

The Centre Democrat.



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FRANK E. BIBLE, Editor.

CLEVELAND is bound to redeem his pledge of '84, and the Republicans don't like it.

THE Crown Prince of Germany, is recovering from his attack of throat disease, and his recovery is assured.

John G. Whittier has completed his four score years. It is the wish of all that the Quaker poet may add another score to the years already lived.

It is said that there are twenty-seven red-heads in the present Congress. Certainly the remainder don't have much trouble to strike a match.

AGAIN the war-cloud seems to envelop almost the whole of Europe; but as usual, the wiser and cooler heads will rob it of its destructive elements before it breaks with ruinous violence over those mighty empires.

ALL is not lovely in the great organization of the Knights of Labor and unless the Executive Board gives to the order an itemized statement of their expenditures there will be trouble. Vast quantities of money go into their hands each year for certain purpose but they have absolutely refused to account for a single dollar. The men whose hard earnings have been pouring into the treasury of the Executive Board now want to know how the money has been expended and it is right and proper that they should.

It is rather amusing to see how the Republican papers in every section of the country give their ideas, which vary with each other and are never found to harmonize. The papers in Philadelphia shriek free trade at the president's message and attempt to frighten people, while the Republican papers of Chicago indorse the message and urge the Republican party for its own safety to stand up and face the music, and redeem its pledges made in 1884, revise the tariff and relieve the people of burdensome taxation. Even this is the tone of the Press in New York and in other states. The Republican party will have a wide ditch to straddle in evading this issue and in attempting to do this, are liable to fall into the pit which they have been digging as political grave during the last fifteen years.

MR. BLAINE, after all, is not so black as he is painted. We hasten to his defense, says the New York Herald. He is the poor man's friend in spite of appearances.

He has noticed that miners, carpenters, iron workers and other brow-beaters, that they all—but why do they hesitate at such marvelous news?—eat their—"chew." He honors the act of chewing. He thinks that mortals never touch the profoundest enjoyment unless they do chew. Watch the poor fellow at the plough, and note the eagerness with which he sometimes bites off even "more than he can chew" and then expectorates his soul along the opening furrow.

With that picture before him, Mr. Blaine, the magnetic and magnanimous statesman, trembles with generosity way down to his boots and whistles through three thousand miles of cable, "Take the duty off tobacco and give the laborer a free chew!" Will you give him cheaper clothing, Mr. Blaine? Never! Will you give him cheaper timber for his house, cheaper balls, cheaper anything else? Never! A free "chaw" for the poor man, but after that he must pay the monopolists' price for everything.

MR. JAMES G. McSPARRAN of Lancaster county who is overseer of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, in his report on the subject of the tariff presented these interesting figures on the wool question:

From the report of William F. Switzer, chief of the bureau of statistics, on "Wool and the Manufacturers of Wool" issued September 6, 1887, we learn that there were in 1886, 44,750,314 sheep in the United States. The wool clip for the same year was 235,000,000 pounds. The value to the producers was \$45,000,000. That is the sum total of this interest we are asked to protect as far as it relates to the producer of wool in its raw state. What has it cost us to do it? Let us see. We imported 114,494,173 pounds of raw wool in 1886. Imports of wool manufactured home consumption were \$44,587,509. Duty on the same \$27,278,528 at an average duty on woolen goods of 67.29 per cent. The product of our wool manufactures (consumed almost exclusively here) \$267,252,013, would cost us without the above duty, 159,973,987, a difference against the consumer of \$107,478,927. Add to this \$27,258,528, the duty on the above imported goods, and \$11,440,417 the duty on the imported raw wool, and we have the total excess cost to the consumer, \$146,169,872, to protect an interest which amounts to \$45,000,000 to the producers of the raw wool.

On this same wool question the Reading Telegram says that hat-makers in that city declare that "If the tariff were removed from wool we could make these goods cheaper and better than the foreigners, for we have superior machinery and a better class of workmen. In that event we would consume three times as much domestic wool as we now do, as it is the mixture of foreign wools with our domestic article that produces the best quality of wool hats ever made. The importance of the latter statement is apparent when it is stated that of the twenty-seven hat firms in Reading, the members of all but four are Republicans.

