

# The Centre Reporter.



Fredrick Kurtz, Editor.

Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa., Friday, January, 21st, 1870.

Vol. 2.—No. 39.

**BUGGIES**—J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Manufacturer of all kinds of Buggies, would respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that he has on hand a large stock of Buggies, which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, and a reasonable credit given.

**C. H. GUTELLUS, D.D.S.** Surgeon & Mechanical Dentist, who is permanently located in Asst. Surgeon, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Neff, and who has been practicing with entire success—having the experience of a number of years in the profession, he would especially invite all who have not yet given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of his assertions. Teeth Extracted without pain. may 22, 1869.

**CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.** RECEIVES DEPOSITS. It receives all kinds of deposits, and allows interest. Discount on all kinds of Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. ap10, 68.

**D. F. PORTNEY, Attorney at Law**, in Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Orris & Alexander. ap10, 68.

**D. R. SMITH, Office, Centre Hall, Pa.** ap10, 68.

**J. M. McMANUS, Attorney at Law**, Bellefonte, Pa. promptly pays attention to all business entrusted to him. ap10, 68.

**P. D. NEFF, M.D., Physician and Surgeon**, Centre Hall, Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre county, and adjoining townships. Dr. Neff has the experience of 21 years in the active practice of medicine, and has a large and successful practice. ap10, 68.

**M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW**, in Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn. Chas. H. Hale, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ap10, 68.

**MILLERS HOTEL**, Woodward, Centre county, Pa. Offers service to the public daily. This fine Hotel has been refitted and furnished in its new proprietor, and is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country hotels in central Pennsylvania. The arrangements for the accommodation of guests are in every way the best. Dr. Neff can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of cattle or horses. GEO. MILLER, Proprietor. July 24, 68.

**BECK'S HOTEL**, 312 & 314 Race Street, a few doors above 3d. This centrally located makes it desirable for all visiting the city on business or for pleasure. A. BECK, Proprietor. (formerly of the States Union Hotel, ap10, 68.

**W. M. BLAIR & STITZEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW**, in Bellefonte, Pa. Office on the Diamond, next door to Garman's Hotel. Consultations in German or English. feb19, 69.

**SCALES**, of wholesale and retail, cheap by W. IRWIN & WILSON, ap10, 68.

**BOOTS**, by the thousand, all styles, sizes and prices, for men and boys, just arrived at Wolf's well known Old Stand.

**LEATHERS** of all descriptions, french calf skin, and other, for shoes, boots, saddles, trunks, etc. Everything in the leather line warranted to give satisfaction. at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

**TERMS**—The CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly, at \$1.00 per year in advance, and \$2.00 when not paid in advance. Reports, 1 month \$1.00. Advertisements are inserted at \$1.50 per square (10 lines) for 3 weeks. Advertisements for a year, half year, or three months at a less rate.

**CENTRE HALL REPORTER.** CENTRE HALL, Pa., January 21st 1870.

**TRICKS OF TRADE.** There is no need for us to take a leaf out of the Turkish code, and to nail dishonest tradesmen by the ears to their shop doors and shutters, exposing them alike to the jeers and the projectiles of passers-by; but we might take a hint from the French, whose supervision of weights and measures, and of articles of food liable to adulteration, is one thing, which they manage better than we do. In Paris, for instance, a considerable number of special agents, attached to the prefecture of police, are charged with examining every description of alimentary produce offered for sale to the public.

They comprise inspectors of meat, of eggs, and flour, tasters of wine, etc., and ambulans inspectors called flammers or smellers. The duties of the latter extend all over Paris; over every shop where edibles of any description are sold; over every restaurant, cafe, and cabaret; every stall and hand barrow with fish, vegetables, fruit etc., exposed in the streets for sale; and it may be said in their favor, that they pitilessly seize all damaged and adulterated articles which they succeed in detecting.

They visit, on an average, eight thousand establishments every month, in the course of which period the seizures made by them vary from three hundred to six hundred in number, according to the season of the year. Detailed reports, addressed to the prefecture of police, specify the quantity and character of the articles seized, from which it would appear that provision dealers, milkmen, and grocers are the principal offenders. In the month of August, 1867, at the height of the Paris Exhibition, during visits paid to six thousand five hundred and eighty-one establishments, no less than five hundred and ninety seizures were made, being at the rate of nearly ten per cent. From long practice, these smelling inspectors have acquired a kind of infallibility, which the delinquent tradesmen is the first to recognize; consequently their decisions are rarely contested. A single sniff suffices to enable them to detect whether either the cooked or salted meats have formed portions of an animal that has died of disease, or been slaughtered according to the prescribed regulations.

