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The Centre Democrat.

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THE Auditors are examining the records of the county officers. Look out for some revelations.

DOES Mrs. Harrison wear a bustle? That's the question that overshadows the cabinet mystery.

THE inauguration ball is causing the ministerial fraternity an unusual amount of trouble. No use in bawling about it; the ball will move along as usual, a brilliant social event and an imposing state affair.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE JR., has entered into an agreement with a New York manager to take the stage about the first of February. Her father, Colonel Richard Nevins, has agreed to take care of James G. Blaine, I. I. while the mother fulfills her stage engagement.

DON PLATT, the editor of *Bellevue's Magazine* says that "when the new President swings along Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol to be inaugurated upon the side of his carriage should be printed what history with its cold unbiased fingers will put to record: "Bo't for two millions of dollars."

The Senate plods along in its consideration of the tariff bill. The republicans have struck a dangerous snag in the sugar question. When the paragraph reducing the duties 50 per cent on imported sugar was framed it was known by the republicans that it would bankrupt the sugar planters of Louisiana, but for that they cared nothing, as they expected no votes from the state; but now they have discovered that it will do equally as much damage in republican Kansas and California, both of which states have protesting delegations here now; that of the latter being headed by Claus Spreckles, known all over the world as the sugar king. The result is, the Senate finance committee have concluded to offer an amendment to the bill, giving a bounty for every pound of sugar produced in this country.

On Wednesday Jan. 2, the colored race of America celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the issuing of the emancipation proclamation. Large meetings were held in several cities, but in no other city of the land is the day celebrated with as much pomp and ceremony as in Washington. On "emancipation" day in that city the colored population, which numbers some 60,000 souls, take full possession of the city. Every public conveyance, hack, and other vehicle is levied upon for the use of the celebrators and on that day even Congressmen who do not own private rigs are compelled to walk. The Washington negro feels at all times that he is superior to the "white trash" of the capital, but on the second day of January his feelings increase in bigness until there is danger of his head bursting with the strain that is put upon his brain. It is certain that the colored population of Washington will be the last to forget the day upon which their bodies were released from the bondage and their proud spirits liberated from the galling sense of slavery.

THE St. Louis Republic furnishes some interesting statistics regarding the workings of the high license and local option law of Missouri. The law fixes the minimum license fee at \$50 and the maximum at \$1,000, but incorporated cities and towns are allowed to fix the price of licenses at any figure they please above the minimum or withhold licenses altogether. This has resulted in placing the license fee in some cities as high as \$3,000. The saloons in the State have been reduced from 5,000 to 3,000, the majority of which are in the city of St. Louis. In sixty-five counties and seventeen cities there are no saloons. In forty-two of these counties the people have voted no license under the local option provision and in the other twenty-two licenses have been refused by the licensing authorities. It is claimed that one can travel across the State from the Iowa line to Arkansas by rail without coming within ten miles of a saloon. It is probable that in the no license counties there is more or less clandestine selling, but in the main the law seems to be well enforced.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

NEWS AS GATHERED BY OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

The New Year's Reception at the White House. A Brilliant Social Event—The Coming Inaugural Ball.

The holiday season proper closed most brilliantly yesterday, though to society New Year's Day is but the prelude to the fashionable season of gaiety. The Executive Mansion was stormed by the crowd, as is the time honored custom. Long before 11 o'clock, when the reception of the Cabinet and Diplomatic Corps began, the roadway and adjacent street were crowded with carriages and the sidewalks with curious throngs. The day was perfect, and the sunshine danced delightedly and impartially on the tinsel of officers, the jewels of fair women, the decorations of the Mexican minister, and the bright silks of the Chinese envoy. Inside, the Blue, Green and Red parlors were banked with flowers, and only the great East Room retained its every day appearance. Caution had spread linen crash over the carpets everywhere, as a protection from soiled shoes, but that was the only indication that every guest was not expected to come in his own carriage. The Marine band was in full force, ready to discourse an avalanche of national airs. Best of all, Mrs. Cleveland was there, surrounded by the wives of the Cabinet officers and their guests, the wives of many Senators and the ladies of the Supreme Court circle, all in full dress, as brilliant an assemblage as one is apt to see even in Washington. Certainly the administration goes out bravely, and if President Cleveland did look bored and tired before the reception was over, he only showed physical weariness.

