

# The Centre Democrat.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."

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FRANK E. BIBLE, Editor.

1888. Democratic County Committee.

Bellefonte	N. W. Magee	R. M. Magee
Centre Hall	S. W. Bauer	V. J. Bauer
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Millsburg Boro	Abe Weber	Abe Weber
Phillipsburg	Samuel Weiser	Samuel Weiser
Unionville Boro	A. M. Butler	A. M. Butler
Bonneton Boro	J. O. Smith	J. O. Smith
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do twp S. P.	T. F. Adams	T. F. Adams
do twp N. P.	Andrew Estler	Andrew Estler
Burnside twp	William Hippie	William Hippie
College twp	George Ross	George Ross
Curtin twp	David Brickley	David Brickley
Ferguson twp	D. W. Miller	D. W. Miller
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do twp S. P.	William Loe	William Loe
do twp N. P.	William Hanna	William Hanna
Hallow twp	John C. Orndorf	John C. Orndorf
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do twp S. P.	W. W. Spangler	W. W. Spangler
Penn twp	Jacob S. Meyer	Jacob S. Meyer
Hallow twp	John J. Orndorf	John J. Orndorf
Rush twp	Orren Yall	Orren Yall
do twp S. P.	John Kennedy	John Kennedy
Snow Shoe twp	J. S. Ewing	J. S. Ewing
Union twp	Frank C. Tarberry	Frank C. Tarberry
Walker twp	Wm. T. Hoover	Wm. T. Hoover
Worth twp	A. G. Kreamer	A. G. Kreamer
do twp S. P.	Levi Ross	Levi Ross
do twp N. P.	Levi Ross	Levi Ross
Secretary	W. F. Reese	W. F. Reese
Chairman	Aaron Williams	Aaron Williams

### DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

ALLEN G. THURMAN.

### DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

HON. JAMES B. MCCOLLUM,

OF SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.

### ELECTORAL TICKET.

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

R. Milton Speer. | A. F. Keating.

### DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1	David Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Wm. Sage	16	William Dent
3	Wm. Latta	17	Russell Kears
4	Wm. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	Wm. Latta	19	Harman Boyler
6	Wm. Latta	20	William A. Garman
7	Wm. Latta	21	William Maher
8	Wm. Latta	22	John H. Bailey
9	Wm. Latta	23	J. H. Hooker
10	Wm. Latta	24	William P. Lantz
11	Wm. Latta	25	David S. Morris
12	Wm. Latta	26	James H. Caldwell
13	Wm. Latta	27	S. T. Neill
14	Wm. Latta	28	James L. Brown

## CLEVELAND AND THURMAN ENDORSED!

THOUSANDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC DEMOCRATS CROWD THE STREETS AND PACK THE COURT HOUSE!

SPEECHES—BRASS BANDS AND FIRE WORKS!

THE RED BANDANA CONSPICUOUS.

Long before the hour for the meeting Democrats began to pour into town from the country in vehicles on foot and by the different trains. The Red Bandana appeared and every Democrat became at once proficient in its use. The Buffalo Run railroad brought in a delegation headed by that sterling Democrat John T. McCormick, which marched up high street to the music of the Pine Hall band. Soon after the Bellefonte band was on the streets discoursing sweet music while the public square was thronged with people. The sweet strains of music were drowned in the sharp crack, crack of the squib and the deafening roar of the cannon cracker. Democrats were boiling over with enthusiasm and everybody was beaming with good humor. At eight o'clock the great bell of the Court House summoned the throng to the Court room and in less than five minutes it was literally packed with people. After music by the bands stationed in the room Chairman Williams called

the meeting to order in a few appropriate remarks. On motion of D. F. Fortney, Esq., the following gentlemen were elected officers: President—Ex-Gov. A. G. Curtin. Vice Presidents—H. L. Barnhart, Boggs; J. C. Condo, Gregg; Jno. Q. Miles, Huston; Hon. B. F. Hunter, Benner; Jno. T. McCormick, Ferguson; Robt. Haynes, Snow Shoe; S. K. Faust, Miles; J. H. Reifsnnyder, Millheim; D. J. Meyer, Centre Hall; Jacob Weber, Harris; P. A. Sellers, Patton; Henry Hale, Union; John Garbrick, Spring.

Secretaries—Frank E. Bible; John Youngman and Hon. Fred Kurtz.

Gov. Curtin taking the chair referred to the brilliant and unimpeachable record of the president in and to his remarkable success in every position in life. Speaking of Thurman he said he had few peers as a statesman and no superiors. He ought to have been president long ago. The frequent recurrence of presidential elections he regarded as one of the great blessings of our institutions.

