

Democratic Watchman

Terms, \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 30, 1889.

P. GRAY MEEK, Editor.

Democratic County Ticket.
For Associate Judge—THOS. F. RILEY.
For Prothonotary—L. A. SCHAEFFER.
For District Attorney—J. C. MEYER.
For County Surveyor—GEO. D. JOHNSON.
For Coroner—DR. JAMES W. NEFF.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention will assemble in the Opera House, in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday, September 4, 1889, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of State Treasurer and transacting such other business as may properly come before it.

The rules of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania provide that "the representation in the State Convention shall consist of representative delegates, one for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast at the last gubernatorial election, or for a fraction of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more, in the respective representative districts; provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate."

ELLIOTT P. KISSER,
Chairman Democratic State Committee,
(Secretary.) BENJ. M. NEAD.

The "Reformers" in the Commissioners' Office.

The improved plan of managing the county business which was promised if the commissioners' office should be given into the hands of a Republican board, is not producing very obvious indications of fulfillment. It didn't show up in the last Auditors' report in which there was a failure to explain what had become of large sums of money that were unaccounted for. Although we frequently called attention to this discrepancy no satisfactory explanation was given. There was every appearance of either a misapplication of funds or an inexcusable ignorance in the presentation of the account.

A great boast was made that the county business was going to be run on a two mill tax. An era of economy and good financial management was to be inaugurated in which HENDERSON and DECKER were to lift the load of taxation right off the shoulders of the tax-payers. But this low-tax promise has failed to materialize. Although the county expenses have been so far comparatively light, there being no bridges built or expensive repairs of county buildings, the great tax eradicators in the commission ners' office have found it necessary to supply deficiencies by increasing the taxable value of property. By this process a farm can be made to produce more tax at a two mill rate than it would at a two and a half or three mill rate on a lower valuation. This Henderson-Decker patent process of tax raising would be a great triumph of financial skill if it only could be carried out "unbeknownst" to the property owners; but the latter have begun to kick and have already pretty effectually exposed the deception which these brilliant county financiers have attempted to practice upon the owners of real estate.

Such a deceptive expedient exhibits in its true light the business ability of the "model" pair who run the commissioners' office. It exposes the fallacy of their claim that they could meet the county expenses with a two mill tax. It gives the lie to their empty promise of lighter taxation. Under their management the tax-payers have reason to expect an increase of the county debt and a higher rate of county taxes. There is already abundant evidence of bad financing in the county business. It is cropping out in the building of the bridges necessitated by the recent flood. It is showing itself all along the line of their official duty. The first Auditors' report in their term of office bore evidence of their slipshod mode of doing business. The next report, notwithstanding all the doctoring that may be done to it, will display their deficiency in a still more glaring light.

County Property in Bad Condition.

The condition of the Court House yard is a good indication of the manner in which our "model" pair of Republican county commissioners take care of the people's property. Those who attended court this week had an opportunity of seeing the condition in which that piece of county property is kept. There is no reason why it shouldn't be neat, clean and ornamental. There is enough spent to keep everything connected with the county buildings in the best condition, yet the court house yard looks as if it had been used as an enclosure for a drove of rooting swine.

Arrangements had been made in the Spring for paving the yard in a way that would have killed every tree in it, and when this design was stopped the surface was left in a state that is offensive to the eye of every admirer of order and neatness. In this condition it became the resort of quoit pitchers, and all summer it has been the favorite playground for fillers who have a fan-

cy for that game. The holes dug in the ground by the implements of the game show how industriously (?) they have indulged in their amusements.

We doubt whether there is another court house yard in the state that is allowed to be put to such use, or that shows such indications of carelessness on the part of the officials whose duty it is to keep it in order. Its condition is an insult to every Centre county man whose business brings him to the court house and who is taxed to keep the county property in respectable condition. It is due to the people who attend court that the surroundings of the court house should be neat, clean and attractive in appearance. That it is otherwise plainly indicates careless or incompetent management.

And when the county property is found in such a plight is it unreasonable to believe that the county business is generally in the same condition? If quoit pitchers are allowed to dig holes in the court house yard there need be no surprise if holes are found in the county finances resulting from the same kind of carelessness and incompetency, and for the patching up of which the Commissioners find themselves compelled to increase the valuation of taxable property. Deficiency in one branch of duty is a pretty sure indication of deficiency in others.

