



THE ORPHEAN MUSICAL CLUB.

The Third Number in the Centre Hall Lecture Course Will Appear, Tuesday Evening, 10th Instant.

The Orphean Musical club will appear in Grange Arodis, as the third number in the Centre Hall Lecture Course, Tuesday evening, 10th inst. This is the last musical number in the course, and is of such a quality that it should not be missed by any one who can at all get into the hall on that night.

They have had phenomenal success in their past seasons and are more generously equipped than ever to please the public the coming season. They are versatile, artistic, capable of giving a widely diversified program, consisting of vocal quartets, horn quartets, solos, illustrated songs and impersonations. They have an extensive repertoire of vocal music and in the classic, humorous and comic selections are equally at home, their voices blending in a perfect harmony, giving the effect of a deep-toned organ. In the pathetic they excel, as their sympathetic rendition gains the heart of the audience, while their comic songs are true to life and are sung with vim. They are to be especially commended for their perfect articulation, the story of each song being clearly brought out.

Deitz-Kamp.

The home of Mrs. S. R. Kamp, in Lock Haven, on the evening of the 21st ult., was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding, in which her daughter, Miss Edna Clair Kamp and Torrence Leroy Deitz were the principals. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jacob Diehl, pastor of the Lutheran church, in which the bride has a prominent connection. The young couple were unattended, but there were two ribbon bearers.

The wedding march was played by Mrs. P. E. Kamp, and as the minister and the bride and groom were engaged in going through the ceremony, "Take The Ring," by Bellini, was played.

The Kamp home was beautifully decorated with holly, ground pine and flowers. The supper was a bounteous affair.

The bride is known to a number of the younger people in Centre Hall and throughout the valley, where, with her mother, she frequently visited. The groom is an energetic young man and is a salesman for W. W. Dempsy, a wholesale lumber dealer in Johnstown. Next spring the couple expect to begin housekeeping in Harrisburg.

The wedding trip will take Mr. and Mrs. Deitz to Clarksville, West Virginia, Washington, Baltimore and other points.

The Murray Property Sold.

Former Druggist J. D. Murray sold his dwelling house and the furniture store room on an adjoining lot to Samuel W. Moore, of Germantown, Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, during 1st September, for several weeks were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Rosman, in Centre Hall, and while here they became so attached to the place that they determined to locate here permanently, provided a suitable property could be purchased, which was done through Mr. Rosman.

The Murray house was partly built about 1854 by a Mr. Klepper, and the shop probably a year later by Mr. Murray, and for many years was occupied by Mr. Murray, who by the way is the oldest person in Centre Hall and also lived here continuously for a longer period than any other former or present resident.

Mr. Moore, for twenty-two years, was one of the real estate agents for the Real Estate Trust Company, in Philadelphia. He is a native of Lancaster, and Mrs. Moore when a girl lived in Williamsport.

Installation of Rebekah Officers.

Mrs. Mollie Hoy, District Deputy President, installed the following persons in offices of the Lady of the Valley Rebekah Lodge, December 6th:

- Nellie Grand, Mrs. Tammie Keller, Vice Grand, Miss Bertha McCormick, Secretary, Miss Edie Moore, Treasurer, Mrs. Lillie Moore, Warden, Miss Tillie Keller, Conductor, Mrs. Lucy Henney, Chaplain, Mrs. Susan Lutz, Inside Guardian, Miss Mary Potter, Outside Guardian, Mrs. Bell Whiteam, Right and Left Ailer Bearers, Hattie Walker and Nellie McCormick.

Right and Left Supporters to N. G., John Huff and Mrs. J. H. Weekly. Right and Left Supporters to V. G., Mrs. Anna Huff and Miss Roxanna Brislin.

Mrs. Hoy was accompanied by Mr. Hoy and Mr. and Mrs. Hazel, of Bellefonte Rebekah Lodge.

After a social period was enjoyed, refreshments were served.

The postoffice at Bucknell is to be discontinued, which means that Bucknell University and surrounding country will have free delivery service from Lewisburg.

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

Reporter Subscribers Correspondent Column—New Department.

Dear Editor Reporter:

For several issues of your very interesting paper I have not seen any articles in the "subscribers' column," which is the first one looked for by the writer whose memory goes back to the time when an old blacksmith shop standing on the northeast corner, where the Brush Valley road crosses the turnpike, was all there was to be seen of what is now Centre Hall.

