

The Centre Democrat.

CAS. R. KURTZ ED. & PROP

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DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE, 1896.

- Bellefonte, ward, J. C. Harper, Bellefonte, ward, Geo. Harman, Centre Hall, Jno. Dauberman, Jr., Centre Hall, ward, W. R. Gardner, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF. We are authorized to announce the name of W. M. CROSSLAND, of Worth township, as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

EDITORIAL.

The naming of the next set of presidential candidates will be the all-absorbing topic for politicians for the next three months.

G. H. LEYMAN, of Eastern precinct of Boggs township, an old war horse in the democratic party, has entered the field as a candidate for sheriff.

It looks as though prize fighting would be a thing of the past in this country and Corbett and Fitzsimmons will be compelled to go to England to adjust their differences.

It is amusing to see the members of the defunct "hog-combine" rushing headlong over one another to get under Senator Quay's canvass.

BURDINE BUTLER, of Howard township, is one of the new candidates for sheriff. His announcement appears in this issue.

During the past week a number of unjustifiable attacks have been made in the Philadelphia papers against the Pennsylvania State College.

Logan Young Man Dead. Frank Karstetter, formerly of Logansport, died in Tacoma, near Philadelphia, Thursday of last week.

Don't Want a Nomination. DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 26.—Ex-Governor Boies has written a letter declining to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president.

Don't Want a Nomination. Mr. Boies' friends assert that he has no ambition beyond his law office and his farm. He did not assent to the use of his name in 1892, so his friends assert.

A GREAT LOSS TO CUBA. The Capture of the Bermuda and Her Arms and Ammunition. THE LEADERS HELD FOR TRIAL.

General Garcia and His Fellow Patriots Will be Brought Before the United States Court on March 3.—Spanish Spies in the Cuban Camp. New York, Feb. 26.—By the seizure of the steamer Bermuda, flying the British flag, shortly before midnight on Monday the largest filibustering expedition that has been fitted out in the interests of the Cuban revolutionists came to grief.

At Sunbury Wednesday, jury awarded William Rothmel, of Georgetown, \$88.26 damages for injuries received by being bitten by William Moyer's white bull dog, two years ago.

Liquor Licenses. On Tuesday March 3rd all applications filed for liquor licenses with the Prothonotary will be presented to the court for consideration.

Persons having their sale bills printed at this office will receive a free notice of same under this heading, until time of sale.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11.—John W. Eby will sell his horse—one match of greys; 5 cows, some will be fresh time of sale; young cattle, blue blooded Short Horn bull, 5 brood sows, Poland China boar, 18 shoats, new Desiring binder, mower, grain drill, hay tedder, Hench cultivator and corn planter, etc. also some household goods, on his premises, 1/2 mile west of Zion, along main road. Sale at 9 a. m. J. L. Neff, auct.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12.—At the residence of Michael Shaffer, one mile north of Zion, at 1 p. m., a large lot of household goods and some farm utensils. J. C. Neff, auct.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.—At the residence of John Carper, Sr., Linden Hall, the following will be sold at 1 p. m.: 3 horses, 4 cows, 2 horse wagon, plow and other farm implements.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.—W. F. Hassinger, one half mile north of Zion, at 1 p. m., one young driving mare, perfectly safe, good spring waggon, bed room suit, beds, Grand Perfect range, cupboard, chairs, carpets, and all kinds of household goods. Jos. L. Neff, auct.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13.—C. B. Houser, 25 miles east of Linden Hall, at 1 p. m., a large lot of farm implements, nearly all new, and in good condition. Wm. Goben, auct.

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A NEW INDUSTRY. Five Dollars a Day For Falling In Front of Trolley Cars.

A small colored boy who wore neither shoes nor stockings, and who had on fewer clothes than would be required to build an Asbury Park bathing suit, was an inconspicuous feature of a crowd of busy people at the corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets yesterday afternoon.

He walked along the south side of Filbert street to Thirteenth, and started blithely across Thirteenth street, whistling "Sweet Marie" between puffs. A car of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street line came whizzing along, and by the time it got to within a few feet of the boy the motorman had gone mad ringing his bell.

A fat policeman started for an ambulance call on a dead run, and a score or more of people on the sidewalks closed their eyes when the boy disappeared, going apparently under the car. When they opened them a second later, the youngster was sitting calmly on the edge of the fender, looking back to see if the wheels of the car had run over his cigarette.

There were people in the crowd who had hoped for years to see a genuine trolley accident, and they turned away with real disappointment on their faces. The motorman and the passengers swore at the boy, the spectators resumed their journey, and the fat policeman looked into Director Beiler's book of instructions to see if he ought not to arrest somebody.

He did it on purpose. The traction companies pay him for doing it. His performance is one of the frequent evidences recently seen on the street of a brand new industry.

The fun of dodging trolley cars, which has added so much to the agility of Philadelphia during the last couple of years, has just been augmented by the positive delight of falling in front of them. Small boys are whitening the hair of every motorman in town by dropping unexpectedly in front of the cars just for the exhilarating experience of being tossed in the bed of a fender.

