

The Centre Reporter.



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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

With two Republican papers in the county we suppose the Democratic majority stands a chance of climbing up to 2300.

With six newspapers at Bellefonte, one would think would get lively over there. It surely will when Walker tucks up his papers headed "Sheriff's Sale," on the doors of a dozen of 'em.

In Montreal the number of deaths from small-pox since the out-break of the epidemic is 2641, of which 2404 were French-Canadian Catholics, 140 were Catholics of other nationalities and 97 were Protestants. Sixteen hundred of the victims were under five years of age.

Mahone it is said is going west. Havign sold himself in the Senate and disgraced Virginia by repudiation, the old Commonwealth has spewed him out, and he will be a fine addition to the Western cow-boys—but they must hold their noses shut.

The man who prefers a city weekly to a home paper because "it's got more readin' in it," says an exchange, reminds us of a countryman who picked out the largest pair of boots in the box because they cost him no more than the smaller pair that fitted him.

The *Johnston Tribune* doesn't like the new tax law, "which tries tribute on everything but the babies," and says: "The individual who conceived and framed such a law and the legislature that passed it ought to be confined in some lunatic asylum."

The *Keystone Gazette* wants to start in now already to commence whipping the Democracy of Centre on the strength of next fall's campaign. Gosh, Cassidy, you must consider it a big job after all. Wait a few days and the Reporter will knock you out with a snow-ball.

It is said that sage tea applied to the scalp after sickness will prevent the hair from falling out.—*Ex.*

Will bet a tip that no quantity of sage tea would have prevented the hair from being pulled out of the Republican party of New York and Virginia two weeks ago.

Proceedings in the Bell telephone suit at Washington are developing appearances which serve as the basis for a very strong suspicion that the patent was fraudulently obtained. A good deal of evidence has been given to show that Bell was not the original inventor. A monopoly is hateful under any circumstances, but it is particularly odious when founded upon a fraud.

The new tax-law passed this winter swears the taxpayer as to the amount of his personal wealth. It compels him to give under oath a schedule of his moneys, mortgages, judgements, stocks, gold watches and other valuables of personal character. He must submit them truthfully to the tender mercies of the tax assessor or run the risk of punishment for perjury. And if he chooses to be contumacious the assessor is empowered to fix the amount of his taxable personality, which that officer will be careful not to fix too low. This is the iniquitous feature of the law that makes it particularly obnoxious to its enemies.

The probabilities of war in Eastern Europe increase every day. England is endeavoring to prevent the division of the now united Bulgaria. Russia is enraged at the firmness of Prince Alexander in refusing to become a Russian ally, and urges Turkey to enforce the treaty of Berlin by arms. Serbia and Greece insist that if the treaty is to be broken they must be paid an additional territory for their consent. Any day may see either of these two countries invading neighboring territory, as both have mobilized their armies. If a conflict once begins there is no telling how or where it will end, and in that fact lies the interest of Europe in seeking a peaceful solution of the whole question.

Comptroller of the Currency Cann on says the financial situation is "one of waiting." The financiers and business men want to see what Congress is going to do. The clearing house reports and advice from other sources show a brisk movement of money now as there always is this time of year, attendant upon the removal of crops, but there is no unusual activity. The movement of money in the great financial centres is probably not so active as in other years, but the reports show that considerable capital has been put into mercantile business, and, upon the whole, the outlook is very much brighter than it was last year. The Eastern financiers are waiting to learn what is going to be done with relation to silver, and business will not take a real boom until that question is settled.

Another case of the confession of a murder for which another man was innocently convicted has turned up in Illinois.

