

The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES, XVIII

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1885.

NO. 46.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The Philadelphia Record nominates Hon. William A. Wallace, of Clearfield, for Governor.

A New Jersey Judge decided that a man may shoot rabbits on his own ground any time.

The Greeks and Macedonians now talk of having a war. Those fellows over in Europe seem to be spoiling for a fight all around.

Many farmers in Union and Snyder counties were taken in by the Bohemians swindle. One party estimates the notes given will run up to fully \$20,000.

Bob Cassidy's paper, the Keystone Gazette, says it don't want to lick anybody but the Democrats. Well, as that includes "we," pitch in once and see who'll pay the Fiedler.

Jumbo not only lost his life in the railroad accident, but he lost his trunks as well.—Middleburg Post.

What a pity for that trunk, it might have killed some half dozen baggage smelters had it not been "lost."

Vesuvius is again in a state of eruption. The lava is streaming down on the west side of the mountain, and some alarm is expressed, as the Observatory authorities believe that the eruption will become more serious than it is at present.

Some time since we received a copy of the American Newspaper Annual for '82, published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philad. This is a carefully prepared and valuable work, and to printers and general advertisers it is especially useful, and they cannot well do without it. It contains a valuable mine of statistics of general use.

We occasionally hear a little talk of a so-called monument for this (Union) county; but it is rather weak talk as the subject is rather a delicate one at present.—Lewisburg Argus.

So, and all this in the Republican county of Union! no monument yet for the soldier!

The Republican office-holders in Philadelphia have at last been removed, post-master, surveyor, shipping commissioner, and U. S. marshal. Good and competent Democrats have been appointed. Now let the work of removal go on briskly all over—the Democrats are entitled to the offices.

In selecting a candidate for United States Senator in Oregon, the Legislature had to make a choice between two evils. The Republican party which was in the majority represented two candidates. They were George H. Williams and John H. Mitchell. The Democrats chose the lesser evil and voted for Mitchell.

John Hipple Mitchell is not an angel, but the public records fail to show any dishonesty against his official life. He has considerable ability, and between him and Williams the advantages are all on his side. No apology is needed there for the action of the Democrats in electing him over Williams.

Local happenings are scarce this week—the streets are muddy—the doctors have nothing to do—marring is dull—the croaker ain't dead—subscribers ain't paying up fast—Mahone is going among the cow-boys—Thanksgiving's here and no gobular to roast—six papers and other lesser evils in Bellefonte—Cleveland's slow putting out the publicans and sinners—across the way a fellow s'gling for a vendue or a funeral to get a good square meal free—two judges, both married, courting at Bellefonte last week—congress to meet in a week—Logan threatens to write a history—last but not least a fellow cheats us out of 2 years' subscription—"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

It is the general impression that the opposition to the deal between the Pennsylvania and Mr. Vanderbilt for the transfer of the South Pennsylvania to the former will prove futile, and that the courts will be powerless to prevent it, but the acquisition of the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern will be attended with some difficulty.

The majority of the parties in interest seem determined to prevent it if possible, and are quite ready to pay the money to prevent it. The company had a floating debt of about \$1,300,000, and it is proposed to assess the stock 25 per cent. in order to discharge the debt, and then go ahead, if needs be, procure a judicial sale of the property, so as to get the best price possible and to compel the Pennsylvania to buy it in competition with other parties in the open market. This road is in a very different position from the South Pennsylvania, and it is by no means certain that Mr. Vanderbilt can deliver a controlling interest.

THE NEW POLITICAL FIRM.

It is evident that the near future will witness some very strange eruptions in the Republican party of this state. The nomination of Col. Quay was not an agreeable consummation to Cameron and Magee, and his election was little more desirable. But his present purpose of pressing General Beaver on the convention of next year for Governor is more positively distasteful, and unless the signs are deceptive it will create positive revolt.

The Republican factions in the State are no longer Cameron on the one side and the Independents on the other. The lines now clearly show the Senator and Mr. Magee at the head of one faction and Quay and Beaver leading the other. There is no mugwumping about that. It is a couple of hostile lines in which stalwarts are facing each other. The strange feature of it is that Quay and Beaver are not on top, and unless they have lost their cunning, will stay there.