SENATOR J. DONALD CAMERON; the political head of Clan Cameron, begins to loom up as a formidable rival to Jas. G. Blaine as the next Republican candidate for President. The Cameron literary bureau is already in operation and Don will be systematically and judiciously "boomed" for the nomination. It is one of the remarkable facts in the career of Cameron and Cameron fits that in their long careers as office holders neither of them ever received a position directly through the suffrages of their fellow citizens. Neither Cameron would set himself up to be knocked down by the voter. Don's friends have been working his chances quietly and as Blaine set his foot in it so beautifully in taking issue with the President on his message the Cameron crowd saw their chance and they have opened fire on the plumed knight. The Cameron forces are well in hand and the Chief and his friend Quay are a match politically for any two men Blaine can find. The anti-Blaine sentiment of the Country will drop to Don's little game and the plumed knight will find the Cameron fires lighted on every political watch tower. Don may not make it, but his candidacy will settle Blaine's chances.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND certainly struck the "golden mean" in his message as the restless McClure and the irrepressible Singerly, both endorse it. The lion and the lamb may yet lie down together on a tariff and tax reduction platform.

West Chester's Horror.

A black cloud seemed to hang over West Chester yesterday. Everybody was depressed by the work of death and destruction in the prosperous old town. Seven was the death tally and five were badly injured by the frightful boiler explosion at the electric light station on Friday afternoon. While there were sad scenes in the homes of the dead and the dying, on every hand were incidents of human sympathy.

A great crowd of people had already gathered to look at the scene of chaos when the gray dawn of yesterday broke. The neighborhood of North Walnut street and Chestnut looked as if a hurricane of destruction had swept over it. The whole north end of the electric light building was a mass of bricks, mortar and timber, which were spread over the streets and into neighboring yards with lavish confusion. On every side of a lofty iron smokestack tangled rods, huge beams, trailing wires, crumbled mortar, twisted girders, jutting planks and piles of broken bricks and boards were spread as if blown or winds by dynamite.

HOW SUPERINTENDENT EMBREE DIED. The eighty-horse power boiler which caused the trouble was almost hidden under the ruins. Only a short time ago the new ninety-five-foot high brick smokestack was finished and the rear of the boiler was at the base of the big chimney. Superintendent Embree was back of the brick smokestack with most of the workmen unloading a new boiler from the railroad siding when hissing steam spouted up, there was a roar and the great brick chimney seemed to rise in the air and then toppled its 80,000 bricks burying Superintendent Embree and his men. The terrific force had blown the boiler through the base of the chimney. As it crashed to the earth the walls and roof were blown to all sides.

The air was filled with flying bricks iron and timber. Planks and bricks were hurled for several squares and the explosion was heard in the neighboring towns and hamlets. All the borough of West Chester from the highest to the lowest tried to assist in the work of rescue. When day disappeared men and boys held torches and lanterns while others labored through the night in search of the ruins. It was almost midnight when the body of Davis O. Taylor, the Clerk of the Court of Chester county, was found beneath piles of bricks and timber, near the middle of Chestnut street. He had just called to see his friend, Mr. Embree when the boiler exploded, and he was blown through the east wall into the street and crushed to death by the falling walls. He was only recognized by his watch, which had stopped at 4.15 p. m. This was the moment of the explosion.

BEGGING TO BE KILLED. When Seward Schofield, a gray haired laborer was taken out of the ruins he was found to be horribly scalded on the body and legs.

My God, he cried to the crowd of rescuers, Kill me men.

As he was being carried to a neighboring coal office where the dead and wounded were he begged a man with an axe to kill him. Schofield lived through the night, but died at 7 o'clock in the morning. The silver watch of John Bradley one of the colored laborers was still running when his mangled body was dug out of the debris.

One of the saddest incidents was the death of little Hettie Jones. She was on her way home from school and was talking to two little friends, a square from the station about Kris Kinkle when a plank ten feet long came through the air like a cannon ball and crushed her

to the ground. Her death was instantaneous. She was found lying in a pool of blood with the plank on her. In her little hand she held her satchel of books. Her mother died a year ago and she was her father's housekeeper although but a child and a regular attendant at school.

Arthur Hoopes, a youth who assisted Superintendent Embree after school hours narrowly escaped death. He was in the boiler house and was badly scalded but made his way to the engine room and saved his life. He says he heard the violent blowing off of steam.