James Young, a convict, serving a ten year term from Carroll county for burglary, has confessed that he is the murderer of Dr. Allen, of Sandwich. A young man named William Thomas, who is of respectable parentage, was convicted of this murder on the evidence of a female detective from Chicago, and sent to prison for seventeen years. Young is a notorious burglar, who has been an inmate of several Western prisons. In his confession he accurately described the premises where Dr. Allen lived. He also drew a diagram of the house, showing the room in which he claims he had the life and death struggle with the murdered man, from whose grasp he was endeavoring to escape when he committed the murder. The Circuit Court of DeKalb county has issued a writ of habeas corpus for Young, and Sheriff Wood took him from the prison last evening to Sycamore to stand trial for the murder. In the meantime William Thomas has served about six years on his seventeen years term, but he always insisted that he was innocent. Thomas says he knows nothing regarding the man James Young, and never saw or heard of him until he came to the prison to serve his sentence for the Carroll county burglary.

A PAPAL MANIFESTO.

London, Nov. 10.—The Pope's encyclical letter quotes and approves the Syllabus of Pius IX. against modern civilization. It denounces popular government and insists upon the obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to the Pope. Religion, the Pope says, ought to enter into daily life. He urges Catholics to take part in all political elections.

CURTIN MCCLAIN'S CASE.

What the Board of Pardons Thought of the Prisoner's Case.

The papers commending the death sentence of Curtin McClain to that of imprisonment for life have been signed by Governor Pattison. Following are the reasons of the Board of Pardons recommending the prisoner to executive clemency.

The undersigned members of the Board of Pardons, have had under consideration the case of the Commonwealth vs. Curtin McClain, a convict now under sentence of death, we feel that at such a time and under all the circumstances of this case, that we ought, having regard to the merciful exercise of our jurisdiction, to recommend the commutation of this sentence to that of imprisonment for life.

REBEL RIEL HANGED.

HE ASCENDS THE SCAFFOLD WITH A BOLD STEP.

His Face Full of Color, He Responds With a Clear Tone to the Services and Dies Without a Struggle.

Regina, N. W., Nov. 16.—Louis David Riel was executed on the scaffold at the barracks of the mounted police, near this city, for high treason against the Queen of Great Britain, at 8:23 o'clock this morning (mountain time).

At a mile from the barracks mounted patrols challenged all persons and compelled them to disclose written passes. Two other lines of guards were stationed at points nearer the post, and here the same precautions were observed. No one was permitted to enter the guard room until 8:12 o'clock. The scene presented then was that of Riel on the scaffold with Pere Andre and Father McWilliams with him celebrating mass. Riel was on his bended knees, wearing a loose woolen surcoat, gray trousers and a woolen shirt. On his feet were moccasins, the only feature of his dress that partook of the Indian that was in him. He received the notice to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner shown the preceding night on receiving the warning of his fate. His face was full of color and he appeared to have complete self-possession. The prisoner decided only a moment before starting for the scaffold not to make a speech. This was owing to the earnest solicitation of both the priests attending him. He displayed an inclination at the last moment to make an address, but Pere Andre reminded him of his promise, and then he rose and walked toward the executioner, repeating his prayers to the last moment, the final words escaping being "Merci Jesus."

He died without a struggle. Not to exceed twenty persons were permitted within the confines of the barracks to witness the execution, and it was certainly performed with decorum and dispatch. His body was taken in charge by the Coroner and the verdict usual to all State executions was rendered.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, RAVAGED BY AN AWFUL HOLOCAUST.

Hundreds of Families of the Richest and Poorest of the Southwestern Metropolis in the Midst of Ruins.

Galveston, Nov. 13.—At 1:45 o'clock this morning the most destructive fire in the history of Galveston broke out in a small foundry and car repairing shop on the north side of Avenue A, known as the "Strand," between Sixteenth and Fifteenth streets. A fierce gale from the north was blowing at the time, and flames spread with lightning rapidity to both of the adjoining buildings, one being a grocery store and the other a humble dwelling. In a twinkling the long, fiery tongues had crossed the street and two more dwellings were in flames, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. The heat became so intense that the firemen had to abandon their positions, and the wind arose and carried myriads of sparks to the premises east of Avenue A.