The old stages, drawn by four horses from Bellefonte to Lewistown, were all the attractions in those days. They carried the mail, and the post office was at the Old Fort, as I have mentioned in a former letter. This reminds me of an event that occurred in later years when Centre Hall was booming. The Reformed church was built and a conference of ministers was held in it. After the synod was over the ministers returned to their homes, and the old stage was loaded with them. As the coach was going down the hill near the Old Fort, a burr was lost from the front axle; the wheel came off, upsetting the coach and spilling the occupants promiscuously before the team was stopped. After learning that no one was seriously injured, one of the ministers made the remark that the driver had a new way of "Spreading the Gospel." Some of the old residents will probably recall the occurrence.

On December 23, 1861, the Centre county teachers institute was held in the same church. Thomas Hollihan was the county superintendent of schools, and the witty remarks made by him through the sessions were highly appreciated by those in attendance. The writer recalls the names of a score or more who were present and would like to hear from any of them through this column. Prof. Hollihan had charge of the Centre Hall schools at that time, and between eighty and ninety scholars were enrolled. J. D. Murray was then president of the school board.

The death of James A. Keller removed another old friend and former neighbor of the writer. In 1859 he was one of his pupils at the Plum Grove school house. He was a studious scholar and also took an active part in singing and spelling schools held in the same place. In memory he remains with us. Peace to his ashes.

Perhaps I am trespassing too much on your space, but I hope that some of those who were with us in those days, will let us hear from them through the Reporter.

Yours truly, HENRY DASHER

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

[This column, and more if necessary, is at the disposal of the Reporter subscribers. We will be pleased to hear from any or all of them.]

LOCALS.

H. G. Hartline, the baker, will move his bakery from Coburn to Millheim.

Mrs. W. S. Musser, of Columbia, was in Centre Hall last week, having come to Spring Mills to attend the funeral of an aunt, Mrs. Henry Gentzell, a resident of York.

Two days after Christmas a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William McClennahan, in Centre Hall. The drayman is unusually proud of the fact that within a short time a babe will lip to him "papa."

One of the handsomest calendars of all is the one sent out by the National Stockman and Farmer, Pittsburg. It will be sent to any one who will send ten cents to pay package and postage. Send for it.

An egg weighing four ounces and measuring seven and seven-eighths inches and six and three-eighths inches in circumference was found among a number of ordinary sized ones by George B. Stover, in Millheim.

B. D. Brisbon & Company have commenced cutting timber on the Harper tract, east of Centre Hall. They have a little sawing to do on the Hennigh tract, at Indian lane, and after that is done the mill will be moved to the tract mentioned above.

The following is from the Millinburg Telegraph: Messrs. Glenn and Eugene Letzsl, who are employed in New York City and their brother Paul, who holds a position in Pittsburg, are spending their holiday vacation pleasantly with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Letzsl.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George B. Slack, at Farmers Mills, just before the close of the old year. Within a short time they will come to Centre Hall, and will move into the house in which Postmaster G. M. Bohl lives, it being the intention of Mr. Bohl, who is Mr. Slack's grand-father, to board with them, and, of course, occupy a portion of the house.

RED PANTHER'S FUNERAL PYRE.

THE STORY OF THE CAVES OF COBURN.

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

Indian legend had it that the Storm God loved a certain beech tree that grew close beside the banks of Pine creek, in Penna Valley. It was a slender tree, its bark was smooth, and its outline so rounded and graceful that it resembled the nude figure of a beautiful woman. Its outstretched horizontal branches were like the arms and the interwoven leaves like the heavy mass of hair of some ethereal creature. The Storm God, through this love affair, was said to have shown his favor to the entire species of beeches by making them immune from lightning. While the awful strokes would shatter and splinter the noblest of pines and oaks and hemlocks, the beech trees remained untouched.

When an electrical storm approached, the Indians sought shelter under the beeches, shunning rocks or caves or other places of safety, for under the beech bows seemed to be the only position which was absolutely safe.

The beautiful beech tree that the Storm God loved, became the object of worship with the Indians residing within a radius of many hundreds of miles. Those who lived near it, worshipped beneath it daily, while pilgrimages of hosts of grateful aborigines from a distance appeared to offer prayerful tributes at intervals of increasing frequency.

The Storm God was constantly showing his fealty to his love by impressive demonstrations of his powers. When pilgrims arrived, a storm often sprang up and trees on every side of the sacred beech would be ripped from their roots by its fury, but would fall in such a way as to cause no danger to the pious visitors.

