

The Question of Tariff Revision.

It is admitted on all sides that our present tariff system is imperfect. We need a change of schedule. It might just as well be admitted at the same time that the change that would do the country the most good is a lowering of the tariff on the necessities of life and enlargement of the free list. And when this is admitted it is only a logical step to the conclusion that such revision of the tariff can only be obtained by turning the job over wholly to the Democratic party.

The reasons for this are very plain. In his letter of acceptance, Candidate HARRISON, good man, not wanting to hurt anybody's feelings, said that the Republicans did not present a schedule. They might revise and rearrange the tariff, but would always bear in mind the role of diddle de dol. Straightway our contemporary, the *Commercial Gazette*, interprets this to mean that the Republicans, if they get a chance, will no more tariff reforming in the way of lowering duties. And our Republican contemporaries elsewhere strike every degree of tariff revision. The *New York Press* interprets this assertion of Mr. HARRISON's to mean an advance in all tariff rates, especially tin plate and wool. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* thinks it means a bold stroke of reduction in the sugar tariff and safety for steel and jute bagging. The *Chicago Tribune* thinks it means free trade and the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* believes it means a radical and general reduction of the import duties. The *Cleveland Leader* constructs it to mean an elevation of the tariff to 100 or 150 per cent. on everything, unless Democrat is convicted of being largely interested, in which case the tariff must come off altogether.

These papers each represent a Republican sentiment. Cannot any sane man see the hopelessness of trusting a revision of tariff to such a party? Why, such a party, dealing with the tariff, would be like firing a double-barreled shotgun with the breech open. It would scatter in every direction, particularly backward. The tariff must be revised, but the Democratic party is the only party that has any definite idea of how it wants to revise it. It presents a principle and a schedule. Both are in the line of cheaper necessities; less unnecessary revenue; enlargement of the free list of raw materials to encourage manufactures and enable competition in the markets of the world.

Both principle and schedule are in the line of increasing the market for American products; excluding from the American market foreign products; enlarging the market of American labor; increasing American wages and cheapening necessary commodities to American consumers. The schedule is a step, and a step in the right direction. A step in the direction indicated at various times by Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Folger, McCullough, Ingalls, Kelley, McKinley, Harrison, Morison, Oliver Morton, Tilden, Carlisle, Mills, Blackburn and numerous other prominent in public affairs in recent times, not to mention the only Blaine, in advocacy of free lumber. The Democratic party knows what it wants to do and will do it.

LOVES LAST TOKEN.

A Confederate Soldier Remembers His Sweetheart in His Will.

Who will longer dispute that facts are stranger than fiction? A romantic and interesting little story, by no means devoid of pathos, has just unraveled itself to lay bare an inner history, the particulars of which might be eagerly claimed by the facile pen of the novelist. The romance finds its sequel in Brooklyn, but opens away back in the war days, amid the very din and smoke of the battle.

There lives in an old-fashioned frame house on Atlantic avenue, near the junction of Utica, a widow named Mary Moore. The house bears a respectable appearance and is one of three or four of similar design, which are conspicuous because of the surroundings, which have not been improved by the passage of the Long Island Railroad along the avenue. It is a three-story frame structure, with a comfortable porch in front, and is neatly furnished within. Mrs. Moore is a tall, handsome woman of graceful figure, about forty-three years of age, and must have been a very pretty girl. At any rate, she forms the centre of this bright little halo of romance.

During the war Mrs. Moore, then Mary Miller, lived with her parents in the outskirts of Gettysburg, Pa. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, and Mary, with her sisters, received their early education under a tutor at their home. When the war broke out the children were grown and infused with all the spirit of the Union cause. The boys joined the army and were attached to the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Regiment. Finally when the Confederates came crowding on towards the North causing the very nation to tremble and many a home-stead heretofore was deserted. Mr. Miller steadily clung to the old house to take the chances for better or for worse, and when the great battle of Gettysburg was fought his house, within sound of the cannon's roar and the cracking of the musketry, became a place of succor for the wounded. The first day was marked by the bringing to the house among