About four o'clock the fire began to spread to the east and the west of Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, the wind rose high to a gale, and pandemonium reigned. For a time it seemed as though the entire eastern half of the city was doomed. But by this time the fire had southward licking up the blocks of elegant residences hastily abandoned by their inmates.

By 5 o'clock it had reached Broadway, which threads the centre of the island running east and west. At 7 o'clock the wind gave signs of dying away and shortly it began to snit, then to decrease, until by 8 o'clock only a fair breeze was blowing. But by this time the fire had eaten its way to Avenue O, and at 9:30 o'clock was within two blocks of the Gulf.

At 11:20 the fire reached the beach, which is a distance of about a mile and a half from where it started. In some places the path of the fire is six or seven blocks wide.

The burned district covers fifty-two blocks, seven of which are not swept entirely clean. It is sixteen blocks in depth, and averages a width of three blocks. From the house-top the smoking burned district resembles a huge black half-opened fan, lying across the island from the Bay nearly to the Gulf.

About 400 houses were burned, which were occupied by fully 1,000 families. From Avenue A to Avenue F for four squares the burned dwellings were occupied almost entirely by the poorer class, and several families were crowded in a single house in this strip. From Avenue E, however, the burned district includes the wealthiest and most fashionable portion of the city. One hundred elegantly furnished mansions are in ruins.

Many of these residences had beautiful gardens attached to them, and the money lost does not represent over half their value. All manner of estimates are to be heard at this time. The City Assessor says the taxable value of the dwellings burned is \$650,000. This makes the actual value of the property \$1,500,000, which perhaps represents the loss in money.

A TORNADO'S FATAL WORK.

Thirteen Persons Killed Outright and Forty or Fifty Wounded.

Seima, Ala., Nov. 9.—One of the most terrific storms ever known in this State passed almost entirely by the poorer class, and several families were crowded in a single house in this strip. From Avenue E, however, the burned district includes the wealthiest and most fashionable portion of the city. One hundred elegantly furnished mansions are in ruins.

Thirteen persons have been found killed outright, and forty or fifty dangerously wounded. A number of persons cannot be accounted for. Bales of cotton, blown from gin houses, burst open, and were scattered everywhere. No two locks of lint were left together. A man driving with cotton to the city has been lost almost entirely by the storm. A quarter of a mile, and the man and mules carried off and cannot be found. Growing crops of potatoes, &c., were torn up from the ground. Even trees and cotton stalks were barked.

Relief parties are searching for the dead and dying, and everything is being done to relieve the distress. The negroes are frightened nearly to death, and huddle together over fallen trees, snuggled together and unable to tell where their families are. The city is being covered by subscriptions to bury the dead and relieve the wants of the destitute.

Dangerfield, Texas, Nov. 9.—Later accounts show that the tornado in Cass co. on Thursday evening was worse than at first reported. Its breadth was thirty yards. The spiral shaped cloud moved with awful velocity and a terrific roar crushing dwellings and outbuildings, scattering their contents far and wide, and carrying death and destruction in its pathway. Hardy Pitman and his three children, six, seven, and eight years old, and also a 9 year old boy named Richard Hawthorne, were instantly killed by the destruction of their residence. The head of one child was twisted off and carried 200 yards from the body. Mrs. Bruce a widow aged 80 years, and her daughter were badly injured by the striking of their residence. It is supposed the former will die from her injuries. Reports of other casualties are expected. After the storm a turkey was found completely stripped of its feathers. The extent of the damage is not known.

Mr. Moody held meetings two days at Bellefonte and does not seem to have succeeded in touching the consciences of the Republican editors there—they print the same wicked politics still.

ONE CENT DAMAGE.

Washington, Nov. 13.—In the Circuit Court to-day, in the case of Rev. W. W. Hicks vs. the Evening Star Newspaper Company for libel, the jury found a verdict for plaintiff for one cent damages. Hicks was the spiritual adviser of Goltzen, and the Star charged him with selling Goltzen's body to the Army Medical Museum, for which Hicks claimed \$35,000 damages.

