

The Centre Reporter.



Frederick Kurtz, Editor.

Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa., Friday, March, 25th, 1870.

Vol. 2.—No. 48.

BUGGIES! 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 **NEW BUGGIES**, with and without tops, which will be sold at reduced prices for cash, also a reasonable credit on horse Wagons, Springwagons, &c., made to order, and warranted to give satisfaction in every respect. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Call and see the stock of Buggies before purchasing elsewhere. ap10 68f

C. H. Gutelius,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, who is permanently located in Armstrong 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 cordially invite all who have as yet not given him a call, to do so, and test the truthfulness of this assertion. 28-Teeth extracted without pain. may 22 68f

RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest.
Discount Notes.
Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. ap10 68f

D. P. PORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office at Reynolds' bank. may 14 68f

D. R. P. SMITH, offers his professional services. Office, Centre Hall, Pa. ap17 68f

JAS. M. MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office at Reynolds' bank. may 14 68f

P. D. NEFF, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hall, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter and adjoining townships. Dr. Neff has the experience of 23 years in the active practice of medicine and surgery. ap10 68

M'ALLISTER & BEAVER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Penn'a. ap68f

Chas. H. Hale,
Attorney at Law, Bellefonte. dec 27 69f

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward, Pa. This favorite hotel is now in every respect one of the most pleasant country hotels in central Pennsylvania. The traveling community will always find the best accommodation. Drivers can at all times be accommodated with horses and pasture for any number of cattle or horses. ap10 68f

GEO. MILLER,
BECK'S HOTEL, 312 & 314 Race street, a few doors above 3rd, Philadelphia. Its central locality makes it desirable for all visiting the city on business or pleasure. A. BECK, Proprietor. ap'68. (formerly of the States Union hotel)

W. H. BEAVER, H. Y. STITZER,
JLAIN & STITZER,
Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on the Diamond, next door to Central man's hotel. Consultations in German or English. feb 19 69f

SCALES, at wholesale and retail, cheap, by IRWIN & WILSON.

B large stock, all styles, sizes and for men and boys, just arrived at Wolf's old stand.

LEATHER, of all descriptions, french calf skin, sheep, cow, horse, moccasins, sheep skins, linings. Everything in the leather line warranted to give satisfaction, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

FINE TABLE CUTLERY, including plated forks, spoons, &c., at ap10 68

BABYMETERS and Thermometers, at IRWIN & WILSON.

COFFIN TRIMMINGS, a large assortment at IRWIN & WILSON.

HAND BELLS and Door Bells, all sizes and kinds at IRWIN & WILSON.

TOYS of all kinds, at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

SYRUP, the finest ever made, just received, cheap at Wolf's old stand—try it.

A large stock of Ladies Furs, horse Blankets, and Buffalo Robes at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

BUGGY—new trotting Buggy for sale at a bargain, at Wolf's old Stand at Centre Hall.

J. B. Kreider, M. D.
Office at Millheim, Centre county. Offers his services to all needing medical attendance. Calls promptly attended to. Early settlement cordially requested, when a liberal discount will be allowed. Interest charged on unsettled accounts after six months. 21Janf

C. E. CHANDLER, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Bellefonte, Penn'a. Office 2nd Floor over Harper Bros. & Co. Residence in the Office. References—Hon. A. Mayne, Pres't Judge, Look Haven, Pa. Hon. L. A. Mackey, Pres't Nat'l National Bank, etc. Harper Bros, Merchants, Bellefonte, Pa., and others. 19Nov68f

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged deeds, mortgages, &c. Office in Garman's new building opposite the court house, Bellefonte. oct 22 69f

CLOTHING—Overcoats, Pants, Vests, and Dress Coats, cheap, at Wolf's.

DR. J. THOMPSON BLACK, Physician and Surgeon, Centre Hill, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Potter township. mar 28 68f

A Tremendous Stock of Goods at BURNSIDE & THOMAS.

Bargains! Bargains! in Meigs township.

at Wolf's Store! Having just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS! Bought for Cash at Panic Prices!

I now have the cheapest goods in the County.

A good brown Sugar for 10c.
A splendid Calico for 10c.
A splendid white Syrup for \$1 per gal. and all Goods in proportion.

