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BLAINE-CLAY. From the Albany Argus. Blaine is being called "the Henry Clay of the Republican party." This pleases the Conkling and Sherman organs, inasmuch as Henry Clay never became President. But it is a proof of the facile flippancy of journalism, and of the grave injustice it does to character. No man was ever born who thought Henry Clay a dtshonorable man. There is no man living who thinks Blaine an honorable man. Eulogy is exhausted as to him when he is called a brilliant rascal. strictly disreputable and for-sale-eleme ts of politics exclusively praise him. Henry Clay's legislative acts shaped party politics for forty years. There is no law on the books of which Blaine is the author. There is no policy of which Blaine is the originator in American affairs. Clay was chosen speaker at once, because of the eminence he won before entering Congress. Blaine was an unknown before he entered Congress, and had to job, barrow and bargain for years before he got to be speaker. Clay left the House to go to the Senate by promo-tion. Blaine went to the Senate to avoid expulsion from the House, because of flagrant and ferocious corruption in his office. Clay had the faults of gaming, drinking, dueling and gal-lantry. Blaine has the crimes that made him market his rulings for money, pack committees for pay, and sell his soul to the devil and Tom Scott for stock and railroads. Clay was the soul of honor. He entered Con-gress poor. He left it poorer. Blaine entered Congress poor, and in Congress he has become rich by money he neither married, earned nor inherited. Clay saved the Union from civil war three times by his statesmanship. Blaine has never professed nor disclosed one act of patriotism or statesman-There was no public trust that would not have welcomed Clay to its side. There is no business dependent on qualities that inspire confidence that would let Blaine come near it. Clay led his party in the Senate. Blaine is despised by Edmunds, scorned by Conkling, and ignored by the whole Senate in any other role than that of a common villifier. To liken James G. Blaine to Henry Clay is worse than absurd, it is outrageous. The one was eloquent, the other is tonguey. The one was accomplished and learned, the other glib and ignor-The one honored his State and country, the other devoted himself to infamous enrichment. The one was a glorious statesman, the other a glittering demagogne. The one was repeatedly made the candidate of a great party, the other was pitchforked out of the only convention in which he

ever sought a nomination, on the ex-pressed ground that his career was such a negation of public virtue that his party would be at war with the mor-ality of the age if it named him. In the work of saving his country and composing the feuds of the people and nations, Clay came to his best. In the work of fouling the judiciary o' midnights, to decree the theft of a Presidency or a State, all the qualities of Blaine come to their greatest eminence of shame. Likening him to Henry Clay forsooth! If the shade of the great Commoner should revisit the place where he so long and so well served his country and the world, it would, with its unspeakable contempt for dishonor, strike such terror into the soul of Blaine that the very apparition would sear his eye-balls, and either he would fall dumb to death, or make fast and furious confessions of his crimes against liberty and integrity, to a world which would find that such a confession comported with his whole conscienceless career.

PITTSBURG and HICKORY JACKSON

From the Washington Capital

It is not generally known that Pitts-burg and Western Pennsylvania was extensively the cause of the salvation of General Jackson and his men at New Orleans. The month of December, 1814, was the most critical month in the entire history of the war of 1812. The British had swept the coasts, captured our City of Washington, penetrated the lakes, held Balti more almost in the hollow of their hands, and were menacing the great port of the south, New Orleans. They anticipated the capture of that city, and if it fell they knew that the juvenile republic would be pretty thoroughly strangled. These anticipations were natural, inasmuch as Jackson was out of ammunition, and it seemed almost impossible to obtain any; quite a portion of the country wherein was the wealth, the Northern States, were very neutral, if not positively opposed to the war, and would lend no helping hand; there was little means of ob tain powder or lead in the South, and, as is usual under such circumstances the prices increased to an extortionate

It was then that Pittsburg came to the front, and with the steamboat, Enterprise, the third that ever sailed Good Sample Room on First Floor.

***Geod Sample Room on First Floor.

***Tree Buss to and from all Trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

**THE school-boy who swallowed his son and saved New Orleans. One of the pencil has since thrown up the its most prominent men, old Mr. Fossponge.

ter, swore no less emphatically than Old Hickory that the little army should be saved. He was warmly aided by the other people of western Pennsylvania, and men, women and children entered briskly into the work of supplying means for munitions of Powder was purchased and made, bullets moulded, cartouche boxes were manufactured and muskets supplied with a vim and energy peculiar to this day to the live people of that section.

The Enterprise was loaded on the 15th of December, and though it was twilight, and the ice was thick upon the river, Captain Shreve, its commander, cast off and sped down the river with the God-speed from the people on the bank and the cry of "Don't lose any time."

