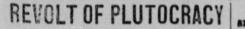
## THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.



Wealth Arrayed Against Constitutional Government.

### MONEY MENACES THE PEOPLE.

The Millionaires of This Country Openly Assert That Property Has the Divine Right to Rule Manhood-Triumph of Gold Means the Servitude of the Masses.

No single issue ever raised in the history of American politics exceeds in importance that of opening our mints and redeeming our currency from the control of those foreign and domestic corporations which seek to inflict on us as a permanent system their usurpation of the sovereign power of issuing and regulating the circulating medium.

The only single evil greater than corporation control of the taxing power is this of corporation control of the currency. It is greater because when the people are robbed, whether by direct or indirect taxation, the results quickly appear. But when the robbery is carried on through contraction of cash and the inflation of corporation credit paper they are brought to bankruptcy before realizing the cause.

The entire plutocracy is in revolt against our system of popular constitutional government. So menacing a movement of class against people has never occurred before in our historynot even when the same class, under the leadership of the Biddles of the United States bank, captured the administration of John Quincy Adams and so intrenched themselves in control of the government that they looked with contempt on the attempt made by the people under Jackson's leadership to dislodge them and restore popular government.

The wealth of the plutocratic class of that day was trivial compared to the holdings of the same class now, but nevertheless the points of similarity between the campaign which won against them then and that which has now been inaugurated are striking in their suggestiveness of the way history repeats itself both in causes and results.

John Quincy Adams had been elected as a Democrat, but he abandoned the party, repudiated the principles to which it had pledged his administration and endeavored to revive the Federalistic party, whose fundamental maxim, as defined by Daniel Webster himself, was that all stable and orderly government must be based on property.

As the fundamental tenet of Democracy is that all just government must be based on manhood right and on the consent of the governed, the masses of the Democratic party felt the same hot resentment against the Adams administration which they now feel when they see federal officeholders controlling the action of conventions called at the instance of Mr. Whitney of the Standard Oil company and Mr. Belmont, Ameri-

can agent of the Rothschild banks.

## MRS. ENOS SCORES ONE.

She Rides in an Elevator for Important Parliamentary Reasons.

"Do you wish to go up, ma'am?" asked the elevator boy of the little woman who had been standing round for a quarter of an hour, and evidently posting herself on how things worked.

"Any danger?" she queried. "Not the slightest."

"Kin I git out if I feel faint?" "Oh, yes; didn't you ever ride in an elevator?"

'Never,"

"Well, come along." She said she'd take a little more time to think about it, and when he had made two more trips she braced up and walked into the cage, with the remark

"Wall, I might as well be killed as to have Encs bluffin' around as he has for the last two weeks. Let her go, little boy.'

She sat down and closed her eyes, and shut her teeth hard, and scarcely moved a finger until she was landed on the ground floor again.

"Anything wrong with this?" asked the boy as she got out.

"Is this all there is to it?"

"This is all, ma'am."

"I've been clear to the top floor and got down again, hev I?"

"Yes'm; you didn't expect to be killed, did you?"

'Say, boy," she whispered as she retied her bonnet strings and set her jaw. "my man Enos cum to town a few days ago and rid in an elevator, and when he got home he told me that his hair stood up, shivers went over him, and both suspenders busted afore he got to the top. He's been steppin' high and bluffin' around and crowin' over me till I couldn't stand it no longer. I've bin here. I've rid in an elevator. I haven't busted a shoestring nor lost a button, and when I git home Enos will cum off the pedestal and quit bluffin', or a woman about my size don't know what she's talkin' about."-Detroit Free Press.

## A WELL BPED WOMAN.

Her Ready Courtesy to a Poor Child Won Earnest Admiration.

Quite a novel little scene was witnessed by some passengers in a crosstown car the other day.

As it approached First avenue a very aristocratic looking woman, clad in sables, entered with a child who appeared like a small princess, in her costly velvet and furs.

They occupied the only two seats remaining.

At the next corner a thin woman, hatless and looking very like a beggar in her thin, faded old shawl, hailed the car. It did not suggest itself to any one of a number of men present to rise and offer her a seat. Seeing this, the woman in sables told her child to stand and offer her a seat. The poor woman looked at the child with a motherly smile, took the seat with a "Thank you kindly," and to the consternation of every one present, promptly put both arms around the small princess and lifted her to her lap.

It was all done as a matter of course.

A SUPERSTITIOUS CALENDAR.

[People who believe in prophetic destinies as outlined in verse will be interested in the fol-lowing ancient horoscope for the months]: By her who in January is born No gem save garnet should be worn.

It will insure her constancy, True friendship and fidelity. The February born will find

Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, If they the amethyst will wear.

In March first open shall be wise, In days of peril firm and brave, And wear a bloodstone to the grave.

She who from April dates her years Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone

In spring's sweet flowery month of May And wears an emerald all her life

Who comes with summer to this earth And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of agate on her hand Can health, wealth and long life command.

The glowing ruby should adorn Those who in warm July are born; Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

No conjugal felicity. The August born without this stone, "Tis said, must live unloved and lone

A maiden born when autumn leaves

October's child is born for woe.

The month of snow and ice and mirth-Place on your hand a turquoise blue; Success will bless whate'er you do. -Exchange.

