

PETER RIDER CONFESSES HE KILLED BOY IN TREE

Guilty Man Pleads He Mistook Boy for Squirrel—Fear of Violence Caused Him to Leave the Mangled Body to be Cared for by Others.

Peter Rider confessed that he shot Clyde Auman, the lad perched in a chestnut tree. This clears up one of the two mysteries in the southern portion of Centre county.

The following dispatch was sent to the daily papers from Bellefonte, under date of 10th inst.:

Peter Rider, near Coburn, was arrested at his home this afternoon and jailed here on the charge of shooting Clyde Auman, a thirteen-year-old boy, of Penn township, in the branches of a chestnut tree on October 3.

The arrest was made by a private detective from Philadelphia, who claims he has a confession from Rider, in which the latter states that he shot the boy, thinking he was a squirrel in the tree. When he saw the boy fall and discovered what he had done, it is said, he was so afraid of being lynched that he ran five miles into Poe Valley and hid at his sister's house.

Rider's story is that on his way home from a farmer's, where he had been threshing, he carried his gun, and in taking a short cut passed the chestnut tree on which the Auman boy had climbed, and, mistaking the boy for a squirrel, shot him. His flight kept him from surrendering to the authorities.

Rider is fifty-seven years old, and has a wife and five children.

Detective A. L. Millard, head of the Standard Detective Bureau, of Philadelphia, was the man employed by the Centre County Commissioners to investigate the case. November 30 he took two of his men, Harry Bauer and Frank Nugent, to Greenbrier, where the boy was killed, and they worked several weeks securing evidence on which the arrest of Rider was effected.

The men went there in the guise of hunters and tried to employ Rider, who was suspected of the shooting, as a guide. His family would not permit him to go with the strangers, but a nephew, Robert Rider, was sent with them.

While hunting with Robert Rider his gun accidentally went off and both detectives were shot in the legs, which laid them up for a day or two. They suspected young Rider of having shot intentionally, but the circumstances did not bear out the suspicion. Through hints dropped by him and his uncle, while under the influence of liquor, the two operators decided Rider was the guilty party and sent for Detective Millard, who made the arrest.

The detectives are said to have had little direct evidence of the guilt of the now confessed slayer of the Auman boy prior to his arrest. Everyone in the community had suspicion on Rider, and the detectives threw themselves into Rider's way whenever there was an opportunity to do so, but later Rider and his relatives "got wise" and refused to have anything

to do with the strangers who had shown themselves so much interested in their affairs.

The arrest was made in the store of J. W. Glasgow, immediately opposite the Coburn station, and was accomplished just a few minutes previous to departure of the west bound train. It is presumed the detectives, through local agencies, had lured Rider to Coburn at that particular time. Once alone, separated from his companions and haunts, the detectives played on his credulity. Rider was told that his brother, John Rider, had acknowledged that he (Peter) had shot and killed the Auman boy. Much surprised at the betrayal by his brother, he confessed to having committed the deed, but made the contention that it was not with murderous intent.

Peter Rider is the fourth generation of that family who grew up in "Snively Valley," across the mountain from Note's Mill, at Greenbrier. This man, however, now lives one-half mile below Coburn.

The founder of the family as constituted in the section named, was George Washington Rider, a native of Eastern Pennsylvania, who for some unknown reason settled in that wild, secluded spot. In intellect the senior Rider was the peer of his descendants, and his wife was counted a very well versed woman, and of kindly disposition. In fact, the Riders as a family have a very pronounced strain of hospitable blood in their veins.

Although well versed in the scriptures, the elder Rider was an exceedingly profane man, and at the same time was exceedingly fearful at the least disturbance of the natural. For instance, it is said, it was nothing unusual on the approach of an electrical storm to see him leave his sickle, go to an open spot in a grain field and on his knees offer petitions to the Unseen. Succeeding generations, in a measure, followed their ancestor in the studying of the scriptures, and pride themselves on being able to produce arguments on many scriptural topics.

Peter Rider is an illiterate man. When a boy he attended school but never advanced beyond the abs. He has never been accused of any criminal offense, except the one now holding him in bond. He is poor, having supported his wife and children by days' labor.

The story of the killing of the Auman boy is fresh in the mind of the reader and needs no further rehearsing of facts.

About the Court House.

By a decree of the court Curtin township was divided into two election precincts—North and South, with voting places at Romola and Orvis.

The court appointed Col. D. F. Fortney auditor to audit the accounts of Prothonotary Kimpport, Recorder Rowe and Register Tutten.

Jury Commissioners John D. Decker and Frederick Robb are filling the jury wheel for the year 1907.

Fire Company Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Centre Hall Fire Company Monday evening, in the Council room, bank building for the purpose electing officers and transacting other business. A full attendance is desired.

LOCALS.

Entertainment in Grange Arodisia. See posters.

If in need of Cash Fire Insurance, consult W. H. Bartholomew and Son.

Post cards—all kinds—local views, Christmas and New Year, Good Luck, and art. Fine collection, at the Reporter office.