Restrict Immigration.

Among the grave questions which face the 50th Congress is that of foreign immigration, and the best method to restrict, the influx of an undesirable and heterogeneous population which has already given us great trouble and from which we may expect still more. There can be no objection to the immigration of the sober industrious and law abiding class of foreigners who come here to better their condition and to take upon themselves the privileges and duties of American Citizenship. But the pauper and criminal classes of Europe have no business here nor can we have any use for them. The Nihilist, Communist, and Anarchist is another element of discord and danger and should be absolutely prohibited from landing on our shores. The man who comes to the United States with the avowed purpose of spreading doctrines subversive of law and order should be immediately shipped back to curse his native land. For years European governments have been shipping their criminals to the United States instead of punishing them at home and it is an actual fact that seventy five per cent of the crime committed and of the tramps that infest the country belong to the foreign element of our population. We are all willing that our county shall be the asylum for the oppressed of the world, but we must draw the line at that point. We cannot tolerate the dangerous and lawless classes of Europe to be thrown upon us by the thousands; within proper bounds the immigration of certain classes should be restricted by law. And with the experience of the past two years before us this is a good time to begin the Legislative part of the work. A hearty welcome to the law abiding, industrious and deserving of all nations, but no paupers, criminals, tramps or anarchists. Let congress act wisely and provide against future trouble by proper restrictions.

Hang up your stockings big and little that Santa Claus, Kris Kingle, Bell Snickle, St. Nick or by whatever name you may please to call him, may find and fill to overflowing with good things. Christmas celebrated by all christian people on the globe is again here and with it comes pleasure to many and to many pain. Many little stockings will be laid away by a loving mother that would have been hung up for Santa Claus to see as he comes down the chimney with his bag full of toys and candies. How carefully will that mother guard the little treasure that once encased the feet of a loved child; no candy, no toys, go into that little sock, no hand shall profane it by a touch. How many homes there are in this broad land in which little socks are laid away and whose hiding place is known only to a mother. There is nothing more sacred, tender and unselfish, than a mother's love and the feeling that prompts her to preserve these little mementoes of a dear departed child comes up from the pure depths of a mother's heart, ensouled by contact with anything earthly.

Several weddings are reported for this week, and several for next. The contracting parties are taking advantage of the merry season in which to enter on the duties of married life. We wish them all happiness.

Washington Letter.

The question as to the establishment of a postal telegraph system promises to be one of the leading issues in the present Congress. The Senate has adopted a resolution providing for the appointment of a select committee to consider the question. The friends of the measure fully realize that they will meet with opposition at every point from the gigantic telegraph monopolies whose business will be seriously crippled should the Government establish lines of its own. The bill that has been introduced provides for an appropriation of \$3,500,000 to commence operations; and should the measure become a law, work upon the lines will be commenced at once.

An unusually large number of bills have been introduced in the Senate during the past week, and a large majority of them are old timers, whose titles have become familiar from their discussion in the former Congresses. Many of the bills are of a private nature; while among the more important bills of a public nature, may be mentioned Mr. Beck's proposition to retire the United States legal-tender and bank notes of large denominations and the issue of coin certificates Mr. Dolph's measure repealing the pre-emption and timber culture laws, and a bill appropriating \$126,000,000 in 11 years for the construction of fortifications and sea coast defenses.

It is probable that Washington will soon be provided with a rapid-transit connection with the northern and north-western suburbs. Since President Cleveland purchased this country residence on the Tennytown road, there have been extensive improvements in that direction and many valuable residences have been erected at a distance from the city limits. A company has recently been formed with the purpose of constructing an elevated rail-way. Which it is proposed to have follow a route leading through some of the principal streets of the city, and thence to the north-western suburbs. The company has applied to Congress for its incorporation and it is announced that work will be commenced at once, if sanctioned by Congress.