After the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps—the latter headed by Minister Romero—had gone, the Chief Justice and his associates and the minor judges were received. Senators and Representatives followed. Next came the officers of the Army, headed by Brig-Gen. Benet, who in the absence of Maj-Gen. Schofield, on account of his wife's death, was senior. The Naval officers followed, and then came minor bureau officers. The Grand Army took its turn. And finally came the public. The latter was in full force. There were tourists, anxious to see the President and take him by the hand, and people who went because it was a free show. The crowd pushed and jammed, and had to be held back by the police. Finally the hour for closing the reception arrived and the doors were shut. This brought complaints from the crowd which had not yet been able to gain admittance, and a prayer of thanksgiving, I imagine, from the President.

With the dying year come up the faces long familiar to Washington that vanished in 1888. First in the ghostly procession comes the imperious and imperial Conkling. Next the military figure of General Sheridan. Then the robed form of Chief Justice Waite. The crowd grows. Ex-attorney General Brewster, Dr. Cornelius Agnew, General Alexander, Rear Admiral Simpson, the banker Riggs, the philanthropist Corcoran—these are but a few of the people best known in Washington who died during the year just passed. The good die first, and only a few ancient sinners like Ben Butler remain eternally young and strikingly demonstrate the truth of the adage.

The inaugural committee rises to explain that the ball of March 4th. will cost not \$100,000, but only \$30,000. And the committee wants it understood further that the affair costs the Government nothing, being paid for by subscription. No opposition is felt among Washington clergymen, but the letters of objection from western preachers are numerous. The local defenders of the ball hold that the dancing is a subordinate matter, and that it is in the main a mere public reception to the President. The attempt to hold General Harrison personally responsible is contemptible. Mr Harrison has been elected not only the President of orthodox Christians, but also the President of the whole people, and he could ill afford to snub any well-meaning class of people, such as attend inaugural balls, whatever his private beliefs may be. As he himself said, he scarcely saw how he could be expected to change arrangements which were being made before he had any control over the White House.

Drifting through the well dressed throng that crowded the avenue on New Year's Day, I saw the shrinking, shambling, shabby figure of an aimless tramp. Less than ten years ago a many-millionaire bought a seat in the Senate. The purchase was notorious.

young newspaper man. The newspaper man did not get his share of the spoils, and he swore eternal vengeance. He came to Washington and he wore his life out trying to get the Senate to investigate. The investigation was long delayed, and the result was an acquittal of the Senator. Sanatorial courtesy covers a multitude of sins, and a committee of foxes was a poor one to which to leave the question of killing fowl. The newspaper man never went back to his home. He is the tramp I just met. There is no special lesson in the story, but if there were one, it would teach the folly of biting off more than one can masticate.

MINERS GIVEN A LESSON IN POLITICAL JUGGLERY.

The "bosses" lied to the coal miners of Clay county, Ind. The miners were given to understand that if Harrison was elected they would have steady work and good pay, but if Cleveland was re-elected the Mills bill would be come a law and the output of coal curtailed to meet the restricted market to which the shutting down of factories would confine the miners. That if Harrison was elected there would be an end of agitation, and the owners of the coal mines could employ more men and pay better prices.

The Republican managers got up an excursion of miners from Clay county and hundreds of them went to Indianapolis. There Harrison made them a speech in which he said in substance that the miners' prosperity depended absolutely upon a protective tariff. Time rolled around, the election came and 200 hundred Democratic miners yielded to the sophistry of the "bosses." When it was ascertained, said Mr. Louis Holtman, of Brazil, "that Harrison had been elected, and both houses of congress had gone Republican, there was much rejoicing among these miners, because they had been led to believe that in the overthrow of the Democratic party a new era of prosperity would surely dawn upon the coal fields of Clay county. "Hurrah! the Mills bill is dead," they shouted, but they soon discovered that it was only the death of Julius Caesar. When the excitement and rejoicing had subsided the miners expected to return to work in the mines that had been closed a few weeks before the election on account of the uncertainty of the fate of "protection." "Boys, we are sorry we cannot give you work, but on account of new crude oil and natural gas the supply of coal exceeds the demand. There is no use to deceive you about this matter; the outlook is not encouraging," was the reply they received. And the Clay county mines are closed.