After a time every tree in the vicinity of the graceful beech was dead and it presented a strange appearance, so buoyant and green, amid the broken trunks and twisted tops of the other timber. No one could fail but be impressed by these evidences of the potency of the Storm God's love.

The region where the beech tree grew became known as the Valley of the Beech, and was famous wherever Indians congregated. The chief who presided over the destiny of the Redskins living in the beech tree vale, was a powerful monarch and warrior named Mountain River. He was a Seneca, and his rule was absolute, having been rendered impregnable by a seemingly endless line of victorious battles and single encounters. His personal appearance belied his reputation for valor, as he was undersized and thin. His face, however, was remarkable, character fairly blazing from his deep-set black eyes, which peered between an enormous crooked nose. His skin was very dark, being almost as black as that of a negro. Though he had always come off victor in every single combat, he had had the misfortune to lose four sons in duels with young braves of rival tribes, and his sway seemed destined to be continued by his soul surviving son, Red Panther.

This peculiarly named youth was as peculiar looking as his cognomen. Unlike his father, he was very tall and powerfully made, and his hair was as red as brick dust. He had a bronze colored skin, and eyes that had a yellowish red glint. He was a mighty hunter, both of human and animal victims, and wore, although he was but eighteen years old, one hundred scalps on his belt. He was haughty and cruel—his early success in life having apparently "turned his head."

While his father and all the rest of the tribe, as well as thousands of Indian pilgrims, professed the deepest reverence for the sacred beech tree, Red Panther scoffed at the traditions that clustered around it, and often swore he would some day cut it down with his hatchet, to show his disbelief in the superstition. He was what might be termed an Indian agnostic, for he openly declared the world to be the product of the merest chance.

Old chief Mountain River adored his wayward son, but worried constantly lest he make good his threat and fell the holy beech. He consulted the soothsayers, who informed him if such came to pass, the whole valley would be swallowed up in a sudden convulsion of nature, and that not a soul would survive. Every time the old chieftain begged his son to never mention destroying the sacred tree, the younger Indian would throw chips of wood in his father's face and walk away, laughing.

One bright morning an Indian runner dashed into the settlement to announce that Red Panther had broken all records for hunting, and would arrive in two hours to celebrate his triumph. The tents and trees were all gaily decorated for his arrival, and the affectionate old chief, his council, the soothsayers, and the members of the tribe marched out to greet him.

When he saw his father he calmly announced that he had killed, by driving them over a high precipice into Penna creek, five hundred elk, one thousand

buffaloes, one thousand deer, one hundred bears, one hundred wolves and fifty panthers, as well as twenty moose, which had lately strayed down from the Adirondack wilderness in the north. The animals had been collected on the brink after days of beating by several hundred tribesmen, and when they were all crowded together in peril, Red Panther stepped forward, accompanied by a score of his favorite braves, and drove them down to a horrible death.

To show his indifference, he had refused to allow the carcasses to be touched, but left them to rot and feed the eagles, buzzards and ravens. Old Mountain River was overcome by his son's prowess, and embraced him tenderly, amid the tears of the onlookers, who were affected by this touching scene. But the old ruler's joy was brief, for Red Panther declaimed in a speech, in which he praised his own skill as a Nimrod, that he was going to cut down the holy beech tree, beloved by the Storm God, and build a bonfire to celebrate his unparalleled achievement. There was a suppressed moan on all sides, and old Mountain River fell in a dead faint, from which he was revived with difficulty.

When he came to himself, he saw his son across the creek, slashing down the sacred tree, with his keen-edged tomahawk. With every stroke he uttered savage curses, and when the beautiful tree sank down among the hemlock boughs like a graceful young woman seeking her couch, he jumped on the prostrate trunk, and danced and sang with fiendish glee. Then he ordered his favorites to carve the tree into proper lengths, and when this was done the sticks were carefully laid in a heap, and Red Panther leaned forward to light the blaze. As he did so a sudden and terrific peal of thunder, echoed from the clear sky, followed by a hideous streak of crimson lightning. Everyone of the fifteen hundred savages present was stunned for an instant. When they got their feet they saw the lifeless body of Red Panther lying across the newly kindled fire.

Mountain River was the first to reach his side, and lifted up his son's body tenderly. Not a mark of any kind was to be found on his body, but he was stone dead. The old chief assembled his wisest councillors around him, and it was decided that even if he had been killed for sacrilege, prayers should be offered up to the Storm God to restore an illustrious young man to life.

