

# The Centre Reporter



VOL. OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XVIII.

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1885.

NO. 44.

## THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

In Connecticut the Democracy made sweeping gains in the legislature.

Mahone is wiped out in Virginia. A special day of thanksgiving might be appointed for that.

The Keystone Gazette must be a second cousin of the skunk tribe—it has stolen a big Democratic roster.

Boss Quay, encouraged by his endorsement at the recent election, intends being a candidate for U. S. Senator, to fill Mitchell's seat.

### ALL IN.

Philadelphia, Nov. 5.—Complete returns from every county in the State give Quay 44,127 plurality.

Tuten's new paper, the *Fountain*, is a large 8 page weekly with local and select reading. It aims to be a literary journal, and we hope the *Fountain* will clear lots of stamps.

The most glorious results are those in New York and Virginia. The mother of Presidents won't be severed from the path of virtue, and libertines like Billy Mahone can not find an abiding place in ole Virginia.

Report has it that Union county has an organized band of thieves, composed of two members in each township, who robbed smoke houses, stores and dwellings and stored the goods in a garret belonging to a man at Lewisburg, and that one of the party has turned state's evidence.

The Oil City *Derrick's* oil report for October shows 397 finished wells, 5,573 barrels new production and 40 new holes; 355 wells drilling, 272 rigs up and 5 finished; an increase over September of 77 finished wells, 72 barrels new production, 6 dry holes and 8 wells drilling, and a decrease of 55 rigs.

The shoe is getting on the other foot now. Sixty Chinese cigar makers in San Francisco struck work Friday because the firm employing them refused to discharge their white workmen. It is learned that the Chinese union ordered the strike. This dictation by the Chinese that "White men must go" has created some sensation.

On Sunday the steamship Nevada landed 250 Mormon emigrants, under the leadership of Elder Burt and 25 returning missionaries. The emigrants were well dressed, healthy-looking people and were well provided with baggage. They came principally from Scandinavia and Great Britain. A few were mechanics, but the majority of them were farm laborers at home. There were a great many children among them.

Clearfield county has elected its first Republican sheriff. A very light vote was polled. The Democratic State ticket will have probably eight hundred majority. Jesse E. Dale, of DuBois, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, is elected by about two hundred. Mr. Dale is the first Republican ever elected Sheriff in that county. Woodson, the defeated Democratic candidate, is a resident of Houtzdale and has not lived in the county long.

To balance this the Democrats elected their sheriff in Armstrong county.

Swift upon the heels of the election of Rowan and Mout, in Philadelphia, a movement has been begun to procure the pardon of Major Ellis P. Phipps. It will be remembered that Major Phipps was convicted of forgery, theft and other crimes as manager of the almshouse, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. His crimes are enormous in their character, and public indignation ran high against him, but his friends now think that he ought to be released, and propose to make an effort to accomplish it.

If Kemble was pardoned why not pardon Phipps. Quay helped his friend Kemble out, and no doubt will give Bro. Phipps a lift too.

We think the marriage license law should be repealed, or so modified as not to be offensive. We think it is the height of cruelty that two lovers should be obliged to journey to the county seat and get a permit. It is perfectly barbarous. Think of a party from the wilds of Burnside or the distant nooks of Pine creek, in Haines, after courting twice, thrice or often a week for the last year, not being able to get hitched unless they go on a voyage to Bellefonte, to be stared at by the barbarians around the court-house, and have the cruel clerk ask their ages and whether pa or ma had anything agin the new firm being organized.

The law should at least be so modified that the party matrimonial can get its license from a justice of the peace in the township or borough in which they reside.

## THE DITCH THAT WILL NEVER BE DUG.

The Philadelphia Times says unless all signs fail there is going to be a Panama Canal for sale cheap before long. M. de Lesseps has spent nearly all of the \$120,000,000 which he estimated the canal to cost originally, with the net result that about eleven per cent. of the necessary excavation has been completed, with nothing done in the way of controlling the dreaded Chagres river. He is now casting about for more money, which it is doubtful whether he will get.

The result of a collapse of this great scheme could not fail to be deplorable. No such gigantic enterprise was ever before set on foot by a private corporation and the total loss to the stockholders of more than a hundred million dollars must bring wide reaching financial disaster to the French people. The subscriptions are largely made up of the savings of the French peasantry, who were dazzled by the success of De Lesseps in the Suez Canal. Believing that his success in scooping a navigable canal through an Egyptian sand plain was a guarantee that he could do the same thing through the backbone of the American Continent, they poured out their money freely to attest their faith in their brilliant countryman. Bad as the failure will prove if it is a failure, it is better that it come soon than to be put off another year. To throw another hundred millions in good money after the hundred millions already gone will only double the distress and ruin when the final collapse does come.

