

The Centre Reporter.

OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES XXI.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

The men who shear the sheep of their wool, cry for a high tariff to shear the men and women who wear the wool

Rosee Conkling being dead Blaine is willing, just as the Reporter predicted a few days before the death of the great New Yorker.

The Kansas senator is now called Windgalls--when old Dan Voorhees gets thro' with him he will be called the spavined jack

At the 20th annual Methodist conference held in New York, last week, the committee reported against women becoming lay delegates.

The supreme court has now settled the license question, and the Methodist conference the woman delegate question. Now let us have peace.

Boulanzer is creating all the excitement in France, and rabbits and Chinese are plaguing the Australians. In our country the trouble seems to be among the Republicans as to whom to nominate for President.

The great majority of the American people wear wool, and free wool means about \$12 a year more in the pockets of every man and woman in the land per year, in place of it giving into the pockets of a few sheep breeders.

We should have liked to have heard Andy Curtin on the floor of the senate, when the Kansas ruffian, Ingalls, assailed Gen. Hancock, Pennsylvania's great soldier. It would have been a treat to see him flay the Kansas snipe.

The sentiment of the people of the United States is strongly in favor of tariff reform. One-sided protection is played out, and monopolists may shriek free-trade until their throats are worn out and no one will scare worth a cent.

The strikers at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works held a meeting and resolved to declare the strike off. Great indignation was expressed on account of those who had broken ranks and returned to work, and a resolution was passed that all these men should be considered black sheep.

When Ingalls slandered Pennsylvania's great soldier, Hancock, and the noble McClellan, Cameron and Quay were silent in their seats. The Keystone state has no one on the floor of the senate qualified to speak for her, to defend her interests, or raise a voice in defence of her distinguished, but dead, heroes when assailed by cowards and ruffians like Ingalls: How humiliating for the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania to be without a voice in the senate!

When Wm. A. Wallace was there, Pennsylvania was both heard and respected.

The Sun condenses from a Charleston paper the replies of eight clergymen of various denominations to the question what they thought would be the fate of the heathen after death, as follows: Five of them, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, a Catholic and a Jew, thought that those who were invincibly ignorant of the truths revealed by Christ, and who faithfully observed the divine natural law, aided by the light of reason and the grace of God, might be saved. A Scotch Presbyterian thought that all, heathen or Christian, who died without conversion, would be damned. A Presbyterian thought that the heathen would be judged by their own conscience, but doubted their salvation unless they were converted. A Baptist thought there was no salvation out of Christ, and that God had done enough to leave the heathen without excuse.

After discussing the subject for nearly a week, the Methodist General Conference yesterday, by a vote of 294 to 173 refused to seat the women delegates at the present session, adopting the amendment of Dr. Neely, referring the question to a vote of the Annual Conferences between now and the meeting of the next General Conference, in 1892. The ablest delegates, lay and clerical, participated in the discussion, and, while the women did not lack for champions among the orators, it turned out, as often before, that good speeches are not alone convincing enough to make votes.

It is probable that the conference took the wisest course in the matter. There were grave doubts as to its power to sanction a new departure that would be in effect a revolution without some authoritative indication that the Methodist body favored it.

The lack of any expression upon the subject from at least nine-tenths of the conferences represented furnished the strongest argument for making haste slowly in a matter of such serious moment.

BLAINE A CANDIDATE.

NEW YORK FRIENDS OF THE MAINE MAN ANNOUNCE THE FACT.

New York, May 4.--Friends of Mr. Blaine in this city announce that they can now state positively that Mr. Blaine will be a candidate for the Presidency if such be the unmistakable desire of the party.

Philadelphia, May 5.--The Times tomorrow will reiterate that Blaine is in the hands of his friends, and will publish the following dispatch from New York.