Once every four years the great American people scrutinized the acts of their chief executive. They had closely scanned that of President Cleveland and found it perfect, every pledge kept, every promise redeemed. They were not now going to exchange a tried and true officer for an unknown untried dark horse. I feel something creeping all through me. I feel it in my head, in my heart, aye! away down in my bowels it is stirring. It is a speech that stirs within me, but I won't make it now. You will hear from me again before November if Providence spares my health. I wouldn't give a continental damn (don't put that down he said to the reporters) for a lethargic battle. It was hard for the old veteran of fifty campaigns to refrain from a speech, and each moment the fires of his youth were burning brighter and in five minutes more they would have burst forth with their old time vigor and the old man could not have kept his speech back. His heart is in it. In Cleveland and Thurman Gov. Curtin finds his ideal statesmen and leaders. He was applauded to the echo in many of his remarks. He then introduced Judge Orvis as the gentleman who represented the people of the district at St. Louis, and said he would give an account of his stewardship. The judge was not in good health and said, had he consulted his personal feelings and welfare would not be here, but when he heard that there was to be a meeting he determined to add his mite to its success. Like the honored president of the evening he too would like to make a speech but he was physically unfit to do so this evening. He had been to St. Louis and participated in that great convention he could not go into details and it would be useless to do so as the story had been told and well told by the newspapers of the country. For the first time in 32 years had the delegation from Pennsylvania exerted its united influence in the selection of a ticket and the construction of a platform. Not since 1856, until this year had the old Keystone's power been felt in a National Convention. California had instructed for Thurman but his nomination was made when Pennsylvania's sixty votes were cast solidly for him. The Republicans might call the ticket a kangaroo ticket with the big end behind, but no man was too big to play second fiddle to Grover Cleveland. No man was too big to fill the second office in the gift of the American people.

With Grover Cleveland playing first fiddle and Allen G. Thurman second it was grand music for Democrats to march to. The speak-

er then reviewed the platform which he said was constructed by a Pennsylvania William L. Scott, and his cool incisive but powerfully argumentative style, showed the absurdity of the republican pretence of protection to American labor. Seldom have we seen an audience so interested in a speech. Every man seemed to drink in each word as it fell from the speakers lips. It was a masterly presentation of the democratic position on the tariff and a scathing arraignment of the republican party for its inconsistencies on the question. The judge's speech was one that kept ringing in the ears of his hearers long after he was through. It was devoid of oratorical pyrotechnics, but it was logical and convincing. J. L. Spangler was then called upon and eloquently plead the cause of democracy. In the midst of his speech the Pleasant Gap band entered the Court room and round after round of applause went up from the vast crowd at the sight of the red bandana that preceded them. After the band were seated Mr. Spangler resumed.

The speaker alluded to the dirty scandal started by some campaign liar in reference to the domestic relations of Mr. Cleveland and wife, which has already been effectually squelched by Mrs. Cleveland herself, and repudiated by the preacher who was said to be its author. He then paid a glowing tribute to the beauty, goodness and general amiability of the lady of the White House, after which he turned his attention to the main issue of the present campaign, the Tariff, which he discussed in a clear, able and comprehensive manner, illustrating it by a reference to the present price of quinine and the price of that article prior to its removal of the duty. He then spoke of the iron and mining interest and pointed to the palatial residence of the superintendent and the row of hovels occupied by the workmen. It is the capitalist who is protected while the workmen are left to struggle along on wages hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. The Democrats want taxation removed from those articles which the poor man most needs. Keep it on whisky and tobacco. Who is that bothering? Whisky and tobacco are luxuries, and nobody needs to use them unless they choose, and if they choose to do so, let them pay the price. But it is a different thing in regard to the necessities of life and those should be made as low as possible in order that the poor man may also enjoy the comforts of life. Why should the capitalist have protection any more than the farmer, any more than any ordinary business man? The farmer is not protected. He is obliged to compete in the markets of the world, but when he wants to purchase anything he must pay the protection prices.