The outside prices paid for Seed, Grain, and produce. T. NEWTON WOLFE, west.

TERMS—THE CENTRE HALL REPORTER is published weekly at \$1.50 per year in advance; and \$2.00 when not paid in advance. Reporter, 1 month 16 cents. 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. All Job-work, Cash, and neatly and expeditiously executed, at reasonable charges.



CENTRE HALL REPORTER.
CENTRE HALL, PA., March 25th 1870

For the Reporter.
Agricultural College, March 12.—Glancing over the flourishing Reporter of last week we were amused to see a short item headed "Brushvalley beats Pudingtown," also giving us orders to shoulder arms. And we did shoulder arms and marched over to Mr. F. Decker's with a firm step and steady arm. Society called to order by President Johnsonbaugh, and bring began as rapid as if there had not been a shooting match in Brushvalley. The strings were so short that it was impossible to measure. When the shooting was over we turned into Mr. Decker's fine new house and dined sumptuously. As regards Mr. G. Hubler winning the hog and other articles, that is very easy to account for—none of the Union Marksmen being there. We are very well acquainted with Mr. G. Hubler; he used to attend shooting matches up in our part of the country. He could not have gained a hog up in our country, nor a turkey, not even a white rooster. When the Brushvalley shooting match went into press, G. H. never expected that it would ever reach his old opponents. Now if Mr. Hubler and his friends will propose to meet us at Centre Hall, between now and the first day of April, we will shoot with them for ten dollars. Please let us hear from you soon G. M. The Society adjourned to meet at the house of Jno. Cobles, on Saturday next, at one o'clock, to shoot for turkeys.
P. S. If G. M. should find it convenient to call up to Mr. Cobles we should be very much pleased to see him. UNION M. S.

Pacific Railroad.
Boston, March 9.—The stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad met today and elected Directors for the ensuing year as follows: Oliver Ames, Oaks Ames, W. Jno. Duff, Jno. B. Alley, C. H. McCormick, H. T. Giddon, R. Hazard, Clesha Atkins, A. E. Lombard, O. S. Chapman, Jas. Brooks, G. M. Doge, Sidney Dillon, Frederick Nickson and C. S. Bushnell.
The following is the substance of a report made by Oliver Ames, President:
We have spent, during the year upon snow sheds and fences, over \$300,000. We have now over five miles of snow sheds and nearly fifty miles of snow fences, in addition to a large amount of snow fences put up last year. Experiment thus far, this winter, shows that our road can be run without serious hindrance or obstruction from snow. The snows of the present winter have been the same as last, and we have but in one instance been obstructed over twenty-four or twenty-six hours. Our superintendent is confident we can keep our road as free from snow as roads of New England and New York.
Express business over the road was fully investigated last summer, and we have come to the conclusion it would be for the interests of the road to dissolve our connection with Wells, Fargo & Co., and do this business ourselves. The results of the change have been to increase the receipts about thirty per cent. above what we received from Wells, Fargo & Co. For the purpose of utilizing of telegraph lines we have made a connection with the A. & P. Telegraph Company, through which we are getting a large portion of our telegraphic service free, and have expectations of realizing a handsome income from \$3,300,000 of stock we receive from the Atlantic & Pacific Telg. Company for the use of our lines for commercial purposes, should the company make connection with the Central Pacific Company, as they now expect, and secure a fair share of the California business. The earnings of the road for the months reported since first opened, amount to \$6,300,000. We anticipate the gross earnings of the ensuing year will reach \$12,000,000, and should not be surprised should they largely exceed it. The net income from this will pay all interest, with a handsome dividend upon the stock, should we not need it for improvements upon the road.