The inside Blaine leaders here are greatly provoked that Blaine's willing candidacy has been proclaimed by the Times, because they fear that it may obstruct the consummation of their plans. They with one accord deny that a recent letter has been received from Blaine on the subject, but not one of them is willing to deny that Mr. Blaine will accept the nomination if tendered to him. The announcement of my dispatch of yesterday came upon the Tribune like a thunder peal from a clear sky, and Mr. Reid reprinted the dispatch in full, with the following petulant and equivocal answer: "We print the above only that our readers may know the sort of tales people are telling. It is of course like the recent stuff about Mr. Blaine's dreadful state of health--chiefly bosh, mere goose food."

If there is no truth in the positive statement that Mr. Blaine's friends are assured of his acceptance if nominated, how easy and how much more impressive would have been the answer if Mr. Reid had said: "Mr. Blaine will not accept." Mr. Reid knows that Mr. Blaine will accept, and that is why the petulant and ambiguous answer came.

A HAMLET BLOTTED FROM EARTH

EIGHT HUMAN BEINGS BURNED TO DEATH AND THIRTY OTHERS INJURED.

Mt. Carmel, Pa., May 6.--Between 10 and 11 o'clock last night a terrible accident occurred on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad between this place and Locust Gap. A freight train consisting of 75 cars, bound for Williamsport, became disconnected by the breaking of a coupling, and the engine and three cars ran half a mile before the crew discovered that the train was divided. The first section awaited the arrival of the second at the foot of a heavy grade and the two brakemen, losing control of the second section it dashed into the first section, causing an explosion in the third car, which was loaded with Dupont powder.

At the scene of the accident the railroad runs along a steep hill, at the bottom of which stood two rows of houses occupied by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's employes. On the hillside stood a little cottage occupied by John Quinn and family of four children, two boys and two girls. The force of the explosion wrecked the buildings, 17 in all, and the stoves set fire to the ruins.

Quinn and his two little girls were braised to death. The two boys escaped with burns. Simon Kerwick's family consisted of Mary and Willie Cavanaugh adopted children, aged respectively eight and fourteen years; Daniel Kerwick, aged eight; Alice Kerwick, aged five, and his wife and a new-born babe. Mr. Kerwick carried his wife from the burning building, but the children were burned to death.

Thirty persons were injured, several of whom were sent to the miners Hospital.

In all, 12 cars were destroyed, and seventeen houses with their furniture. All the windows in the Locust Gap churches and schools were broken and the doors blown off. In Mt. Carmel large store windows were broken. The total loss is estimated at \$75,000. Wrecking crews have the road open again for travel.

INGALLS BUILT THAT WAY.

Senator Ingalls renewed his attack on dead Union generals, although he was compelled to admit that, so far as Hancock was concerned, his only sin was that of being a Democrat in politics. From the Ingalls standpoint this is doubtless an unpardonable sin; but as at least half the voters of the United States are guilty of the same sin, it is hard to see what Senator Ingalls is going to do about it, unless he and his bloody shirt Republican comrades decide to flock by themselves. It would have been much more manly on the part of the Kansas senator if he had selected living men as the targets of his sarcasm, but he seems to have a penchant for assailing the dead and perhaps he can't help it. He seems to have been built that way.--Phila. Times.

Frank Collins, of St. Cloud, Minn., will probably smoke a pipe hereafter. The other day he lit a cigar, and finding it would not draw, cut it in two and discovered a small cartridge in the middle. When he finds the joker has filled his pipe with powder, he will take to the cigarette, and soon find his coffin in it.

MR. INGALLS GIVEN THE LIE.

SENATOR VOORHEES CALLS THE KANSAS SENATOR A GREAT LIAR AND A DIRTY DOG.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, on Tuesday again made a bloody shirt speech in the senate, attacking the loyalty of McClellan and Hancock, yet Ingalls was a sneak and not in the army at all.

