

# The Centre Democrat.

BELLEVILLE, PA.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper  
PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

## ROBBED OF HIS ALL.

SWINDLED OUT OF \$700 WITHIN TWO  
SQUARES OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS—  
THE DETECTIVES ALL AT SEA.

John Lister, an old Yorkshire farmer, from somewhere not far from Leeds, arrived at Philadelphia on the Lord Gough on Monday, of last week, accompanied by his wife, two daughters, a married daughter and her husband, George Furniss. Farmer Lister is edging along the seventies, and is, as well as his son-in-law, as innocent as the soft-fleeced lamb that ever cropped the green sward of the West of England. The immigrants were bound for Kansas, and their sole worldly possessions consisted, besides their baggage of a draft for \$700 on Drexel & Co. in the pocket of the old gentleman and a five pound note in the pocket of his son-in-law. It was late on Monday afternoon when the family trooped ashore from the steamship. Right opposite the American line wharves is an ancient beer saloon, the pretentious title of hotel upon the sign of which attracted the attention of Farmer Lister, and hither was he hieing when a hackman layd and halted him with the information that the alkged hotel was only a beer-shop. Then the hackman was asked where a good hotel could be found, and in return he said that the St. Cloud was just that sort of a place.

Mr. Lister said that he had heard of the St. Cloud from some friends and bargained with the hackman to drive him there, and all the family got inside the hack except Son-in-law Furniss, who sat with the driver. Possibly the driver did not pump out of the young Yorkshireman all about the moneyed resources of the family, but probably he did. Instead of driving to the St. Cloud the hackman brought up at the American Hotel, giving as an excuse that the St. Cloud was full. There was no loose change in the new arrivals to pay the fare and the hotel clerk paid it. Mr. Lister incidentally mentioned at the time, in the hearing of the hackman, that he would have plenty of money in the morning, as he had a draft for \$700 on Drexel.

On Tuesday morning Lister's draft and Furniss "fi-pun" note were cashed. Late in the morning Furniss and his father-in-law were sitting in the reading-room of the American when a man, described as tall, well-dressed and red-mustached, accosted them and soon ingratiated himself with them by stating that he was bound for Topeka, Kansas, the destination of the immigrants, and mentioning several places and people in Yorkshire known to his listeners. Finally he suggested a walk and Furniss took a stretch up Chestnut Street with him. When near the Continental a man stepped up and demanded of the new acquaintance the payment of a bill of \$50. The latter produced a check for a larger amount, which the dun declared himself unable to change, but still insisted on payment. Furniss was appealed to and said that he had only \$25. "That will do now," said the dun, "and you can pay the balance to-morrow." Furniss passed over the money, the dun went his way, and soon after Furniss found himself alone, and after a long wait, became convinced that he had been swindled. He returned to the American, and went out with his wife without saying anything to Father-in-law Lister about his loss. He had scarcely got away when into the reading-room walked the red-mustached stranger, who, walking up to Lister, asked where Furniss was, as he wanted to pay him \$25 he had borrowed up street. The old gentleman said that "the lad" had gone down the street with his wife, and the stranger suggested hunting them up, as he wanted to pay back the money right away, because he was going to leave for Topeka that evening, and had yet a number of bills to pay. The old Yorkshireman and the swindler then left the hotel together. He was taken somewhere within two squares of the hotel and passed a fountain on the way, probably near Fifth and Walnut Streets, and, under pretense that his companion wanted to pay a bill, was enticed into a well-furnished office, where two men were sitting at a desk. "Is my bill ready?" asked the swindler. "Yes, here it is," and a bill for seven hundred and odd dollars was poked at him. He then produced a check for \$1,000, and asked for the change. "We can do nothing with the check to-day, because it's after bank hours," said one of the office men; "it's good enough though." The recollection of the old farmer, innocent of all knowledge of monetary transactions, is somewhat misty as to how he came to do it, but this fact he knows, that he was persuaded to loan the swindler his \$700, his all, until the latter would return to the hotel, where, as he alleged, the proprietors would cash the check. Then he found himself on the street with his companion, then alone, then conscious that he was penniless. By dint of inquiry he made his way back to the American, where he made known his loss. The Mayor's detectives were at once apprized of the swindle and there the matter remains. The hope-

less and stranded strangers found immediate sympathy and assistance in the generous proprietor of the American, and more material aid from the St. George Society and the agents and officials of the steamship line. They departed for Kansas on Thursday night.

## HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

A FAMILY THAT LAYS CLAIM TO A  
LARGE PART OF BALTIMORE.  
From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Boogher family of this city did not celebrate the 150th anniversary of Baltimore, although, in view of recent developments, they had not only a perfect right, but were to an extent obliged to display a proper appreciation of the age, growth and glory of the Maryland capital. The Booghers of St. Louis are descendants of William Richardson, who was a companion of William Penn, and who originally owned about 750 acres of the best portion of what is now the city of Baltimore. These acres lie on both sides of Jones' Falls, which divides the city into two parts. The land was leased at several times in several parcels, for a uniform term of ninety-nine years, the express stipulation being that the title was not fully vested in the lessee. About seven years ago the oldest of the leases expired, and three years ago the latest was void. The St. Louis Booghers having made a thorough investigation of the matter, have come to the conclusion that they are entitled to all this property, and have made arrangements to prosecute their claims in the Maryland courts. Eminent counsel has been retained, and as soon as a link or two that will strengthen their claims has been found, the prosecution will begin. The portion of Baltimore within the territory claimed includes a large part of the best business streets. It extends from Jones' Falls to Calvert and Light streets westward, and to Exeter street on the east. There are three parcels to which the heirs expect to prove their claim—one of seventy-five acres, another of 275 acres, and another of 300 acres. Baltimore street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, divides it running east and west, and Jones' Falls north and south. Included in the claim is the City Hall, a marble building completed four years ago at a cost of \$2,500,000; Front street Theatre, the Sun iron building, the new American building, part of the Carrollton Hotel, the site for the new Government buildings just purchased, the United States court house, the Custom-house, the Merchants' exchange, about a dozen banks, blocks of fire warehouses, dwellings and business houses in great numbers, and the Northern Central railroad depot. The value of the improvements alone upon this part of the city is very great, and, with the ground, is estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

## Twin Brothers Reared Apart.

John and Daniel Miller, twins, were born in Adams county, this State, in 1816. When they were four years old their mother was left a widow. Being destitute and in ill-health she was unable to support herself and children. She sent Daniel to live with friends in Washington county. John found a home in Westmoreland county. Daniel grew up and became a miller. John learned the blacksmith's trade. They never saw or heard of one another after leaving their mother, and each supposed that the other was dead. Over fifty years ago John Miller abandoned his trade, and became a toll-gate keeper on the Butler turnpike, in Allegheny county. He holds the position still. One day last week he went out of his house to collect toll of an old gentleman, who was driving through the gate. A neighbor of the toll-gate keeper stood by. He made the remark that the traveler and the keeper looked enough alike to be twins. This brought about inquiries on the part of the two old men. The traveler proved to be Daniel, John's twin brother. He had lived for years in Bradford, but a few miles away from the toll-gate, in another county. This was the first meeting of the brothers since they were four years old—sixty years ago.

## A Singular Combat.

A traveler in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was walking along one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing was a host of small black ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

## AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

From the San Francisco Post.

An exciting but luckily harmless incident, which happened to W. W. Cole's circus, now en route for this city, is thus detailed by W. R. Haydn, the managing advance agent. In going from Nevada to Colfax a part of the circus went by rail a distance of seventeen miles, while another part went across the country, which is only twelve miles. In the latter body were the elephants, three of which got loose and went on a trip on their own account. Three days elapsed before they were recaptured, though their tracks were closely followed by men on horseback. During their pedestrian jamboree they went through an Indian camp at night, but never woke up a single soul; tore up fences, went through orchards, consumed quantities of fruit, took a run of three miles down the railroad track, and as far as known were not seen by anyone in the district; which is well settled up. Uprooted fruit trees testified to their love of fun, and the number of fences which had to be rebuilt after their "bender," is incalculable. They appear to have been good natured all the time, but to have traveled mostly at night and rested during the day in the woods. What the feelings of the Indians would have been had they discovered them walking through their camp is hard to say, but after a three days' hunt over an area of thirty miles, which they traversed backward and forward in every direction, they were finally tired out, and submissively returned to their profession of eating buns at the hands of small boys and standing on their hind legs for the instruction of the public.