Duel in Spain.
Madrid, March 14.—The duel between Duke De Montpensier and Prince Henri De Bourbon, creates immense excitement. It was caused by some insulting letters written by the latter, branding Montpensier as a Jesuit conspirator and calling him a bloated French pastry cook. Generals S. Alaminar and Cardova and Colonel Solaracted as seconds of the Duke, and three Republican deputies to the Cortes performed the same service for Henri De Bourbon. The Prince won the choice of weapons and ground, and the right to the first shot. The distance was ten paces, the combatants firing alternately. The weapons used were revolvers. The first and second shots of the Prince De Bourbon missed. At his third shot the bullet grazed the cheek of the Duke, causing a slight wound. Montpensier's first shot missed, his second slightly wounded the Prince and his third proved fatal, the ball entering the forehead of the Prince, killing him instantly. The Duke exclaimed, "My God, what have I done!" and began to swear as if there had not been a shooting match in Brushvalley. The strings were so short that it was impossible to measure. When the shooting was over we turned into Mr. Decker's fine new house and dined sumptuously. As regards Mr. G. Hubler winning the hog and other articles, that is very easy to account for—none of the Union Marksmen being there. We are very well acquainted with Mr. G. Hubler; he used to attend shooting matches up in our part of the country. He could not have gained a hog up in our country, nor a turkey, not even a white rooster. When the Brushvalley shooting match went into press, G. H. never expected that it would ever reach his old opponents. Now if Mr. Hubler and his friends will propose to meet us at Centre Hall, between now and the first day of April, we will shoot with them for ten dollars. Please let us hear from you soon G. M. The Society adjourned to meet at the house of Jno. Cobles, on Saturday next, at one o'clock, to shoot for turkeys.
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EUROPE.
London, March 15—2 p. m.—Owing to the threatening aspect of affairs in Ireland, arrangements are in progress for the strengthening of the garrisons throughout the island.
The Times of today, in discussing the new repressive measures proposed by the government in relation to Ireland, fears that they will prove but little more than a movement of good intentions, and even if enforced, they will not secure the desired object. The Times calls for harsher measures to check at once the outlawry which threatens life and property in Ireland.
In the house of Lords to-night Lord Grauville announced that a band of outlaws were roving through Galway and Mayo, attacking houses, levying money, firing hay racks and committing other depredations. They swear that the farmers shall give up to them the possession of the north of Ireland, threatening to kill them and destroy their property unless they comply with this outrageous demand. The troops were moving throughout the country and it was hoped would be able soon to check this outlawry to some extent at least.

