface for Nearly a Week Without Food.

Lebanon, Sept. 8.—The story of a thrilling escape from death by slow starvation came to light to-day. Clayton Klick is nineteen years old and is the son of Henry Klick, a wealthy farmer of Union twp., this county. Last Wednesday morning he took a walk through the "Narrow Valley" for the purpose of gathering blue mountain tea. "Lais" was the last seen of him until late last night, when he was hoisted out of the shaft of a deserted coal mine about 140 feet deep, more dead than alive, he not having had any food since his disappearance. He says that while walking along he suddenly found himself sinking into the ground. He was born down into a dark abyss, often striking his rocky sides, until he found himself at the bottom. The wonder is that he was not killed. He landed on his feet, which were badly crushed, while his legs and body were bruised by the concussion.

Here he lay, day after day and night after night, in almost utter darkness, within a narrow space of six feet square. He was unable to move and he would have gladly welcomed death as a relief to his sufferings. His father believed that the boy lay in one of the mine holes, but never expected to see him alive. While walking along the mountain he saw an open air hole near the edge of a hill and heard a faint groan. He shouted into the cavern and received an answer that his son was there. The neighbors were summoned and a number of ropes procured and spliced. With this he was slowly hauled to the surface, when he swooned away.

For all these days he lay in torture at the bottom of the cold, damp air shaft, with nothing to eat or drink. He had become so desperate that he had torn portions of his clothing into shreds and tried to devour them. His body is terribly emaciated and it will require careful nursing to place him on the road to health. Both feet and legs may have to be amputated and his other injuries are of a very serious nature. He was to have been married last Sunday.

OUTLAWS BITE THE DUST.

Jim and Pink Lee Shot to Death by Detectives.

Gainesville, Texas, Sept. 2.—This community was startled at daylight yesterday morning by the announcement that the famous Lee brothers, the terror of Northern Texas, had been actually killed. The first intimation of the killing was the arrival of a farmer's wagon near 1 o'clock this morning, containing the dead bodies of the notorious outlaws, Jim and Pink Lee.

While John and Henry Roff, two respectable cattle-owners of this county, with two officers, one of whom was a Deputy United States Marshal, were on a searching expedition in the Chickasaw Nation for cattle bearing Roff's brand, they came upon the stronghold of the Lee gang and bravely approached the stockade to arrest the cattle-thieves. The desperadoes opened fire through the port-holes of their fortifications, killing both the Roff brothers and the two officers, whose bodies lay exposed for several days and were partly eaten by hogs.

Innumerable rewards have been offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Jim and Pink Lee. The Governor offered a large reward, Cook county offered \$1,000 and half a dozen neighboring counties placed a price on their heads, until the total amount of guaranteed rewards reached \$7,000, the heaviest by far ever offered in Texas. The rewards drew a host of detectives to this part of the country. As many as forty Eastern and Northern detectives have visited this region in the hope of bagging the big rewards, but few of the pindertous were willing to venture far away from civilization in searching for their game. The Chicago detectives gave up their job in disgust after looking over the field. It remained for a Texan named Heck Thomas, of Fort Worth, to vanquish the outlaws.

Thomas learned that the Lee brothers were living under assumed names near Dexter. Talking with him Jim Taylor Jim Settles, both of Cook county, he started out Monday morning in search of his human game. Each carried one 10 repeating Winchester, with an extra slug on his saddle. Their side arms were 44 calibre Colts and a flask of whisky. The Lee brothers were well known to each of the three officers. After the riding about ten hours and visiting numerous ranches, showing numerous photographs of the Lees, the officers finally learned their exact location, and reached the John Washington place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Thomas spied the two outlaws, who were at that time engaged in cutting John Washington's pasture fence. The three officers rode up within 50 yards of the outlaws before the latter discovered them. They dismounted, and Thomas called on the Lees to surrender. Taken unawares though they were, the outlaws answered with their revolvers, when the detectives opened with their deadly Winchesters.