## A Daring Miner.

From the Gold Hill (Nev.) News.

There are no braver men in the world than can be found among the mines of the Comstock. Accustomed to face dangers every day of their lives they never shrink from the call of duty. An instance of personal bravery occurred recently at the Hale & Norcross which is worthy of record, as showing what men will do and dare. When the pump column in the mine burst the flow of water which is usually pumped at the Hale & Norcross, a large part of which comes from the well-known north drift on the 2,200 level of the "Savage," and is very hot, was sent through connections to the C. N. S. shaft to be raised to the Suto tunnel level. One day this flow of water was unusually strong. The pumps labored assiduously to keep it down, but labored in vain. Bailing tanks were added, and still the accumulation could not be kept down. When the 2,400 station at that shaft was some three feet under water, information was sent to the Hale & Norcross of the fact, and a desire was expressed to know the cause of the increased flow. The necessity of an investigation thus became imperative. Supt. Deidesheimer, not knowing what might have happened in that confined locality to threaten the safety of the mine on the lower levels, and not wishing to send men where he was unwilling to go himself, sent for Foreman Kellogg, who was working on the broken pump column, informed him of the situation of affairs, and asked him to go with himself and see what was wrong. Mr. Kellogg would not allow Mr. Deidesheimer to incur the risks of the exploration, and set about preparing to go alone. He saturated a woolen shirt with ice water and bound it on and over his head, leaving but a single eye exposed. He then muffled both hands, and thus prepared entered the drift, leaving with the superintendent a request that, if he did not return in fifteen minutes, the drift should be closed behind him, to be opened no more. This could well be done, as the Savage had bulk-headed that level, the air had been shut out, and the workings there practically abandoned. After enduring that terrible heat for twelve minutes Mr. Kellogg came back and reported nothing amiss. The extra water was nothing but an unusually large intermittent flow from the old north drift in Savage. When stripped of his muffled Mr. Kellogg found that in some way one of his hands had become bared while he was in the drift, and the back of it had been burned to a solid blister by the dry, hot air to which he had been exposed. Water boils on the Comstock at 198 degrees, and he had sustained for 12 minutes a temperature only forty degrees below that of boiling water, and sufficient to have roasted him in a very short time.

## Pistols and Piety.

From the New York Herald.

The latest recorded attempt to make deadly weapons useful to the cause of religion was eminently unsuccessful. This is greatly to be regretted, for the case was the first on record in which the motives of the leading actor cannot possibly be misconstrued by any one. The story is that a young North Carolinian, moved by the appeals of a preacher for money to prosecute church warfare against Satan, desired to contribute ten cents, but, being impecunious, he attempted to raise the amount on a pistol. The capitalist appealed to began to examine the security offered, the pistol went off, so did the owner, with a bullet in his brain, and the world remains in perplexing uncertainty as to whether the church got

the ten cents after all. This sad affair should not discourage other men from trying to help the good work along; nevertheless it should warn them that the only absolutely sure way of keeping pistols from making trouble in the house of the Lord is to leave them at home.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A REMARKABLE STORY FROM THE LIFE OF  
UNITED STATES SENATOR DAN VORHEES.

United States Senator Voorhees tells the following interesting story of a remarkable trial!

I remember once defending, at Crawfordsville, Ind., a man named Owen, indicted for the murder of his wife by poison. It was twenty odd years ago. Owen was a respectable farmer in good circumstances, and a consistent church member. He had several children by his first wife; his second wife was childless—a circumstance which peculiarly affected her mind and temper. She would not permit his children to reside with her, and compelled him to find a home for them elsewhere. She had frequently threatened suicide in consequence of these troubles.

One night Owen was awakened from sleep to find her dying. He called in assistance and sent for a physician, but she was dead before any one arrived. Her sudden demise excited suspicion and three days after her burial this was communicated to him by a friend, who further informed him that arrangements had been made to disinter the body and investigate it.

Owen was greatly agitated at this intelligence, and, after a short pause, replied: "If this is done, and poison is found in Kezia's stomach, (his deceased wife's Christian name) I will be accused of her murder, convicted and hanged. But I am as innocent of it as that tree," pointing to one near by.

