

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 27, 1887.

TERMS.—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

—G|O|D|A|D|V|I|C|E|—

KEEP COOL!

and buy at Bartholomew's Store,

Cheapest Store in Centre County.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Corn crop in our valley will be about 1/3 of a full crop.

—Philip Meyer thinks of putting rolls into the Pine Creek grist mill.

—Mrs. J. S. Houseman, of Tusseyville, is quite ill, from an affection of the heart.

—John Grove, one of the well known citizens of Grege, is announced for associate judge.

—Henry Beck, a Madisonburg Democrat, has entered the field as a candidate for associate judge.

—The crossings at the Erang church and at the alley at Riter's, are just too lovely to walk over.

—Eel fishing, with outlines, in the mountains along Penns creek, panned out better this summer than for several years.

—Lon Hassinger, who had his right hand sawed off, at Poe Mills, a few weeks ago, is getting along as well as can be expected.

—Chas Derstine, the Photographer made a trip from Lewisburg, last week to take a number of views in different parts of this valley.

—At last, on Wednesday, a clear sky greeted us, after a cloudy and showery spell of a week or over, when there was not a day without rain.

—Spring Mill's two landlords are entertaining a number of city boarders. There is nothing to prevent that place from becoming a popular summer resort.

—A few days ago a daughter of Joseph Meyer, of Centre Mills, fell from the barn, a distance of 20 feet, striking on stones, and sustaining severe bruises.

—Miss Anna Keller left last Saturday for Freeburg, Snyder Co., where she expects to attend Meyer's Musical College.

—Chas. Meyer left on Monday to spend a week at same place, visiting relatives we suppose.

—The members of the Lutheran church of Lewisburg, have kindly voted their pastor, E. H. Leisinger, a leave of absence. He and family will, about August 1st, come to Centre Hall, where they will remain until Sept. 1st.

—Monday night brought heavy rains, with chances for more on Tuesday. The frequent showers in the last 8 days will be injurious to the wheat and oats cut and on shock in the fields, and we hear of some wheat already sprouted. This makes it still worse for the small wheat crop of our farmers.

—Benjamin Myers, Esq., aged 79 years died at the Irvin House, Lock Haven, Thursday evening. He was a resident of this county several years ago, and is a brother of Mrs. Jacob Arney and of Wm. Meyers of Centre Hall, and was possessed of considerable wealth, made, we believe, in lumber operations in Lock Haven and Clinton county.

—The borough school board received a letter this week from Prof. Manger in reply to the proposition made him to teach our grammar school at \$65 per month. Prof. expects to go west this summer and remain for some time, and for that reason is unable to accept. He recommends Mr. Little, a graduate of Franklin and Marshall, as a man capable of filling the position.

—On last Saturday evening a fellow from the other side of the mountain, with a heavy load of benzine on, started off no less than three times with his horse and buggy for home, re-arranging each time to pick a fight. When leaving the third time, he did not think it policy to return again, as he had received a warm pounding, which evidently was what he wanted.

—Rev. E. J. Wolf, D. D., of Gettysburg, who is visiting his brother, Wm. Wolf, of our town, occupied Rev. Fiechler's pulpit, on last Sabbath morning, and preached a learned discourse upon the subject of Forgiveness. The Doctor handled the subject very ably and his edified by the sermon. Dr. Wolf is on his way to Roaring Springs, in Blair county, where there is a church re-union, at which he has been appointed to deliver the address.

—On Saturday a gentleman who recently moved into this section subscribed for the REPORTER. He told us when he came to the neighborhood last spring, he intended becoming one of our patrons, and that a stranger came to him canvassing for a newspaper, and had the brass to tell him it was the REPORTER he was canvassing for. The farmer gave him some, as he thought, for this paper, but the man brought him, instead, a paper run to run the REPORTER out. This piece of deception and dishonesty is on a plane upon our list in a disreputable way, for mailing same paper to a virtual stealing of our addresses to build up an opposition trade, as we learn from different sources, the parties wanting to know how their addresses were obtained to annoy them with what they did not want.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEST.

LETTER NO. 5.

There is little timber growth on these mountains, and what is there, is very light and trifling. We returned to Denver at 7 p. m., and remained there over night. Before retiring, Mr. Wolf and I dropped in upon pastor Heilman, whom we found very comfortably quartered in his new parsonage adjoining the new church. The church in Denver is handsome, much on the order of our own here in Centre Hall, the principal difference being in the school rooms, which are located at the side, instead of in front of the pulpit.