"In Convict's Dress."

Brother WHARTON BARKER, of the Philadelphia American, a Republican of excellent repute, is distinguished for the plain way in which he speaks of defects in the character of prominent leaders of his party. He by no means regards MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY as a white-winged political angel. On the contrary he considers him a political reprobate whose methods, he plainly says, are those of "tergiversation, intrigue, corruption and barter." What particularly disturbs Mr. BARKER's equanimity at this time is that the party to which he belongs has made this bad politician "not only its manager, but its public representative." And his feelings suffer an additional laceration from the fact that President HARRISON has "bound the party fast to its own 'iniquity by making Mr. QUAY his 'Pennsylvania deputy. Finding the 'party in evil ways, he has put it in 'convict's dress."

"Convict" is a good word to use in this connection. It probably refers to the incident which should have sent BILL KEMBLE, MAT QUAY and the whole gang to the penitentiary for their connection with a notorious case of legislative bribery.

Brother BARKER is evidently in an unhappy frame of mind about his party having accepted the leadership of QUAY with all its bad methods. But what is he going to do about it? Some years ago he joined the rebellious movement which the Independents got up against the corrupt and tyrannical management of the bosses, but he soon fell back into the party line and continued to do party service under the same disreputable management. What does his growing amount to while he consents to work in the harness which has been hitched on to the party by the CAMERONS and QUAYS? And what is he going to do this fall with Mr. BOYER, who is the undisguised tool of QUAY and whom the boss has imposed upon the party as its candidate for State Treasurer? Isn't it about time, Mr. BARKER, for the Independents to again make themselves felt?

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met at Dayton on Wednesday amid the greatest enthusiasm and with no discordant feeling to disturb its purpose of nominating a ticket that is going to win. JAMES E. CAMPBELL, one of the strongest Democrats in the State, was nominated for Governor; WILLIAM VANCE for Lieutenant Governor; MARTIN FALLON for Judge of the Supreme Court, with the balance of the ticket made up of equally good material. The Democrats believe they can carry the State and bring to a final conclusion FORAKER's windy political career.

The Prohibition State Convention at Harrisburg on Wednesday was a large and it is needless to say, a respectable assemblage of temperance workers. There were six hundred delegates in attendance, many of whom were clergymen. G. R. Johnston, of Pittsburg, was nominated as the Prohibition candidate for State Treasurer. In addition to the usual declaration against the liquor traffic, the platform declares in favor of the Australian ballot system and an amendment of the naturalization laws so as to prevent the too speedy naturalization of foreigners, and it condemns the Trusts and calls the State administration to account for its negligent and extravagant management of the Sinking Fund.

If you want a good paper, take this one.

Too Thin to Cover the Purpose.

Usually, the Gazette, which has constituted itself the mouth piece and defender of the County Commissioners, can make some kind of an excuse for the many unfair, partisan, or incompetent acts of the two Republican members of that board, but its attempt last week to make even a plausible explanation of their unjustifiable methods in the tax-assessment matter up in Ferguson township, is a most dismal failure.

The writer of the article knew at the time he was penning it, that the Ferguson township assessment, as made by the Assessor, had been gone over carefully by the Commissioner's Attorney and lawyer KELLER, with the hope that some undervaluation or error could be discovered that would justify the Commissioners in compelling the Assessor to increase his valuation. He knew that Mr. KELLER reported, after the most careful comparison, that it was the fairest, most impartial and correct assessment that could have been made. He knew, too, that the eight per cent. increase was added to the Assessor's valuation, not because his valuations were too low, but because the Commissioners had squandered the county funds in such a way that valuations had to be kept up, or an increase of millage would become a necessity.

These facts he knew, and we don't wonder that his attempted defence of these officials is the lamest and thinnest bit of political rot, that has ever been sent out even by a paper that is constantly filled with lame and thin things.

That there has been a decrease in the valuation of real estate in this county, and particularly of farm land, within the past three years, the veriest folk knows. Even men as thick-skinned as HENDERSON and DECKER will admit this fact. Consequently when Mr. McCORMICK, under oath, reduced the valuations of farm property in his township, he was simply doing what any other man of good judgment and regard for his oath of office, would have done under similar circumstances.