These ambulans inspectors have not only to verify the wholesomeness of all substances offered to the public, but to examine carefully, and confiscate if requisite, the utensils employed in the preparation of alimentary substances. For this purpose they visit the kitchens of the various restaurants, traiteurs, tables d'hote, and boarding houses, and any copper vessels on which verdigris is discovered, or plated dishes and spoons, the plating of which has worn off, are immediately sent by them to be re-tinned or silvered, as the case may be. In like manner, they prohibit the use, for culinary purposes, of zinc utensils, or earthenware ones colored with arsenic green, or glazed with any varnish, the basis of which is salt of lead.

The inspectors of meat are attached to the various Paris slaughter houses, and to the Pavillon of the Halles Centrales, where the Paris dead meat market is held. Early every morning, as soon as the various pieces of meat, arriving from the abattoirs and the railway stations, are numbered, they commence their rounds, and stamp every joint approved as wholesome with the letter V, in blue ink. All unsound meat is at once put aside to be sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, the strong odor of which renders it useless for alimentary purposes. It is then sold, to be converted to various industrial uses. Meat that has a bad appearance, but yet retains certain nutritive qualities, is consigned to the Jardin des Plantes to feed the wild animals with.

So careful are the authorities with regard to the main ingredient of the universal omelette, that they have appointed no less than sixty five inspectors of eggs, fully half of whom are constantly employed in examining singly every egg sent to the Paris markets, which they do by holding it up before a candle. All that are bad are at once destroyed, and such as are over stale are sold to gilders and others for trade purposes. A certain number of these egg inspectors are charged with the duty of testing the stocks of the retail dealers.

The tasters of provisions of Paris have to exercise an active supervision over the extensive depots of wine at Bercy, and the Halle aux Vins, and to visit no less than twenty four thousand establishments where wine and other liquors are sold. They are only appointed after an examination, at which they are required to give proof of their powers of instantly discriminating all the different kinds of wine presented to them to taste. Adulterated wine seized by them used to be emptied into the gutter in front of the delinquent's door but many poor people collected it in jars and saucapans, and with sponges. Now it is thrown into the Seine, on the principle, we suppose, of rendering to the river that which has been mainly derived from it.

Distinct from these several corps of inspectors of provisions are the inspectors charged with verifying the exactitude of all scales, weights, and measures of capacity in use at the markets, and in the shops and warehouses of Paris. So certain are offenders of being detected and severely punished, that the use of fraudulent weights and measures is confined to the lowest class of Paris tradesmen; and although, during 1867, the police reported between ten and eleven thousand cases, including every kind of petty irregularity, with reference to weights and measures, only two hundred and twenty six of these were regarded as fraudulent, and submitted to the police tribunals.

All this active surveillance, though powerless to prevent fraud, is efficacious in checking it, and more particularly in insuring to offenders an amount of punishment proportionate to their deserts. The fines inflicted range from fifty francs up to twenty thousand francs—a fine of the latter amount in addition to several months' imprisonment, having been inflicted on a landed proprietor convicted of adulterating milk sent by him to Paris. Whenever substances deleterious to health have been employed for purposes of adulteration, a sentence of imprisonment is invariably inflicted, as well as the customary fine. But the best feature of the French process is the publishing of all sentences on placards, printed at the delinquent's expense, three of which the police are required to see duly exposed in the window, on the door, and inside his shop, for the space of fifteen days. The remainder, usually about twenty, are posted up by the authorities in the immediate neighborhood.

Spite of the activity displayed in the detection and punishment of offenders, the French, nevertheless, persist in exercising their natural ingenuity in the clever sophistication of numerous alimentary substances. We learn from M. Michael Chevalier, that turning water into wine, so far from being a miracle now-a-days, is a matter of common occurrence. All that is necessary is to add to it certain of the following ingredients, according as to the *crus* of Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne or the wines of the South have to be indicated:—cider, perry, spirits of wine, elder and juniper berries, mulberries, beetroot juice, coriander seeds, sugar, treacle, campeachy wood, chalk, alum, carbonate of potash, sulphate of iron, oxide of lead, litharge, and tartaric, tumeric and acetic acids. There are, at Certe, scores of firms which imitate not merely French wines, but concoct the great bulk of foreign wines drunk in Paris; and at Rheims one well known house prides itself on producing every description of wine, spirits and liqueur under the sun.