Gen. Beaver may be said therefore to be Quay's man for Governor. Of course this implies a reciprocal service in the Senatorial election that will follow. Gen. Beaver has made his political bed and Cameron and Magee have little to hope from the combination which he has effected.—Patriot.

THREE UNITED STATES SENATORS.

There is nothing in the elections this fall that affords a sufficient basis for the Republican boast that the results foreshadow the choice of Republican Senators in Congress as successors of Warner Miller in New York, Joseph R. Hawley in Connecticut, and William J. Sewell in New Jersey.

On the contrary, these results clearly show that the Democrats have at the very least a fair fighting chance for securing Legislatures next year that will give them the three Senators. There have been such Democratic gains in the legislative contests of this fall as to prove that if the tide sets with equal force in the same direction in 1886 the Republicans will lose these Senators.

Moreover, each of the present Senators has fixed his eye on another term, and is clinging to his post with terrible tenacity, while eager rivals are distracting the party by plotting to oust him. This has already aroused controversies in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey that will crop out when their Legislatures assemble in the coming winter, and grow more bitter as the time approaches when the question is to be put to the test of votes. So says the N. Y. Sun.

The nailers' strike has assumed a new phase, one in which it is no longer capital against labor, but it is now labor and capital against capital. This new development is nothing more than the fact that Eastern nail manufacturers are furnishing the sinews of war to the striking nailers in the Western district, and they will furnish the nailers with money till the strike ends one way or the other.

The Eastern manufacturers see ruin staring them in the face if the nail operators of the West are able to force the 17-cent scale on the nailers, their trade is gone and they must shut up their mills. There has never been much love between the Eastern and Western manufacturers of either iron or nails, and at nearly any time they have been commercially willing to cut each other's throats.

At the conference of the coal operators and officials of the Miners' Association at Pittsburg, on 18, a compromise was effected on a basis of the operators' proposition, guaranteeing a year's steady work at 2 1/2 cents per bushel for mining. Work will be resumed in all the river mines. The strike was inaugurated five months ago and affected 5,000 men. There is great rejoicing along the river over the settlement.

The esteemed Keystone Gazette argues that as four Democratic papers can live in Centre county, why can't two Republican papers get along. The four Democratic papers don't live tho', they simply exist, Bob.

Mr. Moody has made a five-years' contract with a new "sweet singer," formerly a teacher of music in Honesdale, who is to accompany him on his European tour.

Boston Buck, chief of the Clarion "shovers of the queer," and admitted criminal in the State, is a native of Centre county.

Lock Haven, Nov. 24.—A heavy snow storm has prevailed here since Sunday night without cessation. The snow on the hills is reported to be three feet deep and it is still snowing.

Two girls belonging to the Salvation Army, at Nanticoke, entertained the audience with a pugilistic exhibition the other night. On being separated one struck the other with a stone, terribly mauling her face and inflicting a probably fatal wound.

Jerry Miller, an old Sullivan county hunter, came off victorious in a lively tussle with a big bear. Bruin closed in on Jerry, yanked his coat off, tore his shirt to shreds, and lacerated his body terribly. At last the plucky old hunter got his eighteen-inch knife out and plunged it to the hilt into the bear's throat, killing the animal instantly.

HIS DEAD SON ALIVE.

THE PRAYERS OF THE RIGHTEOUS AVALIETH MUCH.

After Many Years a Father's Reputation is Cleared of a Terrible Suspicion by His Mourned Boy's Return.

Mifflintown, Pa., Nov. 12.—At the extreme western end of Juniata county, near Waterloo, at a point where the counties of Huntingdon, Franklin, Perry and Juniata join each other, there lives a family by the name of Divinney, over whom a cloud of murder has been hanging for many years.

Porter Divinney was in the habit of having frequent quarrels with his young son, sometimes becoming so angry that he threatened the lad's life. Several years ago while the father and son were engaged at work in the field, his father ordered the boy to go on an errand, but he refused. The father became very much enraged and beat his son, telling the lad that if he did not obey he would kill him. The son took his departure from the father in a melancholy mood, and was not seen or heard of in the community from that time.