The hen is a much talked of bird these days, and everyone interested in her welfare for his or her profit is giving her the best of attention. She is an industrious bird, too early to rise for the convenience of the indolent but not so for ex-farmer W. W. Spangler, who every morning during the past week, by the aid of a lantern, lighted an old and partially blind hen to her nest. She is a family relic and lays simply for past time.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat	65
Oats	22
Barley	40
Corn	40

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Lard	68	Butter	20
Potatoes	49	Eggs	70

ENGLISH BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale four English Berkshire pigs—two sows and two boars—bred from stock received from a New York breeder. Pigs are in fine condition and were farrowed the middle of September. Pigs may be seen at my farm, west of Centre Hall.

E. M. HUYETT.

The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma, Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness, but in the country districts old school courtesy is still the custom. An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road when the animal bolted and ran at top speed down a narrow road. In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday making. The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merry-makers and severely injured the Burman who was driving. Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low. "My lord, my lord," he said apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Read the Reporter.

A Matter of Nose.

In spite of the important place given to the nose as an index of character, there is but little to be learned from it in estimating the causes of an innate bond between the mind and the features. Most of the correspondences which have been remarked appear to be of a radical order, but why a Roman nose first became associated with a warlike and domineering disposition or how a long and thin nose became linked with business prudence is more than I can say. If we omit the changes which take place in a nose during the lifetime of its possessor, there is scarcely a nasal peculiarity of value to the physiognomist which at the same time is cosmopolitan. No Tartar or Hottentot, however warlike, could give proof of it in this way. Japan has shown that she possesses plenty of men with military aptitude, but no Wellingtonian nose can be found within her borders. Again, no Chinese nose is long and thin, yet John is not without a certain aptitude at driving bargains.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Music and the Turtle.

The Egyptians, according to the sage Apollodorus, credit their Hermes or Mercury with the invention of music under the following circumstances: The Nile, having overflowed its banks and inundated nearly all of Egypt, on its return to its banks left on its shores various dead animals and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh having dried and wasted in the sun until nothing remained in the shell but cartilages. These, being tightened by the drying heat, became sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against this shell, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of the lyre suggested itself, and he constructed a lyre of the shell of a large tortoise, which he strung with the sinews of dead animals. Dryden wrote:

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly.

Papyrus.

The papyrus used by the ancient Egyptians was made from the stems of a peculiar water reed growing in all parts of Egypt. The outside layer of the plant was removed, and beneath this there were found a number of layers of a delicate, pithy membrane. These, being separated, were placed in layers. A second layer was laid at right angles to and above the first and sometimes a third over the second. Heavy pressure was then applied, and the layers were firmly cemented into a fair article of paper. No gum other than what was contained in the plant itself was used in the process. The papyrus was very much stronger than the average paper made by the modern machines. The sheets were commonly made from six to twelve inches square.

Two Monster Beetles.

The largest bug known to the old world entomologists is the gigantic Goliath beetle, which is found along the Congo river in Africa. Goliath is upward of six inches in length from the tip of his nose to the nether end of his hard shelled body and has a pair of gauzy wings folded up under his arms, either of which is as large as a lady's face veil. But Goliath is a pygmy when compared with the elephant beetle of Venezuela, an entomological giant which weighs nearly a pound and which has a wing spread equal to that of a mallard duck. Both of these bugs are rare.

Kissing in Iceland.

When you visit a family in Iceland you must kiss each member according to his age or rank, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest, not even excepting the servants. On taking leave the order is reversed. You first kiss the servants, then the children and lastly the master and mistress. Both at meeting and parting an affectionate kiss on the mouth without distinction of rank, age or sex is the only mode of salutation known in Iceland.

Wood of the Cross.

The people of the different countries have their various traditions concerning the wood of which the cross was made. In England the peasants say that it was of elderwood and that lightning never strikes that tree. Dean French in a note to his "Sacred Latin Poetry" declares that it was made of the wood of the aspen and that since the day of the crucifixion the leaves of that tree have never ceased to shudder.

One Exception.

"Where there's a winner there's always a loser."
"Not always."
"Well, name an instance to the contrary."
"When you're playing cards with your girl for kisses."

An Impression.

"Now I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"
"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

Badly Put.

Fisherman (beginner)—Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a good deal since I began? Peter (anxious to pay a compliment)—You have, sorr. But, sure, it was aisy for you to improve, sorr!—Punch.

Drug.

When we are children we brag about our parents. When we get to be young men and young women we brag about ourselves. When we become older we brag about our children.

Centre Reporter \$1.00 a year.

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Seamen Can Find Many Signs and Omens of Ill Luck.

Two sailors with their dunnage bags slung over their shoulders followed a shipping master down a Bangor pier the other day to go on board an old hooker deep loaded with lumber that lay waiting for her stores and crew. Just as the party reached the pier head a great gray rat was seen to cautiously and skillfully make his way along the taut bow hawser from the vessel to the wharf. The first sailor, seeing the rat leave the vessel and scuttle up the wharf, stopped short in his tracks, dropped his bag, and declared:

"That settles it! You don't get me aboard that hooker."