the wounded one of the old man's sons. On the second, the lifeless body of the other was tenderly brought by comrades—a sacrifice to the cause. On the third and final day of the great struggle was brought among the wounded soldiers one wearing the gray. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and slender, with dark blue eyes and tanned skin. He was Henry C. Willet, the only son of wealthy parents in Memphis, Tenn. The elbow of his left arm was badly shattered and his left side paralyzed. The broken pieces of bone were removed, but the young Confederate Lieutenant, for such he was in a regiment under O'Neil's command, had forever lost the use of his arm. Though he had fought on the other side, he received every care under the old Pennsylvania's roof which was extended to those who fought under the stars and stripes, and he so ingratiated himself in the hearts of those who tended him that Mr. Miller volunteered to be responsible to the authorities for his safe keeping during his convalescence. Two months passed, and then young Willet found that he was among some prisoners who were to be exchanged. Strange as it may seem, the young Lieutenant was loath to be released from his imprisonment, for during his captivity he had fallen a willing slave to a captivity of another kind than that of war, though somewhat allied. A vital part had been pierced, this time by Cupid's dart.

Before he was led reluctantly away he had proposed to old farmer Miller's daughter, Mary, but though the young girl had conceived a strong fondness for him, the feeling against the South, made doubly strong by the thought of her brother, who fell by a rebel bullet, forbade her becoming the wife of the young Southerner. Before he went away, however, he made a last request, and that was for a lock of her hair. This she gave him. For two years she frequently heard from him, but never answered his letters. He was connected with a banking institution in Memphis. Numerous were the tokens and flowers she received during that period, but no notice was taken of them. In one letter the devoted lover pledged himself never to forget her, and recent developments prove that he was true to his word.

The old homestead at this time was sold and the Miller family became separated in all parts of the country. Mary went to live with some friends on Station Island, and then became engaged to William B. Allen, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt. The match was, after a two-years' engagement, broken off and she was married to Mr. John Moore, who was formerly well known about the City Hall in Brooklyn, and afterwards went on the Greely Arctic expedition. Two years ago Mr. Moore died and left his widow with a daughter and no other relative but a sister. The others of her family had all died, and even the old homestead, near the Gettysburg field had long since been burned to the ground.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Moore received a letter from J. L. Kettleman, a lawyer of New Orleans, stating that Mr. Henry C. Willet, lately deceased, had made provision for her in his will to the extent of several thousand dollars. A parcel which accompanied the letter, the lawyer explained, was sent in accordance with the last expressed wish of the dying man. It contained the lock of hair.

Mrs. Moore's hair has become tinged with gray since then. She says she hasn't the slightest recollection of her old lover kept track of her through all these years, and the surprise she experienced by the receipt of the communication was beyond her expression. The letter has been answered, and it remains for the New Orleans lawyer now to secure for her the lover's last token.

Success and Heroism.

There are no qualities which succeed so well in this world as selfishness and strict honesty. It pays to be honest. There is nothing heroic about it. And there is nothing heroic about the success of the self-made man who takes all his chances and leaves his younger brothers and sisters to shift for themselves. The young man who stays at home in order to help those near him to rise from the slough of poverty is the hero. He is unselfish. We cannot gauge success by what appears to be success. If money making were the real test of success we would have no heroes. We should have no priests, no religions, no philanthropists, no poets, no orators. That man is truly successful and truly heroic who strictly performs his duty. The man who strains every sinew to make money is laying up for himself an old age of regrets. How many old women's homes and libraries, founded with his wealth when it becomes a burden to him, can compensate for the remembrance of the gray heads and worn fingers nearest and nearest, who, unconsoling by him, went to their rest? —*Christian Union.*

False Reasoning Exposed.

In science and philosophy we reason from cause to effect, but a certain school of modern politicians reason from effects to cause; namely: "Effect," a quarter of a century of marvelous growth and development.

"Cause," the tariff, because it is true beyond question that the marvelous growth and the development and the tariff are coexistent.