A colloquial discussion took place between Senators Ingalls and Voorhees, during which the former read a letter which he said was written by Senator Voorhees in 1860, recommending friends for the confederate military commissions in which sentiments favorable to the southern cause were expressed. Senator Voorhees denied the statements attributed to him, calling them campaign slanders which had been exploded years ago. After speaking for two hours Senator Ingalls sat down and Senator Voorhees began to speak in a slow measured and resonant tone, remarking that the speech which the senate had listened to, brought to his mind the fable of the mountain in labor. Two hours had passed away and all that had been seen was a poor, small mouse creeping off. He said Senator Ingalls had been politically dead since last March when Senator Blackburn disposed of him. He ridiculed Senator Ingalls' arraignment of him, using witty sentences in expressing himself on the question of what he called "falsehoods, so base and infamous that the black walls of perdition could not repudiate them."

He ridiculed Senator Ingalls' military record, which he said did not appear in the congressional directory until he had been in the senate twelve years and did not appear in the adjutant general's report of Kansas, and he thought somebody else, with more claim to military experience should undertake to be a censor to McClellan and Hancock. As to Senator Ingalls' attack upon the southern people Senator Voorhees said the end of such a war on the south would be their triumph and his (Ingalls) defeat.

Senator Ingalls replied to Senator Voorhees, comparing their records, and charged that the senator from Indiana had been from the onset a determined, positive, aggressive and malignant enemy of the Union cause. "I pronounce that," said Senator Voorhees, rising with anger in his eye, "to be a deliberate false accusation. I voted for every dollar that paid the soldier for every stitch of clothes he wore, and for every pension bill that rewarded his services. If the gentleman from Kansas would find one single vote that he had cast against the payment of soldiers for their supplies, for their bounties, or against the appropriations for their pensions, he would resign his seat in the senate. Every word the senator had stated on that subject was absolutely by record and absolutely false. He measured his words. The senator said he (Voorhees) was an object of his charity; the senator was an object of his contempt. He hoped his maker would take cognizance of him and never let him leave this chamber if he had ever been a member of a secret political society in his life. No man in public life until the senator from Kansas disgraced himself by doing it had ever alluded to the fact or pretended fact that he had ever belonged to such an organization.

Senator Ingalls--Did not the soldiers of Indiana threaten to hang the senator with a halibut on the train after he made that Lincoln dog speech?

Senator Voorhees--The senator is a great liar, when he intimates any such thing, a great liar and a dirty dog. It never occurred, never in the world. That is all the answer I have and I pass it back to the scoundrel who is instigating these lies. (This remark was made in reference to Representative Johnson, of Indiana, who was seated at the desk directly in the rear of Senator Ingalls.)

Senator Ingalls--There is a very reputable gentleman in the chamber, a citizen, of Indiana, who informs me that the signers of that certificate are entirely reputable inhabitants of Indiana, and he knows fifty people who heard the senator.

Senator Voorhees--Tell him I say he is an infamous liar and scoundrel. Tell him I say so.

A Washington special says: Senator Voorhees will be given a reception by the members of the Indiana Democratic club in this city on the night of the 17th inst. On that occasion Senator Voorhees will review the charges made against him by Mr. Ingalls that he was not in sympathy with the Union during the war, and will show by documentary evidence that the charges are untrue. He will also pay his respects to Mr. Ingalls in a manner which his friends say will afford his audience great delight. Senator Voorhees is rapidly recovering his health.

The jury in Quebec in the case of the salvation army, indicted as a public nuisance, has returned a verdict of guilty. We are inclined to think that jury was sound.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ON A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.

Altoona, May 5.--It has been evident to Assistant United States Marshal Ford for some time past that an expert gang of counterfeiters was at work in the mountains near this city, and his suspicions were more than confirmed by information that reached him last Tuesday, that the coiners were located near Coalport, a coke and lumber town on the Bell's Gap Railroad. In company with Detective Simpson, Ford went out the road Friday morning, and by a circuitous movement, they gained the house of Isaac Edmanson, arresting him while at work on the dies. He was caught in the act, and surrendering without resistance, was taken in irons to Bellwood. Counterfeit silver money in various denominations was found on him.