As the detectives raised to fire both of the Lees, by Jim's order, laid flat on the ground. Pink was struck at the first fire and whiled about on the ground, piteously until the next volley put an end to his sufferings. As the officers fired they kept advancing. Jim Lee returned the fire very rapidly, although he had a bullet in his neck. After emptying his own revolver, Jim crawled over to where his dead brother lay, and grabbing Pink's weapon he emptied it also at the oncoming officers. About forty shots were fired at Jim before he ceased to move, but, strangely, only two shots took fatal effect.

Perhaps no band of criminals in the United States ever did such bloody work in so brief a period as the Lee gang, headed by Jim and Bill and Pink Lee. Within two years from the first of last May 42 human lives were taken by this band of cattle thieves.

Quay is the man who had "addition, division and silence" Kemble pardoned for his crime of bribing legislators. Do you want Quay elected state treasurer now? Or will you vote for Mr. Day, one of Philadelphia's most upright business men?

THE WONDERS OF AN EGG.

Every one who eats his matutinal egg eats a sermon and a miracle. Inside of that smooth, symmetrical, beautiful shell lurks a question which has been the Troy town for all the philosophers and scientists since Adam. Armed with the engines of war—the microscope, the scales, the offensive weapons of chemistry and reason—they have probed and weighed and experimented, and still the question is unsolved, the citadel un-sacked. Prof. Bokorny can tell you that albumen is composed of so many molecules of carbon and nitrogen and hydrogen, and can persuade you of the difference between active and passive albumen, and can show by wonderfully delicate experiments what the aldehydes have to do in the separation of gold from his complicated solutions; but he can't tell you why from one egg comes a "little rid hin," and from another a bantam.

You leave your silver spoon an hour in your egg cup and it is coated with a compound of sulphur; why is that sulphur there? Wonderful that evolution should provide for the bones of the future hen. There is phosphorus also in that little microcosm and the oxygen of the air passing through the shell mingles with it and the acid dissolves the shell, thus making good strong bones for the chick and at the same time thinning the prison walls. Chemists know a good deal now about albumen, and if they cannot tell us why life differentiates itself therein and thereby, they can tell you how not to spoil your breakfast by overboiling your eggs.

DOFFING THE HAT.

All Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunction on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepys notes hearing a simple clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church; and a year afterward (1692) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and where they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister to preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William the Third scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet at the age of fourteen, treated the gay fellows of the Hotel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy-preacher had finished, bowed low before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late." As a token of respect, uncovering the head is one of the oldest of courtesies.

Lamenting the decay of respect to age, Clarendon tells us that in his young days he never kept his hat on his head before his elders, except at dinner. A curious exception, that, to modern notions of politeness, but it was the custom to sit covered at meals down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir John Finett, deputy master of the ceremonies at the Court of King James the First, was much puzzled as to whether the Prince of Wales should sit covered or not at dinner in the presence of the sovereign, when a foreign ambassador was one of the guests; since the latter, as the representative of a king, was not expected to veil his bonnet. Giving James a hint of his difficulty, his Majesty disposed of it when the time came, by uncovering his head for a little while, an example all present were bound to follow; and then, putting on his hat again, requested the prince and the ambassador to do likewise. "Hats need not be raised here," so, it is said, runs a notice in one of Nuremberg's streets. "Hats must be raised here," should have been inscribed on the Kremlin gateway, where a government officer used to stand to compel passers by to remove their hats, because, under that gate, the retreating army of Napoleon withdrew from Moscow. Whether the regulation is in force at this day is more than we know.

A CHINESE PRINTING OFFICE.

In a San Francisco Chinese printing office the manner of putting a newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the character is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work in the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside. Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles, and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

Prudence will direct us to be cautious what debts we contract; but when they become due, justice requires that they be punctually discharged; otherwise we keep possession while another has the right.

VERY VENTURESOME.