Paris milk, though superior to the fluid sold in London under that name, has, in too many instances, an unfair proportion of water, and is indebted for much of its mucilaginous qualities to gelatin, and an infusion of rice, barley, or bran, rather than to the

pounded calves' brains of which one hears, and which are turned to more profitable account. The so-called olive oil, of which such large quantities are consumed in Paris, is produced from poppies, rape seed, colza, sesame, various nuts, the fat of fowls mixed with honey, and a score of other substances. Sugar and tea are, of course, subject to endless adulterations; salt is commonly mixed with powdered sandstone; while, as regards chocolate, so largely consumed from one end of France to the other, and exported to the furthest corners of the globe, much of it is made of bean or potato flour, burnt almonds, veal or mutton fat, and cinnamon or ochre, with the addition of a little treacle to bind the whole together. Ground coffee is adulterated with barley and other meals, bestroot, carrots, acorns, chestnuts, and, as a matter of course, chicory, which, in its turn, is largely adulterated with refuse from the distilleries, ochres, brickdust, soot and even common black earth.

The use of this last substance would seem incredible were it not well known that coffee berries themselves—such as would stand the test of any ordinary examination—are actually manufactured, like bricks, of clay; and, after being ground up, find their way regularly every morning into tens of thousands of Paris *cafetieres*. The artificial berries approximate so closely to the natural ones, in their unroasted state, that they can be mixed with them and escape detection; and as the price is one fortieth that of pure coffee, no matter what the proportions of the mixture may be, the result is certain to be profitable to the grocer. The only machinery required by the artificial coffee-berry maker is any number of sheet-moulds, opening and shutting with hinges, each of which will model a hundred berries at a time. After being filled with clay, and closed, they are placed under a powerful press, and exposed to a slow fire. On the moulds being opened, the dry berries, which have the greenish gray tint of genuine unroasted coffee, fall out themselves.

The great merit of the invention is this: Supposing a person to be of an economical turn, or fastidious in the matter of the flavor of his coffee, and he should determine, not only to buy this unground, but to roast it himself, so as to preserve all its vaunted aroma; well, the false berries will stand every test; for the essential oil which the roasting brings out of the genuine coffee will be absorbed by them, and the productions of art and nature will emerge from the roasting machine with precisely the same bronze coating. It is under this deceitful envelope that the clay berries pass into the coffee-mill, and thence into the coffee-pot, where they impregnate the boiling water with none of the anticipated aromatic flavor; and, in truth, one must be unreasonably exacting to expect them to do so.

All that can be said in favor of clay coffee is, that it is innocuous to health, as when dissolved it forms a sediment which, if detected at the bottom of the cup, is set down to genuine coffee-grounds. It is certainly considerate on the part of the manufacturer not to poison the people whom he robs. Let us at least render him this justice.

Just as the Parisians have found out how to make coffee without coffee, so have they discovered the way of making *bouillon*, or beef tea, without beef. At the *gargotiers*, the lowest class of Paris restaurants, a species of ingenious frauds has of late years become very common. It consists in passing off warm water, colored and flavored with burnt onions and caramel, and into which some little grease bubbles have been injected, as soup. It is true that bones which have been twice well stewed, first by the larger restaurants, and secondly by the inferior class of *traiteurs*, and cast away as done with, are stewed in this water for the third time, in order that it may be impregnated with some particle of animal substance; but as this fails to impart to it those little grease bubbles which the shrewd frequenters of these establishments invariably look to satisfy themselves that the broth they drink has been actually made from meat, a clever cook got over the difficulty by filling his mouth with about a spoonful of fish-oil, and after tightly compressing his lips together, blowing with all his force, so as to send forth a greasy

mist as it were, which, falling into the cauldron, formed the eyes so dear to epicures of a certain type. The system was found to answer so perfectly that an *employe aux yeux de bouillon*, as the individual who performs this operation is termed, is now an indispensable necessity at all *gargotiers* in a large way of business.