Tuesday morning we took the train at 7.30 for Colorado Springs, the great health resort of the state. En route we saw a genuine cow boy with his lariat, bring an unwilling cow to the ground. It was an exciting scene. The country between Denver and Colorado Springs improves somewhat as we move along. New lines of railroad are building everywhere. And this is one of the marvels of our great west. The wonder is that these multiplied roads can be made to pay. But they evidently do. At 9.45 we reach Palmer Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, with a fountain in its centre, shooting water up to the height of 100 feet in the air. It is a lovely spot, and but for lack of time we would have tarried long enough to take a turn at the oars of several inviting boats moored in an attractive pavilion that rose like a fairy's castle out of the clear depths of the lake. At Colorado Springs we left our baggage in charge of an obliging agent, and took the Manitou branch to Pikes Peak. His hoary head, crowned with a United States signal station, looms up long enough before we get near to him. 14,147 feet above the level of the sea, Pikes Peak looks like a very father of mountains. If he could speak, what tales could he unfold—tales of heroic daring on the part of ambitious travelers, tales of tear-eyed sorrow and gloomy disappointment and suicidal death! Eternity alone will open those stony jaws and loose that Sphinxian tongue to tell the story they have for centuries hidden from the eager ken of man. The distance up the peak is eleven miles. We were told, although we were the cause of it. The trail is very labyrinthian. That accounts for the distance to the top. In a straight line it would not be over 5 miles. Wanting to see as much as possible, we could not go to the top, as it would have taken us two days to make the ascent and return. The condition of the air would not allow faster movement than that. Whilst in Manitou, we were treated to a storm among the surrounding peaks. Such reverberations of thunder, it has never been my pleasure to listen to before. There was something weird and yet extremely musical withal about the detonations. Pikes Peak was evidently enjoying a first-class snow storm, whilst we at his feet shared it in a few stray drops of rain. The city of Manitou is almost surrounded by mountains. Pikes Peak being the centre of attraction. There are some fine springs at Manitou, notably a soda and an iron spring. It is one of the most fashionable resorts of Colorado, and most decidedly attractive. One could spend a life time there and enjoy all the luxuries of the world. Of course, with the far-famed Rockies so close at hand, we were much surprised in finding plenty of bazaars where there were temptingly posed to view, the many precious minerals of that region. Gold, silver, red ribbon and moss-agates, smoked pearl, pyrites, and tiger eye, were put into manifold shapes, and one was tempted to invest indiscriminately in these things as precious souvenirs of the trip to Pikes Peak. All these metals and stones are found on Pikes Peak. Tiger eye, a beautiful stone, is simply petrified wood, susceptible of a very high polish, and is exceedingly novel and beautiful. I investigated in several articles of it in stone, and will show them to anyone desiring to see them.

After regaling ourselves with a first class dinner, we hired carriages and started for the Garden of the Gods. Before reaching that, our drivers surprised us by suddenly plunging into Williams Canon—a narrow rent in the mountains, admitting barely a single carriage, with only here and there a sufficient width to pass another. This canon is a marvelous freak of nature. It splits in two one of the isolated lower peaks of the Rockies, and is full of varied wonders. The drive is enchanting, and just as nature originally made it—and there has never been a pick or shovel upon it to keep it in repairs. Rocks to the height of 300 or 300 feet pierce the blue above you, and at times you can barely see the day over your head, so near do the tops touch one another. Sparkling, cooling water sings its way through the canon by the side of the road. The distance of the drive is about one mile. The Cave of the Winds lies at the end of the drive, and up the side of a craggy peak, whose dizzy heights make the timid hesitate and falter before venturing upon the ascent. I saw one place in this canon where more venturesome tourists had climbed the face of a forbidding rock and cut and penciled their names triumphantly high up where no hand or foot of our shrinking party dared go. This canon, on the Garden of the Gods was next visited. Fanny has given it this name. It is inclosed by a wall of rocks—natures own work. These rocks are of a garish red and yellow sandstone, and are perfectly stark and barren. I was strongly reminded of my boyhood days when we used to have "penny a peep" shows, as I passed into this gigantic surprise. I felt as if one should pay his admission fee into this theatrical scene. The rocks are of the most grotesque shapes, mammoth caricatures of animals that clamber and crouch, or spring into the air hundreds of feet above you. There is black and brown, drab and white, yellow buff and pink strangely and weirdly intermingled in this rocky masquerade. As you enter the western portals, your first impulse is to utter an exclamation of surprised delight. At every succeeding step you take, you are awed into solemn silence. You feel the weight of something unreal and unearthly upon you. You travel on over miles of plain, covered in all directions with monster rocks, whose colors are almost kaleidoscopic in their sombre isolation, piercing the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky with a distinctness that puts to blush the fine pretensions of our human art. Under your feet is a richly variegated carpet of sand, stone, grass and moss, and back of it all, as if to make a master background, is the regal snow crowned massiveness of Pikes Peak. You pass a leaning tower whose centre of gravity seems at any moment ready to fall withering into the plain, and the tower thundering into the plain, and your feet. Clusters of spire-shaped rocks

