

An Address to Independent Republicans Which all Voters may Read with Profit.

The Independent Republican committee of Indiana, comprising some of the best men of that State, has issued a circular addressed "To the Republican voters of Indiana, in which some excellent reasons are given for voting against Mr. Blaine and for Mr. Cleveland. Here is the circular:

"As the Independent Republican committee of Indiana, we offer our reasons for the course we are taking. The day is comparatively late, but we have the advantage of the fullest knowledge of the candidates and of the things which go to make up their fitness or unfitness for the office of President. After this lapse of time, and after all the discussion that has been had, we see no reason for supporting Mr. Blaine. The Republican party is still in the grip of the Keifers, the Elkinses, the Dorseys and the Claytons, who will bring it to ruin unless their hold is loosed, and the election of Mr. Blaine gives no hope of such release. The closest investigation proves that after many years of public life James G. Blaine has no important service to his country to point to and has no tangible result to show, except a large accumulation of wealth at the end of a line of concealed speculations in property directly or indirectly connected with congressional legislation.

"The Mulligan letters are the Mulligan letters still. On their face they indicate shamless corruption in public office on the part of Mr. Blaine. No other interpretation has been offered. No Republican paper has made a manly attempt to meet these letters. On the other hand, we have the cowardly spectacle of the leading Republican journals of Indiana standing mute in their presence, refusing to print them and dishonestly deceiving their readers by keeping the truth from them. We are left but the conclusion that the Mulligan letters on their face tell the truth about Mr. Blaine, and leave a stain upon his official life so deep and disgraceful that no honest man can, under the circumstances, vote for him without unwarrantably violating his duty as a citizen.

"These letters were well known when he was nominated, and that he was nevertheless nominated is conclusive proof that the present management of the Republican party is deaf to the call of common integrity. We therefore recommend all who have the interest of the Republican party at heart to abstain from voting for Mr. Blaine.

"With equal confidence we recommend all Republicans who reregard good government as a thing to be desired, to vote for Grover Cleveland. We say this after the fullest examination of his official life. He is chief officer of a State whose cities, prisons, asylums, public works and all other departments are on a great scale, and have been for years nests of jobbery and corruption; to perform properly the duties of Governor of such a State requires a sound knowledge of civil government and unlimited uprightness and firmness of character. In the exercise of this office Governor Cleveland has shown that he has qualifications of the highest order as an executive officer. His papers relate to his work, and are confined to the subject in hand; they are explicit and full, and unmistakable in meaning; they are free from deceptive discussion of extraneous matters. His public acts show him to be a genuine, efficient and thorough civil service reformer, and he has been this relentlessly, at vast expense to his own party in the way of destruction of official patronage in the State of New York. We cite the numerous reform acts which have had his earnest co-operation during passage and his signature afterwards; also his appointments of the civil service commission and his other appointments to office. He believes that public office connects him with the people in a business capacity before it binds him to his party in a partisan capacity. He has repeatedly shown that no amount of party pressure can turn him from what he believes to be the right course. He has yielded to no popular clamor, but he has been just to all interests and mindful of the true welfare of all conditions of people. He is such a man as this country now needs for President."

Penned Up For Sixty Years.

A HORRIBLE CASE OF CRUELTY TO A WOMAN CRAZY FROM HER BIRTH.

A special from Auburn, N. Y., to yesterday's World says: An almost unparalleled case of cruelty has been discovered by John Bouvey, agent of Bergh, acting for the Humane Society, in Cato, ten miles from this city. A woman of 60 years, a lunatic from birth was found in a nude condition, in a pen 8x12 feet, grovelling in her filth. Her name is Angeline Hoyt and she has a third interest in a farm of 160 acres the homestead in which she has been confined her entire life. The room is in the corner of a woodshed, without plaster. It has one door and a small

window, which is closed with a board admitting no light. Her condition is the result of a fracas of a hired man a short time previous to her birth, in which her mother was badly frightened. Her father was a penurious man and began the treatment which has been continued since his death by her brother and sister.