"Effect," the cheapest steel and iron the world ever knew; steel is being manufactured cheaper than iron ever was. "Cause," the tariff, because the cheap iron and steel and the tariff are coexistent. "Effect," more miles of railroad building in the last 25 years than in all previous history. "Cause," the tariff, because the excessive building of railroads and the tariff were coexistent.

"Effect," 10-story buildings. The "Cause," the tariff, because under a low tariff 10-story buildings were unknown.

"Effect," silos. "Cause," a very high tariff, for we never had silos under other than a very high tariff.

"Effect," 25 pounds of butter from a single cow in one week. "Cause," the tariff, because we never got so much butter from a single cow in the time named until after the adoption of our present tariff system.

But we might go on *ad infinitum*. This style of reasoning is now very fashionable, and will become a veritable rage during the late summer and early fall. Many will catch it, but in most instances the attacks will be harmless. Those who take it hard will be ashamed of it after election. We want to warn our readers against such reasoning as we warn them against all other frauds.

Prosecuting Polygamists.

In answer to the resolution introduced by delegate Dubois calling for information respecting convictions and pardons for polygamy, the attorney general has replied in a communication in which he says that under the provisions of the antipolygamy law of 1882 and its amendments there have been in the territory of Utah, 470 convictions for polygamy, adultery and unlawful cohabitation with fines imposed and 30 convictions where the sentence was imprisonment without fine, making a total for the Territory of 500. In Idaho there was a total of 89 cases.

There was 1 conviction in Utah in 1875, 1 in '81, 4 in '84, 55 in '85, 132 in '86, 220 in '87 and 105 in '88. Fines to the amount of \$48,208 have been collected and forfeiture of \$25,000.

Almost a Disaster.

A terrible disaster was narrowly averted in the Hoosac tunnel yesterday afternoon, when sixty-nine workmen employed in the tunnel were overcome by coal gas from a passing locomotive. The men were divided into three gangs, thirty-nine being masons employed in repairing the brick arch, twenty-two in the electric light gang and eighteen in the track gang. John McGrath, foreman of the masons, and the chief participant in the rescue, was seen this afternoon, but would say nothing except that the facts had been reported to his superior. From other sources, however, these facts are learned:

Extra freight 31 went east shortly after 9 o'clock, followed soon after by No. 4, west, filling the tunnel with smoke, when second extra came up the grade with a heavy freight. The engine had lost steam so that when the train went into the tunnel the firebox was filled with new coal. The masons working about 1,000 feet from the west portal, were effected but little by gas after the train passed. In a short time the flagman toward the west shaft reported to overseer McGrath that the trackmen in the 3,000 feet section and electric light men in the 6,000 feet were overcome by gas. Express No. 33 had just entered the tunnel from the west, and McGrath ordered it flagged, which proved a wise precaution. He then ordered all men from their work to rescue the track and electric light men. Push cars were forced into the tunnel, the rescuers finding the men lying along the track, some partly and some wholly overcome.

All were placed on the cars and brought out into the open air. This brave work was accomplished by John McGrath, Edward Dolan, Pat Shea, and Eleazer Wilber. Dolan being so badly overcome by gas that he laid all that afternoon in a precarious condition. These men went clear to the 6,000 feet working place, rescuing eighteen who were unconscious when reached, nearly all of them being on the eastbound track. Had the eastbound express passed the masons, flagman the slaughter would have been terrible. When the tunnel was finally cleared of workmen, rescuer and rescued were all prostrated, some remaining in that condition all the afternoon. It is thought that two of the cases will prove fatal.

Two Girls Fight About a Young Man.

Annie Bonner is a stitcher and Hannah Farrell is a folder in Warner's corset factory at Bridgeport, Conn. Hannah was out walking with Annie's best young man on Sunday evening, and on Monday she boasted of it in the factory, saying that she had made a deep and lasting impression on the young man, and meant to "do" Annie out of him. The two girls had a quarrel of words until the noon hour, and then Annie, without eating her dinner, demanded that Hannah apologize for what she had said. Instead of so doing, Hannah said that if

Annie did not shut up she would "break her jaw." Annie's sister then came in and said that, if there was any fighting to be done, she would help her sister. This aroused Hannah, and she proposed to some men in the room that, if they would see fair play, she would whip both sisters, one at a time. The men agreed, and the party adjourned to the rear yard, where a ring was formed, and Annie and Hannah prepared for battle.