lift themselves heavenward, and near by them a cube-shaped rock is balanced on a pivot so slender that it seems a puff of air must turn it over. Imagine, if you can, all this massive sky-towering masonry—this almost infernal mixture of grandeur and grotesqueness, with here and there a cottonwood or a hemlock with their green arms lifted heavenward, all this with its scintillating colors touched into a dazzle of glory by a fierce Colorado sun, and you have a picture which once seen, can never be forgotten. In this garden the gods disported themselves, doubtless the gods of the Norse Walthalla, whose outbursts of wild rage or uncouth playfulness found congeniality in this savage grandeur. Our party reluctantly turned away from this enchanted spot and faced toward Colorado Springs, where we were to take the cars for our return trip.

Colorado City is 3 miles from the Springs by the same name, and was the first capital of the Territory. It is now a quiet little hamlet, but is laid out for a magnificent city, and it seems as if its ambition in this direction would be realized in the not far off future. At Colorado Springs we took the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. to Pueblo, on route for Kansas City. The country between the Springs and Pueblo is very bleak and uninviting. In a distance of 45 miles I saw but 3 or 4 pretentious looking farms, the rest of the country being an almost limitless desert. Some of our party felt immensely relieved on reaching signs of life and thrift at Pueblo. This is a city of 18,000 souls, and is called the Pittsburgh of the West. It is 35 miles from the base of the Rocky mountains, on the Arkansas river, at the point where the Fontaine Qui Bouille empties. This will account for the enormous water resources it enjoys, both for irrigating and water power. We tarried long enough for a first-class lunch, and found that the city enjoyed the luxuries of gas works, electric lights, telephone system, street railway, and sewerage. The works of the Colorado Coal and Iron company, are located here, and were built at an expense of three million dollars and they manufacture from native ores, pig iron, Bessemer steel, steel rails, merchant iron, gas and water pipe, and nails, both iron and steel. W. E. V.

DEATH OF J. M. HARPER.

The death of Mr. J. M. Harper, a prominent citizen of Tyrone, occurred Tuesday afternoon, 19. We are indebted to the Daily Herald for the following: Early in the morning while at work in the mill he was prostrated by the heat and was carried across the road to the business office, Dr. Smith was summoned and everything that was within human power was done to restore him to his normal condition, and a little before noon it was deemed advisable to convey him to his home on Ridge street, where he died at 11.30.

April 13, 1845, Mr. Harper was married to Mrs. Margaret Barr, sister of Samuel W. Barr, of this place, Rev. J. C. Barr, now of Dauphin county, and Mrs. J. C. Boal, of Centre Hall. To them were born nine children.

He became a member of the Presbyterian church at Centre Hill in 1853, and was ordained as an elder in the Tyrone church in September, 1867, being the senior member of session at the time of his death.

DEATH OF GEO. A. RUNK.

Mr. George A. Runk died at Spring Mills, on last Sabbath night at 12 p. m. Mr. Runk became ill some six weeks ago, on his return from a visit to silver mines. The seat of the trouble was in his stomach, and it supposed to have been cancer. He suffered much, all the time and was scarce able to take any nourishment, yet bore up with patience and resignation until the last moment. He received every attention from a devoted wife and kind neighbors, and retained consciousness to the end.