But reduction of valuations, in proportion to the actual decrease in the value of farm property, all over the county, would have compelled the Commissioners to have increased the tax-rate, and just here is where the shoe pinched them. Through the extravagance, mismanagement and a determination to make all they can personally, out of their official positions, HENDERSON and DECKER have used up the surplus that a Democratic board of Commissioners left in the County Treasury, and are compelled to either increase the valuation or the millage to meet the ordinary county expenditures. They think that by keeping up the valuation, regardless of the actual decrease in the value of property, they can shut up the eyes of the tax-payers to the fact that their management of the county is costing them more than under their Democratic predecessors. They promised to lower the taxes of the people if entrusted with office, they pledged themselves to decrease the tax-rate to 2 mills, and now after two years trial, they find that they must either fasten upon the farmers of the county for three coming years, an unjust and exorbitant valuation of property, or increase the millage which they boasted so loudly they would reduce.

This is the whole secret.

In order to cover up their mismanagement they have forced valuations to a point in many instances higher than the properties would sell for, and have fastened this unjust tax basis on the farmers of the county for the three years to come. With this wrong they will not be able to keep the county out of debt, and next year, or the year after, another mill, or possibly two, will have to be added to the tax-rate, to pay the price of putting two incompetent men in so important an office as that of County Commissioner.

The tax-payers are just now realizing what a terrible mistake they made at the election in 1887.

The Philadelphia Press has always been ahead of its Republican contemporaries in the art of political whitewashing, but for a neat job of partisan falsification it is surpassed by the Inquirer. The latter is engaged in doing some beautiful work in that line for MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY and other prominent Republican leaders, to the entire satisfaction of a large following of expectant office-holders.

A Rattled Governor.

Governor Beaver's explanation of this relation to the state of affairs at Johnston shows that he has about as much general knowledge in regard to the prospects of the home rule in Ireland. He means well enough, and he is not wittingly doing anything to annoy the flood sufferers, but he is not the man to take the bull by the horns and make the noble charity of the people as sudden in relief as it is intended.

A Preacher Pitches into the Trusts.

"Terror of Trusts" is what the Rev. F. J. Brobst, Chicago, talked about last week at the Westminster church. The organizers of trusts, said the reverend gentleman, are sagacious thieves and remorseless highway robbers entrenched behind certain technicalities where the law cannot reach them; relentless, bloodthirsty, devilish, with their hideous tentacles clasped about helpless humanity, sucking its life-blood drop by drop.

At first the terror of trusts appeared on the horizon of trade in a small cloud no larger than a man's hand, but it grew and assumed proportions until now we crouch like little chickens in the presence of danger. And the terror has grown from a speck until we are appalled. This awful shadow is growing larger all the time, has taken the name of trust.

Trust! Oh, what beautiful sentiment is embodied in that little word. Trust in the Lord and you will be saved. That is one meaning of the word. The other signifies attempt on the part of the rich men of the period to get control of the necessities of life and like the highway robber or the foot-pat they say to the poor: "Your money or your life."

Look at the sugar trust. It already controls \$14,000,000, and has put the price up 150 per cent. They are robbers who say: "Your money or your life," so far as sugar is concerned. The milling trust has done the same thing with flour, stealing the very staff of life from the mouths of the poor. We are amazed at the growth of the terror. It includes zinc, iron, lead, cattle, cotton bagging, flour, copper, jewelry, oatmeal, twine, sugar, cotton seed oil, whisky, petroleum, patent leather, castor oil, coffins and school books.

All of these outrageous, inhuman actions of terror the school book trust is the worst. The heartless robbers were not content with a profit that would satisfy a shonk. No, they bear down upon the children of the poor, squeezing from their puny bodies the last drop of blood left by other remorseless trusts. They were not satisfied with a profit of 2.0 per cent. over and above the original cost, but said to the poor children, "Your money or no education."

Trusts are tramping out the commandment, "thou shalt not steal." Some time ago the oatmeal people formed a combine and jumped the price of their product from \$5.50 to \$5.60 per barrel, a clear steal of 2.10 on a barrel. Justice is supposed to lurk in the business office and counting room, but the organizers of trusts have kicked justice out and installed the presiding genius of robbery.