All they did was to roll up their sleeves to the elbow and clinch their fists. At the call of time they began sparring for an opening, and Annie got in a right-hander on Hannah's jaw. Hannah retaliated by a swinging blow on Annie's neck. The girls fought coolly and vigorously, and, although no rules were observed, no male amateurs could have fought with more earnestness. They fought ten minutes, and both were being severely punished, when the men interfered. The girls protested, and wished to continue until the matter was settled, but the men compelled a cessation of hostilities.

The Depth of the Atmosphere.

One interesting scientific fact has been made known by the aeronauts, those explorers of the sky. It has always been thought that the air surrounding the earth did not reach a great height, but at a distance of two and one half miles from the earth's surface cirrus clouds still appeared, apparently as remote in the blue sky as when viewed from the ground. Higher than this it is impossible to maintain life. On a recent voyage one of the aeronauts lost consciousness at a much lower elevation, and the other, after having both hands frozen was fast sinking into torpor, when he managed to pull open the valve by taking the rope in his teeth. The rate of ascent in this case was 1,000 feet a minute.

The motion of a balloon is imperceptible. So gently is it borne along that a glass of water filled to the brim will not lose a drop in a journey of many miles.

Dr. Tanner Fat and Cranky.

Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame, is in Chicago, where he has recently arrived from New Mexico. Dr. Tanner is rotund and rosy. He has been living on a vegetable diet entirely, he says eating two meals a day in summer and one in winter. The Doctor's latest researches have been upon the subject of suspended animation, and he tells the reporters that he is firmly convinced that many people are buried alive every year. Some day he says he is going to illustrate his theory by permitting himself to be sealed up in an air-tight coffin and laid away until such time as he shall designate for it to be opened.

Death of a Good Natured Giant.

Peter Feketi, or Black Peter, the famous Hungarian giant, is dead, says the *St. James Gazette*. He passed away quietly at Nagy-Koros, in Hungary, the picturesque Magyar town on the road to Szegedin, where he was born just thirty years ago. There is a great sameness about the ending of giants. They all seem to die young and of consumption, and Peter Feketi was no exception to the rule. His life was uneventful and serene. His immense size and unwieldy bulk saved his youth from the discipline of the schools, and his early manhood from the anxieties of the butcher's shop for which his father had destined him. For fifteen years a continental Barnum carried him—or perhaps it would be more correct to say led him—from city to city and village to village, exhibiting his huge form (he stood seven feet six inches in his stockings) at booths and music halls, without once ruffling the even tenor of his stolid disposition. A local neurologer asserts that he made a large fortune, and was a credit to his native town.

The Care of the Nails.

Very few people know how to properly care for the nails. In cleaning them, a sharp knife ought never to be employed but between the ends of the nails and the fingers the space should be filled with soap and then removed by brushing with the so-called nail brush. Many improperly cut away that part of the flesh which grows over the nail from the bottom; but it should be simply pressed backward, and sufficiently to show the white part, considered by some to be a mark of beauty. If the flesh is adherent to the nail the operation may be facilitated by passing the sharp point of a knife underneath the fold of flesh and separating it from its attachments. With this done it can be pushed back more readily. Scissors should never be used to cut the nails; that should be done only with a sharp penknife. —*Boston Journal of Health.*

Monday Isaac Hendershot, a farmer 75 years of age, while attending the Berwick fair, near Wilkesbarre, was robbed of \$600 by bunco men. They allowed him to win at first, but demanded security for the prizes. He went to the bank and drew the amount which was all he had. On a pretext of going into a back room to get the prizes for him, after Hendershot had handed over his pile, the men stepped out the back way and disappeared. Hendershot is frantic with grief and is dangerously prostrate.

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