

The Centre Democrat.

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

The Revolutionary Republicans.

Nothing quite so outrageous in its contempt for parliamentary law and legislative order has ever been done even by a Republican majority of the House of Representatives as the revolutionary proposition which was carried through last week by revolutionary means.

If the Republicans had been able to command the two thirds necessary to suspend the rules, they would of course have suspended so much of the rules as were in their way. Not being able to do this, what they have done, with the aid as Keifer, is to overthrow all rules of parliamentary procedure by a bare numerical majority, so as to deny to a minority which consists of only one less than half the number present all rights save such as they may hold at the sufferance of a majority which consists of only one more than half the number present.

That the Republican party by its representatives should take such a position as this is a far more serious matter than that the South Carolina contest should be decided in one way or in another. There is, of course, no more reason why the rules should be abrogated in a case of contested election than in any other case. The only attempt to show that such a case stands on a different footing from any other case was made by Mr. Kasson, and was comic in its nature, being a declaration that whereas in other matters the House was a legislative body, in a contested election it "sat judicially."

Of course, as Mr. Carlisle urged during the debate, if the majority can do away with dilatory motions upon one question they can do so upon any other question. A rule that dilatory motions shall not be permitted in the case of appropriations would be even more valuable to Robeson and Keifer than the rule which has been adopted. Nothing more will be necessary to rush a job through the House, whenever a bare majority is got to favor it, than the passage of such a rule. Keifer has shown that his rulings are as much at the service of Robeson as the rulings of Blaine were at the service of the Fort Smith and Arkansas Railroad.

When the factious Democrats undertake to stop one of Robeson's jobs, a new rule, suspending as many rules as may be necessary for Robeson's purpose, will be forthcoming, and the rules which are supposed to protect the minority, and which the votes of two-thirds of the members present are required to suspend, will be abrogated whenever their abrogation suits the convenience of the bare majority of a quorum.

Mr. Randall, who co-operated with the Republican leaders in framing the existing rules of the House and who has led the Democrats steadily in this new contest for the supremacy of law, made perfectly plain. It is a peculiarity of the Republicans that as a party they always act as if there were no heretofore, in this world or the next. It would occur to anybody except a Republican majority of a legislature that such bloody instructions as those given by Keiser and Keifer might return to plague the inventor, and that a Republican minority might be oppressed not only whenever the Democrats regained control of the House, but whenever the Democrats possessed for a day an accidental majority, as may very easily happen in the present political condition of the House. Happily, as a matter of fact, there really is no danger of such a result. Why? For one reason only. Because the Democrats have too much regard for justice, for decency and for public opinion to imitate the revolutionary tactics of their opponents; because the Democratic party is the party of conservatism, of order and of law.

DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN.—Not far from Hartwell, on the Carolina side of the river a revival meeting was going on at a country church. A party of young men were engaged in a railroad survey and could not attend meeting in daytime, but went at night. After a stormy sermon from the preacher, who gave a vivid description of hell, its climate and inhabitants, followed by a red-hot exhortation from one of the brethren, they literally stormed the fort. One of the railroad fellows was sitting in the back end of the church, and the preacher went up to him and said: "Don't you want to go heaven?" "No," he replied. This horrified the preacher, and he said to the congregation: "Here is a young man who says he doesn't want to go to heaven; now, my friend, why don't you want to go there?"—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

Melville's Phantom.

A Prophetic Story of the Loss of the Jeannette.

The wife of Engineer Melville, the gallant officer of the luckless Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette, who is now searching for his lost comrades around the ice bound coast of Northern Siberia, occupies a picturesque little cottage embowered amid twining honeysuckles and fragrant blossoming lilacs at Sharon Hill. "Although it has been more than three years since George left us all here," said she, yesterday, and went out on that ill fated voyage, and although oceans of cruel waters and leagues of land have separated him from us, I have seen him twice within a year."

Starting at this statement was, Mrs. Melville was evidently in earnest. "On the 10th of last June," she continued, "I retired to my room late at night. Days of anxious waiting for some news of the Jeannette without bringing a ray of hope had almost caused me to despair of ever again seeing my husband. I had fallen into an uneasy sleep, from which one of the children aroused me. It was, perhaps, more than an hour after this, and while I was wide awake, that I became conscious of a strange presence in the room, and you may well imagine with what mingled feelings of joy and fear I heard George's voice, and, looking up, saw him standing by the bedside. Saw him as plainly as I now see you. He was saying: 'Count the bells! Count the bells!' and, as he spoke, I distinctly heard the bell of a ship striking, two by two, the strokes of the hour. 'Count them,' continued my husband, and I said: 'Yes, George.' I remember that when the seventh stroke sounded I thought that it was a ship's bell there could be but one more, and, as the last sound died away my husband said: 'Eight bells; the Jeannette is lost!' and vanished from the room. At that moment the sitting room clock struck the hour of 4, and it was the morning of the 11th of June. At that very hour on that very morning the Jeannette went down into the fathomless depths of the Arctic ocean, and the ice floe closed over her grave. I am no spiritualist," continued Mrs. Melville, "nor do I believe in spirits. I do not attempt to explain what I have just told you, but it is every word of it, true. I never expected after that to hear of the safety of the crew of the Jeannette. A few weeks after the occurrence which I have narrated, at the same hour in the morning, I had arisen for the day, and was in the hall which you see there. Again I saw my husband, nay, I even felt his breath in my face. I was dreadfully startled, but had sufficient courage to call out: 'George, is that you?' when the figure disappeared as if swallowed up in the air."