D. F. Fortney, was loudly called for and mounting the platform in a clear ringing voice, heard in every part of the house he took up the question of tariff reform. He quoted from the last Republican President and showed that he Chester A. Arthur was a revenue reformer, that he asked Congress to revise and reduce the tariff and among the articles marked for reduction were wool steel beams, iron, iron ore, salt and others against a reduction on which the Republican party are now kicking. He showed that a reduction on wool would build up our woolen industries whilst the present tariff is destroying them. There are not as many woolen factories in the country to day by hundreds as there were in 1860 when the tariff was low. The first recollection he had of the iron industries was when a boy eight years old he saw a little charcoal furnace out along the road a protected infant industry with the elegant houses of the iron master on one side of the road and the rude stone and board hovels of the workmen on the other. Thirty years of protection had left the workmen poor and still living in the old houses while at the north end of Allegheny street could be seen several palatial homes into which the tariff had gone. It was about time that the

American laborer and Mechanic were doing their own thinking.

We cannot follow Mr. Fortney through his speech but it was one of the best we have heard that gentleman make for a long time. He is a most forcible talker and will be heard all over the state this fall. The meeting then adjourned after giving three cheers for the ticket.

Out in the public square an immense bonfire blazed while rockets and roman candles sprang the skies with brilliant hues stars the noise and racket of squibs crackers boys and bands made havoc among the sleepy citizens until late in the night. It was a grand out pouring of the people and one long to be remembered.

### The Braddock Farmer.

The Bedford Gazette says Mr. Scott's masterly speech on the tariff has made the Braddock farmer famous. Although the speech has been published in these columns, it will not be inappropriate from time to time to recur to some of the stronger points made by the brilliant representative from Pennsylvania.

What benefits do the farmers derive from the protective system? No question which is asked of the high tariff advocates makes them wince more than this one. They have but a single answer—protection gives the farmer a home market. It is this answer, which the Braddock farmer tears to tatters. His families within a short distance of the great Edgar Thompson steel works, and yet he gets not one penny per bushel more for his grain than is paid to the farmer in Napier township. The grain must be sold to the miller and miller's flour must compete with the product of the monster mills of the northwest. The farmers of the west pay but \$15 or \$20 per acre for their land and raise larger crops than the Braddock farmer, whose land cost him \$100 per acre. The mills of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis and other western cities turn out thousands of barrels of flour every day and ship train loads to the east, and in order to compete with this flour the Braddock miller must buy his wheat at as low figures as the farmers living on cheap lands of the west sell it. This alone would keep down the price of Pennsylvania wheat. But our farmers have a still more formidable enemy to deal with. When a country produces more of one thing than it is able to consume, the price of that thing in the home market is regulated by the price in the country to which the surplus is exported. To illustrate: John Brown, living in New York City, is an exporter of provisions John Smith, adjoining him, is a wholesale dealer in provisions, but sells only in the home market. Our farms produce more wheat, corn, beef, pork, butter, lard and cheese than we consume and the surplus must, therefore, seek a foreign market. Mr. Brown buys, say, the wheat surplus, and it is necessary for him to get it low enough to enable him to ship it to England and sell it at a profit there. He offers 80 cents per bushel and the farmer is obliged to take the offer. Now if the farmer sells his wheat at 80 cents to Brown he cannot ask Smith, next door, to pay 90 cents for the home market. A double scale of prices could not be maintained for a day. The exporting price fixes the home price, and for that reason it is said that the farmer sells in a free trade market.

"But," says the protectionist, "you are taking snap judgment on us. We will get the home market if you let us alone. We intend to build up industries and they will build up cities, and after while the farmer will not be obliged to export

his surplus." When will that time come? There are millions upon millions of acres in this country which have never been touched by a plow. No man living to-day and no man who will live in five generations to come will see the time when the home consumption of farm products will equal the supply. But let us admit that in the year 1900 the farmer will cease exporting. Are the productions and demand to be kept exactly balanced forever after? Is the growth of the country to stop when that happy condition of affairs shall have been reached? If not, then we will commence importing. We will send our money to Europe and Europe will supply our needs. That is not a very pleasant future to contemplate. Furthermore, when the protectionists prate about a great home market they force the inquiry, "where is the increase of population to come from? The answer of course is, "from emigration." That is to say, there must be no interference with absolute free trade in labor. The feared Englishman, the hated Frenchman and the despised German dare not send one dollar's worth of the product of their manufactories to the United States, but we will rejoice when they close up their mills and ship their hands here to compete with American workingmen and create a market which the farmers have been awaiting for a score of years. Meanwhile the farmer must sit patiently by and allow himself to be robbed, content with the promise that he will not always be thus outraged.