The money captured amounted to \$4,000 in silver, and was in four bags. The money was in Spanish soles and pesos. A. C. Gonzalez, a lawyer of this city connected with the Cuban junta, estimated that the expedition had cost about \$100,000.

The crew of the Bermuda were permitted to return to the ship. Two deputy marshals are now in charge of the vessel. The Bermuda will be detained until the Washington authorities decide otherwise.

The man who gave his name as Captain Hughes was supposed to be the captain of the Bermuda, and the Spaniards were particularly interested in his capture. It is said that it was he who conveyed the Martini-Calixto party and a quantity of arms and ammunition to the Cuban coast and successfully landed them between Guantanamo and Santiago.

J. D. Hart, of J. D. Hart & Co., Philadelphia, agent of the Bermuda and suspected of being a part owner of the filibuster Laurada, which left New York on Oct. 20 for Cuba, said while under arrest: "The Bermuda is owned by a Dr. Ruhn, of Baltimore, who chartered her six months ago for the fruit business. All the money found on the steamer was intended for the fruit trade."

Together over 200 men were arrested, many of whom are survivors of the ill-fated expedition on the J. W. Hawkins, which sunk off Long Island last month. All were released except the five leaders, who were brought before Commissioner Shields late yesterday afternoon.

The charge of having violated the neutrality laws was read to him, after which his case was set for hearing on March 3, and on the two complaints the bail was placed at \$2,000. Similar action was taken in the cases of Captains Samuel Hughes and John Brabson. John D. Hart asked for a speedy examination. It was set for Friday next.

The fifth prisoner, Benjamin J. Guerra, was also charged with violating the United States statutes in taking part in a military enterprise against the kingdom of Spain. As there was but one complaint against Guerra bail was fixed at \$1,000 and the examination adjourned until March 3.

Besides the charges that the United States makes against the prisoners of violating the neutrality laws the Spanish consul general accuses them of the same offense in connection with the expedition on board the J. W. Hawkins.

Burglars Loot a Pawn Shop. BROOKLYN, Feb. 26.—A pawn shop kept by Daniel C. Ferguson at Long Island City was entered by four robbers yesterday and jewelry stolen valued at about \$5,000.

Fate of a French Spy in Madagascar. An English correspondent writing from the seat of war in Madagascar says: "The commander of the Hugon sent a Sakalava with 45 francs to bribe the people at the Hova port of Ambodivalibe ("At the Bottom of the Mountain") to show him over the battery, which is on the * * * beach and mounted * * * guns.

Mountain Scenery. M. Taine, the French essayist, and a companion made a mountain ascent several years ago. Taine says he started off in early morning, enveloped in a dense fog, and thus described his journey: "First Hour.—View of the back of my guide and the crupper of his saddle."

OUR ADOPTED POPULATION. More Than Can Readily Assimilate With Americanism is Detrimental.

If the figures be correct that 312,771 steerage passengers left this country last year for their native places in Europe, and that only 314,407 European immigrants arrived here, leaving the net gain in population from abroad but 1,696 for the year, there is no need for any American repining on that account.

Even if a great part of the aliens who left us last year under pressure of the bad times prevalent in this country should find it to their interest to stay away permanently, there would not be any sense in our suffering depression for that reason.

It is not desirable that we should have an immigration of six or seven hundred thousand foreign born persons every year. We had 789,000 another year; and we had 670,000 another year. It cannot be advantageous to the United States that such a vast body of aliens shall be added to our population every year.

We have already nearly 10,000,000 foreign born persons in the United States, or one-sixth of the total population. It is a larger proportion than exists in any other country, excepting Australia.

We would not be grieved if immigration were to decline to 100,000 a year. We are inclined to think that it would be a good thing for this country, and perhaps for other countries, if it never thereafter went beyond that number.

It is of importance that the ten millions of Europeans already here should be well assimilated with the American community, before we get ten millions more of them.

There ought to be a good measure of homo-geneity among the elements of the community. Some of the foreign elements now among us are pertinacious in their resistance to assimilation. They remain aliens in spirit and in speech even after they have gone through the process known as naturalization.

Foreigners who come to this country to make it their home ought to seek for baptism, according to the Baptist rite, or from head to heels, in the waters of Americanism and patriotism. It is consoling that their children born among us rarely ever need any other Americanization than their birth.

The population of the United States is enlarging satisfactorily by its own increase. When the coming generation arrives at maturity, there will probably, through that increase, be 100,000,000 people in this broad and blessed country.—N. Y. Sun.

GEN. LEE NEVER GAVE UP. A Firm Believer Until His Death in the Confederacy's Lost Cause.