Paris, March 15—midnight—La France publishes an unauthenticated report that the French Ambassador has left Rome and that the government of Austria supports France in its opposition to the dogma of Papal infallibility.
Madrid, March 15—midnight—A crowd attacked General Prim in the streets of Madrid and pelted him with stones.
Wonders will never cease. The Wyoming jury, whereof the better half were ladies, after four days of deliberation upon a simple case of homicide, have actually returned a verdict to the astonished Court. To be sure, it was only reached by the process of exhaustion; but the alleged impossibility of feminine agreement being achieved, what does it matter that the ladies of the jury were very much fatigued, and doubtless retired to their homes thoroughly disgusted with the exercise of at least one of the rights they had wrested from tyrannical man. We hope their hardships will not be fatal to the great cause, but that the noisy few will persevere until they are convinced, like their sisters of Wyoming, by actual experience, that our rights include duties, the performing of which is not the sort of sport they had imagined. What happy fellows those husbands in Wyoming must be now that their wives have actually been "exhausted" by one of the most trivial of the labors and responsibilities they so much coveted.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE FALSE STEP.
A Heart Rending Story of Real Life.
The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press tells this sad story:
Through the guilty the honest must suffer, and never was the fact more distressingly illustrated than in the late arrest of a New York counterfeiter. One of the best engravers in the country, if not in the world, was arrested in his office, where everything went to prove and where he unreservedly confessed his guilt—too completely broken, amazed and confused to attempt a denial.—He was a fine, gentlemanly looking man, though of late somewhat dissipated, owing, probably, to the wretched business in which he was employed. He had worked for Tiffany & Co., and for the American Banking Company, as a skillful, honest engraver, and so up to within two weeks, thought his family. Notwithstanding his disposition, and the great crime of which he is surely guilty, he has been a kind father and husband, and never carried his sin into his home; neither is he what may be termed a bad man, if we can reconcile these incongruities with the fact that he was arrested for the worst crime that an individual can practice against the Government. Bad men tempted him with large profits for his genius was invaluable to the regular counterfeiters; profits however that he never realized, for once in their employ and power he must remain so, and take his chances of immense gains along with possible discovery, conviction, and the State Prison.
After his arrest, in company with the Chief of the Secret Service and two subordinates, he was escorted to his home ruined, disgraced, guilty wretch and the scene that ensued was indeed a heart-rending. Accustomed as were the officers to painful family griefs, brought about by their summary arrests, the usual sequences of home innocence and tears was nothing new or unlooked for; but the family's despair touched even them, and they did not care to meet the gaze of the affrighted woman who met them at the door. A beautiful daughter of sixteen lifted a white, horrified face beyond her mother's; another of ten shrank against the wall; a bright, intelligent boy of six stood transfixed in wonder; and a smiling infant of two confronted the miserable father and husband. The officers needed not to search the house for traces of his evil deeds. Wife and children were innocent, and the long practiced officers knew it at a glance. The unhappy wife sank into a chair. Clapping her shaky hands one over the other, and swaying to and fro, she moaned the piteous cry to Heaven, "O, God! why can't I die?" Her wet face was livid beneath its tears, and shrank and sharpened visible, like a face that is dying. Tear after tear fell from her staring eyes, and rolled down her pallid cheeks to her lap. Never once putting up her hand to wipe them away, they lay idle and helpless on her knees, and the look she turned on him was utterly heart-broken. The young daughter sobbed frantically. "O, father, father, what have you done?" Then turning to the chief, "O, don't believe it, sir; my father could not do it." The little girl clung to the officer's knee in childish entreaty. "Don't take my father to prison; please, please don't!" The boy hid under the bed, and the baby crawled in his mother's feet whimpering in his fright unheeded.
The father looked upon the ruin he had wrought—the grief he had brought upon his loved ones, and sob after sob broke from his bosom. Dashing down his graver, he said, "God cursed me in my genius, and I'll never lift it again!" He covered his face, and in his tears those who loved him hushed their cries.
The poor wife found her strength and voice at the piteous sight, and came and put her hand gently on his shoulder: "My poor, poor husband! How could you bring us such sorrow, and yourself such dreadful misery? It is Saturday night, and there is neither food nor fire; and they will take you away from us, and Oh! what shall I do for the children? Who will pity or help us after this?"
"I expected some money to-night," said the criminal, taking from his pocket a torn half dollar, "this is all I have; take it and get a little bread for them to-night." He put it in her hand, but

the trembling fingers dropped it unnoticed. "My husband in jail! My children starving! O God what have I done that I must suffer so!"
Here the chief stepped forward: "You shall not suffer; I'll see, madam, that you and your children are made comfortable."
She lifted her streaming eyes. "I am so full of trouble I don't know how to thank you; he is guilty, guilty, but—my husband."
"Yes," burst out the prisoner; "I am guilty; you have the presses plates—everything, and know it; but before Almighty God they are innocent; they know nothing of it."
"I am perfectly well aware of it," said the chief, and as it was painful to all, they departed with the prisoner, leaving the desolate home to its tears and anguish.
If ever mortal grief was written on a woman's face, it was stamped on the ghastly features of the counterfeiter's wife, when she looked on the weeping children; no reproach—only "how could you, how could you?" I have seen the law forced into many loving homes, where its head, by its recent crimes, brought sudden woe, but never did I witness so harrowing a scene as this miserable engraver's dwelling. She kept twisting her fingers together, and sobbing and moaning "to-morrow is Sunday; oh, what a Sabbath for me, my children, my husband!"
She was a lady by education, birth and association, and this blow struck her to the earth. She could endure and conceal poverty, but this prison crime the world must know, and the horrible grief and shame were hers to bear as best she might. The State Prison surely awaits the father, and death the mother—if the face she carried to his cell that morning was an index to the sufferings within. And the bright eyed boy, the crawling baby, and the beautiful girls, what will become of them? The late counterfeiter uprooting tore a guiltless woman's heart asunder, and let it be a warning to other men who have a fine devoted family to peril in their disgrace and ruin.