"And did you never speak of this before?" said the astonished reporter. "Frequently," said Mrs. Melville; frequently to our little household, and once to Mrs. DeLong, the unfortunate wife of the poor commander of the Jeannette. Last summer, or in the early fall, I met her in Philadelphia. She was hopeful, even confident, of the ultimate return of her husband. I was cast down, and finally told her what I have just related to you. She was disposed to laugh at me, but I told her that I believed that the Jeannette had been lost on the 11th of June. Alas! for poor Mrs. DeLong, my prophecy was too true. Here is a letter from her to my little girl on the very day the news came that Captain DeLong's dead body had been found."—Phila. Record.

The Warren County Wonder.

The New Oil Well and What it is Doing—A New Town Called Garfield Already Projected—Another Railroad Talked of. The new oil well in Warren county, which is causing so much excitement, is about 24 miles east of Titusville, and a narrow gauge railroad is already talked of. On reaching the well, says a correspondent, the guards, who before would not allow one to approach the derrick, stand back and say no more. The boards which formerly kept the inside from view have been torn away. Two lead pipes are connected with an 800 barrel tank, which stands under cover. The guards still keep watch over this, and allow no one to go in and gauge. At the beginning of every flow a loud, rumbling sound can be heard, when suddenly the lead pipes begin to quiver and the oil rushes forth, amid a terrific pressure of gas. The flowing of the well and the rushing of the gas can be heard half a mile, sounding like blowing off steam in a boiler.

At the opening of this mystery the well flowed about every hour, but to-day she would flow for about seven minutes, and stand idle fifteen minutes. It has been rated by good authority, and those who have seen large wells, that she makes nearly twelve barrels at a flow. Finding that the well makes a flow every twenty-two minutes, it will score sixty-five or twenty-four hours, which at a twelve barrel rate would make a production of 780 barrels in the past twenty-four hours.

The pipe line has been completed, and the force pump was put in operation Friday afternoon last. The Union pipe line have men at work tending to the carrying away of the oil, the distance being so far to Clarendon, the place where the oil is pumped, they are unable to force it away as fast as was expected, but at the rate they are now pumping, 800 barrels can be forced daily. For fear that the well will gain upon them, two new tanks have been erected, in case they should be needed.

In conversation with one of the men at the well, he told us that great fear had been entertained lest the gas would catch fire. People approaching are warned at a distance to throw away their cigars, and be sure and not strike a match, endangering life and property. The day being very damp, the air was heavy, which held the gas near to the ground, and the wind blowing in the direction of the boiler, there was some fear of its igniting. The engine being kept in motion all the time, a number of pounds of steam are kept constantly on hand, so that at the time of every flow great care has to be given the boiler. Boards are put up in front of the fireplace to check all sparks.

A SIGN OF TALENT.—What are you going to make of your boy Bill?" asked one parent of another. I think Bill will be a great sculptor," was the reply. "Has he any talent that way?" "I should say so. He chisels all the other boys out of their marbles."

Marriage Brokers at Home.

The National Matrimonial Alliance Bureau—A Place Where Wifeless Men and Husbandless Women May Seek Partners.

In a large double parlor of an old fashioned house in a once fashionable downtown street, in New York, an old gentleman with a white moustache and a sparse thatch of white hair on his head sat at a table opposite a younger man with bushy brown hair and moustache and imperial. Two large piles of circulars lay on the table by some bundles of cards printed in English, French and German. There was very little furniture. Four chromes gave questionable adornment to the walls. On a round table in the back parlor were two large photograph albums, one of them entirely empty and the other containing half a dozen photographs of young women. The two gentlemen spoke with foreign accents. They were waiting for bachelors or maidens. They constituted the national matrimonial alliance bureau, which has been organized for two months past. The promoters of this benevolent enterprise have been engaged in business of a similar kind in Vienna, and have undertaken to reproduce here a matrimonial exchange such as has existed in Berlin, Paris and London for years. Their purpose is to "facilitate acquaintances between ladies and gentlemen as a means to lead to happy matrimonial alliances."

A reporter who thought he might possibly desire to undertake "a happy matrimonial alliance" called at the office of the bureau. "How is your bureau conducted?" he asked, bashfully, of one of the managers. "Not only respectfully, but with great circumspection, discretion and delicacy. We seek to engender confidence in ourselves as mediators and we promise happy results."

