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RAILROAD SURVEYORS

Work Done in Penns Valley Causes Excitement

WABASH MAY BE COMING

Through This Part of the State—Seeking a Seaboard Terminal—Railway Politics in Pennsylvania—Some Early Surveys

On Monday of last week a corps of civil engineers arrived at Coburn, where they rented quarters for a term of six weeks. There are over a dozen in the party, and in addition they have engaged a number of men to assist them from that locality. They have been busy since then making surveys in different parts of the valley near that place. The principal work done is a survey running along the mountain westward towards Spring Mills, cutting a clear path through timberland and over cultivated territory, often destroying timber of valuable trees, always informing the owners that they would be compensated fully for all damages to property.

The appearance of these men in this section naturally has aroused interest, and speculation is rife as to the meaning of their work. Inquisitive people who ply them with interrogations usually have about as much information when they stop as when they began, for such engineers, as a rule, know nothing, apparently. Then again the engineering corps may be honest, they are sent out by some one who pays the bills for a survey—who it is for, they know no more than the general public.

In the minds of many, the purpose of this survey is the location of a connecting link for the Wabash system to reach the seaboard. This railroad now extends through the great west and is gradually working eastward; now is in Pittsburgh and this is thought to connect the Atlantic & Great Western railroad, with the Catawissa railroad at Milton for them.

In the past a number of elaborate railroad surveys were made through this county for the purpose of locating an air line from New York to Chicago and other points of the West. Some of the surveys were through Nitany Valley and over portions of the route now occupied by the Bellefonte Central, and by the Central R. R. of Pa. In Penns Valley routes were run from the extreme western parts of the county, down through Penns Valley, and Brushvalley, passing through the Brushvalley narrows to Milton and Watsonstown, but nothing resulted from any of them. It is claimed these engineers are tracing earlier surveys and especially that of the Sir Morton Peto survey, which was made at the instance of an English syndicate about 1860 to construct a great trunk line known as the Atlantic & Great Western, from New York to the west, but the project failed.

The Watfield survey was one of the important routes run about 1849, we think. This survey started from the Catawissa railroad at Catawissa, ran through the Penns Valley Narrows, up Pine and Sinking Creeks to Centre Hill and Boalsburg, thence direct to the Penna railroad at Spruce Creek.

There were a number of experimental surveys made by the Penna railroad company previous to their building the Lewisburg & Tyrone railroad. One through Brushvalley via Millheim into Penns Valley; another through same valley passing through the upper end of Centre Hall, near the mountain, to reach Bellefonte via Gregg's gap. Several surveys through Penns Valley, one passing through Centre Hall by the foundry; and another via the former Wm. Keller farm passing through the lower end of Centre Hall; another south of Old Port up the plains to Lemont and another from Coburn to Spring Mills via Millheim.

Railroad men are a foxy lot of schemers, and when a lot of railroad surveyors are put to work there may be no more intention of constructing a line than fly to the moon. They may even go so far as to construct road beds for the purpose of a bluff, to gain some concession from some other line that is invading their territory elsewhere. Again, they may make a survey in one section when they have a purpose of locating somewhere else, to divert attention from their plans and deceive other railroad interests. These things happen so frequently in all parts of the country, that the fact of a survey being made in Penns Valley means very little. For that reason there is no definite assurance to date of any new line coming in the county. What the purpose of the surveying corps, now operating in Penns Valley is, we doubt if any one in Penns Valley or the county has authority to make a statement.

Among the leading financiers of the country, and the great railroad systems, there is considerable clashing. When the Penna. R. R. last summer cut down the telegraph lines of the Western Union in this state that were on the company's lines, destroying millions of valuable property, the act was that of vicious vandalism. It meant that there was a deep seated bitterness somewhere. The blow was against Gould, who has the co-operation of Rockefeller, the great oil magnate. These men now seem to be determined to give the Penna. R. R. a battle royal in their own territory, by building competing lines along the entire system of the Penns. The bitter fight of the Wabash to get into Pittsburg was one evidence of this struggle, but the Wabash finally won. Now we see the board of trade in Philadelphia passing resolutions urging that system to come to Philadelphia, offering them all possible encouragement.