In the same hill where the sacred beech stood, yawns the vast opening of a cavern. Today it is known as the biggest of the picturesque and romantic Caves of Coburn. The founder of the branch of the Senecas from which Red Panther descended, was supposed to have entered through it to the underworld, and there learned courage, skill for the chase and the ability to conquer death. It was decided to lay Red Panther's body in state in the largest of the subterranean chambers and begin prayers to have the breath restored to him.

At sundown, on a magnificent bier, draped with every manner of Indian decorations, Red Panther's remains were deposited in the cavern. Chanting waid funeral music, the guard of honor withdrew, leaving the corpse alone in its natural sepulcher.

In the morning Mountain River was to return with his wise men and priests—expecting by that time the Storm God would relent, and restore to life the Indian youth he had so suddenly slain. When the procession reentered the cave, at the appointed time, they saw, by their wavering pine torches, that a strange miracle had happened, and that never more would Red Panther appear in their midst.

During the night, water, dripping from the roof of the vault, had turned to solid stone, entirely covering the body and the elegantly draped bier on which it rested. Nothing was visible except the mass of recently formed rock, which preserved the outlines of the body and of the sar-cophagus, though they were buried under untold layers of crystals.

Fearing another sacrilege, Mountain River and his followers reverently withdrew, leaving Red Panther to sleep his last sleep undisturbed. Later, the mouth of the cave was blocked with heavy stones to prevent intrusion, and it was not until centuries after the last Redskin in the Valley of the Sacred Beech Tree had vanished, that drifts of logs from the spring floods reopened the entrance.

Now travelers climb through a barbed-wire fence, and cross the creek and pass into the cavern, led by stalwart country boys with flaming pine torches, to gaze upon the secure and eternal resting place of Red Panther, who dashed to earth the beautiful beech tree, beloved by the Storm God.

"It" is but five days old, but you are lucky if you haven't broken it.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION.

Officers of Progress Grange will be Installed Today (Thursday).

The installation of the officers of Progress Grange, in Centre Hall, will be made a special feature of the meeting this (Thursday) afternoon. The members of the order have permission to invite the family and friends to witness the ceremonies. The officers to be installed are named below:

OFFICERS TO BE INSTALLED.

- Master, Dr. H. P. Bitner; Overseer, Harry W. Frantz; Lecturer, Prof. C. R. Nefl; Chaplain, Mrs. John W. Conley; Steward, Samuel Gingerich; Asst. Steward, Christ D. Keller; Treasurer, George W. Gingerich; Secretary, J. T. Potter; Gate Keeper, Floyd Brooks; Pomona, Anna Dumst; Flora, Florence Rhone; Ceres, Elsie Moore; Lady Steward, Mrs. Victor Auman; Insurance Director, D. K. Keller.

Alexander Farm Sold.

The Alexander farm, the property of the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander, of Milroy, deceased, was sold by executor, A. Alexander, of Coburn, to A. P. Leaster, of Millinburg county, who recently sold his farm located in that county. The price paid was about \$5000, the offer at the public sale in September having been \$4900, and was made by P. W. Breon, of Centre Hall. Mr. Leaster will occupy the farm himself about the first of April.

The Alexander farm contains one hundred and forty-eight acres, and is located about two miles above Centre Hall, along the railroad, near Gregg station.

Remembered Their Pastor.

The members of the Bolsburg Reformed charge very generously remembered their pastor, Rev. S. C. Stover, who came to that field a few months ago. A sixty dollar sleigh, having top and springs, a load of hay, and grain constituted a part of the presents the White-bearded Man poked into the imaginary stocking of the minister. Rev. Stover is showing a due appreciation of the valuable gifts, and is doing his utmost to accomplish the most good for his flock and the community.

Farmers Institutes.

The farmers' institutes in Centre county will be held at the following places and dates: Pleasant Gap, Monday and Tuesday, February 20th and 21st. Unionville, Wednesday and Thursday, February 22nd and 23rd. Eagleville, Friday and Saturday, February 24th and 25th.

The Florsy Property Sold.

The Florsy property, at the foot of Nittany Mountain, was recently sold by Mrs. Rebecca Florsy to Miss Sara McClennahan, in Centre Hall, and next spring will be occupied by her brother, Charles McClennahan. The property consists of a house and stable and several acres of land.

Walker-Fredericks.

Merl J. Walker, of near Centre Hall, and Miss Cora S. Fredericks, of Farmers Mills, were married Saturday evening before Christmas, at the Lutheran parsonage, Centre Hall, by Rev. B. F. Bieber.

Meeting of County Grange.