This morning two detectives and Marshal Ford returned to Lloydsville, and proceeding to work on clues discovered on Edmanson, they footed across the woods to Horner's Notch, a wild and rocky fastness in the Alleghenies, where even the backwoodsman rarely enters. There they surprised Daniel Garman in a rough board and bark covered shanty, surrounded by the implements of the counterfeiter, and just about pouring out metal into a series of dollar molds before him. Garman dropped the pouring pot and reached for an old carbine standing in a corner of the room. Detective Simpson promptly knocked him down and put him in chains.

A search of the premises followed, and in a small hole near the rocks, discovered by the honest accident, nearly \$2,000 in counterfeit coin was found. Garman admitted that this sum of the spurious represented five weeks of hard toil. The dies captured were very complete, and there were several plates of note engraving, but they had not been used.

Returning to Lloydsville, Marshal Ford stepped into the postoffice, and going up to the counter said: "You're John Myers, I believe."

"That's my name, sir."

"Well, I want you to come along with me. You have been robbing the mails and assisting in some jobs out here on the hills."

LAFAYETTE STATUE.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE FRENCH GENERAL.

The commission charged by congress with the selection of the design and subsidiary subjects of the grand national tribute in bronze to the life, character and services of the Marquis de Lafayette, the champion of recognition of American independence at the French Court, a brave soldier of the war and friend and companion of Washington, has now fully completed its work, and it only remains for the eminent French sculptors, Antoine Falguiere and Antonin Merci, to complete their work "with their own hands," as required by the terms of the contract, and deliver it in Washington by the spring of 1890.

The statue, which will cost \$50,000 from base to crown, will be forty-five feet, and the figure all heroic. That of Lafayette will be ten feet high, representing the subject in the uniform of a Continental general. In one arm he embraces the colors of the American Republic, and in the other hand holds a scroll. The heroic female figure in front at the base represents America extending to Lafayette the sword of liberty, and pointing to the inscription, "Lafayette et ses compatriotes." The four subsidiary figures, also in bronze, will be nine feet high.

The commission, consisting of Senator Everts, Secretary Endicott and Architect Clark, found great difficulty in discriminating among the many officers of distinguished services who were compatriots of Lafayette. In order to reinforce their own judgment in the premises they asked the views of almost every historical society in the country, and many noted authorities on American history, to name their preferences for the four subordinate figures, two from the French army and two from the French navy. The choice was finally determined in favor of Rochambeau and Duportail and D'Estering and De Grasse. The selection was formerly recorded and directions have just been sent to the sculptors to introduce figures of those heroes of the French allies of the Continental armies in the war for American independence.

A desperate conflict took place yesterday in a mosque in Demanhour, in Egypt. A number of escaped prisoners had taken refuge in the mosque and refused to surrender to the police, who surrounded the building. In the fight that followed fifteen were convicts killed and two wounded. The police lost four men killed and wounded.

William B. Hart was sworn in as the new State Treasurer at Harrisburg on Monday the 7th. Nearly all the old employees of the office will be retained.

AN EDITOR'S INVENTION.

Getting a Sure Drop on Visitors Who Come to Kill--How the Plan Worked in the Gunnison Country, Where it Was First Tried.

No well regulated newspaper, says a Colorado correspondent of the Chicago Herald, should be without one of my Life Protectors. The apparatus is designed especially for editors, the idea being to throw a safeguard around the profession and encourage all writers for the press to absorb the theory that the foundation stone of successful journalism is greater freedom of thought and expression. And I believe that this theory can be inculcated into them if they can only be convinced that there is no danger of distressing results to follow.

After the merits of the Protector become thoroughly understood, and its introduction in the sanctums of the country, the free and disinterested editor will be able to say pretty much what he pleases, and the ranks of journalism will be swelled by hundreds of good and able men who yearn for recreation and amusement, secure from the dangers and annoyances connected with other vocations and professions.

I drifted into Colorado in 1870 with barely enough money to establish the small weekly paper which I am still running in this mining camp. I was a tenderfoot, and realized now that I started in the wrong way. From the very date of the first issue I made it red-hot for everybody. The consequence was that in the course of a few months I went through some very harassing experiences. The populace sent to my address a consignment of unsavory eggs--delivered personally by hand. I was made the central attraction of a street parade, riding on a piece of scuffling carried on the shoulders of two stout miners; I ran a foot-race with an excited crowd of men, one of whom carried a rope in his hands, and I was stabbed in the back by an assassin as I turned a street corner on a dark night.