In the past month there has been evidence that some one has been gunning after the Penna. R. R. on the stock market, as their stocks have been dropping and Rockefeller with the millions at his command is credited with directing the fight. It is generally conceded that the Wabash system was back of the candidacy of John P. Elkins for governor, and that the Penns through Quay succeeded in knocking him out, so that there would be no hostile administration in this state to the Penns. Some one put thousands of dollars at the disposal of these two factions during the contest, and the money was not spent for the love of Elkins or Quay nor for idle glory—it was a railroad war from start to finish and the Pennsylvania won. These things are mentioned to show some of the side lights on the political situation in this state not generally known, also the railroad interests that have been bitterly at work in recent years and what it all means. If the survey now being made in Penns Valley is for the actual location of a trunk line for the Wabash, there certainly is an immense amount of capital back of it.

Some time ago indirect information reached us that a project was conceived by certain capitalists to locate a complete system of trolley lines throughout this state, and in fact that has been done very extensively in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and this may be a route through to Tyrone which now reaches Altoona and from thence may be extended westward.

No County Surveyor.

There has been some misunderstanding in this campaign in regard to the office of County Surveyor, and at the last Democratic County Convention a nomination was made for that office, and since then it has been found that no such office is vacant and therefore will not be voted for this year. Some of the Democratic papers in the county have carried the name of a nominee for County Surveyor regularly at the head of their columns during the campaign, which was an error or an oversight. The official ballot contains no space for such name and therefore it will not be voted for.

For the St. Louis Fair.

The Democrat is pleased to note that Centre county will have a "show" at the Louisiana purchase centennial fair. The entries just now contain the following: Bullock Swing and Chair Manufacturing Company, of Bellefonte. The great trout caught within our borders last spring. Wm. Wolf, flour, feed and grain, of Phillipsburg. Fish Commissioner Meehan says the state will have the most complete exhibit of fish that has ever been made at any exposition in the past. It will equal in extent the exhibit of the United States Fish Commission.

Bears Turn the Tables.

While Krebs Stewart and Peter Kimmel were hunting Saturday in the vicinity of Bear Rocks, in the Allegheny mountains north of Altoona, they unexpectedly encountered a group of five bears, a male, female and three cubs. Stewart fired first with both barrels, slightly wounding the entire family. Before Kimmel could load up with buckshot the bruin family was after the hunters. Kimmel and Stewart retreated, with the bears after them, for half a mile down the mountain before the chase was abandoned.

A new free rural mail route is proposed to start from Mill Hall to Cedar Run road; thence to 1½ miles above Abderra, cross the bridge at that place and then come down the pike to the starting point. The route will be 20½ miles in length. It will give the people along the route mail once a day if adopted. There are 146 families along the route, anxious to have this service. The route goes over was satisfactory to the examiner and would go into operation next April.

Some men who clamor for justice are lucky to escape it.

FISH HATCHERY OPENED

First Shipment of Eggs Received on Monday

A VISIT TO THE HATCHERY

Main Building Completed and Water Turned in Monday—More Land Purchased—A Complete Institution—Trout, Bass, and Goldfish

The Bellefonte fish hatchery, located along Logan's Branch, is making good headway towards completion, and there is no longer any question that fish culture—trout, bass and gold fish—will here reach its highest perfection. We are led to this assurance, after an inspection of the plant in its present stage, through the kindness of N. R. Buller, acting superintendent, who took pains to show us all that had been done on and about the new hatchery, fully explaining the uses of the pools, troughs and various divisions of the plant.

The large hatchery house is now completed. There are eleven cemented nursery pools connected with it to keep young trout until they are one year old. The pools for adult trout are also completed.

All the springs are connected and furnish an abundance of fresh water for all purposes of the extensive hatchery—the driest seasons never having shown a falling off in the flow to any appreciable extent. The water was turned into the pools and main hatching house on Monday, and the flow worked to the entire satisfaction of superintendent Buller, in all its courses.

On Monday morning 5,000 trout eggs were received in healthy condition, from the Bloomingrove, Pike county, hatchery soon to be followed by millions more. A car house is next to be erected, for which the lumber will be received this week.

The capacity of the main hatching house, with its 78 troughs, will be 50 million trout eggs. The springs for the hatchery are the three immediately adjoining the head of the plant—the Hoy spring, the Shugert spring, and a minor spring from near the road leading past the Hoy residence. There will be a large trout pool, or dam, on the south side of the hatchery, taking up a large meadow. This will be the largest pool on the plant and its use intended for large trout. The water to supply this dam, in part, will be utilized from the stream which flows from McBride's Gap, which sinks and appears near here as the source of Logan's Branch.