Mr. Runk was one of our most esteemed friends; he was a good citizen, obliging and kindhearted, and in his vicinity. We deeply sympathize with Mrs. Runk in her sad bereavement. The remains were embalmed and taken to Frenchtown, N. J., for interment, on Wednesday 17. His age was 62 years, 00 days.

Mr. Runk some years ago resided in California. Mr. Runk went to California in 1846, and lived there 30 years. He was in San Francisco when it was not larger than Spring Mills.

A post mortem examination held by Dr. Van Valzah showed that his death was caused by a tumor in the stomach.

DEATH OF MR. SWEETWOOD.

Mr. John Sweetwood, of Georges valley, who had been quite ill for a long time, died on Friday last. Mr. Sweetwood was one of the oldest persons in that neighborhood, where he resided and followed farming for a great many years. He bore the character of an upright man and was a worthy member of the M. E. church. He was the father of Mrs. Jacob Harpster and Mrs. John Arney, of this place; also of James, Wils, and J. W. Sweetwood. There were several other children whose names do not occur to us at the moment of writing. His remains were buried at Sprucecreek, followed to the tomb by a large concourse of relatives and friends. His age was 85 years, 10 months, and 12 days.

SERIOUS RUN-OFF.

Jack Lambert, of near Madisonburg, one day last week, had a serious run-off, as he was on his way with a two-horse team, to Lock Haven, having a load of butter and eggs. As he got near Pettit's mill, one of the front axles broke and the team began to kick and run. The whole dash board of the wagon was kicked off, the wagon upset and he and his son were thrown out. The son had a leg broken and his father was badly bruised. The wagon was wrecked and a long stretch of the road was drenched with smashed eggs and smeared with butter. Besides the injuries sustained by Mr. Lambert and his son, he has a serious loss on wagon, butter and eggs.

FESTIVALS.

The woods are full of them and every body goes. Last Saturday was a good day for them. The warm weather seems to bring them out and the people turn out in full force. Bellefonte, Valentines Forge, Pleasant Gap, Tomsyville, Potters Mills and Aaronburg, had festivals last Saturday and every one we hear was a success. Next Saturday will be held at Linden Hall by the Evangelical church, and Friday and Saturday following Aug. 5th and 6th, the young American corner Band of Lemont, will follow suit and have a rousing festival and picnic. Every body will turn out.

HE WANTED PENSION MONEY.

HOW A CITIZEN OF COBURN PERSONATED HIS OWN WIDOW.

John Ernst, a citizen of Coburn, is in trouble because his desire to procure a pension led him to commit forgery and perhaps perjury. John Ernst is partially deaf, which affliction, he says, was caused by his experience in the war, as a member of Company D, 76th Reg't., P. V. It is necessary to have witnesses in regard to such disabilities, and either because he could not get them or because it was too much trouble to do so, John unwisely concluded to do all the business himself.

Accordingly, it is alleged, he went to "Squire J. S. Leiser, in Snyder Co., and under the name of Isaac C. Musselman, a member of his company, made affidavit in his own behalf. It is also said that he went before "Squire J. C. Boal, in Centre Hall, and there, over the name of William Walter, of Woodward, averred that he was deaf when he came from the army and had been deaf ever since. He made similar affidavits before "Squire Samuel J. Herring, at Penn Hall, there personating William Keiser. Still other similar fraudulent affidavits are alleged against Ernst. The matter was investigated by United States Commissioner McDevitt, of Sunbury, who made complaint and Ernst was arrested. He was taken to Williamsport, where he will be detained until the meeting of the next United States Court in this city. The above facts are given by the Daily News. Mr. J. C. Boal, of our town, was a witness at the hearing, at Sunbury, the other day.

A SILVER WEDDING.

Last Saturday the Parsonage of the Reformed church at Boalsburg, Pa., presented an unusually happy appearance. The occasion was the celebration of the silver wedding of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Groh. Twenty-five years ago on the 17th, inst., they were united in marriage. This day falling on Sunday and for other reasons, the celebration was postponed until the 23rd.

The guests were Mr. Adam Hess, and family of Boalsburg; Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Sitzer, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Bloom, of Lemont; Mrs. McKee, and two of her children, of Bellefonte; Miss Nellie Hess, of Muscatine, Iowa; Rev. S. M. Roeder, and family, of Elizabethtown, Pa., and Mr. William Hess, of Boalsburg. Many were the kind wishes and congratulations bestowed upon the honored couple. The reception of the guests was most costly and appropriate, and at the proper time the whole company sat down to a most plentiful, substantial, and enjoyable dinner, comprehending all the delicacies of the season. After dinner, music and a social time in general was indulged in, as there were no special formalities observed the guests were all the more free to enjoy themselves in harmony with the occasion.