About two years after the above occurrence a party of sportsmen, who were hunting on the mountains near Roxbury, Franklin county, came upon the charred remains of a human being, and suspicious was at once aroused that the bones were those of young Divinney, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Upon the discovery being made the father appeared to be frantic with grief, and at once made information against his cousin, W. H. Knox, of near Blair's Mills, Huntingdon county, charging him with the murder of his son, and Knox was arrested and lodged in jail.

Franklin County Knox declared his innocence, and a number of prominent citizens went to Chambersburg in his behalf and proved an alibi, showing to the satisfaction of all that he was not in the neighborhood at the time the crime was supposed to have been committed, and he was released from custody. The opinion was expressed that Porter Divinney was guilty of murdering his own son, and almost the entire community regarded him as a man of a very wicked disposition, and from the day of his acquittal before the justice his neighbors refused to be friendly with him, and in their minds looked upon him as a murderer, although his great grief shown at least enticed him to a doubt of being guilty of the terrible crime. It is said the boy's mother even was moved by the mountain evidence to doubt the father's innocence.

Like and its burden became unbearable, and Divinney sought refuge in the spirit of God, at a religious revival held in Waterloo, casting his load upon Him whose love possesseth all understanding, and since that time the repentant man has lived the life of a consistent and conscientious Christian. He has publicly prayed to God for the deliverance of his son, so that the community would be satisfied that he was innocent of the charge of murder. But notwithstanding his prayers, the dark suspicion of murder was still in the minds of the people. At home it is said the father and mother of the boy, although living under the same roof and eating from the same table, would rarely speak to each other.

Years passed by, and the people still believed that the bones found on the mountain near Roxbury were those of young Divinney, and that the father was the murderer. One day last week, to the surprise of all, and to the great joy of the grief-stricken parents, the son who was mourned as dead made his appearance at the old homestead, alive and well, but grown almost to manhood. The mother could hardly believe that he who stood before her was her son who left home so suddenly and mysteriously many years ago. But he gave so full an account of his departure and wanderings since he was a child, and of the great grief that he had suffered in the field, that at doubt in the mother's mind were set at rest, and the father, mother and long-lost son embraced each other and gave praise to God as a throng of neighbors for the sake of deliverance of their beloved son, and the removal of the terrible charge that had clung to the father for so many years.

The lad when he left the parental roof wandered through the country until he landed in one of the Western States, where he engaged work with a farmer and remained there until a few weeks ago, when he was made cognizant of the charge against his father, and he decided to pay his parents a visit, and thus relieve the odium that was weighing on the father's mind, and with this idea in view he arrived home last week. It was truly a happy relief to the father, who had grown accustomed to grief. The family that had been dependent and gloomy is now a happy family. It still remains a mystery as to whom the remains found on the mountain near Roxbury belonged.

HE MISSED THE KITTEN.

Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 18.—Milton Beisacker, returned from hunting yesterday and entered the house of his employer, Mrs. Judge Hamlin, and deliberately pointed his gun at a daughter, Roy Hamlin, who sat in a room holding a kitten in her lap, exclaiming, "Hold still and I will shoot the cat." Before Mrs. Hamlin could arise, Beisacker fired. The shot took effect in the young woman's wrist, and amputation may be necessary. Beisacker's excuse was that he thought the gun was not loaded.

A RAILROAD CIRCUIT.

WHAT CAN BE SEEN IN A RIDE OF TWELVE HOURS.

From Williamsport to Bellefonte and Then Down the Valleys of Nittany, Penns and Buffalo to Lewisburg—The Distance.

[Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.]