A Subterranean Voyage.
The Story of a West Virginia Plowman—He Breaks Through the Crust of the Earth—Falls into a Subterranean River—Six Miles in Forty-Eight Hours.
When we were publishing a paper in Lewisburg, West Virginia, several years ago, a very singular accident befel a young man there which we narrated briefly at the time. A few days ago we chanced to meet him here in Muskegan, and he narrated his adventure at our request. It occurred on the farm of General A. W. G. Davis, in Greenbrier county, in 1856. We give his story in his own words, as near as we can recollect them.
"I was ploughing on Gen. Davis' farm in 1856, said he unsuspecting of being on insecure ground, when suddenly the earth seemed to fall beneath me. I saw the horses descending, but was too frightened to let go the plough handles. The pitch of the horses with the earth gave my fall an impetus, and somehow I caught the mane of one of them in my fall, and so held on instinctively. What I thought when falling I can hardly tell. At any rate, I did some rapid thinking. When I landed I fell on the horse whose mane I had hold of, and although the horse was instantly killed, I was merely stunned and confused. On recovering myself I looked up, and the hole through which I had fallen looked so small I concluded I had fallen full 150 feet. My first thought was to call for aid, but I instantly recalled the fact that I was at least a mile from Gen. Davis' house, and that there was not the remotest probability that any one had seen my descent into the earth.
It was then early morning, and as I had brought out my dinner with me, no one would miss me before nightfall. While going over these facts in my own mind, I heard the rush of water near at hand, and it occurred to me that I must have fallen upon the bed of a Sinking creek, which as you know, falls into the earth above Frankfort, and does not come out but, once till it reaches the banks of the Greenbrier river. To say where I was, or to attempt to follow the subterranean passage, was the next question. I sometimes took the teams to my own tenant

stables, and therefore might not be missed for days; so I determined to follow the stream. I waded in it, and judging from its depth of from one to three feet, I concluded it must be the identical Sinking creek spoken of. Leaving my dead companion behind me, I followed the stream.—For the most part I had pretty easy work of it, but sometimes I came to a deep place, where I was forced to swim for a considerable distance; again was often precipitated headlong into deep water by the precipitous nature of the rocky bed of the stream.
Talk about the darkness of the grave! The grave itself could not have been more impenetrably dark than the passage I was following. The occasional rippling of the waters was an inexpressible dear sound to my ears. Day and night were the same to me. At last, wearied with my efforts, I laid down on a comparatively dry rock to rest, and must have slept for hours. When I awoke again I took to the water, carefully ascertaining which way it ran, so as not to lose my steps. It seemed to me that the farther I went the more difficult progress became. When I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to a place where the archway narrowed so much that I had to crawl on my hands and knees in the water.
Here was a dilemma I had not looked for. I tried either bank of the river, but found no passage. I could swim under water for a considerable distance but the distance before me was unknown, and I halted long before making the dangerous venture. At last I concluded that my fate was equally doubtful in returning as in proceeding, and plunged boldly into the current, and soon found that it was so swift in its confined passage that I only needed to hold my breath to go through. In the course of twenty or thirty feet I again got my head above water, and took a long breathing spell. Again the archway above seemed to enlarge and the bed of the stream became more even. I sped along comparatively rapidly, keeping my hands outstretched to prevent my running against the jagged rocks. Wearied out, I again laid down and slept soundly in my wet clothes.
On awakening, I pursued my course down the subterranean stream, and at last in the long distance ahead, saw a glimmer that looked very bright in the darkness I was then shut in. Near this, I found that it did not increase in brightness; and when I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to another place where my path narrowed to the very tunnel filled by the water. My case was now become more desperate. I could not possibly retrace my steps, so I submitted myself to the current, and was immeasurably overjoyed to find myself rapidly swept into daylight. Exhausted and half drowned, I crept out upon the land and was not long in recognizing the objects about me. I had come out into the Greenbrier river, as I knew from the familiar look of Gen. Davis' mill on the bank. On reaching home I found that I had been over forty-eight hours in making my perilous journey of six miles underground.
The hole where this man went through is now fenced round. On listening one can plainly hear the rush of water below, and a stone thrown down will sometimes be heard to splash in the stream.—Muskegan (Mich) Enterprise.