That ministers pay as little attention to wholesome teachings of a sermon as many of their hearers was shown at the Moody meetings at Bellefonte, last week. Quite a large attendance of ministers graced the Evangelist's audience, and it is told us that he dwelt upon the uselessness of long and audience-wearing prayers, and yet no minister that followed in prayer took the hint, but just went out on a regular north-pole expedition.

KILLED FOURTEEN MEN.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15.—An *Little*, called "the Breath-it county desperado," was yesterday sentenced in the United States Court for 16 years on the charge of forging pension papers and Post Office orders. Little is now 45 years of age and is credited with the murder of fourteen men. Before he reached the age of manhood he killed one of his playmates. Later he murdered three brothers. Once, when passing a sick man's house, he entered the sick chamber, dragged the invalid out of bed, and kicked him to death. A year or so ago the militia was ordered to suppress Little.

MANN'S AXE WORKS.

The Historic Industry to be Rebuilt and Work Resumed.

What are known as Mann's Axe Works, and which have been idle for some time, will soon be rebuilt and a resumption of the old-time activity around the establishment will follow. Mr. J. J. Fearon Mann has sold a half interest in the Building Springs and Millsburg factories to Mr. Archibald Allison, of Pottery Mills, for \$12,000. A partnership has been formed between Messrs. Mann and Allison, and they propose to begin rebuilding immediately. They expect to be ready to manufacture axes by the middle of December, or perhaps sooner, and will have a capacity of putting out from 300 to 600 axes per day. Between fifty and seventy-five men will find steady employment. Mr. Mann informed the writer that the axe trade at the present time was dull, and if the firm had consulted its own interests it would not have started up before next April, but in order to give all the work possible during the coming winter they start up this fall. This is commendable on the part of Mann & Allison, and it is wished that many men would do likewise.—*Gazette.*

GOLD IN AN OLD BOOT.

Said an old timer: "I never saw a ghost, but I once made a pretty good raise where I at first thought I had found a dead man. I was prospecting down in Amador county, California. One day I went up the creek about a mile, and seated myself on a rock to rest. Across the stream, on the opposite bank were the remains of three or four old cabins. Some of these had almost tumbled into the creek from the wearing away of the ground on that side. I observed that part of the fireplace of a near cabin had tumbled down the bank toward the creek, and that the foot of an old gum boot was sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to project from beneath the stones forming the hearth of the old chimney. I thought it was strange that any man should have laid his hearth over an old gum boot. Then it occurred to me that someone might have been murdered and buried under the hearth.

"Crossing the creek to the old chimney, I found that the foot of the old boot projected from under a large flat stone that was still in place. I lifted the stone, and found that there was only one boot there, and no sign of a human skeleton nor bones of any kind. I kicked the old boot down the bank, and then took a pan of old dirt and ashes out of the old fireplace, as I had in several instances made pretty fair strikes in old hearths, for it is well known that the early miners were often careless and lost a good deal of fine gold in retorting it—burning out the quicksilver it contained on shovels. As I was passing down the bank I came to the old boot, and, in passing, gave it another kick, sending it almost into the creek. It landed leg down hill, and from the end poured a golden shower of nuggets and dust.

"In a moment I threw the dirt out of my pan and reversed the boot over it, when out tumbled two large buckskin bags filled with gold dust. So long had the treasure lain concealed under the hearth that the strings with which the bags were tied had rotted, and one gave way under the kicks I had bestowed upon the old boot. When all the gold was gathered up I found that I had nearly \$3,000."

Both peace and war are noble or ignoble, according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have. But peace may be sought in two ways, you may either win your peace or buy it—win it by resistance to evil—buy it by compromise with evil.

WIGS AND THEIR MAKERS.