Since the completion of the Bellefonte, Nittany and Lemont railroad, from the former to the latter place, a distance of nine miles, a complete circuit can be made from Williamsport via Lock Haven, Bellefonte, Centre Hall, Spring Mills, Mifflintown, Lewisburg, Montandon, Milton and Watsonstown, to the place of beginning. Leaving Williamsport at 7:25 in the morning you can run up to Lock Haven, arriving there at 8:25. At 9 you leave for Bellefonte over the Bald Eagle Valley road, and reach there at 10:35. As the train runs through a lonely road, the railroad does not depart until 1 p. m., you have ample time for dinner and to look around the town which is founded on limestone rocks; to view the great spring; take a glance at the ancient court house, and meet some of the staid, solid citizens. Leaving at the hour indicated you reach Lewisburg at 5:35 p. m., and Montandon at 5:50, where a close connection is made with the up train on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, and Philadelphia is reached at 7 p. m. About twelve hours will be consumed in making the circuit of one hundred and fifty miles. No more interesting trip can be made in this section of the state, where more diversified and charming scenery can be viewed. The route takes in over sixty miles of the valley of the West Branch, with mountains on both sides. The train runs through a canon in the Bald Eagle range to Bellefonte, passes down the rich and highly cultivated valleys of Nittany and Penns, striking the edge of Brush valley. At Spring Mills the scenery again becomes wild and mountainous and the traveler cannot fail to be impressed with its rugged grandeur. Once through the mountain gorge the Eden of Union county, Buffalo valley, is entered, and as the train dashes down to Lewisburg many of the finest farms in the state are passed.

A RICH COUNTRY.

A run around the circuit the other day proved particularly interesting and pleasant. The soft haze of Indian summer hung upon mountain and plain and added much to the softness and beauty of the landscape. At Lemont, a pretty little town with neat churches and cozy houses, you have a splendid view of the State College, about two and a half miles away. It looks stately and grand as it rises from the river windows, and the rich agricultural country which surrounds it never fails to impress one with the conviction that he is in a land of extraordinary fertility and richness. The point of the mountain behind Lemont is the dividing line between Nittany and Penns Valleys, and as the town is passed the railroad bears down the latter valley toward the east. At Centre Hall Fred Kurtz, editor and publisher of the Centre Reporter, came aboard the train. He has lived here for a quarter of a century, and unlike the majority of newspaper publishers, has prospered and grown rich. He owns a fine flouring mill, a farm, supplies the town with water, and runs his own newspaper. On being interrogated concerning his business he said:

"Yes, I furnish the literature, the bread and water for the people of this section. My mill is supplied with the latest and most improved machinery for making flour by the roller process, and we have a capacity to make seventy barrels a day."

"Wheat raised in these limestone valleys is choice, is it not?"

"Very fine indeed, and it makes a superior article of flour. I intend to double the capacity of my mill soon."

"Do you run the farm yourself?"

"No.—I don't attend to the farming. It is conducted by a farmer."

"Have you been engaged in the printing business long?"

"A good many years. I came from York and learned the printing business when a boy. Many years ago I worked in Williamsport for my brother, who publishes a German weekly paper. I always liked the trade of a printer and still work at it."

"You established the Reporter?"

"Yes; after leaving Williamsport I came here and founded it. When I bought the type I looked around for a cheap hand press, so that if I failed I would not have much money invested in that kind of machinery. In the office of the old Lycoming Gazette I found an old fashioned Smith press, which had been used to print that paper, and I bought it. That was at the time when Theodore Wright was editing the paper. After using the old press some time my business increased so much that I was obliged to buy a power press and throw it aside. But I have it yet and it is quite a relic."

ROCKS AND SPRINGS.

Spring Mills, at the entrance of the gorge which forms the outlet to Buffalo Valley, is becoming a place of note on account of its charming surroundings, fine springs and the wonderful cave near by. As a pleasure resort it is already favorably known, and many people visit it in the summer time. The hotel, a large and imposing structure on an elevation overlooking the railroad, is conducted by Mr. John H. Bibby, who formerly kept the hotel at Montgomery, this county. Sweeping down Penn's Creek, a large stream of pure, cold, spring water, which empties in to the river at Selingsgrove, the scenery is wild and rugged. Two tunnels imposing structure on the right and left. The rugged hills are wooded to the summit with pine, oak and hemlock, and Jack's mountain, grim and gloomy,

towers above all, like a mighty sentinel guarding the luxuriant valley which lies to the north, and is called Buffalo. The thrifty little town of Mifflintown is surrounded with rich farms, all under the highest state of cultivation, and sits like a queen amid scenes of pastoral beauty.