"I'll get there ahead of the British or sink the boat," was the laconic pa-

triotic reply. The munitions on board this boar were complete. Foster sent everything precisely that Jackson didn't have and wanted. From wearing apparel to gun-wipers the outfit was perfect. The trip was dangerous and most troublous. There were no wood-yards along the Ohio or Mississippi in those days, and the crew were necessitated to chop wood and cord it as they traversed down the route. Brave hearts head off obstacles however, and the Enterprise kept its word. It arrived just in the nick of time. Leaving Pittsburg on the 15th of December, it reached New Orleans on the 15th of January, just three days before the attack of the British. There, then, did it pan out its wealth of warlike implements of death, and the use that the American troops put them to is a matter of history written in the blood

NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE.

Review of the Metternich Memoirs.

Metternich retired from the French mission in 1809 to become the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, a position which he held from that down to 1848, and when he at last retired in 1848 he had the satisfaction. he says, to see his own system "fireproof" against the conflagration of 1848 and 1849. There is considerable matter in one of the volumes concerning the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise. The subject was first broached, it seems, to Metternich's wife. She had received "a very pressing invitation" to a masked ball in Paris, and while there was approached by a person whom she recognized as Napoleon, and who "took hold of her arm and led her into a private room-at the end of a suite of apartments:

"After some unimportant jokes, Napoleon asked if she thought the Archduchess Marie Louise would accept his hand, and whether or not the Em peror Francis would agree to this alliance. My wife, much surprised by this question, assured him of her inability to answer it. Upon that Napoleon further asked her if she, in the place of the Archduchess, would be-stow her hand upon him? My wife replied that she would certainly refuse him. 'You are cruel!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'write to your husband and ask him what he thinks of the mat-My wife declined to do this, ter. pointing out that Prince Schwarzen-berg was the organ through which he should approach the Imperial Court; nor did she delay to imform our Ambassador, who was present at the ball, of what had passed between her and the Emperor. * * As soon as the courier brought me this news, I repaired to the Emperor and said to him, 'Your Majesty is here placed in a situation in which the Ruler and Father can alone say yes or no. One or the other must be spoken by you, for a doubting or hesitating answer is not possible. The Emperor collected responsibility of a decision.) 'I shall leave it in my daughter's hands,' exclaimed the Emperor, warmly, 'for I will never constrain her; and I desire, before consulting my duty as a mon-arch, to know what is her wish in the matter. Find the Archduchess, and let me know what she says to you. I will not myself speak to her on the subject, lest it should seem as though I wished to influence her decision."

When Metternich saw the Archduchess, she answered as follows: wish only what it is my duty to wish where the interest of the Empire is concerned, that interest must be consulted, not my will. Ask my father to consult his duty as a ruler, and to subordinate to that any interests connected with my person." This reply being reported to the Emperor, he ac-cepted Napoleon's offer with an express reservation that on neither side should any condition be attached to the alliance, and added that there were "sacrifices which must not be contaminated by anything approaching to a bargain." "This," continued Metternich, "is the truth respecting the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise.

A PET crow belonging to a lady in Savannah, Ga., recently died of old age. The owner mourns for the lost

Sanguinary Duel Between Two Girls in Virginia.

BOTH ENAMORED OF ONE MAN WHO WAS IN DOUBT AS TO WHICH HE LIKED BEST-ONE TAKES A CLUB AND THE OTHER A PITCHFORK.

ONANGOCK, VA., Feb. 10.-A sanguinary duel was fought here between wo women last Saturday, which ended in the probable fatal wounding of both. Miss Louisa Wise and Miss Margaret Downing had for some time excited much comment in the little village because of their jealous quarrels over the attentions of a young man named Benjamin Young. On one or two oc-casions they had come to blows in his presence, and were only restrained from seriously injuring each other by the efforts of Young. This young man seems to have been in doubt as to which of the maidens possessed his heart, and realizing the force of the axiom :

How happy I could be with either Were t'other dear charmer away,

temporized with them and had little difficulty in convincing each that she was the object of his admiration. At length on Friday evening he went to a party with Miss Wise, and while dancing with her the assemblage was thrown into intense excitement by the sudden appearance of Miss Downing, who, in a tragic manner, stalked up to the couple and forbade her lover to dance with her rival. As she stood facing the couple, with her eyes inflamed with passion, it was not thought gry. that violence would be the next act in the drama. Suddenly, however, with a piercing shriek, she sank to the floor in a swoon, frothing at the mouth as though suffering from an epileptic fit. She was removed by her friends, and

Young and Miss Wise withdrew. The following day Miss Wise received a note from Miss Downing, requesting her to call upon her, as she wished to see her about an important matter Miss Wise went to her rival's house, as requested. She entered the vard, walked around to the kitchen entrance, pushed open the door, and, stepping inside, saw her rival setting by the stove, with her head resting moodily upon her hand. When Miss Downing caught sight of Miss Wise, she sprang to her feet, and seizing a stout club, rushed at her, shrieking with rage. Miss Wise ran into the yard, and, seeing the other following, she picked up a pitchfork, and facing her enraged rival, warned her to stand Miss Downing exclaimed:

"All right; we will fight now. You

have a weapon, so have I." Both being strong, healthy, country girls, they found no difficulty in wielding their weapons. As Miss Downing rushed at the other, she was met by the three-timed fork, which was driven into her breast. The next instant she struck Miss Wise a stunning blow on the head which staggered her, and following it up by a second blow which felled her to the ground. Miss Wise soon regained her feet, and assuming the offensive, impaled Miss Downing's hands on the prongs of the fork. Again she received a blow on the head from the club which felled her to the ground. While in this position she thrust the pitchfork into Miss Downing's face making three terrible wounds. By this time both were weakened by the loss of blood and dropped to the ground insensible. In this position they were found by some neighbors, who gave the alarm. Drummond was summoned and was soon in attendance. Both girls were terribly injured. Miss Downing having been wounded fourteen times by the pitchfork and Miss Wise shock. bruised and beaten about the head. They are now suffering from a high fever, and the physician has little hopes of their recovery. In lucid hearts, intervals they gave the particulars of fied? has caused the most intense excitement here, and the usually quiet little town has been in a turmoil since the particulars of the fight were made public.

SKATING FOR LIFE.

That skating has been in certain circumstances something more than mere elegant accomplishment is well illustrated by two anecdotes, told by the author of some entertaining "Reminiscences of Quebec," of two settlers in the far West, who saved their lives by the aid of their skates. In one case the backwoodsman had been captured by Indians, who intended soon after to torture him to death. Among his baggage their happened to be a pair of skates, and the Indian's curiosity was so excited that their He led his captors to the edge of a wide lake, where the smooth ice stretchand put on the skates. Exciting the laughter of the Indians by tumbling about in a clumsy manner, he gradually increased his distance from the shore till he at length contrived to get a hundred yards from them without arousing their suspicion, when he skated away as fast as he could, and finally escaped. The other settler is said to have been skating alone one moonlight night, and, while contemplating the reflection of the firmament in the clear ice, and the vast dark mass of forest surrounding the lake and stretching away in the backand put on the skates. Exciting the

ground, he suddenly discovered, to his norror, that the adjacent bank was lined with a pack of wolves. He at once "made tracks" for home, followed by these animals; but the skater kept ahead, and one by one the pack tailed off: two or three of the foremost, however, kept up the chase, but when they attempted to close with the skater, by adroitly turning aside, he allowed them to pass him. And after a few unsuccessful and vicious attempts on the part of the wolves, he succeeded in reaching his log hut in safety.

RUN DOWN AT THE HEELS.

A man clad in the habiliments of the tramp knocked briskly on the back door of a Cincinnati residence on New Year's day, and bowing low to the girl who made her appearance said

"The compliments of the season, fair maid, and may each recurring New

"Oh, go 'long !" said the girl, interrupting him.
"I am not the only man who has

run down at the heel.

"No, there were seven ahead of you this morning."

"Seeing you keep open house, I presume they were admitted at the front door. But the back door is good enough for me. I am not proud. You will observe I did not come in a carriage; but no matter. I am hun-I would like to get a bite to

"We haven't anything for you." "Don't be to sure of that until you know who I am. You probably never heard of people entertaining angels unawares.

"Yes I have; but I don't believe it." "Homer was a beggar."

"He never got anything here, my good man."

"Cervantes died of hunger." "He ought to have gone to work."
"Diffenbacker had nineteen trades,

and starved to death with all of them. However, that is neither here nor "Try the boarding house over the

'Spencer died in want."

know it. He depended on this shebang for his victuals. "Tasso, Italy's celebrated poet-

"Oh, I suppose he was shot." "He was not; but he was often hard pushed for a nickle. I mention these facts to prepare you for what is coming. I am the individual who first

mentioned Grant for a third term.' "We are all solid for John Sherman." said the girl.

The man walked slowly to the gate, paused, scratched his head, and turn-ing once more to the female, said: "Wouldn't you give a future cab-

inet officer a cold potato?" "Couldn't think of it.

"What if the next Minister to the Court of St. James should ask for one?'

"He couldn't get it."
"Very well. I will not withdraw my good wishes for the new year. I sume you are acting according to instructions. A man who is just entering upon the primrose paths of politics can afford to be magnanimous. And, kissing his hand to the hardhearted housemaid, he took his leave.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

The following is from the pen of the late George D. Prentice: It can not be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatis-fied? Why is it that the stars that the fight, and at the same time each hold their festival around the midbegged piteously to see Mr. Young.