The wine trust secured control of the flax fields and the mills so that it could get its hands into the pockets of 60,000,000 people and steal their money. That is all right in the eyes of the law, but a man who takes a jimmy and cracks a safe is sent to prison.

Another act of the ghastly was in the formation of a trust controlling the market in undertakers' supplies. We go to the grave with our beloved dead and return home harassed by the feeling that our dead has been robbed. In this and the school book trust the capacity of pirates on the high seas does not compare with the awful criminality of the trusts.

There is over \$1,000,000,000 locked up in trusts in this country. What will be the effect on coming generations when they realize that the moneyed men of the country are robbers? Is it any wonder that we have socialists and anarchists? The terms is a menace to the destinies of 60,000,000 people. It is God's ordained law of trade that there shall be competition. The Bible says that there shall be competition. The Bible says "if thou sell to or buy from thy neighbor thou shalt not oppress him."

The trust's evil effects are felt even in the politics of the country. Lobbyists are on the increase, millions are augmented, and all for the purpose of furthering the interests of criminal combinations. There is a dark future coming for the country which needs no prophet to predict it.

Magnificent Leadership.

Harper's Weekly.

The late Pennsylvania Republican Convention was notable chiefly for its abolition of a senator from that State, who was Chairman of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign. When the President of the Convention referred in his speech "To Chairman Quay's magnificent leadership," there was "long-continued applause." Then followed the reading of the platform, which rejoiced greatly in the victory of 1888, "and betwixt us were fought and won under Pennsylvania leadership and upon a Pennsylvania platform;" and again, more distinctly and emphatically, it declared that "The thanks of the Republicans of the Commonwealth are due and hereby tendered to Matthew S. Quay for the honorable and masterful way in which he conducted the campaign." What was this "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership? Lincoln, Sumner, Seward and Andrew were Republican leaders. They were men of the highest ability, who with noble eloquence taught the country Republican principles, who maintained by resolute argument the Republican policy and by their personal character won the enthusiastic confidence of the whole party and the respect of their opponents. Mr. Quay is totally unknown as a leader in any such sense of the word. His reputation is wholly that of a party boss. He is a magnificent and masterful leader like Senator Dorsey and Mr. Thomas Platt, or like the elder Cameron, whom the Pennsylvania platform eulogizes with Mr. Tanner and Mr. Quay.

Mr. Dorsey's magnificent and masterful leadership carried elections by "soap," just as Mr. Quay was known to carry the country before the last campaign solely by the strong denunciation of Republican journals. A few years ago, according to the Philadelphia "Press," in the case of attempted bribery of members of the legislature of Pennsylvania, Mr. Quay being then Secretary of the Commonwealth, "reconnived at every step setting the criminals free in defiance of the constitution and the law." When he was trying to secure a nomination as State Treasurer the "Press" asked how

this story, told upon every Democratic stump, was to be met? "Mr. Quay's nomination," it said, "would raise questions and involve risks which would imperil the result of the canvass." And again, in hinting at his connection with irregularities which it charged in the management of the Treasury, it said: "What is still more important, such a campaign would inevitably lift the lid from the administration of the Treasury itself and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb."

The New York "Tribune," alluding to these things and the conduct of Mr. Quay, said: "A more insolent defiance of public sentiment has not been seen since Tweed asked the taxpayers of New York what they were going to do about it."