Her mother died three weeks ago and her only attendant is a sister, aged fifty, a confirmed opium eater. Her brother-in-law, James B. Knapp, operates the farm and thinks all is done that is possible to make the woman comfortable. The only excuse given by him is that the present treatment is less costly than confinement in an asylum. People in the town have known of the case and claim that the Hoyts and Knapps are respectable people. The pen is supposed to be cleaned once a week. Which fresh straw is thrown in. The woman sits picking at the straw all the time and when clothed tears her clothing. Before she lost her teeth she would tear Buffalo robes into pieces. She formerly was noisy, but now only grunts and does not appear to understand anything going on about her.

The relatives of the woman are wealthy, and it is thought she is kept in this condition to save her property for themselves. Previous to the admission of Moulvy and his companions Knapp threw a shirt over the woman and gathered the filth in a corner, covering it with an old carpet. This she tore off, sickening the spectators. She has no gray hairs and her cheeks are red. She is apparently healthy, notwithstanding her wretched surroundings. She has lost the use of her lower limbs and cannot stand. The overseer of the poor will send the woman to the asylum as soon as an order can be obtained, and her custodian be proceeded against for misdemeanor. The woman has a brother in affluent circumstances living near.

The Romance of a Statesman.

One item in the will of the late Prince Gortschakoff created some little curiosity in the court circles of St. Petersburg. It had been observed that the Prince had always worn upon the little finger of his left hand a gold ring of apparently small value. It had evidently been a woman's ring, for it had once been ornamented with a cluster of small stones, which had long since disappeared, leaving the empty, unsightly place they had occupied marked by a blackened spot upon the hoop, the latter being itself almost worn to a thread of gold, which still, however, clung to the boy's finger, kept in its place by the knotted joint above it. The importance attached to this ornament by the old Prince can be judged when it is known that in his will he directed his executors to see that he was buried with the ring upon his finger.

It was only shortly before the Prince's death that he disclosed the secret of the ring to his second son, Prince Constantine. It had been given him as long ago as 1869, when Queen Hortense was induced by his advice to leave Florence before incurring the humiliation of being driven thence by the Tuscan government, which had declared itself the mortal enemy of every individual allied to the Bonaparte family. The Queen who had the most urgent reasons for wishing to remain in Florence, hesitated to obey, until Gortschakoff, having obtained secret information of the danger which would be incurred by her should she persist in remaining longer took upon himself to send an officer with a government order for her immediate departure from the city.

A carriage and posthorses were in waiting to convey her away, and in spite of the tears and sobs on her part, with execrations against such tyranny on that of another person, her majesty felt bound to obey the order to escape the danger of incarceration and disgrace with which she had been threatened. The carriage sped briskly on its way to the frontier, the Queen still unconsoled and bewailing her hard fate, when, at the first relay, what was her amazement to behold the postilion approach the carriage door, and humbly saluting her majesty, beg to wish her happy and prosperous journey, informing her at the same time that her hotel had been occupied immediately after departure by a troop of *shirri* sent to arrest her, and that everything had been placed under the government seal.

She was not slow to recognize Prince Gortschakoff in spite of his disguise, and her gratitude knew no bounds. She had left the palace so abruptly that she had brought none of her valuables with her. The little ring she wore upon her finger was the only souvenir she could bestow, and Gortschakoff used to declare that, like the gem bestowed upon Prince Cheri in the fairy tale, it had often inspired him with good counsel when in moments of difficulty. Even in the latest period of his life he never could speak of Queen Hortense without emotion, and to the rival for whose sake

she would have risked her liberty and consideration he always referred, not with hate and indignation, but with envy.—*The Every Other Saturday.*

Butler's Foul Record.

In the year 1865, says the *New York World*, Ben Butler, now a self-imposed candidate for the Presidency of the United States as a friend of labor and the foe of monopoly, was the military commander of the district embracing Newbern, N. C. Officers who were stationed there saw, day after day, vessels laden with contraband goods passing into the Confederate lines under permits granted by Major General Butler. The brother-in-law of Major General Butler, one Hildreth, was the chief beneficiary of this traitorous scheme, but there is every reason to believe that the rapacious and mercenary Major General Butler had a fair profit in the transaction.