The new road, which belongs to the Philadelphia and Erie division, is well built and will prove of immense benefit to the inhabitants of those rich valleys who have been so long cut off from quick communication with the world. Over its tracks the rich products of the farmer will find a way to market and travel will always be good, because the population is heavy. Mr. E. B. Westfall is superintendent of the line and directs its operation. A trip around the circle cannot fail to be of interest to any one who wishes to study the location of the valleys and enjoy every variety of scenery involving river, plain and mountain. The following table of distances may be of value:

Miles.	
Williamsport to Lock Haven.....	28
Lock Haven to Mifflintown.....	24
Mifflintown to Bellefonte.....	2
Bellefonte to Lemont.....	9
Lemont to Lewisburg.....	13
Montandon to Williamsport.....	15
Total.....	101

The entire "swing around" can be made in twelve hours at an expense not exceeding five dollars, and cannot fail to prove as interesting as it is charming.

A MURDER FOR MONEY.

Chester, Pa., Nov. 23.—John Sharpless, one of the most orthodox Friends in Delaware county, resides in North Providence township, about a mile from this city, on a farm located on a lonely road. At 9 o'clock a strange colored man called at the house while it was raining. He found Mr. Sharpless sitting with his family, his wife and two ladies and a nurse. He introduced Mr. Sharpless to go to the barn with him for some straps saying, "I have had hard luck. My carriage, in which there is two ladies, has broken down, and I need a rope to fix it up so that I can go." The murderer kept well in the shadow while he said this, and declined the invitation to enter the house pending the repairs. On his way to the barn another man joined the first and the two followed in Mr. Sharpless' wake.

When in the stable Mr. Sharpless was struck on the back of the head with a baton, crushing his skull, and killing him instantly. After taking out the body the negro returned to the house. In reply to a question he said he wanted money, and advanced one of the women, at the same time asking what had become of a girl whom he missed from the company. Upon learning that she had gone out, and the colored servant sent for the villain left. Mr. Sharpless' family were on their way to the barn when they encountered a neighbor, who happened to warn them that he had seen two suspicious looking characters on their way to the house. The family then expressed their fears and continued to the barn, where Mr. Sharpless was found lying dead. An alarm was promptly sounded, and in a short time a scouting party was hurrying in every direction to find the assassins. It is assumed that they hid themselves in John Lindsey's barn, on the farm adjoining, and as the negro returned to the house, they set fire to that structure in order to divert attention and thus escape, for it was our ed down a short time after the murder with all the crops, farming implements and four head of horses. The loss on the barn is about \$5,000.

A SUBSTANTIAL FINE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 22.—Harrison Hipple, a drover at No. 930 Market street, as the owner of an old crippled cow, which was sick and emaciated to such an extent that it could not stand up. The man took the cow to a slaughterhouse where it was killed and sold to customers. Hipple was arrested and let off with a fine of \$1.25.

FIVE WOMEN BURNED.

Sandusky, O., Nov. 20.—The County Infirmary near this city was partially destroyed by fire to-night. Five women were burned to death, and the Superintendent was badly injured and unconscious and unable to give any information. There were 98 inmates.

SLAIN BY A CYCLONE.

London, Nov. 22.—A terrible cyclone swept over the Philippine Islands yesterday. Eight thousand buildings including numerous churches and school houses, were destroyed and twenty-two persons were killed.

SERBIA'S DEFEAT SERIOUS.

London, Nov. 19.—It is clear that Serbia's defeat at Shvitz was very serious. They lost 10 guns, 356 horses, 3,000 killed and wounded and many prisoners.

For \$2 in advance we will send the Reporter one year and the New York Weekly World six months. The two papers for the time named, for \$2. This offer we make to induce advance payment.

SHRINKING IN WOOLEN GOODS.