Parisians of a certain class are inordinate eaters of ham; in fact, almost as many hams are eaten in Paris as could be furnished by all the pigs killed throughout the whole of France, even allowing for both shoulder and leg being cured in accordance with the French practice. The demand was supplied in this wise. The dealers in cooked hams bought up the old hambones at a couple of sous a piece, and ingeniously inserted them into pieces of pickled pork, which they trimmed to shape, and coated with grated bread-crusts. In this way many bones did duty hundreds of times over, lasting, in fact, for years. They would leave the dealers in the morning, and frequently return to them the same night, to quit them again the following day; nevertheless the supply could hardly keep pace with the demand. Fancy the inconvenience of having to wait for your ham until your neighbor's servant took back the ham-bone which the *charcutier* relied upon receiving yesterday. It was to obviate such a state of things that an ingenious individual conceived the idea of manufacturing ham-bones wholesale, and ere long he drove a thriving trade, and ere the dozen; since which time the stock of hams has augmented, and the porcine delicacy become less difficult of attainment.—Good Health

**Paris Continues to be Excited—100,000 Soldiers in the City—Rochefort Writes an Inflammatory Editorial.**

PARIS, Jan. 13.—2 P. M.—The city is still greatly excited. During the night the disturbances continued, but there were no serious conflicts. Several policemen were wounded by stones thrown, and one was dangerously stabbed while attempting to quell the disorder. A magistrate was struck on the head with a stone and knocked down. Many other outrages were also committed. The troops have not appeared in force since the crowd in the Champs Elysees was dispersed last night, but extensive preparations have been made to guard against any repetition of the disorder. There are now in Paris over one hundred thousand soldiers, including a detachment of cavalry, recently arrived from the garrisons, and several battalions of infantry from Vincennes. The police force has also been largely increased. It is not supposed the people will dare make any further disturbance.

The *Marseillaise* appears to-day, as usual. The tone of its articles is very violent. Rochefort, in a leading editorial, says: "The demonstration of yesterday was a cry for justice. To-morrow a cry may come for vengeance."

The following article appeared in the *Marseillaise* newspaper on Thursday, printed in large types: "Murder committed by the Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte upon the Citizen Victor Noir—Attempt to Murder made by the Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte upon the Citizen Ulrie de Foville."

"I had the weakness to believe that a Bonaparte could be other than an assassin.

"I have dared to imagine that a fair duel was possible in that family, where murder and waylaying are traditional and habitual. Our collaborator, Pascal Gloussot, has shared my error, and to-day we mourn our dear friend, Victor Noir, assassinated by the ruffian Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte. For eighteen years past France has been in the bloodstained hands of these cut-throats, who, not content with shooting republicans in the street, allure them into basted traps for the purpose of slaughtering them at home.

"People of France have you not had decidedly enough of this?"

**PAPER TO PROTECT FROM COLD.** A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air from beneath it. If you suffer from cold feet fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings.

Florida has ten Divisions Sons of Temperance in active operation.

**ILLINOIS DIVORCES.** Wintering the Old Woman—A Romance in Chicago Real Life. (From the Chicago Republican.)

Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, an elderly, serious looking individual, well protected from the inclemency of the weather by sundry layers of overcoats, and comforts, entered the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court in a methodical manner, and after spending about ten minutes in unwrapping himself to a sufficient degree to be able to articulate expended about the same period of time in slowly looking around him. After carefully investigating the surroundings of the highly ornamented office, the old gentleman's eye rested upon the bland features of one of the most gentlemanly and benevolent of living deputy clerks.

Leaning toward him, he seriously enquired the important monosyllable, "Cap!"

The prostrate thus addressed inquired for further particulars.

"Cap," repeated the stranger, "are you given to unbitching folks here? Do you divorce a little?"

The reply to this interrogatory was of a somewhat affirmative character, whereupon the questioner stated his grievance, after reluctantly admitting that his wife had not deserted him—neither had she been guilty of adultery, cruelty, drunkenness, or any of the other little eccentricities for which the law allows a dissolution of the marital bonds.

"The old woman, Cap," quoth he, "don't get along with me. She jaws me fearful and if any man can stand jawing his name is not mine. We don't get along well together, and haven't for the last thirty years. I therefore, want to be unbitched, and I don't want her to know anything about it until it is all over. I want it done now, because it's getting cold weather, and it will take a good deal to winter her. Can I get divorced here without anybody finding it out for a spell?"