One of the few markets for woman's work which is not overcrowded and at which competent and fairly intelligent girls can earn good wages from the first day they enter upon the profession is that which includes the working, cutting and general arrangement of the human hair. At present the hair trade, like every other branch of business, is remarkably dull, but in this case there is a special reason for depression. "Short hair," said a leading tonsorial artist, "has spoiled the business. I hope to goodness it will go out of fashion soon; there is no money in it all. It takes six or eight people all day to earn \$10 cutting hair. Give me," he added, waxing pathetic, "anything, anything rather than short hair." The average wages for female hair-dressers is \$8 per week, rising to \$18 and sinking to \$3. A girl who understands the whole business thoroughly in all its branches can command \$18 anywhere. One hair-dresser has at the present time two in his employ who command that sum. This merchant employs at the present time about forty girls. Two years ago he had 180 and paid \$700 weekly in wages to female help. Other hair-dressers also employ young ladies. It need not be said that the profits of the profession lie in the false hair department. The leading hair-dressers of the city average three wigs a day, even in the present dull times.

Ladies who have had their hair cut and are tired of it buy wigs or switches to wear in the street. Those whose hair is poor or suffer from baldness wear them at all times. Girls who confine their attention to hair-working alone earn from \$5 to \$10 a week. It is an art that needs some skill and no small amount of patience and perseverance to succeed with. The hair with which the wigs are made is collected by special drummers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are but poor markets for hair, not because of its scarcity, for both English and Belgian women have the finest heads of hair in the world, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleansing process severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide and then dyed several times over. The best hair-dressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions. Perfectly white hair is so rare that it is grabbed eagerly from any source and a liberal price given for it.

Natural curling hair is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs about \$40 but (and this secret of the trade and can only be told in a whisper) the materials of which these wigs are made is clipped from the festive goat, and never from the human head. A peculiarly soft, silky kind of snow-white hair originates on the Angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of white human hair would cost \$1,000 at least, a price which few ladies would be willing to pay. Dead hair—that is, hair cut from the head after death—is never used by any tonsorial artist worthy of the name. Indeed, it cannot be used to any advantage, as it will neither curl, twist or manipulate. Hair cut from a living head is not dead, a fact which can easily be proved by taking a hair and stretching it out to its utmost capacity. It will then contract quietly back to its former position.

GEN. PUTNAM'S NEGLECTED GRAVE.

Probably the one thing which is most prominently associated with the name of Israel Putnam in the popular mind is his celebrated feat of daring up in the beautiful town of Pomfret, where, a century ago, he killed in her den a she wolf which had been depreying upon the surrounding country. But this Revolutionary hero's fame does not depend upon this single and abnormally magnified incident of his career, and there is considerable ground for the indignation which is publicly made about the neglect of his grave in the old cemetery in the neighboring town of Brooklyn. The spot of his burial is marked by a marble slab lying flat on a heap of stones and badly chipped by relic hunters. It seems strange that in these days of monuments a suitable one has not been erected to commemorate the virtues of him who distinguished himself in the French war; who was captured and nearly roasted alive by Indians in 1758, who was conspicuous for his bravery in the cause of liberty at the battle of Bunker Hill, who became a Major General in 1775, who was appointed commander of the Army of the Highlands in New York in 1777, who superintended the erection of the fortifications at West Point, and who, while in command in Connecticut, displayed his bravery and intrepidity in various perils of his time.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly gold capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.

THIS MEANS WAR.

SERBIA FLINGS DOWN THE GAUNTLET TO BULGARIA.

The Advance of the English Troops into Bulgaria.

London, Nov. 14.—The Servian Government has informed M. Rangabe, the acting Servian Agent in Bulgaria, that in consequence of the unjustifiable attacks on Servians and the invasion of Servian territory by Bulgarians, Servia has decided to declare war against Bulgaria. In a skirmish at Tra yesterday eight Servians and one Bulgarian were killed.

The Russian Government has stopped the annual subvention of 150,000 roubles to Prince Alexander. Persian reports are current in Bulgaria to the effect that Russia intends to withdraw her consuls from Bulgaria.