The latter, evidently not relishing the our limited faculties, forever mocking not possible.' The Emperor collected himself and then asked me what I should do in his place (Metternich's reply was to the effect that in such a case, nobody but the Emperor, as sovered the most intense excitement.

The latter, evidently not relishing the notoriety into which he was brought by the strange infatuation of the two girls, has left the town, and no trace of him can be discovered. The affair our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

TWO KINDS OF REPUBLICANS!

From Boston Transcript, (Rep.) February 16,

By the aid of the evidence for the first time procurable from the enemy, this board of West Point officers unanimously found and reported that, se far from betraying General Pope and his army, General Porter, in fact saved him and his command from utter defeat and possible annihilation. captive was told to explain their use. So far from deserving the brand of traitor, which General Porter has worn for the best part of his life, he should ed away as far as the eye could see, have been acclaimed the savior of the national army. It is monstrous that

name he has been made to suffer so long, disposed to shirk the proposed righting of his position lest the pas-sions of war-time be reawakened by the indiscreet speeches that can no doubt be wrung from the Southerners by the challenging oratory ready to be opened on the occasion. But it will be, all the same, a lasting disgrace to Congress and to the country if, with the undisputed truth as to Porter's patriotic services now before the world as it will stand in history, the bill for his relief from stigma and restoration to rank and rights should not pass. As for General Porter himself, it matters far less. He has already received his real vindication and nothing can take if from him.

How a Yankee Boy Became a Russian Count.

A correspondent of the Merrimac (Me.) Journal relates the following interesting history, showing how a brave Yankee boy attained rank and fortune over half a century ago. In 1790, Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a graduate of Harvard, and a son of a distinguished clergyman of that day in Massachusetts, received a call and was settled by the town of Meredith as their pastor. He lived in what is now known as the Williams house. The letter of acceptance written by Mr. Williams is now found in the records of the town of Meredith. He preached for quite a number of years in the town, and afterward became a chaplain in the United States navy, and died, I think, in the service.

In the old parsonage was born a son, who was bound out to service to a prominent business man of Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, when seventeen years of age. He went out one evening, it is said, to interveiw some fair girl of the period, and upon his return was soundly thrashed by his employer. The following night he took a longer pilgrimage, taking with him \$300 from his master's desk. He reached the town of Ossipee, and there hired a young man who was at work as a carpenter, afterward a well-known merchant of Meredith, Samuel Bran, Esq., to carry him to the city of Portland, where he shipped on board a Russian merchantman, a short time before a party arrived in pursuit of him.

On the way to Russia the vessel was attacked by pirates. The captain seeing no hope of escape, was about to surrender, but young Williams told him that if he would order two men to assist him he would take care of the pirates. Having found an old swivel on board he loaded it with scraps of iron and such other ammunition as he could obtain, and sank two boatloads of buccaneers, and reached St. Petersburg in safety. The tidings having reached the Emperor he sent for the captain, who corroborated the story and gave the boy due credit for his valor. Young Williams was ordered to the palace and placed in the navy, and became admiral-in-chief of the Russian navy, and was created a nobleman, his title being Count Zincherschoff.

He came to this country about the year 1830, and drove from Boston to Laconia in a coach, called to see his former employer, and paid him in gold, principal and interest, saying he should return to Russia an honest man. He visited his father's old parish, and stopped over night with Dearborn Wadleigh, father of John Wadleigh, Adjutant-General of New Hampshire, who from his recollection of the admiral, pronounced him to be a fine-looking and intelligent man. He soon after returned to Russia, having made his first, and, as far as is known, his last visit to his native country.

Cooking a Lobster.

"Bridget, what did mistress say she would have for dinner?" "Broil the lobster."

"Broil the lobster? Are you sure, Bridget?" "Entirely. Get the gridiron."

Mary got the gridiron and placed the live lobster on the gridiron. .Intermission of five minutes, after which the dialogue was resumed as

"Did you broil the lobster, Mary?" "Divil a broil. The more I poked the fire, the more he walked off. The baste's haunted. I'll try no more. No good will come from cooking a strad-dle-bug like that."

"And where is the lobster. "Divil a bit I know. The last I saw of him he was walking out of the back door with his tail at half-mast, like a wild maniac, as he was.' get started in pursuit of the wild "man-iac," and was still after it when our informant left.

It is on record that Meyer Anselm, the founder of the house of Rothschild, entered Hanover, in 1763, barefooted, and with a bundle of rags on his back. The present capital of the dif-ferent Rothchilds is said to be at least \$500,000,000, and they can control as much more. The reticence of the Rothschilds as regards their business, except in open transactions, is invaria-bly profound. One of them is reputed to have said to them, "One great rea-son of our success is that we know how to hold our tongues."

"A WOMAN AFTER ALL" is the title of a book before us. That's it. is the thing they are usually after, and