The first quarterly meeting of the Centre County Pomona Grange will be held at Centre Hall, Thursday, 19th inst. At this meeting the reports of the various business enterprises connected with the Grange will be heard.

Jewelry Store for Sale.

The jewelry store of the late G. W. Bushman, in Centre Hall, is offered at private sale. There being no other jewelry store for miles, this offers a good opening for sales business and repair work. All jewelry, watches, silverware and clocks are offered for sale, and any goods wanted which is not carried in stock will be ordered promptly. Any one having work at the store for repairs will please call for it at once.

D. ROSS BUSHMAN.

Keep in mind the musical next Tuesday night, in Grange Arodis. It will be far superior to any musical given during the past.

January Subscribers

The Reporter subscribers whose tags indicate January, 1910, will please note that their subscriptions are one year in arrears, and that under the postal laws the paper will have to be discontinued unless the subscription is paid. We kindly ask that a remittance be made promptly, so that the Reporter may be continued without interruption.

THE PUBLISHER.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS.

Mrs. Byron Garis visited relatives and friends in Milton.

Emory Ripka has some thought of moving from Centre Hall to Bellefonte.

Reserved seat tickets for the third number of the Centre Hall lecture course can be had at the store of Kreamer & Son.

Farmers who contemplate moving in the spring have taken advantage of the good sledding to transport the heavy farm machinery.

Daniel Wion, who for a number of weeks was confined to his room on account of sickness, ate his Christmas dinner with the Wion family.

The new school building at Logan-ton is completed and is being occupied. It takes the place of the old school building which was burned last summer.

John Kreamer, one of C. D. Bartholomew's right hand men on his poultry yard, made a visit to his old home in Reading, the first trip there in a few years.

Jeremiah Confer will move from the Duck farm, along Sinking creek, now owned by Adam Finkle, to the Grove farm, purchased some few years ago by D. Eimer Ripka.

Two prizes for corn at the grain show, at State College, were awarded Centre county farmers: White dent cap, J. B. McFry, State College, second; and the third was given J. J. Trester, of Oak Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Byers, of Chambersburg, came to Centre Hall during the Christmas season. The former has returned home, but the latter will remain for a while longer with her daughter, Mrs. Emory Ripka.

W. D. Zurby, Esq., sold his properties on Bishop and Logan streets, in Bellefonte, to Edward Gheret. He expects to become the owner of the Chambers property on Linn street. In the meantime he is living over Ceadar's bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Person, and the former's mother, and Ammon Burkholder, of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stroom during the Christmas season, returned to their homes last week.

Kreamer and son have purchased the news agency in Centre Hall from John H. Huff, and since the first of the year the daily papers have been delivered by Floyd Snyder. Papers can be purchased at any time at the Kreamer store. It is the intention, as demands will permit, to add other periodicals to the number now sold.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Reiber and children, of Johnstown, were at the homes of William Reiber, at Colyer, and D. L. Bariges, near Centre Hall, over Christmas. Mr. Reiber is employed by the independent steel concern in Johnstown, and was pleased to say that the company has had plenty of orders to keep its men busy at all times.

D. Sterrit McNitt, of Lewistown, a member of the McNitt-Huyett & Company, a lumber firm, in an address before a body of citizens in Newport, Perry county, spoke of the good results of no license in Millin county. Just six lines of his remarks will be printed: "In the winter of 1907-1908, the last winter under license, the Kings Daughters distributed \$3,000 in charity; in 1908-1909 they distributed \$800, and in 1909-1910 they distributed \$300."

The sale of the Bartholomew farm to Mr. Osman, of College township, changed the plans of George E. Breon, who had been tenant on the farm for several years. He will make sale of his farm stock and implements, Thursday, March 9th, and shortly thereafter move to Centre Hall, where he will occupy the Samuel Ginchich property on West Church street. He expects to devote some time to the sale of cream separators, and will also do hauling, etc., at odd times.

The Shiloh Lutheran Sunday-school, of the Bolsburg pastorate, observed the Christmas festival by the rendition of a well prepared program on Christmas evening. The services throughout were appropriate to the occasion, pointing to Him whose birth we celebrate on this day of days. Two numbers on the program are deserving of special mention: "The Pilgrim Band," and "The Crowning of the New Year Queen." This latter exercise was one in which acknowledgement was made to the supremacy of the Christian church. The audience room was tastefully decorated. The participants all entered heartily into the presentation of the program which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. On the whole it was one of the best services of the kind held at Shiloh for a number of years.