"Yes, Mickle," said Uncle Silas, "I allus was venturesome, as you'll say yourself when I've told thee how it was. I had been helping to move Uncle Jim's family out to Illinois, an' was on my way back with an ox team. It had been rainin' right smart for several days, an' when I got to Blue Bear river it was on a regular tear. I tell thee, Mickle, it looked savage, but I didn't think nothin' of it then. It was runnin' bank full, an' drift was a comin' down heavy. I was anxious to get back home, for I'd been away quite a spell, an' I knowed that even if it didn't rain any more, it would take the river several days to run down. I had a turrible good yoke of oxen; heavy, big-boned fellers they was, an' I made up my mind I'd risk it. Just as I was about to drive in, a woman came out of a house on the bank an' begun to cry like all sin.

"What's the matter, mam?" says I. "Oh, sir," says she, "don't you try to go over there, or you'll never come out alive, an' you'll lose your team, too, an' them's an' powerful good oxen, an' it's a pity to waste 'em," says she, wipin' her eyes on her apron an' kind of chirkin' up like.

"I told her I had to be gettin' home, an' that I would have to chance it. At that she began to bawl agin, an' tole me to put my trust in God, an' aim for a big sycamore tree that was on the other bank. I thanked her kindly, shook hands, an' yelled to the off ox as I fetched the high one a lick with the gad. Into the water we went herelin, leavin' the woman standin' there ringin' her hands an' cryin' as though the frost had killed all her cabbage. It kind o' unjinged my nerves a little to hear her screedin', but I had no time to git flippin' in the heart, for it took smart eye-poppin' to dodge the drift. The water riz up into the wagon bed afore I got quite half way, an' then we begun to strike the current, which was runnin' an' powerful swift, an' to save me I couldn't keep the oxen from bein' washed down stream. They veered down an' funder down yit an' the upshot of it was that we took a circle an' rim out on the same side, about eighty rod down stream. I druv 'em back up to the startin' place agin.

"Don't be by any means," said the woman; "you're a darlin' providence by so doin'."

"But my dander was up, an' I was determined to git over this time, so on we went; kensplach, but I yelled back to the woman:

"If I don't come out on t'other side, write to Lilalet Z. Cloverprice, Dugtown, Muskeeter county, Indiana, to which she yelled back:

"Ke-rect! Bar a heotle more haw!"

"That saved me. I had been goin' a heotle mite too mch gear, but she could see from where she stood better'n me, an' by the time they struck the stiffest part of the current I had their heads fur enough up-to slide 'em through, an' arter a hard tussel we come out all right; but I tell thee, Mickle, it kep' me so busy with the gad that when I landed I was all'ink' sweet, an' the cattle was so warmed up by the trip that wasn't a wet hair on 'em in five minutes. The woman was so tickled to see me strike the bank all right that she rushed into the yard an' grabbed a red flannin petticoat off the line an' waved it for quite a spell to show her joy. I waved back a meal bag I'd had feed in, as I started up the cattle an' passed 'em out of sight. Yes, Mickle, I allus was venturesome, as thee can see for thyself."

THE DOLLAR DIDN'T GET AWAY.

It seemed to be the general opinion that the Southern negro was naturally lightfingered, but all at once a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house threw away his cigar stub and said:

"Gentlemen, here is a silver dollar. I'll bet it can be left on the table in my room, up stairs for twenty-four hours and no-one will remove it."

A gentleman from Macon said he would like to wager \$5 on that, and the terms were soon settled. It was agreed that the drummer should go to his room and lay the dollar on the table, and if it was there at the same hour next day the wager was his. Several marked the coin and recorded the date, and the drummer was trusted to leave it as agreed.

Next day, at the same hour, a committee of three visited the room. Several colored people had been in and out while engaged in their vocations, but the dollar was there.

"Gentlemen, is the negro honest or is he not?" queried the drummer, as he pointed to the coin.

We advanced to make sure it was the one. There was no mistake. The date—1879—was there; the nicks in the edge were there, but the drummer had taken it to a machinist to have a hole drilled through it, and had then screwed it down to the table. It was there so tight and fast that only a heavy screw-driver could loosen it.

"I have won," modestly exclaimed the drummer.