The home market for the farmer is a delusion. If ten steel mills were to spring up in Bedford tomorrow the price of wheat in this county would not be affected to the extent of the one hundredth part of a cent per bushel. But on everything that he buys the farmer must pay an exorbitant tax for the benefit of the manufacturer. There is a tax on his plow, on his harness, on his saddle, on his whip, on his wagon, on his buggy, on his fences, on his stoves, on his kettles and pots and pans, on his baby's cradle, on his coat, on his shirt; in short, on almost everything upon which his eye may rest. And yet there are farmers who will go to the polls next November and vote in favor of restoring to power a party which obstinately refuses to reduce the burdensome war taxes a single penny and which has filled the country with millionaire manufacturers at the expense of the followers of agriculture.

### Mrs Cleveland's Denial.

BOSTON, June 6.—The Globe will tomorrow publish a letter written by Mrs. Cleveland to a lady friend in Worcester who had forwarded Mrs. Cleveland a copy of the alleged statements of a Worcester clergyman against the character of the president.

The letter is as follows: EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 3' 1888.—Mrs Nicodemus—Dear madam I can only say, in answer to your letter, that every statement made by Rev. C. H. Pendleton in the interview which you sent me is basely false and I pity the man of his calling who has been made the tool to give circulation to such wicked and heartless lies. I can wish the women of our country no greater blessing than that their homes and lives may be as happy and their husbands may be as kind, attentive considerate and affectionate as mine. Very truly,

FRANCES F. CLEVELAND.

The clergyman claims that he was misquoted in his interview. It seems that the statements made by the clergyman were printed a week ago. They were in substance that he learned on a visit to Washington that there was a skeleton in the Cleveland closet: That he was abusive to his wife and a bad man generally.

### Brief Notes.

John L. Sullivan is no longer the great and only slugger. His fistic greatness couldn't draw a crowd in New York last Monday.

In the burning of the Mundane hotel at Rockdale, Texas, last Monday morning eleven of the thirteen inmates were burned to death.

Mrs. Warren, the Colorado cattle queen, who is said to be worth \$10,000,000, is the wife of Bishop Warren of the Methodist church.

A new crew-driver acts upon the same principle as a stem-winding watch. A stop-pin and pawl limit the movement of the shank in one direction, while the hands will move backward without moving the shank.

Forest fires are doing terrible havoc down the Omaha line about fourteen miles from Ashland, Wis. A heavy wind blowing twenty miles an hour fanned the flames. At Thirty-mile siding the postoffice was destroyed, together with three houses and the families are homeless. Thirty cars, 5,000 ties and 3,000 posts were also consumed. The evening passenger train from St. Paul was delayed two hours and passengers and crew aided in saving property and did effective work. Fears are entertained for the town. It is thought two or three workmen have lost their lives.

Prof. Anderson, Principal of the Spencer High School at Vincennes, Ind., and the Misses Lillie and Clara Hornaday were drowned in White river near Spencer, Ind. A party of young people started in five boats up the river to go to McCormick's creek, a pleasure resort, three miles from Spencer. The boat in which were the Professor and the two young ladies and their little brother, about 11 years old, fell behind the others of the party, and was lost to view behind the bend in the river. The others were suddenly startled by screams, and immediately hurried back to the spot, but found only the boat, bottom up, and the boy, who had managed to reach the bank.

Joe Atkinson, the official hangman of New York, laments the fact that his occupation is gone through Gov. Hill's signature of the bill substituting electricity for the rope as a means of capital punishment. At his home, No. 257 Evergreen avenue, Williamsburg, the other day, he said: "I am convinced that electricity will be a failure. The very thought of such an easy death and the absence of the gallows will strike as little terror in the murderers' hearts as a six months term in Sing Sing. There is no better deterrent to crime than the gallows, but while the bill has now become law I must resign myself to fate."

A sad drowning occurred a short distance below Belleville Tuesday afternoon of last week. A little daughter of Samuel and Annie Heddings, both inmates of the insane asylum at Harrisburg, four or five years of age, who was being raised by Lydia Esh, an elderly lady, while at play along the banks of the Kishacoquillas, lost her balance, fell into the water and was swiftly carried down stream, by the angry and turbulent current. She was seen floating on the water by people on the shore, but owing to the flood it seemed that no human aid could rescue her. About one and a half miles from where she fell into the stream the body sank from sight. Crowds of people soon arrived upon the scene, and a search for the body which lasted for three days was commenced. On Friday afternoon John Young, Dr. D. J. Miller and W. O. Lantz, occupants of a boat, grappled the body in Gibbon's milldam, Mr. Young being the first to see it. The remains were taken ashore and properly prepared for burial, which took place in the Omish graveyard on Saturday.