In a pool above the main building are 125 gold fish for hatching purposes, now about one year old, lively and seem to enjoy their Centre county home. The real bass and gold fish department will be begun next spring. The hatchery at Allentown is being dismantled, eggs, young fish and other belongings will be moved to the Bellefonte hatchery.

Commissioner of fisheries W. E. Meehan recently purchased the two acres of land from S. H. Hoy in the southwest corner of the hatchery grounds which contain the dwelling house and farm buildings. The consideration is \$2,600, with a privilege for Mr. Hoy to remove the barn. The hatchery plant now embraces upward of 20 acres.

Superintendent Buller, may well feel proud of the success of the work thus far, under his directions—and he is proud of it. He has had a life long experience in fish culture, and for the last twenty-seven years has been actively engaged in it. He feels confident that if the plant is carried to its completion in accordance with his plan, the Bellefonte trout hatchery will be the largest in the world. The work thus far has rapidly advanced to its present stage, successfully, since August 15, in spite of unfavorable weather.

Mr. Meehan, principal of the state fish commission, came up on Monday afternoon's train, accompanied by Prof. Surface to view the progress reached in the work.

Turkeys Plenty.

The war on wild turkeys this season in our county has been a successful one for our sportsmen. These birds seem to be unusually plenty this year, and we can safely say that from the opening of the season on the 15th, to this date about one hundred have been killed already. Unionville hunters have brought home about 59; a few miles above that the Julian hunters killed no less than 20; other localities come in with smaller numbers. One Unionville hunter claims having killed nine of the birds, but he declares only two in one day. Two in one day is the limit for wild turkeys. On Thursday evening last Paul Shaffer and Mr. Musser, came to Bellefonte with two of the birds.

Conscience isn't in it with the humiliation of being found out.

POSTOFFICE ROBBERS CONVICTED.

Last week the Centre Democrat went to press, while the trial of the four postoffice robbers from this county, was drawing to a close, at Scranton, Pa. About fifteen witnesses were there from this county, as well as some from Union county and a number of postoffice officials and detectives. The evidence against the robbers was strong, showing that they had been in Union and Centre counties and committed a number of robberies of stores and postoffices and held up a man in the vicinity of Laurelton. The stolen goods found in the Faust barn did much to prove their guilt and they were identified by numerous witnesses.

The accused had the assistance of a young attorney and one that was appointed by the court. The prisoners were all put on the stand and denied all knowledge of any of the charges preferred against them. They also swore that they never saw one another prior to the night they met at the Faust barn where they were captured by Sheriff Taylor's posse. Some claimed to have been at Millroy, others came from Penns Valley, and all met there by chance and were perfect strangers prior to that time and not partners in any crime. The jury was out a very short time until they returned a verdict against them for robbing the postoffices at Woodward, Linden Hall and Rathford. Ryan and Lewis received six years while Palmer and Shireman were given seven in the penitentiary, the latter having been identified as having held up a man at Ruthford.

Exciting Train Race.

Passengers on the afternoon trains of the Beech Creek and Bald Eagle railroads Wednesday enjoyed an exciting race. The Bald Eagle train left Mill Hall a little before the Beech Creek passenger and crossed the tracks of the latter about thirty seconds ahead. The Beech Creek engineer let his engine gather speed rapidly and where the two tracks run parallel and within a few rods of each other for several miles, the race became very exciting. Passengers rushed to the platforms and waved from the windows of either train. Both engines were running at full speed. Gradually the Beech Creek train gained on the Bald Eagle and finally secured a lead of two train lengths before the tracks diverged at the Haagen farm. These races occur every once in a while when the Bald Eagle train is a few minutes late.

Ax Trust Gives Into a Rival.

The Mann Edge Tool company, of Lewistown, has secured an option on the large works of the Ax Trust, at Mill Hall, Pa., and will, on January 1, buy the latter. The Mann works there will continue business just as if this outside deal had not been made.

A bit of diplomacy shook the Trust till it made the offer to sell out its Mill Hall plant, without "water." Jos. R. Mann, president of the Lewistown company, went to Mill Hall some months ago, secured a good location and began preparations for erecting an additional factory. The Trust, having no desire to try such competition, was soon ready to give an option on its Mill Hall plant.