Of course, these little liberties taken with my person irritated me; in fact, I might say, incensed me. And I got back at my tormentors in a way that literally made the fur fly. One particular issue of the paper, however, kicked up a big sensation. It was very salty, and also very peppery! The results that followed would have discouraged most men, but I am still here--honored and respected, though somewhat subdued. I am wearing pants without a pistol pocket and occasionally lead the singing at the little white church up the gulch.

The entire population of Tin Cup seemed to be seized with a sudden and uncontrollable desire to drink my heart's blood as soon as this edition of the paper had been distributed about the camp. They came running toward the office in all directions, and each one carried a revolver or a gun. I had expected such an outbreak, and with the aid of the printer, had barricaded the door. The firing was desultory for awhile, but pretty soon it developed into a regular fusillade. The printer stood by me gallantly, however, and we made it so hot for the mob that none of them dared make an attempt to scale the stairway. This period of pleasant excitement prevailed for eighteen hours. Then, after I had been shot in three places, I concluded to capitulate and take my chances.

I sent the printer out, with the office towel as a flag of truce, and terms of surrender were agreed upon and an armistice declared. I was laid up for a month, and, strange as it may seem, the very fellows who had fought me and tried to kill me nursed me back to life. Naturally this softened my feelings toward the people, with the exception of three citizens--Judge Myers, Major Bolton and Captain Grimes. None of them came to see me while I was sick, and I heard all about their bitter talk against me. They had even gone so far as to boast about shooting me--each claiming the credit of "salting" me with one bullet. When I got on my feet again I determined to change my tactics. I firmly



READY FOR ACTION.

resolved to cease waging war on the community indiscriminately and devote my entire attention to these three worthies.

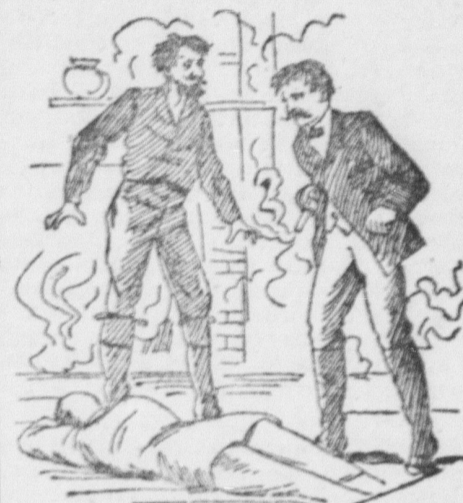
And I proceeded, with diabolical deliberation and violence to sharpen my editorial scolding knife.

Almost everybody knows how the "illusion mystery" is worked. It occurred to me one day that I could utilize this "mystery" to carry out a little scheme of my own. So I went down to one of the stores and laid in a stock of mirrors. I spent the next day (Tuesday) in setting up the apparatus, and, before the middle of the afternoon, I was able to produce a thoroughly able-bodied illusion--using a dummy figure in imitation of myself. The printer, taking position at the door at the head of the stairs, was willing to make affidavit to the fact that I was sitting at the south window, directly across in line from the door, while, in fact, I was behind the barrel of ashes through which the water was filtered in the manufacture of lye used to wash the ink from the types, on the east side of the room.

The experiment was in every way satisfactory, and so I began to make preparations for the grand climax. Thursday was the day of publication, and I put in the night of Wednesday writing editorials. My printer stuck to me loyally, and by noon of Thursday all the types had been set and the paper was ready for the press. It is hardly necessary to state that it contained the most lurid lot of matter ever concocted in the Gunnison country--before or after. I poured molten lead, as it were, down the backs of my three enemies; I charged them with every crime in the calendar; I called them vile names, and dared them to resent the insults.