One delightful feature of the event was the weighing of each individual guest; old and young, the only exception being one of the guests, who, either for conscience sake or for an unknown reason, positively declined the honor, which was deeply regretted by all.

Rev. Groh has lived in Boalsburg and has been the esteemed pastor of the Boalsburg church for the last thirty years. It was the unanimous opinion of all present that he is exceptionally well preserved for a man of his age and experience. All unite in wishing him and his estimable wife many happy returns of similar anniversaries.

BAND REORGANIZED.

On last Monday evening a number of our young men who for some time have been considering the advisability of reorganizing the band at this place assembled and made a move in that direction. The parties interested are nearly all members of the old band or belonged to some other heretofore and can handle a horn in good style. The meeting was called to order and temporary officers elected. Committees were appointed, to secure a teacher, for two weeks, to dispense of the instruments to members and attend to other matters. From this we are led to believe that the band project taken hold of will be a success.

Among the players mentioned are J. Wes. Henny, Sam Rowe, Dr. Jacobs, Ezra Tressler, Jas. Lohr, Henry Booser, Chas. Arney, Geo. Bushman, Harry Dinges, Cal Wieland, Dave Booser, Gottlieb Strohmier, Sam Kreamer, Orris McCormick, Rob Miller, and others.

We are glad to see the band reorganized as it is a desirable thing to have in the community. We are told that the members resolved to ask for no aid from the citizens and will defray themselves all necessary expenses. Our citizens should go them one better and give them a boost even if not asked, as it is needed anyhow. Again we say, let the band play.

Ice cream every day ad evening at Shirks' ice cream parlor.

Will Flory is having work go forward for his new house, down town.

Farmers are putting away their oats, which has yielded well this year.

For a chance to make a good investment read ad. of Cyrus Luse, in REPORTER.

Sulky plow, advertised in REPORTER, can be bought at a bargain by applying at this office.

Oil-cloths, every pattern and width new and beautiful stock, at S. & A. Loeb's, and very low in price.

Rain showers have been quite frequent, within the last ten days, and the earth is well watered with water and cisterns are filled. The rain has been favorable for corn and potatoes.

Our station is becoming quite a shipping point. In addition to the large amount of lumber shipped, shipments of bark and prop-timber are increasing. This week the first car load of prop timber from the Decker tract was sent off and many more will follow.

Garman's new hotel building is about completed, needing only the finishing touches. They are now provided with all the modern appliances for entertaining their guests. They expect to open Aug. 9th—the day the Democratic Co. Convention assemblies at Bellefonte.

J. H. Pile, of West Perry towns hip aged 89 years, cradled, bound and shocked four shocks of wheat in one hour on the Fourth of July, each shock containing twelve sheaves. Can any of our old Centre county farmers beat that?

Mr. Chas Soars, of Muncy, who has been visiting his brother, the station agent at Spring Mills, dropped in on us Monday. Mr. Soars is a member of the Senior class, of Bucknell University, and a young man of considerable ability.

LOCAL PENCILINGS.

—Kaufman & Long, Millheim, has dissolved. Mr. Kaufman continues the store.

—A son of David Miller, of Millheim, was killed in a railroad round-house at Freeport.

—Miss Kate McCormick, of Tyrone, is visiting at the home of her brother Orris, in this place.

—Kerlin's store, at the Stone-mill, is doing a brisk business, under the management of Arthur Kerlin.

—Mr. Ed. Stine, of Tyrone, spent Sunday in Centre Hall. He is a telegraph operator at that place.

—Yes we are going to have a band and no one has been asked to subscribe. They evidently mean business.

—The National Guard encampment at Mt. Getzeta, this year, will be named "Camp Winfield Scott Hancock."

—Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Lewisburg, are visiting their son in-law, Mr. John Hefty, of this place.

—Carpets of every grade, style and price, an entire new stock, largest and handsomest in the county, at S. & A. Loeb's.

—Will Flory's house is up now, which with a number of others, makes the lower end of town look like it had a real building boom.

—The Ice Cream parlors at L. Murray are open during day and evening. They have the reputation of making good Ice Cream.