Such action it is believed would excite the Bulgarians against Prince Alexander. At yesterday's sitting of the Balkan Conference, at Constantinople, Herr Von Radowicz, German Ambassador, endeavored to conciliate the British and Russian ambassadors, Mr. White and M. Nesselroff, who had divergent views.

MARCHING ON MANDALAY.

The English Rapidly Advancing Toward Theebaw's Capital.

Calcutta, Nov. 13.—Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, has ordered General Prendergast, commander of the Barmah expeditionary force, to invade Barmah forthwith and with all haste to capture Mandalay. The British forces will now cross the frontier immediately. Recent dispatches from districts in British Burma where no large garrisons are maintained, are greatly alarmed over the reports that Theebaw has subsidized 15,000 Dacoits to cross the frontier and begin plundering and murdering at the first note of war. The Dacoits are robbers who work in large gangs, and are noted for their bold exploits. Having neither baggage nor a commensurate, these bands travel with marvellous speed, and it will be hard for the British troops to catch them.

Rangoon, Nov. 13.—The British troops will mass at Theebaw and thence make an attack on Minha, where Burmese troops are arriving. Reinforcements have been sent to Loanghoo, which is menaced by a force of 6,000 Burmese.

THE BALKANS ABLAZE.

After Desperate Fighting the Bulgarians Are Defeated.

Belgrade, Nov. 16. After desperate fighting yesterday the Servian troops occupied positions at Raptcha. The losses on both sides were heavy. The victory enabled them to turn the very rocky gorge of Dragoman Pass, and the Bulgarians after a gallant resistance retreated to Slivnitsa. Colonel Djuknich commanding the Timok Divisions, drove the Bulgarians from the trenches at Kieva, and captured 150 prisoners. The total Servian loss is two officers and 50 men killed, and 200 wounded. The Servian troops continue advancing everywhere, and have captured 400 Bulgarian prisoners.

The direct road to Sofia passes through Tzaribrod and Dragoman; but another route runs by way of Trn, and turns both defiles of Tzaribrod and Dragoman reaching Sofia by way of Brestnik. It was on the latter road the fight of yesterday took place. The Servians are making Sofia the objective point of their campaign, not only because of the moral effect that would result from the capture of the Bulgarian capital, but because they claim that it and the surrounding country belongs of right to their nation and not to Bulgaria.

PATRICK CURRAN AGAIN.

He Tells of Another Crime in Which He Was a Participant, Near Snow Shoe, Centre County.

[Williamsport Gazette & Bulletin.]

Thursday Patrick Curran the self-confessed murderer, now confined in the county prison, had another talk with his nurses, and the following was written down by them as it came from his lips: "I was implicated in a job near Snow-shoe with a man named Snyder. There was a man standing there who was suspected of having a large sum of money in his possession. Snyder came to me and asked me if I wanted to make money easy; as I was ready to do almost anything I told him 'yes.' We went to work to perfect our plans and laid in wait for him one night. Snyder struck him on the head with the limb of a tree and knocked him senseless. Snyder took all the money from him—something over \$1000, and left him liether and started off. Several days before we went away, Snyder promised to meet me at a certain place and divide the money. I went to this place at the time appointed, but he failed to put in appearance; he skipped out and I never got any of the money. The man recovered from the blow, but he no more anyone else ever knew who did the job. I followed counterfeiting for a number of years and made plenty of money. I received my information and was kept posted by a man named Garuan, who ought to have been sent to the penitentiary years ago, for a worse man never stood in shoe leather."

In reply to a question asked him if he had any money, Curran said: "Yes I have but you nor no one else will ever get it. I have got it hid where all hell can't find it." He afterwards said he had some money near Trout Run.

DEATH OF PATRICK CURRAN.

Patrick Curran, the self-confessed murderer, died at the county jail at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. The remains were taken in charge by the Page brothers, undertakers, who will have them properly buried. The old man's last days were made up of suffering and remorse for his past misdeeds, and death was his only relief. He was in his eighty-second year.