Rev. J. William Jones, one of the professors of the University of Virginia, who was selected by Gen. Lee to write his biography, makes answer to published statements that the Confederate commander had expressed regret for his part in the war. He says: "After the close of the war Gen. Lee fully accepted the situation and used his potent influence to induce his old soldiers and others to do the same, but that he never whimpered or whined at the feet of power or confessed to any one that he was wrong in the course he had pursued, is as utterly at variance with the facts as it would have been with his character."

I not only never heard him utter a word indicating a doubt of the justice of the Confederate cause, but I heard him on many occasions express his most emphatic approval of that cause.

"He never spoke of the war as the rebellion, nor of the Confederates as rebels, but invariably, in conversation and in hundreds of private letters, which I have read, called it 'our great struggle for constitutional freedom,' or 'the struggle of the South for constitutional government.' In the summer of 1869, when his able lieutenant, Gen. Wade Hampton, was conversing with him about the war, Lee said, with emphasis: 'I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor, and if it were to be done over again I should act in precisely the same manner.'"

BUILT FROM A GREAT BOWLDER. One Mighty Erratic Stone Furnishes Material for the Building of a Church.

The Presbyterian Church of Waterloo, Ia., can well claim to be one of the unique buildings in the world, so far as the material of its construction goes, for it is built substantially of stone taken from one huge bowlder. The bowlder drift scattered over the earth, and very plentifully through the upper Mississippi Valley, has been put to commercial and architectural uses in all countries; but surely this church is one of the most interesting of all these utilizations.

The stone from which the church is constructed weighed more than five millions of pounds, and was therefore about twice as large as the bowlder from which was hewn the pedestal on which stands the statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, though not so large as the great bowlder called Pierre de Marottes, at Monthey, in the canton of Valais, on which a chalet was built.

Unnecessary Waste of Gray Matter. Cholly was waiting for his redbirds on toast and regarding with a puzzled expression a brisk looking man with pompadour hair who sat at the opposite side of the table. "Do you know," he said, "I can't help thinking that I've seen you before somewhere?"

THE UNDESIRABLE TURK. The Unspeakable Turk began to be the sick man 150 years ago.

He has been very sick indeed several times since. This time it really does look as if he was sick unto death. But I don't know. Perhaps it is only another attack from which he will rally. Perhaps before these words are printed he may be in extremis. For many reasons we must of course ardently desire his removal, bag and baggage, with all that is his, and as ardently we must desire that he may never come back again.

Yet we must agree that he has made the most picturesque history possible. What are the wars of England and France compared with the wars between one Christian power after another with the grand Turk? His cruelties, his despotism, his harem, his galleys and galley slaves, his famous bodyguard, are they not all pictures in the page of history? Surely some gratitude is due to the Moslem for those things. He fights like a bulldog; he sacks towns and murders every man, woman and child in them; his virtues are our vices; he practices things which we abhor; you can never hope to make a Christian of him; out of all the western arts he takes only those which minister to his pleasures. In fact, everything that goes to the making of a picture is to be found in the life, the character and the history of the Turk. Let him go by all means. I suppose that as soon as the powers are agreed upon the future of Constantinople he will go. But when will that agreement arrive? And, to repeat, I doubt once more whether the sick man is really sick unto death.—Walter Besant in London Queen.

Peasant Farmer of Lancashire. He may not be an ideal farmer from the scientific point of view. There is too much rule of thumb, too great a want of precision, too close an adherence to old fashioned ways in his farming to please an expert. He has no pretension to the infinite care with which the French or Swiss peasant will utilize every scrap of ground. He has many things to learn, even in such simple matters as breeds of fowls, management of crechards, and husbanding of manure.

But there is one subject at least in which he is able to teach all the rest of England, and that is attention to small things. It is, in truth, the little things on which he depends for an appreciable part of his livelihood.

He is never above turning sixpence if he does not see his way to make half a crown; his wife is not too important to tie up a dozen penny nosegays and stand half a day on the street selling them. Some one may want a few bunches of camomile from the lane, and if none of the dyspeptic townsfolk are in the humor for dandelion tea on that particular Saturday, why, at worst there is nothing lost but the children's time in digging the bundle of roots. No type of farmer better deserves his success; none holds out a braver example to his brethren of the south and the midlands.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Mountain Scenery. M. Taine, the French essayist, and a companion made a mountain ascent several years ago. Taine says he started off in early morning, enveloped in a dense fog, and thus described his journey: "First Hour.—View of the back of my guide and the crupper of his saddle."

"Second Hour.—The view became more extensive. I see the left eye of my guide's horse—it is a blind one, and loses nothing therefore by the weather.

"Third Hour.—The view becomes yet more extensive. A view of two cruppers now, and the coats of two tourists, who are a dozen feet above us. They grumble, and I grumble—this consoles us a little.

"Fourth Hour.—Joy and rapture! The guide promises us at the top a view of a sea of clouds. Arrival at the summit. View of the sea of clouds. By ill luck we are in one of the clouds. The aspect is that of a vapor bath when you are in it.

"Advantages Gained.—A cold in the head, rheumatism in the feet, and lumbago in the back, coupled with the satisfaction of having made the ascent."

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