This was Mr. Quay's "magnificent" and "honorable" and "masterful" leadership in his own State as estimated by Republican journals. What was it last year in the country? Did it lie in his eloquence or his argument? Was it the leadership of intellect or character or personal enthusiasm? No; it was of another kind. The "Voice" has shown that Mr. Clarkson, the present First Assistant Postmaster General, who was Vice President under Mr. Quay of the Republican National Committee, bribed two of the clerks of the "Voice" to furnish his mail lists to the Republican committee. That Mr. Quay was ignorant of the transaction will be believed by those who believe that Mr. Dorsey knew nothing of the "soap" sent to Indiana, and Mr. Dudley knew nothing of "floaters in blocks of five," or of "a trusted man with necessary funds in charge" of them. Mr. Quay's leadership was illustrated also in the enormous sum of money raised by Mr. Wannamaker and devoted to the final expenses of the campaign. Probably there is not a single person in the country who is competent to have an opinion upon the subject who believes that all this money was legitimately used by Mr. Quay. There has never been any accounting for its use and there never will be. Undoubtedly it went to meet Mr. Dorsey's "soap." But however it may have been used, Mr. Quay's candidate was elected by "magnificent" and "honorable" leadership of this kind. This is the leader who is now the Republican hero of Pennsylvania. His conduct, which the Philadelphia "Press" and the New York Tribune have described as we have seen, is praised with an enthusiasm of acclamation to which there seems to have been no dissent. It is also announced that he is to be urged by Pennsylvania as its candidate for the Presidency.

Should the movement succeed, we may expect Mr. Dorsey to be associated with him as Vice President, and in the event of their election, probably Mr. Platt would not be again disappointed in securing the Treasury; nor could Mr. Dudley's equally magnificent and honorable services be overlooked.

The Pension Fraud.

The government is now paying out \$82,000,000 annually in pensions and next year will pay out \$110,000,000, and the spendthrift Tanner is at the head of the pension bureau. "The truth is," says the Philadelphia Tribune, a Republican newspaper, "that no country in the world ever expended so much money upon its old soldiers, their widows and children, as this Republic has done under Republican control. It has, in fact, indulged in the extravagance of patriotism and the end is not yet.

If the money was being paid to the right persons it wouldn't make so much difference, but it isn't. Hundreds of thousands are paid to so-called pension agents, sharpers and tricksters, who receive it in the names of supposed deserving soldiers who suffer while these scoundrels live in ease and affluence. The following is an instance of what we mean, clipped from the same paper that makes the above remarks and on the same day:

"Edward Riley, who was a member of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, of Chambersburg, Col. McCoy, and who was wounded in 1862, for which he got a pension of \$8 a month, has been in the poor house at Johnston for two years past. During this time he says Stewart Carr has regularly drawn his pension and refused to explain by what right he did so, though he gives Riley a dollar or two occasionally."

This is only one of thousands of such instances and shows the reckless way in which the pension money is paid out under Republican management of the finances for that purpose. And this sort of thing has been going on ever since the payment of pensions began. During the four years of Democratic administration some attempt was made to correct this evil, but there was not time enough and everybody will remember what a howl was raised by the Republican newspapers every time President Cleveland drew an unworthy or badly authenticated pension application. There are thousands of deserving old soldiers who have been waiting for years to have justice done them, while these infernal thieves are receiving and using their pensions. This is one of the outrages for which the Republican party ought to be made answer at the bar of public opinion.

"And the end is not yet," says the Tribune. No, and never will be. The Republican party has imposed a debt upon the tax-payers of this land that neither they nor their children will ever see the end of.—Lock Haven Democrat.

A Bully Story.

A man being out in the fields, wanted to inspect more closely a three-year old bull. He hobbled at him and succeeded in attracting his attention. His bullship thought some of the neighboring bulls had got into his territory, and came up with head down, nostrils extended and fire in his eye, prepared to fight, but fortunately for the man, there happened to be an apple tree close at hand which he succeeded in dodging behind just as the bull made a dive for him, striking the tree plumb in the center, which luckily was just the right size to fit between his horns, thus holding him fast for a moment, which gave the frightened man a chance to use his horns as a step ladder, thus enabling him to climb the tree, where he amused himself by throwing apples at the infuriated bull who stood underneath pawing the dirt and bellowing until his owner came after the cows in the evening and drove him away.

For Free Wool.

A Woolen Yarn Manufacturer Discovers His Fatal Error.

"If we had been given free wool a year ago the wool industry would be alive to-day," said John Crowther, junior member of the firm of David Crowther & Son, woolen yarn manufacturer, of Germantown, Saturday. "I believe the depression in the wool trade, which is causing so many failures, is due to the excessive duty on wool and woolen manufactures."

The firm of Crowther & Son failed several weeks ago after conducting business in Germantown for a score of years. The younger Mr. Crowther has managed the business and he says they shall not resume. "I am completely disgusted with the worry and bother, and would not go into it again while present circumstances exist."