It may be of interest to some to know how Uncle Sam gets rid of unclaimed articles that pass through the mails. They are sent to the dead letter office here, and, if there are no marks upon them to designate the senders, they are laid aside until just before Christmas, when all that have accumulated during the year are done up in bundles and auctioned off to the highest bidder. It takes about a week to dispose of the goods and the bundles are sold at the rate of four a minute. The bundles are all sold at the rate of four a minute. The bundles are all numbered and catalogues giving a partial description of their contents, are freely distributed before the sale begins. Here are a few extracts from the catalogue of the sale which is just closing:—

- 64. 5/8 yds. sash ribbon, two lady's neckties and a hair pin.
 - 1264. Cheap reticule, damaged apron, cheap handkerchief, 6 yds cheese cloth, box of sea shells.
 - 3438. 1 lbs. plug tobacco, pair scissors, cheap soldering iron, etc.
 - 3320. Damaged pocket knife, cheap jewelry, broken spectacles, 8 cigars.
 - 3163. Small plane, fret-saw blades, 2 combination holders and bits, cheap pocket kniv s, 1 doz. lamp wicks.
- The average price is about fifty cents.

On Wednesday evening a reception was given by the citizens of Washington, to two distinguished members of the Irish Parliamentary party, Hon. Arthur O'Connor and Tir Thomas Henry Grattan-Esmonde. The reception was attended by prominent men of both political parties, all staunch supporters of our free system of government who gave assurance of their hearty sympathy with the Irish Patriots in their struggle against the might and power of British Toryism. H.

Management of Diphtheria.

To the Democrat. That there is now and has been some diphtheria about town, for the last two months is a fact that cannot be denied. In view of this we have been anxiously awaiting full directions from our Physicians, giving particularly what ought to be done and what ought not to be done in order to prevent the disease from spreading over our town. As they have done nothing, we hand you the following from the Sanitary Engineer for the information of the public:

There are many cases in which at first a skilled physician cannot say positively whether it is contagious diphtheria or a simple non-specific inflammation with which he has to deal, and this uncertainty may continue for a considerable time. If Dr. Jacob's views are correct, and he is certainly very high authority on this subject, diphtheria may exist, especially in the adult in a chronic form, not greatly disturbing the health or at all events not preventing the person so affected from going about and performing his or her usual duties and yet making the secretions from such person capable of conveying the disease.

The precautions to be taken in the management of a well-marked case of diphtheria are, or should be generally known; they have been published as circulars by many health boards and through the secular and medical press, and may be summed up as follows: Isolate the patient in a airy room having the least possible amount of furniture, especially that which is upholstered, and having no carpet or curtains. Disinfect all excretions and secretions, and especially those from the throat, nose, and mouth, and all articles soiled by them promptly, while they are wet moist and thoroughly. Use clean, soft rags for receiving the discharges from the nose and mouth, and burn them as fast as soiled. If other articles are soiled, use solutions of chloride of zinc or bichloride of mercury, under the instructions of the physician. Be especially careful as regards toys, pencils or other articles which may be given the child for its amusement, of the articles used in giving it food or drink, and of the remnants of such food or drink. Everything that has touched the patient's lips, or that has been touched by anything that has touched the patient's lips, is dangerous.

When convalescence has set in, do not yield to the importunities of the patient to be allowed to see his friends or to go out, nor to your own feelings of weariness at the long continued confinement. Above all things do not, under the excuse of giving change of air and scene, send him off to some other place to complete his recovery; you might send dynamite about the country with scarcely more risk. Do not send the child back to school in less than six weeks after the attack; about two weeks after you are satisfied that he is entirely well is a very good rule.

If the little life is not strong enough to withstand the attack and is cut short, do not in your grief forget the danger to other lives which the house and its contents may yet cause. Do not allow sympathizing friends and playmates to enter; do not have any funeral ceremonies in the house; treat the sick-room and its contents as being dangerously infected.

In mild and doubtful cases follow the plan above indicated as nearly as you can, and be sure that all your care and patience will be needed if you wish to obtain security for other members of the family and for friends.

P. T. Barnum Writes a Story.

The opening chapters of a splendid story for the young, by the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, appears this week in the columns of The New York Family Story Paper. The story describes the adventures of an American boy, whom Mr. Barnum calls "My Plucky Boy Tom," and whom he sent to India in search of wild, fierce, and rare animals to replace those destroyed by the disastrous fire at Bridgeport last month. The reader is thrilled by hair-breadth escapes of this dauntless American boy when capturing the fiercest and wildest animals ever seen in any traveling show. The New York Family Story Paper is for sale at all news-stands.

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