When enough copies had been printed to supply the carrier I stopped the press and

took up the mirror so as to make the illusion perfect. Then I started the carrier on his rounds. The printer heeded my advice and took his tackle and went over to the creek to fish. I rather liked the fellow, and didn't want him run in as an accessory, either before or after the fact. As soon as he got safely down the stairs I took position behind the ash barrel with my Winchester rifle, and awaited developments.



HAD TO KILL HIM.

saw me sitting at my desk at the south window--or thought he did--and covered me at once.

"Defend yourself," he yelled. "I'll give you a fair chance."

And immediately he discharged his weapon. I afterwards learned that it was loaded with slugs. He quickly took the gun from his shoulder to see the effect of his shot, and I let him have it squarely between the eyes. He dropped like a beef, and I don't believe he ever knew what hit him. I dragged his body over and chucked it under the wash-trough, and then assumed my position behind the ash-barrel.

The sound of firearms in Tin Cup in those days was of such frequent occurrence that little or no attention was paid to the shooting-off of a gun or revolver.

Pretty soon I heard some one coming up the stairway two steps at a time. I knew it was Major Bolton, because he was a very tall, slim man with long legs. And I was glad of it. To tell the truth I yearned to kill him. He flashed across me instantly that I would try to put a second ball into him before he struck the floor--so as to make a good job of it. He came in on a dead run, with a revolver in each hand, and almost reached the center of the room before he began firing. Then he opened up a regular broadside. He was considered the best revolver shot in the camp, and, of course, at such close range, he imagined that he was filling me full of holes. I could plainly see the gleam of satisfaction on his countenance, and it so amused me that I delayed pulling the trigger, although I had a bead drawn on his left ear. He continued to peg away, and after I had thus dallied with him for awhile, I brought him down.

I hadn't time to conceal his body before I heard Captain Grimes coming. I determined to make short work of him. He had hardly pushed his head through the door before I paralyzed him. It was a sort of flying shot, but it was just as effectual as either of the others. It put out his right eye.

The trio were buried in the same grave. The episode has proved a valuable lesson to the Gunnisonites. I have lived here since then and have never had any more trouble. I can do as I please and print what I please. I believe I have solved the problem of liberty for the press and free speech for the editor. Several times I have been on the verge of starting on a lecturing tour, giving practical illustrations of the efficiency of my Life Protector, and exhibiting the pictures of the Judge, the Major and the Captain, by way of illustrating and adorning a valuable principle. But obstacles have always arisen, and I fear I shall never be able to carry out my cherished plan.

Therefore, if any of my editorial brethren want to fortify themselves for emergencies I will send a printed bill of instructions on receipt of a two-cent stamp. It is a labor of love with me. I don't want to make any thing out of it.

Story of a Backslider.

"Corlins," said McStab, "what has become of Lickladder, who used to practice law down in Babylon? I haven't heard of him for years."

"He went out to Los Angeles, Cal., reformed, got to be the superintendent of the mission Sunday-school, and quit the law business. He said he couldn't conscientiously run a law office and a Sunday-school, too," replied Corlins.

"What is he doing now?"

"Last time I heard from Lickladder he was managing a Los Angeles real-estate office."

"Was he still reformed and conscientious man?"

"McStab," said Corlins, with disgust, "you fatigue me very much." Chicago Times.

Clifford Robinson was married to Miss Jennie L. Leonard, near Northville, Conn. the other day, and took their bridal trip on a sled made by her grandfather and drawn by oxen. They were followed by eighty guests in sleighs and sleds, and the whole was a novel sight.

Application has been made for a charter to construct a bridge from Windsor to Sandwich in Detroit. The bridge is to be equipped with one or two railway tracks. It is to have three awning sections for the passage of shipping, which are to remain open except when trains are passing.

Frank Bailey, of Detroit, aged 35 years, has had a mania for some time for sticking the right side of his face and neck full of needles and pins. When taken to the asylum, a few days ago, he had sixteen pins sticking in his cheek, and a number of needles that were buried out of sight.