But what matters this to the "bosses"? They fooled the miners into voting the Republican ticket. That was their game, and it was played not only in Brazil, Ind., but in Allegheny county, Pa., where thousands of miners are out of work.

READY FOR THE FUTURE.

The Democratic party has existed longer than the union. It had its origin in the revolt against the oppressions of what was then the home government. It was born in opposition to unjust taxation. It fought the war of independence. It has lived since the foundation of the republic because its underlying principles are the embodiment of equal rights and free government.

Other political organizations have passed away because they have been created by the exigencies of the moment or the thirst for power. The federalists were those who could not at first renounce the love of monarchy and the passion for aristocratic distinctions. The whigs were the natural descendants of the federalists. The Republican party is the outgrowth of the whig party, temporarily powerful through its commendable championship of freedom, and the folly of the slave-holding states. The federal party died; the whig party died; the Republican party has won an accidental victory which already threatens to destroy it.

Let those who predict that Mr. Cleveland's discomfiture means the destruction of the democracy reflect on these facts and remember that the Democratic party lived through twenty-four years of defeat, misrepresentation and prejudice. It has just received the endorsement of plurality of the voters of the United States for its presidential candidate on the issue of tax reduction through tariff reform. The electoral vote of this state, which was cast against Mr. Cleveland by his own party on considerations entirely personal, would have given the Democratic party the

HALLS THEY BE KEPT OPEN.

(From the Lancaster New Era.)

Under the existing law, the Orphan schools of Pennsylvania, which have been in legal existence ever since 1864, will terminate on June 1, 1890. There are still fifteen institutions where these wards of the state are educated and cared for, although the number at one time was much larger. Since the system went into operation, the number of pupils admitted into these schools has been 14,834, and there were still 610 applications on file on the first of June last. The cost of the schools last year was \$385,189.66. The total costs since the schools were organized has been \$8,993,312.02. There were in the schools on the 31st of last May, 2,238 pupils. When the schools close in June, 1890, there will still be remaining in them 1,549 pupils under the age of 16 years.

There are indications that an effort will be made to pass a new law during the coming session of the legislature to continue these schools, if not indefinitely, then at least for an indefinite period of years. The fact that they have already been in existence, for a period of twenty-four years, is evidence that pupils will continue to be provided for them for another quarter of a century in case the proper encouragement in the shape of the necessary appropriations shall be made.

At the present time the appropriation required is about \$350,000 yearly, no inconsiderable amount and one sufficiently large to induce the men who control these institutions to strain every nerve to continue the system which has been so advantageous to them in the past. The amount asked to support the schools from the present time to the period when they will cease to exist by law is \$280,000.

That the State has acted most generously and liberally toward these young people is undeniable. Nearly nine millions of dollars spent in caring for and educating them tell the story without further words. But men who reflect on the situation carefully will be apt to conclude that we have reached a period when these schools might be closed without detriment either to the pupils or the State. It must be evident from the past history of these institutions that if the legislature lends the necessary encouragement we may see them in operation a quarter of a century hence. This is in part proved by the fact that although the period for receiving applications for admission closed eighteen months ago, a large number of applications continue to be made.

The principal argument which is urged for prolonging the schools beyond June, 1890, is that the children who still remain when the period for closing comes cannot be conveniently cared for otherwise. Superintendent Higbee says some of these could no doubt find means of completing their education at their homes without entailing much suffering. Of course they could. The free schools could accommodate them without the least difficulty. This State is a large one and her people are generous. It is almost a reflection on them to say it will be impossible to find homes in this great commonwealth for a thousand or less children. At the worst, the smaller ones could be sent to permanent orphan schools. They could be as well cared for there as where they now are, and at far less cost. They would not necessarily become vagrants and vagabonds, homeless and homeless. Of course the State will not turn them adrift under any circumstances.