"I want a wife, for instance." The affable mediator opened the empty album, closed it quickly and opened the other one at the tintype of a healthy looking Chicago girl who wants a husband. She is 23 years old and large for her age. The other pictures in the album were of fair German girls. All of them were of modest faces and comely.

"You want a wife," the broker continued. "You pay \$3 and register your name, address and business. I look up your reference and put your photograph in the album. Then you pick out by the pictures the girl you think you'd like to marry. She looks at your picture, and, if mutually agreeable, you meet her here on Sunday afternoon. If the promises of the photograph are made good in person, you two are left to conduct your future negotiations as you please, and you pay me one or two per cent, on the money you give your wife or the dowry she brings you. See?"

"Do you find that the people who come to you have much money?" "Not as a rule." "Who are they?" "People of all sorts." It was noteworthy that the photographs on file were all of young women. Separate days are set apart for men and women to call, and a woman is in charge of the rooms on the days that the women may attend. Negotiations may also be conducted by letter and correspondence may be carried on in almost any modern language. The managers appear to be perfectly honest in their expectation that their matrimonial enterprise will thrive in New York.

Indian Intellect.

How it is Developed at the Training School at Carlisle.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE PATRIOT. CARLEISLE, June 1.—Quite an interesting event came off this afternoon. It was the second annual examination of the Indian training school at this place. The results of two years' work, as shown by this examination, were truly surprising, and they showed that Captain Pratt and his associates have found the true idea in the solution of the vexed Indian question. As was well remarked by one of the gentlemen present: "Every new secretary of the interior, immediately on taking his seat, proceeds to lock up the pigeon holes of his past and elucidates a new theory of his own. I am sure that had Secretary Teller been present at the examination, he would at once abandon his new theory that the Indian should be educated on the reservation."

The exercises consisted of singing, declamations, original speeches, work in arithmetic, map drawing and gymnastics. In all these studies the Indian boys and girls proved themselves fully equal to their white brothers and sisters of the same age. The results in arithmetic were reached with a rapidity and correctness that were truly surprising when we consider the short period of time that they have received instruction. In many instances the pupils could not speak a word of English one year ago. Now they can express themselves clearly and forcibly. It would be pleasing to place before the readers the history of an Apache girl, the daughter of Cochiel, as written by herself. I am sure it would draw tears from the eyes of the most hard hearted, and as a means of awakening the sympathy of the benevolent it would surpass anything else. In this school the children learn not only what is to be found in books, but the boys learn trades and the girls are taught to sew and do housework, so that when they return to their prairie homes they will be self-supporting. At the close of the examination remarks were made by ex-Mayor Fox, Col. Wm. McMichael, Indian commissioner, and Francis Wells, editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin. A special train brought quite a number of distinguished visitors from Philadelphia.

It was a mean man and a Chicago artist who announced the exhibition of a magnificent piece of sculpture, "The Old Trapper," and then, when the deluded crowd paid their dimes and went into the hall, showed them a fine tooth comb of the vintage of 1853.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Principles, Not Money.

A Washington special to the New York Gazette says: "The Democrats are quietly making arrangements for a vigorous contest for the next House of Representatives. Their managers and leaders seem to be looking more closely to the campaign funds than heretofore, some of the wealthiest Democrats in the country having interested themselves in the matter. While the Democrats at the capital are looking around for the sinews of war, we trust they will not overlook something of much more consequence, viz.: Sound Democratic principles. In a campaign with money as the main reliance the Democrats would be at a great disadvantage. The Republicans are apt in everything that pertains to political corruption and the Democrats could not if they could, match them in a contest for the votes of the venal knaves who sell their suffrages to the highest bidder. Let the Democratic conventions boldly place themselves on a record in favor of the rights of the people, by the adoption of platforms which appeal to the reason, the conscience, and the self-interest of the honest masses—then let them nominate capable and worthy candidates—and the fall elections will result in an old-fashioned Democratic revival, if there shouldn't be a dollar spent beyond the cost of printing the tickets. The country is ripe for a change, and if Democracy fails to win in the coming fight it will be because it does not propose to give the people the change they demand—a change of governmental policy as well as rulers. If the men who undertake to manage the Democratic ship do not bring her into port victoriously their failure will be due to a lack of common sense rather than a lack of money."

At a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were in a ton. He was sharp enough to reply, "Maybe you think I'm going to give it away, and get licked when I go home."

If the Republican campaign committee in Washington at this early date, assess the page boys and labor about the capital two per cent, on their pay, what may the Federal officers throughout the country expect, when the campaign for stalwart congressmen fairly opens?

Treasurer's Sale

UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1892 AND 1891, AND PREVIOUS YEARS.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly, passed on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1815, entitled "An Act to amend an Act directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed at public sale, on MONDAY, JUNE 12, A. D. 1892, at one o'clock, P. M.

Table with columns: ACRES, PER., WARRANT NAME, TAXES. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships including HUNTER, BUNNELL, and PATTON.

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Table with columns: WARRANT NAME, TAXES. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships including George McPherson, N. T. Milliken, N. J. Mitchell, etc.