"I could, if I dared, tell you the name of a well-known manufacturer of Germantown who was very prominent in the Republican campaign last fall, and shouted for protection. He met me on the street yesterday and declared he was now in favor of free wool, but he dare not let it be known. I tell you all the wool manufacturers are now in favor of free wool but they dare not say so."

"I am a Republican myself. I carried a banner for Fremont in 1856, and have been a Republican ever since. I cannot write a flowery argument in support of my views, for I have worked in a mill since I was 10 years old, and have had a poor education. I am thoroughly convinced, however, of the correctness of my view."

"Mind you, we don't want cheaper wool. We want to be able to go into the foreign markets and buy on the same footing as those manufacturers who send their goods here to compete with ours. American manufacturers are striving continually to imitate the finer grades of goods imported into this country, but we cannot compete with the foreign producers because we cannot produce the finer grades of woolen yarns."

"In our mill the general run has been on 20-cut yarn, and the finest made in this country is a 40-cut, while on the other side they work out 60, 70, 80, and I am told as high as 100 and 120-cut. It is manufactured into goods sent here, and we can not compete with it because the specific duty is only 35 per cent per pound. On a yard of cloth worth \$5 and weighing half a pound the duty would be but 17 1/2 cents per pound. It is useless for us to attempt to compete under such circumstances."

"Why is it," continued Mr. Crowther, "that none of our mills here in Germantown are turning out full woolen hosiery? All, or nearly all of them was doing it before the war. It looks to me as though there was something wrong with the tariff."

She Knew Her Business.

There is a charming spot on the south side of the lake, says the St. Paul Globe, where a great many people live in cottages. The water is delightfully warm and the ladies have overcome their natural scruples against the exceeding wetness of it. They have bathing suits, but, ye gods, such suits! They are a cross between pajamas and a Mother Hubbard wrapper. A pretty girl in one of these extraordinary costumes is homely enough to stop the Johnston road. One of the young ladies who bathed in the lake is rather tall sideways, as a small boy expressed it, and as a yachtsman would say she has great breadth of beam. She was moving gracefully through the water—you know that when fat people once learn to swim they plough the water like a fish—when she felt her extraordinary garments give way. To put it in its accustomed place while she was in the water was impossible. She must get to the bathing house before any boys appeared. But just then the boys aforesaid rounded the point in a row-boat and made straight for her.

For a moment she nearly fainted. The water at Minnetonka is clear, you know. She shouted to the boys to "go away!" But they, not understanding the situation, pulled directly for her. She begged, entreated, commanded, all to no purpose. Then she got mad. She moved to where the water was shallow, and sat down. When the boys came near her she grabbed it, while the boys whom she knew very well, yelled with glee.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed, "if you don't go right away there will be trouble."

But the boys shouted some more, and one stood up so as to get a more extended view of the landscape. The girl saw a rubber circular lying in the boat. She grabbed it, and then, with a sudden jerk, pulled the boat down on one side. The youth who was standing up fell headlong into the water, and the boat half filled before she righted. During the excitement the girl stood up, wrapped the circular about her and calmly and sedately walked ashore, followed by the wet and bedraggled youth whom she had ducked.

Republican Opposition to Foraker.

General Beatty, of Columbus, ex-congressman and a recognized leader of the Republican party of Ohio—that is, of a considerable section of it—has pronounced against Foraker in a scathing letter, carving up that man of destiny in a savage way. He charges Foraker is the candidate of a pack of corrupt ringsters in Ohio politics. He argues that nothing can be lost to Republicans by defeating Foraker, as if elected he would make a law or candidate a senator. "But, waving all question about the legislature," says General Beatty, "let us for the sake of argument admit, what is not at all probable, that Foraker's defeat would carry down the whole State ticket and give to our political enemies a majority in both branches of the legislature. Then, what is our duty? I answer, to strike him from the ticket!" A great many Republicans in Ohio are of General Beatty's way of thinking. A colored State convention has been called to meet at Toledo, to determine the course of the colored voters at the November election. The call, signed by representatives of nine counties, arraigns Foraker for various reasons, but with about as much severity as General Beatty.