A German technical journal states that woollen fabrics treated according to the following simple method will be found to be proof against shrinking, and will also retain their color unchanged: The fabrics are first soaked for several hours in a warm, moderately concentrated solution of soda, to which about half a tumbler of ammonia water has been added, more or less, according to the quantity of material treated. At this stage the fabric is washed out after the addition of some water that is warm, then rinsed in fresh water. The same result may be reached by adding a tumbler of ammonia water to a small tub of water, soaking the stuffs for half an hour in this, and finally rinsing them in pure water.

SENSE OF SMELLING.

A man may walk for miles and miles without once being actually conscious that he possesses such a sense as smell beyond the general sensation of being in a pure and fresh atmosphere. Half a dozen times perhaps in his walk he wakes up to it. A beanfield in bloom—a bank of violets or burning weeds or new-mown hay or some blossoming woodbine or the wall flowers or mignonette in a cottage garden—some one or other of these may arrest his attention at rare intervals by their fragrance and so steal into notice; but the man does not look for them, and he is quite content to begin and finish his walk—if it so happens—without any of them. How different with a dog who has set out with him and has been enjoying his walk side by side with his master, receiving impressions from the same surroundings and under the same circumstances! What a completely different aspect things have had for him! His sense of enjoyment has been—like his master's—according to his capacity; but what different influences have appealed to him! If, when they reach home, the dog were able to make known his impressions, and spread them out side by side with his master's, they would probably be as opposite as the poles—just as unlike as if they had been received, these on this earth, and the others among the mountains of the moon. Watch the dog for an instant and see what his interest is centered in, what sense it is that engages his attention most. He has an exceedingly quick eye and ear, and it would be difficult for even a mouse of lightest foot to emerge from his hole and creep around the old stump close by and in again without being detected. The faintest rustle of a leaf, the slightest movement, would be sufficient to betray its presence. Either through eye or ear, very likely through both at the same instant, the dog will be made conscious of the interesting little circumstance. But quick as all his senses are, it is to that of smell, above all, that the dog trusts. This is the final arbiter—the test to which all difficult problems are subjected, and by which all doubts are solved. It is in a world of scents that a dog lives and moves and has his being. What a curious scent this bramble leaf has! and this 'spot in the road! and that last nettle he passed—how interesting! How unlike all other nettles he ever met with! He must return and investigate! And, doing so, he becomes for a few moments so engrossed that even his master's command can scarcely persuade him to leave it. And then, as to judging of character, let a reader who possesses a dog say whether he knows of any test that can be for one moment compared with the test supplied by the bundle of nerves that spread themselves out at the tip of a dog's nose. If a pun may be pardoned, I would express my belief that by no other means can so correct a diagnosis of a man's character be obtained. At all events, all will agree that a dog depends upon it without any reserve whatever, and no amount of flattery will serve to alter the opinion he has by such means arrived at. And who does not remember how, when Ulysses returned home after his many years' absence disguised as a beggar, neither length of time nor change of appearance and clothing served for a moment to deceive his faithful hound. While every other member of the household was regarding him as a stranger his dog came up and instantly discovered his identity.

HOW PLUG HATS ARE MADE.

To make the silk stove-pipe hats, a large square of muslin is dipped into shellac, wrung out and then stretched over a wooden frame to dry. After drying it is cut up into sizes and shapes suitable for the various parts of the hat. Some pieces are cut on the bias for the crowns of hats, others are stiffened particularly for the brims, while the muslin for the central cylinders, which are the sides, is cut into oblong squares. The material for a dozen of these hats is then given to a workman, who draws the frame of the hat together around the block and fastens it by means of a hot iron. The shell of the hat, as it is called, is then varnished and dried, making it stiff, and then the silk plush is put on, a man ironing it with water at every stroke of the iron. Girls sew in the brim after the sides of the shell have been fastened, and then the seams are gone over with a hot iron, which conveys all traces of them. The brim is then curled, as in the case of a felt article, and then the hat goes away to the lincing machine, where polish brushes, revolving rapidly, give it a high polish. From the lincing machine it goes to the hands of a girl, who trims it and puts in the lining.

From all parts of the country come accounts of heavy snow.