IN ADJOINING COUNTIES.

The First Lutheran church at Selinsgrove celebrated its hundredth anniversary with special services Saturday evening and Sunday.

Daniel V. Williams, the man who assaulted his father with a hatchet near Beech Creek, was taken to the asylum at Danville by Sheriff Shearer.

Mrs. Rebecca Crider, wife of John Crider, residing near Woolrich, Clinton county, died last Thursday evening at 5 o'clock, aged 72 years. She is survived by her husband and the following named children: Thomas, Millard, Mrs. Hannah Shoemaker, Mrs. R. K. Merrill, Woolrich; John, Mrs. Edward Spong, Oak Grove, and William, of Swissdale. Interment was made in Crider's cemetery.

A commission in lunacy appointed by the court and consisting of District Attorney McCormick, Dr. A. Prieson and Constable Ellis Myers, went to the Clinton county jail and after examining Daniel V. Williams, of Beech Creek, who attacked his father with a hatchet, adjudged him insane. Williams was taken to the Danville asylum by Sheriff Shearer.

Jesse McClenahan, one of Mifflin county's oldest school teachers, died very suddenly. Mr. Mc had been quite ill for some time, but had the pluck to stick to his work, as he taught on last Friday. Although he was a cripple and had to use a wheel chair he was a remarkably efficient teacher and a good disciplinarian. He died at the home of Jacob Gearhart.

OUR HISTORICAL REVIEW

Famous Race Courses Many Years Ago

WAS KILLED ON THE TRACK

Trotting and Pacing Unknown—All Were Running Horses—Robbery of the Henry Dale House in 1819—Some Famous Rifle Shots.

Among the amusements of the earlier days in this county was horse racing, which was largely indulged in. Race courses were provided for this purpose and large crowds attended the races. Running races were the usual ones and the most exciting. The Potters, of Potters Mills, were the principal promoters of the sport and had a race course laid out on the level about a half mile south of Potter's Old Fort extending east and west one mile. On the mountain bench near of Aaronsburg there was also a race course that saw many chases, and the track can be plainly seen yet at this day; it was a fine level, one mile in length.

The turnpike road leading from Bellefonte to Pleasant Gap, up to about 1855, was used for racing, starting at an old furnace that stood out near the cement mills, along the Valentine farm, down to the Steel residence on the pike—were frequent and exciting. Upon one occasion one of the riders, known then as French Ike Miller, a Canadian, was accidentally thrown from his horse upon a woodpile at the Tibbens home, and killed. His face struck a piece of cordwood, and the writer was reliably informed, with such violence that one or more of his teeth were found sticking in the wood.

Shooting matches for stakes, in money, fat hogs, or turkeys, were common, and attended by the marksmen of those days who were numbered by scores, having inherited the skill and desire from their fathers before them, who needed the training as a protection against the Indians and to kill deer and bears and other food animals, as well as of the game for the pelts. Shooting contests for large prizes were in vogue up to forty years ago. Among the marksmen who could drive the nail at sixty and one hundred yards, in later years of the matches, were John Gelstweite, of Haines, Daniel and William Musser, of Millheim, as the best marksmen; also the Stovers, Kerstetters, Ertels, and others of the lower end of Penns Valley. The preachers began a crusade from their pulpits against shooting matches and the sport finally died off like the racings.

While giving accounts, in late chapters of the Review of interesting incidents of away back, the following robbery of Henry Dale's house, March 17, 1819, will bear reproduction: Mr. Dale says, on that evening some person came near my house and hallooed. We were in bed, and got up and went to the door and asked what was the matter. He answered, Your son has killed himself. I asked, How? He said he had his powder-horn, and it caught fire and tore him amazingly all to pieces; if you do not hurry, you will not see him alive. I put on my clothes and told him to come in, but he said he was in a great hurry. I told my son to come and we would ride over, and told my wife to come with the lantern to let us get the horses out. We rode over, saw no light, and my son Samuel said nothing was the matter. I was afraid some injury was intended, and we turned to go home. At the end of the lane I met my wife, my youngest son, and a girl that lives with me and Lewis Longwell, coming with the lantern. They said they were going to see Sam before he could die. I said nothing was the matter, but our house could be robbed. Longwell began to halloo, and we went around by the lane, and Longwell and the women across the fields. I went into my room and found my chest broken open and the papers on the floor; searched but found no one, but found a window broken in. I took my rifle, put the dogs on the track which they took, and I fired my gun in that direction.