In 1865, when Charles A. Dana was assistant secretary of war, a report was made to him (which will be found in Baker's "History of the Secret Service") setting forth that Butler's brother-in-law and a man named Lane were running contraband goods through the lines at Norfolk, Va., under Major General Butler's protection, trading the same for cotton at six cents per pound, which they sold in New York at \$1.25 per pound. The contraband goods, according to Col. Baker's report, "went directly to Gen. Lee's army."

It was perhaps the knowledge gained as assistant secretary of war and concerning the nefarious practices of Major General Butler that enabled the editor of the *Sun* in 1873 to speak of him as a "bad man, with crooked ways, foul methods, distorted mind and wicked heart, glowing in moral deformities and trafficking in them as political merchandise."—*Huntingdon County Democrat.*

Naked Slaves in Timbuctoo.

The girl was being brought in by the Morocco gate, on the road from the city of Morocco. She was nude, comely of face and figure, with large, dreamy, lovely eyes and streaming long black hair. Her color was of the Olivian type, which shows the red blood coursing in the veins. She was of medium height, and aged about sixteen years. Four old Arab "dealers," garbed in all the glitter and tinsel of the Orient, guarded this girl as if she were an amazon of strength and prowess. One old Arab in a loud voice cried out her merits and nationality as they passed on to the centre of the town. Halting, the whole party were suddenly surrounded by intending buyers, both Christian and pagan. They came up to the crouching girl, pulled her arms to and fro, opened her mouth and looked at her teeth, made her stand erect, and then haggled over the price. "She is worth \$100," say the Arab dealers in one simultaneous cry, "but will let her go for \$90 if you take her now." Our dragoon translates and tells us how she will go to Egypt and fetch \$200 at a first bid.—*Cor. Baltimore Sun.*

A Novel Boat.

MADE TO RUN UNDER WATER GUIDED BY PINS AND DRIVEN BY ELECTRICITY.

In the boiler room of the Delemeter iron-works, at the foot of West Thirtieth street, a dozen men are building an iron steamboat of peculiar design, and have about all the plates riveted in place. It is thirty feet long by seven and a half feet broad and six deep. The model is very sharp where the water is divided, while the run aft will give solid water to the wheel. It looks much like a substantial steam launch, except the side frames are carried up and arched over the top to form the rounded deck, which wholly covers the hold except at a round hatch in the centre. At this hatch a well is to be constructed, with a door on one side leading to the hold. On each side of the keel enough lead will be placed to load the vessel to the water's edge, after all the machinery, stores, etc., are on board. There are a number of small compartments which can be filled with water and emptied at the pleasure of the crew, and by this means the vessel can be sunk to any depth below the surface. Over the water-ballast compartments, on each side and beneath the floor, are a number of six-inch iron tubes which will be filled with compressed air, to be liberated as the air grows foul within the boat.

The motive power is electricity, furnished by storage batteries which will turn the propeller by a common dynamo. The boat is steered to port or starboard by a common rudder, while the horizontal or fin on each side of the stern post will elevate or depress the stern, and thus shove the vessel further from or nearer to the surface, independent of the action of the water-ballast pump. The inventor, Mr. J. H. L. Tuck, says that she will attain a speed of eight knots an hour, and can travel 100 miles with her ordinary storage batteries. A hand crank is also fitted for turning the propeller shaft, by which a slow speed could be obtained.

The well hole in the center of the boat is filled with an air-tight latch, which can be removed from within. Any one of the crew wishing to go on deck when the boat is below the surface, has only to dress in an ordinary diver's suit, with air tubes connecting with the interior of the boat, enter the well, close the door, gradually fill the well with water, and then remove the hatch. In the well are suitable devices for directing the man at the wheel as well as those in charge of the apparatus for elevating, lowering and propelling the boat. When leaving the well the hatch is closed, the water runs into the water ballast compartments, and then the man opens the door and removes his armor.

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