The prospective failure of the Panama enterprise will possibly have the effect of reviving the Nicaraguan ship canal scheme in some form. While there is a reasonable prospect that the Panama Canal would be built, there was nobody with a level head in favor of spending any money on a canal that would be entirely useless in case De Lesseps should succeed in carrying out his scheme. The failure of the latter will leave the Nicaragua route without a competitor and agitation in Congress and out of it in favor of building a water-way by this route will probably be renewed.

## A CONTRAST TO BE COMMENDED.

The defeat of the Democratic candidates for Judge in the Democratic counties of York and Clarion and the election of David Mout at the Republican candidate for Council in the Republican Fifth Ward, of Philadelphia, forms a contrast in the matter of political action that should receive public consideration. The defeated Democratic candidate in York County, Mr. Bittenger is a gentleman of character and integrity. His private character is unassailable. The only complaint against him was as to the manner of his nomination. Some and it seems a considerable number of his party associates objected to him because he employed objectionable means to secure his nomination. In the Clarion County District the defeated candidate, Hon. Wm. L. Corbett, was objected to because of some moral delinquencies of which he was accused.

Both these gentlemen were nominees of the Democratic party in strong Democratic districts. But the party had manhood and independence enough to defeat them for what seemed substantial reasons. In Mout the Republicans had an ex-convict for a candidate, but the party whip kept them in line and he was elected by nearly the usual party majority. Without commending the action of the Democrats of York and Clarion counties in defeating candidates that would have adorned the positions to which they aspired, their independence must be admired in contrast with the subservience of the Republicans who elected Mout. So says the Morning Patriot, and we say amen.

We have received the first number of the Keystone Gazette, a new Republican paper established at Bellefonte by Rob't A. Cassidy and James A. Feidler. We would not suppose there was a field for two Republican newspapers in a Democratic county like Centre, but it is possible the publishers anticipate a change of the political complexion of the county, as so many of the Democratic politicians seem to be working in that direction and nearly accomplished it last fall—Lewistown Sentinel.

Pretty near the truth. A few more jobs like last fall may throw our county into the opposition ranks. This we see here as well as outsiders see it. When rule or ruin gets to be the motto with some fellows ruin is sure to follow. When rank Republicans are given places and held in office in preference to good working Democrats, disgust fills the average Democratic voter.

The case of Miss Maria Morgan, of Pittsburg, down for three years with spinal disease, who alleges to have been cured by faith, continues to excite much curiosity in religious circles as to the permanency of her restoration to health. To a question by a visitor as to whether she had been wrought in her case, Miss Morgan replied reverently, "The Lord can do anything." Of all alleged faith cures, this is the most remarkable.

The other day we heard one of the citizens of Centre Hall, who has done much to improve our town, by erecting buildings, say he felt like pulling up stakes and going to some other town, and stop his present enterprises here.

This citizen felt despondent on account of the opposition and hindrances he had to encounter in his operations. These came from persons who always stand in the way of any one who endeavors to make improvements and help on a place, simply because they fear he will make a few dollars which is an eye-sore to them. Some people seem to think no one should prosper but themselves and as soon as they see a neighbor embark in a thing that is likely to be profitable these fellows become jealous and by misrepresentation and various other ways try to discourage and defeat him in his purposes, although he is doing something that will give employment to the mechanic and the laboring man.

This class of folks we have observed in this place as well as the citizen whom we have in our eye above. They are the fellows that kill the town. They do nothing that makes employment for the laboring class. They will cry down and misrepresent their neighbor if they find him a public spirited man.

Every town, we dare say, has its little jealous gang of this kind of humanity, and we would be surprised if Centre Hall were exempt of this affliction though gratified if there were none.

Besides the discouragements this citizen has experienced, we can add that others have felt and seen these doings of the "opposition." We know that if they had their way Centre Hall would not boast of its fine water works, but tied to its ancient rotten log system with no water half the time. We know that our schools would be set back 40 years. We know there would not be a first-class newspaper printed here. We know there would even be no railroad. The aim of these men has been to create strife and bickerings, by cunningly placing in a false light whatever is undertaken for the general good. They are afraid some one will get a little credit, and they will do nothing to deserve it.

It is not these fellows that give the mechanic and laborer work—they are the worst enemy they have, for if their opposition were successful precious little would there be around Centre Hall for them to earn in the last twelve months, whereas we have had a spirit of improvement manifested here that has made out town grow, and gave employment to every mechanic, laborer and teamster, not only in this neighborhood, but for those of a distance. When things were dull at other points our town furnished an abundance of labor. The number of those characters in a locality is always small, but they are prolific of mischief, and as in the case above referred to often cause useful citizens to leave and thus kill a town.

The Christmas "Harpers Magazine" will be strong in stories. Besides its statements of Miss Woolson's "East Angles" and of Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer," and the latter's farce, "The Garroter," illustrated by Reinhardt, there will be a Christmas story, "Way Down in Lonesome Cove," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfee), illustrated by Dielman; another, "The Madonna of the Tuhs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, said to be the strongest story she has written, illustrated by Smedley; a third tale, "Father Evered," by Brander Matthews, illustrated by Fyie; and a "ghost story"—"Wyyern Moat"—by George H. Boughton, illustrated by the artist himself.