That night he transferred all his property to a son, disguised himself, and fled the country. The body of his wife was exhumed and an autopsy had. Enough strychnine was found in her stomach to kill a mule. There was a universal expression of horror at the discovery, and a large reward was offered for the arrest of the fugitive. After some months he was found in Canada, where he was living under an assumed name. He was brought to Crawfordsville in irons, and it was with difficulty that his execution by a mob could be prevented.

Joe McDonald (now my colleague in the Senate), Jim Wilson, once a representative in Congress and subsequently minister to Venezuela, and myself defended him. There was a formidable prosecution, Lew Wallace, Judge Gregory, and others appearing against him.

It was proved that a short time before Mrs. Owen's death her husband had purchased strychnine at a drug store in the neighborhood, telling the druggist that he wanted it for poisoning rats. But he asked that it should be charged to him, a fact upon which we laid great stress in the argument, insisting that had he entertained a criminal design in buying the drug he would not have put the evidence of the fact upon record. A daughter who was visiting her father's house when the poison was brought home testified that he handed it to her step-mother in her presence, cautioning her to be careful with it. A brother of his wife, who was greatly embittered against him, and was a witness for the State, admitted upon cross examination that Owen's treatment of his sister was invariably considerate and kind.

This was all we had to base a defense on. The odds were fearful. There was the remark of the marked agitation of Owen when first informed of the suspicious existing against him, his admission that if the post mortem examination showed that poison was the cause of his wife's death he would be accused of administering it and hanged; his purchase of the poison; his transfer of his property and his flight, all combined, nearly irresistibly led to the conviction of his guilt. "Mr. Voorhees," he said to me, "however darkly things may appear against me, I am not guilty," and I believed him. We fought the case like tigers upon the reasonable doubt which we deemed the evidence had not excluded, and won it.

Such an uproar that followed I never witnessed. Owen was taken to Wilson's private residence, pursued by a crowd crazed with disappointment and thirsting for his blood. Wilson, McDonald and I stood at the front gate with pistols in our hands, and checked the approach of the mob until Owen could escape from the rear of the house in a conveyance that had been provided for him. It is the only time in my life I ever saw McDonald with a pistol. He showed an unmistakable purpose to use it if necessary.

Owen went to Texas and died there. I presume, as I have never seen nor heard of him since. His wife had committed suicide. He knew it, but preferred to keep the fact to himself to avoid scandal and exposing her. He was a weak, but an honest man. For his safe deliverance he was indebted to a capital jury—men who could be neither bought or scared. The foreman had served the county in the State Senate, others had held office, and all were persons of consideration and influence.

MILLERS make poor party men. They are generally bolters.

## KNOW MY BOY BILL?

From the San Francisco Post.

As the overland express was shorting through Alameda yesterday, on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop. The cause of this "sudden fetchup" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had planted herself squarely in front of the engine, and was making the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on the track?" said the engineer excitedly.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady, stiffly.

"Has there been a smash up? Is there—a drawbridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man, I want to see the proprietor."

"The what?"

"The man who runs the thing—the captain—or whatever you call him."

"What do you want with the conductor?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man—the boss—and to

one't."

"Well, ma'am," said the functionary, running up, watch-in-hand, "what's up? What can I do for you?"

"You go through Chicago, don't you?"

"Why, of course. What of it?"

"Know my son Bill—Bill Skinder-son—there?"

"No. For heaven's sake get off the track, you old—"

"Don't sass me, you red nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me, I thought everybody knew my boy Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off, you rascal. Don't dare to tech me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

"Well, blank your blanknation eyes, hurry up. What do you want?"

"Oh! thought you'd change yer tune. Well, I wish you'd just stop over a day or two at Chicago and look up Bill and tell him that little Mariah Jane's jander's have kinder worked round into fits and there's more hopes. She's sorter—"

"Start her up, Jimmy!" yelled the furious conductor; and if the old lady had not hustled up her skirts and humped herself, she would have had a first-class case of damages against the company. After that she stood apoplectic with rage, shaking her parasol at the disappearing train, and announced her determination to go right over "and see Governor Standard the very minute the dishes are washed."