The normal schools could also make arrangements, no doubt, to take some of them. Any of these plans would be better, we believe, than the permanent retention of the dozen or more establishments now maintained by the State. The act of 1887, fixing a time when the schools should close, was in the nature of a protest against the retention of the system. There would be more harm resulting from that than from the closing of the schools themselves. The pressure for their continuance is understood to come principally from the managers of the schools. Gov. Beaver, we believe, favors the transfer of the pupils to the normal schools. The position of the Grand Army on the question is not definitely known. One word by it against the continuance of the schools would settle the question.

The remains of John Higgins, who was murdered some twenty odd years ago on Houtz, Teed & Co's mill, (the present site of Brishin,) which was interred in an improvised burial ground with some others, in the rear of the Presbyterian church at Osceola Clearfield county, were exhumed a few days ago and placed in the cemetery at Brishin. The bones were found in a good state of preservation.

"RED NOSE"

MAKES AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT TO THE POLICE.

He Was The Leader of the Italian Gang that Murdered Paymaster J. Brainerd McClure and Hugh Flanagan on the Mountain near Wilkesbarre, on October 19, Last to Bob Deen.

"Red nose Mike" or Michael Rizzolo, the Italian leader of the gang that murdered paymaster J. Brainerd McClure and Hugh Flanagan on the mountain near Wilkesbarre on October 19 last and stole \$12,000 was lodged in jail at Wilkesbarre Saturday after he had waived a hearing before the local justice of the peace. Captain Robert J. Linden, the head of the Pinkerton detective agency in this city, made formal complaint against the Italian and charged him with the murder of the two men. Captain Linden informed the attorney that the prisoner had made a full confession to him, and that efforts were being made to capture Mike's accomplices.

Mike is 22 years of age, but looks about 28 or 30 years old. He is a stout chunky fellow wears a small black mustache, and has a repulsive countenance indicative of brutal cunning. He makes a business of running shanty boarding houses for the accommodation of Italian laborers who are employed in building new railroads.

In his confession to Captain Linden Mike said that two months before the murder three Italians beside himself entered into a plot to kill McClure and his companion while they were returning from Wilkesbarre with the money to pay off the laborers. Their sole object was robbery, and Mike pictured to his companions that the money would enable them to return to Italy and live in luxury ever afterward. They calculated upon getting about \$20,000, which would give them \$5,000 each. On the morning of the day set for the murder the conspirators closely watched the paymaster and his companion, and when they departed for Wilkesbarre in a carriage to draw the money out of bank they instantly made preparations for the deed. At the last moment one of the conspirators backed out, having become frightened by fear of detection. The other three hastened to a lonely spot on the mountain side where the two men would have to pass on their return home. There they lay in wait for two hours, now and then taking a drink of whiskey to keep up their courage.

About 10:30 they saw the carriage approaching, and the three men hid in the bush along the road. The horse was walking slowly up the hill, and when the carriage passed the men were close enough to reach out their hands and touch the vehicle. After it had gone about fifteen yards one of the Italians, who had been selected for the purpose because of his reputation as a marksman, crept out on the road, and resting a Winchester rifle on his knee, fired Flanagan rolled out of the carriage dead. In an instant another bullet from the Winchester went crashing through the head of the paymaster, and then the murderers sprang for the carriage. Flanagan never knew what hit him, and McClure did not have time enough to collect his thoughts before he fell out over the wheel with his life blood staining the earth. Another of the gang had a 44-caliber revolver which he fired as soon as the Winchester was first discharged.

The rapid shooting frightened the horse and he dashed up the mountain side on a wild gallop. The villains realized that if they did not overtake the animal their game was up, as the coveted treasure was in a valise in the bottom of the wagons. The man with the Winchester took good aim at the horse and fired. It was a lucky shot, for it broke one of the animal's legs and he fell. The third man ran up to the carriage, and drawing a dirk, cut the strap which bound the valise to an iron rod in the bottom. The other two wretches stood over the bodies of McClure and Flanagan and poured bullet after bullet into them, though they had already breathed their last. As Mike said they wanted to make a clean job of it, for "dead men tell no tales."