"My friend," responded the official suavely and kindly, "se ye yonder, desk?"

The stranger responded in the affirmative.

"If you come here in about an hour you will see three young men whose natural ferocity is depicted on their countenances sitting together. In a moment they will hear that a suit for divorce has been commenced. They will rush for the papers, will brutally assault each other for the first chance to scan their contents, and then they will write for four hours apiece. They are newspaper men, and will write you up for publication. They are probably now in the next room, doing the same thing for somebody else. They will write an article about you with thirteen head lines. They will print all you know about yourself, and all that any one else knows, and a great deal that no one knows. It may, of course, do you good, but of that you will have to judge yourself. You can't get rid of them, for they are affluent and incorruptible, and it won't be of any use to kill them, for at their offices they keep men a great deal worse than they are."

"Cap," slowly and sadly asked the sadly frightened iuster, "is that all true?"

"It is true, all of it, and less than the truth."

"Then," said the old man with a melancholy air, as he proceed to again envelope himself in his multitudinous rappings, "I guess I'll winter the old woman after all."

How much longer the people are to be insulated by Congress in the work of reconstruction we don't know, but the end is approaching. The *World* puts it in this shape:

The perfidy of Congress in dealing with the unrepresented States is as deep as the bottomless pit. Nobody can look forward to the end of this disgraceful reconstruction business, because, nobody can foresee or calculate the new freaks and caprices of Congress. That body has no sense of honor; it holds itself bound by no engagement; when all the conditions prescribed have been fully complied with, it wantonly sports with its victims and disappoints the expectations which itself has authorized. It is now nearly five years since the close of the war, and nobody knows, or can predict what Congress means to exact of Virginia previous to her readmission. She was entitled, to be told, at an early period, on what terms she could be restored to her rights in the Union.

Whether those terms were to be lenient or severe, she was at least entitled to be informed what they were. All tyranny is hateful; but none is so odious and abominable as that which tempts people into compliances under a delusive promise of advantage, and then haughtily tells them that their humiliation is bootless.

**Decision on Infidelity.** PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 14. Judge Sharswood, in the Supreme Court this morning, set aside as illegal a bequest by the late Levi Nico, of a considerable sum of money, to the building of a hall to be used by the Infidel Society of Philadelphia, now existing, and hereafter to be incorporated in Philadelphia. The judge says, "the society can never be incorporated, and its practices are punishable under the laws of the State."

**The Utah Central Railroad.** Ogden, Utah, Jan. 11.—The Utah Central railroad is completed, and trains commence running to-day. The railroad connects Salt Lake City with the Union Pacific railroad.

The Utah legislature meets to-day. An exciting session is expected.

**The War in Cuba.** Havana, Jan. 11.—Numerous engagements between the government troops and the insurgents are reported to have taken place near Puerto Principe and in the Cinco Villas district.

A jealous husband in Pittsburg followed his wife one evening, saw her meet a man, ran up and thrashed him, and found out it was his father-in-law.

A woman in Mansfield, Ohio, sued a saloon keeper for damage done her by selling her husband liquor, and got a verdict for \$250.

The Castleton (Vt.) National Bank was entered Monday night, the safe was blown open with nitro glycerine, and the compartment exposed, from sixty-four hundred dollars were taken. The lower compartment, containing between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, was not reached. The burglars escaped.

Francis Robinson, of Blackington Connecticut, was bitten by a mad dog thirty years ago, and about once a month ever since has had fits, during which he barks like a dog and froths at the mouth.

A newspaper article has been going the rounds of the press headed, "Where is your boy at night?" A brilliant urchin suggests the propriety of another article, inquiring, "Where is the old man at night?"

The last Easton Argus tells a tale of a young man disappearing from Mount Bethel about a year ago leaving a wife and child behind him. Recently he returned to his old home, but had not been many days with his family until a young Michigan girl made her appearance claiming him as her husband. When wives No. 1 and 2 met there was, of course, some trouble and wool pulling in the wigwag, but the difficulty was settled by wife No. 2 paying wife No. 1 two hundred dollars to resign all claims to her faithless husband. The Bethel wife is supposed to have made the best trade.

On Friday morning last, Mrs. John Meakin, residing in Chester, Delaware county, Pa., gave birth to seventeen pounds of children—two girls, five pounds each, and one boy, seven pounds. The little ones are said to be bright and pretty.