## THE PULSE.

From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beatings are much more uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new-born infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 per minute; in the second year, from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, eighty to ninety; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from seventy-five to eighty-five; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from seventy to seventy-five. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below sixty, and there have been many instances of pulses habitually reaching 190, or not exceeding fifty, without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, and in women it beats more rapidly than in men. Muscular exertion, even position, materially affects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men is, when standing, eighty-one; when sitting, seventy-one; when lying, sixty-six per minute; in women of the same age and in the same positions, ninety-one, eighty-four and seventy-nine. In sleep the pulse is considerably slower than in wakefulness. In certain diseases, such as acute dropsy, for instance, there may be no more than twenty or thirty per minute. Thus, one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioner.

## Fancy Prices for Coins.

Some unusually high figures were obtained for rare coins at a sale held last week in New York, under the auspices of Mason & Co., of Philadelphia. A silver dollar of 1794 brought \$45, and the same price was obtained for one of 1838. A dollar of 1839 fetched \$35; 1852, \$39. In half dollars the prices realized were: 1790, \$38.50; 1797, \$34.50; 1815, \$14. Quarter dollars, 1796, \$21; a dime of 1804 brought \$24; a half-dime of 1812, \$95; one of 1805, \$24; a proof set of 1858, \$42. Of the half cents sold one of the coinage of 1796 brought \$20.50, while others were sold at from \$2.55 to \$1.12 each. Among the Confederate States pieces a copper cent of 1861 went for \$8.50; a half dollar of 1861 for \$6, and a C. S. A. great seal for \$3.50. A silver medal of Jefferson Davis was valued at just \$3.50. Ten thousand of American and foreign coins and medals, gold, silver and copper, ancient and modern, were disposed of at the sale.

## TIME.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now thirty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away? And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told," a dream, an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees of longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear? all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten? "Ninety years," says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day and to-morrow and every day is mine. When ninety years are past this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not."

## An Anecdote of Jenny Lipd.

In looking over an old pile of papers we find the following anecdote about one of the purest and best women who ever trod the stage. "Sweet-er, clearer and more heavenly than her own most entrancing strains are the kind pulsations of Miss Lind's heart when its chords vibrate to the touch of the beautiful and holy. The following is among the most recent of her kindly offices. The waiting-maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, attracted her notice by her beauty, action and fidelity. It so happened that this young woman, by name Margaret Atkinson, was about to be married, and the news reached the good vocalist's ears. She immediately purchased for her a becoming and beautiful bridal outfit, earrings, gloves, bonnet, &c., and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony. This done, she took her in her own carriage, having first read to her and her future husband the beautiful and affecting passages applicable to the occasion, conveyed her to Lewistown, entered the Episcopal church, and there officiated as Margaret's bridesmaid. There is no Queen in Europe that would not be proud of such a maid of honor on a similar occasion.

## Terrible Strain on the Engineer.

When people read about or ride upon extraordinary fast trains, says the *Railway Age*, they seldom think of the severe strain and excitement to which the brave men who run the engine are subjected. To sit in a passenger coach and glide over a smooth track is a very different thing from standing on the shaking footboard with hand on the lever, straining eyes and ears to detect a possible danger, every nerve sense and every thought centered on the safe accomplishment of the journey upon which so many lives depend. What such a labor means is shown, to some degree, in a recent dispatch, announcing the death, at the early age of 30, of Wm. Phillips, the engineer who ran the celebrated Jarrett & Palmer train from Jersey City to Pittsburg, a distance of 443 miles, without a stop. The dispatch says: "Mr. Phillips has been sick for nearly a year past, his illness dating really from the time he undertook the task of running the Jarrett & Palmer train. He accomplished the feat in less than schedule time, but the strain on his system was so severe that he never recovered from it. He continued on duty, and was called upon invariably when a trusty man was required, but his health became more precarious, and he was finally compelled to relinquish his position."

## Women and Ladies.

In the days of our fathers there were such things to be met with as men and women—but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies, or, to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things that were. But "ladies" are found everywhere. Miss Martineau wished to see the women wards in a prison in Tennessee, and was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madame." Now, so far as the ladies were concerned, it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then it sounds a little odd—ladies in prison! It would seem had enough for women to go to such a place. A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." On this modern improvement we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen round the happy couple he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and got out of the room as quickly as possible to take breath.