After the valise had been secured the third man slung it over his shoulder and the trio disappeared into the woods. They did not stop to count the money, but quickly dug a hole in the mountain and buried the valise. The next step was to hasten back to camp. It was a rainy day and there being no work on the road the laborers were congregated at their rough barracks, idling their time away. This permitted the criminals to be absent without arousing suspicion. When they returned their clothes were respected with mud, and these they removed by direction of Mike

to escape being questioned by his companions. In a week or so, after excitement had died away, they went to the spot in the woods where the treasure lay buried and divided the money.

The Italian looked upon Captain Linden as a friend and became very communicative with him; in fact, more than was good for him. A month ago Mike went with contractor McFadden's party of laborers to a point near Poughkeepsie, New York where another road was being built. One of Linden's men accompanied Mike and gradually wormed him self into the murderer's confidence. When matters became ripe, Mike was arrested.

Captain Linden has strong hopes of capturing the other three, and the European agents of the Pinkertons will search all Italy for them. Very little of the money has been recovered, and there is not much hope entertained by those interested that more will be found

ARMY-BURDENED EUROPE.

The most recent figures as to the size of the European armies give a startling hint of the enormous burden they inflict on the taxpaying masses. Indeed often as we have been reminded that Europe is little less than a vast camp, few American readers are aware of the actual numbers of the troops which, in case of war, would be swiftly mobilized and dispatched to the centres of conflict. These figures, when badly stated naturally give rise to a felling of incredulity.

And yet it seems to be an established fact that Russia and Germany could each put 4,000,000 men into active service within a few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities; that, while France doubtless possesses 4,000,000 men who have been drilled and disciplined, and defeat in her means of mobilization would probably reduce this force to 3,000,000; that Austria has an available army of at least 1,700,000, that in a long war England's ultimate contribution would probably reach 2,000,000 soldiers and that even Italy the youngest of the sisterhood of the great powers, could, by straining, put 2,500,000 men into the field.

The figures are grimly eloquent. They show that in a general war a vast host of at least 15,000,000, of strained soldiers are likely to take a part in the gigantic game. If we add the force of Turkey and the Southeastern European States, this figure should be increased by certainly another million.

What do these mighty armaments cost the people? England pays \$110,000,000 a year for her army, Germany and France each \$110,000,000. Russia \$80,000,000, and Austria, very uneconomically, \$200,000,000; in all nearly or quite \$500,000,000. No wonder that the nations groan under grievous taxation; that war loans are every little while resorted to; that agriculture and industry languish by taking from the field and the factory the lusty young men to be drilled in arms and to garrison fortresses; that ever and anon the cry for disarmament goes up from the burdened lands. Yet the idea of disarmament is probably a dream. The mutual rivalries and jealousies of the powers are to keen; suspicious each of all the others is a maxim of the courts. It is these tremendous armaments, and not this or that passing incident, which threatens to bring about a war. So long as real war would scarcely be more expensive than their maintenance in peace and the caprice of a czar or king may at any moment take a warlike turn, the peace of Europe is in daily danger.—N. Y. Press.

AMONG the bills that will be introduced into the legislature at this session will be one by Senator Rutan, of Allegheny. Its purpose is to change the manner of selecting juries. The measure of Mr. Rutan's provides for the appointment by the judges, of a commission of two, who will in turn select the jury. This the senator believes would prevent a great deal of corruption in the matter of drawing the juries.

A Charlestown, S. C., dispatch says Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who is wintering in Beaufort county, in this state with Senator Butler and Congressman Elliott, has become so pleased with the climate and hunting and fishing that he is now negotiating for the purchase of a sea-island plantation, where he proposes to establish a winter home. Senator Cameron is especially delighted with the bass and drum fishing. He thinks it not unlikely that a number of wealthy Pennsylvanians will follow his example and purchase winter homes on the sea-coast of South Carolina.