Next morning I found a box and two pocket-books and about eighty dollars in money. There were four pocket-books taken. One had a ring in it and silver sleeve buttons; another belonging to my son, had four silver dollars in it. There were three purses, one with eight dollars in silver, French coin, etc., another with small silver, seven or eight dollars; another with seven dollars in silver. The prisoner has been at my house twice, once with a horse and cart selling goods, staying from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Philona Dale testified. After my husband and son had started the person hallooed again. I went to the door, and the man was standing near

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FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

AT SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR.

(Appropriate for Bellefonte)
"Was long ago; a man discerned
A faucet that had not been turned,
And yet it leaked—'twas then he learned
A lesson that he'd fain have spurned—
At sixty cents an hour.

He told a plumber man to come
Down to his house and tinker some;
The plumber said, in accents grum,
"By gum! Of course I'll come and plumb
At sixty cents an hour.

The plumber came and looked about
And viewed the faucet with some doubt,
Then hammered out the water spout,
Eat down and let his whiskers sprout
At sixty cents an hour.

The water dripped in little pools
And splattered into wee globules,
The plumber said, "It is the rules
That I must go and get my tools,
At sixty cents an hour.

Next day he came and looked again
And made some figures with his pen
And called a couple of his men
To see how it was dripping then—
At sixty cents an hour.

The day wore on, the weeks went by;
The months and years began to fly,
But still the plumber, looking wry,
Came daily in and coaxed his eye—
At sixty cents an hour.

And still the water dripped away
And still the plumber would not stay
More than ten minutes any day—
And he was growing bent and gray,
At sixty cents an hour.

At last the man, unsatisfied
Gave up the ghost—in short he died
Of old age—then the plumber sighed
And came around and took a ride
At sixty cents an hour.

The leaky faucet's dripping still
And adding to the plumber's bill
The plumber has it in his will
That all his heirs their time must kill
At sixty cents an hour.

The dead beat is generally very much alive.

Coal is always dark in color, but often light in weight.

The prettier a girl is the fewer girl friends she has.

The honeymoon is over when the bride begins to eat onions.

Some people swallow their pride and others chew the rag.

You can't cultivate your voice and cultivate friends, too.

It's the statuesque girl that generally gives you the marble heart.

The fellow who makes unpleasant remarks is by no means remarkable.

There is no reason why an Odd Fellow shouldn't occasionally want to get even.

WATTERSON ON SMART SET.

Speaks Frankly of Simpering Johnnies and Silly Women.

Colonel Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, before an appreciative audience, in Pittsburg gave a characteristically frank summing up of his views concerning "smart" society folks last Friday that can be read with some profit in this locality. Among other things Colonel Watterson said:

Must the monkey and the swell be accepted as interchangeable types, as alternating measurements, of human breeding and beauty?

Indeed, one would think so, reading some of the reports that come to us from the inner circles of that apotheosis of boredom, that incarnation of stupidity and affection, which takes its cue from Leicester Square and the Corinthian Club in London—which emulates the demi-mondaine of Paris—which eddies round the abodes of luxury and alimony at Newport, and thinks no more of running down an ordinary pedestrian in its automobile than you and I would think of brushing away a spider or a fly.

Sarsum cordes! lift up your hearts? I at least have never wasted many thoughts, nor nursed any serious fears, about such cattle, nor shall I do so until monkey-dinners become as popular in Pennsylvania as they seem to be in Rhode Island.

I know that in each of our centres of population and wealth there is a little coterie of silly women and simpering Johnnies which would imitate the imitators; but they are too shallow and too scattered to make much headway against society.

By society I mean not merely those who by their character, their genius and their good fortune have earned the right to dwell in great houses, without the suspicion of the ostentatious display of wealth, but behind them that great army of the well-bred and well-to-do that American commonality, clean of birth and clear of grit—those cultivated men and women who live without scandal and travel without adventure, not rich indeed, but quite able to pay as they go, the rose and expectancy of true manhood and womanhood, the very buttress and bell-tower of our free Republic.

These constitute what I call Society.

When a fellow has nothing to do you find out how worthless he really is.