Latest Indian Horror.
There is a frightful story in print which, for the credit of our government, of our boasted civilization, and of common humanity, we would gladly disbelieve, but which there is too much reason to apprehend is substantially true. We refer, of course, to the version just given by Mr. Vincent Collyer, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, of Col. Baker's affair with the Pagan Indians in Montana, on the 23d of last January. There was something very suspicious about the account first given in the papers, of Col. Baker's exploit. He was reported to have killed one hundred and seventy three Indians, burned their lodges, captured their ponies and a large quantity of buffalo robes, and all this with the loss of but one man killed in his command, and another injured by falling from his horse. These results hardly justified the flaming caption of "Bloody Indian Fighting," under which the news was given to the public, and were more suggestive of a massacre than a fight. It looked less like an actual engagement with Indian warriors, than an attack upon some village inhabited by women and children in the absence of their natural defenders, a wholesale butchery of those whose age and sex should have been their protection. And such, according to Mr. Collyer, prove to have been the facts. He may well call the details he has given "sickening." Of the 173 killed, he says that only fifteen were what might be called fighting men. Ninety of them were women—fifty five of them women over forty years of age. Fifty were children under twelve, many of them infants in arms. Finally the whole village was little better than a lazaret house or hospital of sick and dying, having been afflicted with the small pox for over two months and some half dozen of the wretched inhabitants dying daily from that loathsome disease. Can it be believed that a United States officer slaughtered these wretched creatures and reported the massacre as a brilliant victory? But no later than a day or two ago the telegraph announced that Gen. De Trobriand, Col. Baker's superior officer, and under whose orders the latter has been acting, reported to his own commander, Gen. Sheridan, the result of his operations, coupled with the assurance, that the Indians of Montana were perfectly quiet, and that the settlements were never more free from danger of attack! We have no hesitation in saying that there is nothing in the annals of civilized or barbarous warfare which can surpass in atrocity the story which Mr. Collyer narrates, and which he says is confirmed by Gen. Sully. When the English blew Sepoy mutineers from the mouths of guns in India, it was with the fresh recollection in their minds of the horrors of Lucknow and Cawnpore. And when Peltzer, in Algeria, smoked to death a parcel of wretched Arabs in a cave, he pleaded that it was accident, not design. Col. Baker and his superiors boldly claim credit for what he has done, and call it the result of a successful winter campaign. Were it not that during the past two or three years there have been several similar occurrences on the plains, similar that is in kind, though not in degree. We should find it impossible to credit the horrible story.—Baltimore Sun.

PITTSBURG, MARCH 14—This afternoon a horrible murder was committed at Mansfield, Pa. A railroad employe, named Thomas Reardon, who boarded at the house of Mrs. Tobin, came into her premises and remonstrated with the woman about whipping one of her children. Words passed between them, when Reardon, who is known to be a man of violent temper, deliberately put his hand into his coat pocket, drawing therefrom a pistol, presented it at the defenseless woman, and fired, the ball entering her heart and killing her instantly.
As soon as he found that he had killed her he put on his coat and left the house, and has not yet been arrested. Mrs. Tobin was an industrious woman and the mother of eight children, who are depending on her for support. Great excitement exists in the neighborhood, and every effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of the murderer.

CORINNE, UTAH, March 15—The stage coach on the road to Helena, on Sunday evening, with ten passengers, all Chinamen, capsized at Dry creek, two hundred and forty miles above here. The night was intensely cold, and two of the Chinamen were immediately frozen to death. The remainder started aloft for Big Sand Hole station. Three of them reached there badly frozen, four of them were found dead on the road, and the tenth is missing.

The Association owning the Camp Meeting grounds at Wayne, Clinton county, are already preparing for the Meeting next summer. The price of new lots has been fixed at \$5. A committee has been appointed to secure the attendance of one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church at the next meeting, and it is proposed to erect a building on the grounds for public worship during the inclement weather.—Muncy Luminary.

An average crop of peanuts is fifty bushels per acre, which may be put at \$2.50 per bushel, aggregating \$125; so that it appears that at one half the price, or one half of the product, the peanut is as profitable as either cotton or tobacco.

THE PITTSBURG COMMERCIAL proposes the division of Pennsylvania into two States, with Philadelphia as the capital of Pennsylvania, and Pittsburg as the capital of the State of Allegheny.

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