—Mr. W. H. Ripka, of Globe Mills, Snyder county, showed his pleasant face in our sanctum, Monday morning. He is a skilled millwright.

—Harry Lucas, a young man employed at one of the mine banks near Bellefonte, was quite badly injured on Friday. We have not learned particulars.

—The Wmst. Breakfast Table in its new dress is quite an improvement in general appearance of that sheet. It is full of news and interesting reading as ever.

—Mr. John Mitchel the pitcher of the State College ball team, we hear, has been engaged by Sunbury team, and has been doing some fine work in that position.

—The other day, near Philadelphia a 16 year old boy shot himself over the grave of his pet dog, whose death had given him intense remorse. Strange things do happen!

—Three or four meddlesome cranks in any community will do more to disturb it and keep it in a ferment, than a dozen good men can counteract. This is a well-known fact.

—The latest serpent story comes from Huntingdon county, where a snake with legs has been discovered. Gosh, we can beat that in Centre county, here a snake has been found smoking cigarettes.

—An enraged bull gored and pawed Eli Parker to death in Michigan. A boy in York state shot at some sparrows, and killed his brother, and a child in same state died from blood poisoning caused by a spider or mosquito bite.

—On last Friday a jolly party of young folks from Lemont and vicinity passed through town en route for the Cave. In the evening they indulged in a hop at Old Fort and took in a drenching rain on their way home.

—James Rothrock, of Franklin, Snyder county, was bitten on the hand by a rattlesnake while picking berries on Wednesday last week, but the Shade mountain distillery was not far away, and the whiskey saved him.

—Wear the J. F. Hill & Co. gents \$3 shoes. The best fine shoe ever sold for the money. Every pair warranted. We have a handsome line of ladies' hand-made pump sole flexible shoes at reasonable prices. GRAHAM & SON.

—A Pittsburg paper advertises for "a boy to do heavy work." Boys who would be caught by an advertisement like that are very scarce in this section. Advertise for a boy to smoke cigarettes and Centre Hall will furnish the chap.

—An effort is being made by 3rd and 4th class post masters throughout the country to have their salary increased. A convention has been called for the purpose at Washington in December next.

—The turnpike is undergoing repairs near the station Good act, and hope they will keep it up from one end of town to the other. The hill in town is in terrible condition and a give-away to the surroundings. Repair it at once and ever body will say Amen to it.

—Prof. A. L. Little of Bedford, has been engaged as principal of the borough schools this coming term. He comes with good recommendations as a student and instructor, and hope he will be successful in his work. The public schools will open about the 2nd week of September.

—Candidates are putting in their licks on the home stretch—some get home to stay. Some of the candidates report that threats are made by a few known as disorganizers, to make trouble, if the nominations don't suit their notions. We, too, heard such threats, and all we have to say, nominate good, honest, consistent Democrats, and no disorganizing element can hurt the ticket.

—Carpenter John F. Hagan with his force of hands, viz: John F. Hagan, W. D. Hagan, B. M. Greninger, Frank Wait, H. Rossmann, L. Stover Andrew Rote, and William Feldler, did some quick work on Wm. L. Kurtz's new house at the station. They began work Monday morning and on Wednesday afternoon had the house, a 2 story plank frame up and ready for the rafters. What crew of mechanics can beat Hagan and his men?

—The following persons have gone or intend going to the Cave Hotel, near Spring Mills, to spend a week or two in the shade: Mrs. Emank and children and Miss Gussie Thompson of Reading, Mrs. Lewis Rothelmer of Lewisburg, Mrs. Beard of Newport, Mrs. Pellman and daughters of Limestone Twp., Wm. W. Anapach of Milton, Miss Sue Pontius, Mrs. Dr. Gast, Mrs. Jas. H. Snodgrass, Miss Nettie Stitzer, Mrs. M. A. C. Gemberling, John A. Beard and Oliver P. Badger of this place.—Mifflinburg Telegraph.

—The well-drillers who were boring for water on Alexander's lot for some time, have left without getting water, after shifting to three spots, owing to the nature of the soil which seemed too loose. This is a surprise as any one would have supposed there water could be struck at 20 feet. We judge, at most any other place in town this would prove so, and the present failure need not discourage any one from trying it on other lots. We are certain that water can be struck on the east side of the road, within three feet, without search by diving rod.

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