## A FIRE EXTINGUISHING GUN THAT THROWS HAND GREEN-ADDES A BLOCK.

Washington, Nov. 6.—An exhibition of the operation of a compressed air gun for throwing fire grenades and fire escape lines, was given by Captain Bartlett, the inventor, last evening. The compressed air is stored in one of Moxey's calcium-light flasks—enough to fire about forty shots being stored in a steel flask of sixty pounds weight. The projectiles were glass bottles, holding one-third of a gallon of fire extinguishing fluid, or wooden dummies of the same weight—about four pounds. The projectiles were thrown with extreme accuracy, through a target in imitation of a small window, at a height of fifty feet on a pole at a distance of eighty feet from the gun. Either sash of the window was hit as desired.

A half-inch line attached to the projectile was thrown twenty or thirty feet above the top of the pole, and the inventor asserted the possibility of throwing such a line over the dome of the capitol. Projectiles without line attachments were repeatedly thrown to a height of more than 300 feet, demonstrating the possibility of reaching a fire in the tallest building. The trial was a brilliant success.

The chief of the New York fire department has requested that his gun be sent to that city. The Bartlett Fire Extinguishing Company will build large guns to throw a gallon of the fluid or an inch line—before placing the device on market.

AN OIL STREAM 80 FEET HIGH. Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 8.—One of the wells recently drilled at Fidelity, Ohio, for natural gas, was "torpedoed" to-day and a stream of oil shot eighty feet into the air. The well is now flowing at the rate of 300 barrels per day and to a height of forty feet.

## CURRAN CONFESSES.

The Self-Accused Murderer Imagines that His Victim Glares at Him From Every Corner of His Cell.

Williamsport, Nov. 5.—Patrick Curran has been in jail for setting fire to the woods in Gamble twp. Curran was stricken with paralysis and since then at times he has been out of his mind. During his fits of raving he would cry, "Take him away. Why did I kill him? That is my secret. I will tell you all some day." Sheriff Sprague visited Curran yesterday morning and told him if he had anything to confess he had better do it, because he only had a short time to live. Curran said that he wanted to make his statement to a barrister. The Sheriff told him that there was no need of a lawyer, and that he would take his statement and it would be all right. Curran commenced to talk to Sheriff Sprague, but before he had spoken five minutes his tongue became swollen and it was impossible for him to proceed. The Sheriff left the cell, but before he went away he told Curran that if he felt better in his absence he should make his statement to one of his attendants. Late last night Curran called one of his nurses to him and said: "I feel better now and I will now make my confession." The nurse procured paper and ink and after he had composed Curran up in the bed proceeded to write the confession, which is substantially as follows:

"I was born in a small hamlet near the city of Cork 81 years ago. In my youth I received a fair education, my parents being engaged in the industry of cotton bleaching. Upon my father's death I spent what little money was left me in gambling and drinking and got into any number of scrapes, but was not arrested. I joined the Fenians and was the leader of a number of men during the insurrection which was started by William Smith O'Brien. My bound companion was a young man by the name of Pat Martin and my acquaintance with him was my ruination. Martin and I got into a scrape, and that together with our connection with the Young Ireland party compelled us to flee the country. We fled to Cork in disguise and came to America. After knocking about New York for some time we came to Pennsylvania and procured employment in the coal mines. We joined the Mollie Maguires and were leaders in all their doings. Tiring in this as there was not money enough in it for us, we left the coal regions and then came to Howard, in Centre county, where we heard there was a band of counterfeiters. We had learned the art of counterfeiting in the old country and determined to join this band and grow wealthy. At Howard a colonel sprang up between Martin and me on account of a girl whom we were both paying attention to. We had buried our money in an old barn on the outskirts of the town and one night in the early part of 1863 we went there to divide the spoils. He hit me very ugly and we quarreled. He hit me and then we came to blows. He threatened to blow me and for my own protection I drew my knife from my pocket and killed him. Feeling that my crime would be discovered, I dug a hole in the corner of the barn and buried the body. I covered the spot with a bundle of rye straw and set it on fire. As soon as the barn was a blaze I made my escape and came to Williamsport, and he mentioned the name of Ireland party counterfeiter. We had learned the art of counterfeiting in the old country and determined to join this band and grow wealthy. At Howard a colonel sprang up between Martin and me on account of a girl whom we were both paying attention to. We had buried our money in an old barn on the outskirts of the town and one night in the early part of 1863 we went there to divide the spoils. He hit me very ugly and we quarreled. He hit me and then we came to blows. He threatened to blow me and for my own protection I drew my knife from my pocket and killed him. Feeling that my crime would be discovered, I dug a hole in the corner of the barn and buried the body. I covered the spot with a bundle of rye straw and set it on fire. As soon as the barn was a blaze I made my escape and came to Williamsport, and he mentioned the name of Ireland party counterfeiter. 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