The Swede went along in the rat deserted schooner, with what luck is not yet known, and ever since that day the shipping master has been cursing the jacks who go by signs and telling stories of vessels that have survived all sorts of ill omens.

"There," said the old man, "was the case of the brig Starlight that lost her second mate. The second mate, he dreamed the night before she sailed that he saw himself in his coffin, and when he came in Gillogly's place next day to take a parting drink he told of it, and we advised him to get another berth. He said that he guessed it would be all right in the brig. But it wasn't. She sailed from Bangor to Port Spain and soon ran into bad weather. While helping to reef the mainsail the footropes parted under him and that was the last of poor Jimmy."

"There was the little vessel as ever left this port. She sailed on Friday, drawing thirteen feet, and the cook killed a black cat the night before she sailed. This made the men nervous, and they said so, but the mate took a handspike to them, and, being anchored off with all the boats up and lashed and the harbor full of floating ice, there was no chance to leave her. They never got a chance to leave her, for she went down in a northeaster two days out, and all hands with her."

"Now, a man of sense and with the fear of God in him, will get clear of a good deal of hard luck and stay on top of water longer than some of these smart Johnnies. There was Ned Hengler, who shipped in the brig Rainbow, a gay, old West India hooker. Ned, he lived right here in Bangor, and he had good folks who went to church reg'lar and kep' sober. The day before the brig was to sail Ned acted kind of dumphish and he couldn't tell why. Long toward night he shook the feeling off and started down over the hill from the Hampden road to the river with his bag on his back. It was a still, moonlight night, and the tide would swerve in an hour from the time Ned started for home. He had got halfway down the hill and could hear the tug whistling for the vessels to get out their hawsers—they that was going in the tow."

"All at once he felt a soft touch on his arm, and he turned round. There in the moonlight stood his old mother, as had been in her grave eight years, and she looked as natural, Ned said, as she used to when she stood at the door waving him goodby, when, as a young fellow, he went away on his first trips. She looked kind of sad and coaxing at him and gently led him back over the hill, moving so softly at a shudder, and at the top of the hill she pointed to a puff of smoke. Ned stood there a minute or two, not able to stir out of his tracks. Then he picked up his bag from where he had dropped it and started home. It was the middle of August, but he felt cold and shivery. The Rainbow sailed without him and she was never heard from again."—Bangor (Me.) Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Blacksmiths are not the only men who have vices.

...The Index... Bellefonte, Pa.

A List of Choice Articles for Gifts to be found in THE INDEX

Bibles, Books, Fine Box Papers, Writing Sets, Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets, Military Brush Sets, Manicure Sets, Photo Albums, Post Card Albums, Music Rolls, Fancy Baskets, Bill Books, Card Cases, Fountain Pens Gold Pens, Leather Cushions, Pipe Racks, Tobacco Jars, Book Racks, Candle Sticks, Paper Weights, Paper Knives, Calendars, Christmas Cards, Diaries, and too Novelties we cannot enumerate here.

When in doubt look in The Index

...The Index...

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EASTWARD.			WESTWARD.		
PM.	P. M.	AM.	PM.	P. M.	AM.
6:30	12:50	8:50	6:30	10:15	8:00
6:10	12:40	8:40	6:35	10:20	8:07
6:07	12:37	8:37	6:38	10:23	8:12
6:03	12:33	8:33	6:42	10:27	8:17
6:00	12:30	8:30	6:46	10:30	8:21
5:55	12:25	8:25	6:50	10:34	8:26
5:50	12:24	8:24	6:55	10:38	8:32
5:45	12:20	8:20	7:00	10:45	8:35
5:27	12:07	8:07	7:12	10:57	8:50
5:20	12:00	8:00	7:25	11:10	9:05
4:30	7:45	7:45	7:27	11:12	9:07
4:25	7:40	7:40	7:21	11:06	9:01
4:20	7:35	7:35	7:15	11:00	8:55

HOME FOR RENT—The undersigned offers her home, located in Potter township, one mile east of Centre Hall, known as the Frederick Arnold homestead, for rent. The place contains about thirty-three acres, thirty acres of which are clear and in good till. The buildings and fences are in good condition, and there is abundant fruit and water. Will give entire possession, as it is my intention of leaving home. Will rent for cash. SARAH TRESSLER, Spring Mills, E. F. D. 4, Centre Hall, Pa.

Why not advertise in the Reporter office.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect Nov. 25, 1906

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FOR MONTANDON and intermediate stations, Sunbury, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Wilkesbarre, Scranton and Westport: 7:17 a. m., 2:35 p. m. week-days

FOR ELMIRA and intermediate stations, 2:35 p. m. week days.

FOR BELLEFONTE, Tyrone, and intermediate stations, 8:15 a. m., 3:30 p. m. week days.

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