## A RIFT IN THE LUTE.

He thrust his hands into his pockets. She envied him his ability to do so, but compromised by twisting her fingers tightly together behind her back. He gnawed his mustache, with the hint of an amused smile in one corner of his mouth. She choked and blinked bravely to keep back the tears. From his standpoint this their first quarrel was a pretty little joke, in which he held the upper hand and meant to end it all by taking her close in his arms when he got ready and kissing her back to her old sweet self.

From her standpoint she felt that things never could be the same again. It wasn't of everything else that they didn't wake that she blamed him for caring, because she had seen too much of Tom Wells. She had rather enjoyed his jealousy at first. She liked to see him standing by, clinching his hands and growing pale, because end she knew that it was all because of love for her. But when the battle was finally on, when he had got her alone and come to the point, things changed. Instead of having him at her mercy he some way seemed to have her at his. She didn't quite like the deliberate ease with which he seemed to contemplate his ultimate triumph, and, after the first burst of re- sented to them as her attendants, and fectly confident that she was going to be she would probably be sent abroad for a meekly penitent and full of promises of year or two. That wouldn't amount to reform in the future. She tingled to her finger tips with rebellion. He should not conquer her. She had been really a trifle ashamed of herself at first and had meant to tell him so after she had teased him a little, but now she was determined not to submit. This one first case was the test case. Upon its outsome depended the tenor of their whole future life, and Miss Beatrice Lane was going to come out victorious this time if it tore her little heartstrings till they snapped. If he, the great, tall Philip Ewing, were going to be such a domestic tyrant as this, the sooner she knew it the better, especially as Tom was going back to college in a fortnight, and she would need him to assist her in her projected torture of her despotie young lover. "There now, little girl, it's all over, and

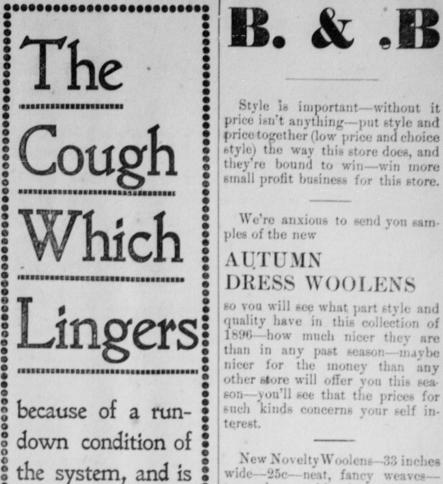
loved. You can't go to some one else. I won't let another man have you and kiss you and tell you things I have told you." But this tiny embodiment of the new woman's determination to teach man his place set her teeth and only smiled at him, smiled just as amusedly as he had smiled at her in the beginning of the little dispute which now had reached such alarming proportions. Poor Philip stood and waited, holding

out his empty arms, and she merely smiled. So he turned and went, but the new woman received a terrible shock the instant that the door closed behind him, for Miss Beatrice threw herself on a mountain of pillows and indulged in a deluge of good selt tears, just the kind Eve would have shed had fortunate Adam had to go through the probationary period of lovers' disputes before she became Mrs. Adam.

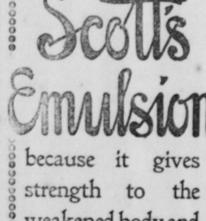
She didn't know much of men in her own life, only the dear, indulgent old papa, who was said by all the family to spoil her terribly, and Philip. She had never had a lover before and therefore did not know what they did when they quarreled with their sweethearts. In books the slighted hero of olden times fell upon his sword, but with a quaint little feminine lack of farseeing logic she sighed contentedly because she knew Philip had no sword. Then she told herself, with fond pride in her big lover, he was too brave and sensible to do anything like that, and when she found herself lost in an ocean of proud faith in Mr. Ewing's manly good sense she went off into a second spasm of tears and shame. Only she did hope that he would go away-not too far, of course that she couldn't hear from him (through other people, be it understood), but far enough so that she could not meet hir

There was that ten that very afternoon, where she was going to pour. It would never do in the world not to go, for the girls must never dream that she cared, but she choked again as she remembered that he had promised to drop in near the end with a few of the men. And she knew what that meant, for hadn't he "dropped" in every afternoon during the season, ostensibly to have her hand him a cup of tea? And hadn't he learned to bring enough of the other fellows with him to keep the rest of the garls busy, so that he and tiny Bee could have their little talk all alone? In fact, it was at the end of the big, bewildering reception at which her mother had introduced her at the beginning of the winter that he had first dared to tell her his love-there when the last few guests were lingering in the hall and she had crept back to one of the farther tables, a little, flushed, weary maid in a quaint, snowy gown, a bud already begin-ning to tire of the flerce light beating on her dear, dazed head. She never afterward could remember just how it came about, but it began when his sleeve caught on some of the shining bits of silver among the ferns before her, and-and-well, she was crying softly on his shoulder in less thn a moment, both of them so oblivious till mamma stood before them with a startled cry. Then they had to tell mamma, even before they had really told each other very much, but papa liked Phil's father, so it had come out all right in the They had told everybody by this time, and the society columns had printed the

date of their wedding, with a list of the bridesmaids, and she had ordered the beloved gown, with its frightfully long train and its stern air of severe matronly ele-gance. And now there wouldn't be any wedding after all, and the girls would give back the pretty pearl hearts she had pre-



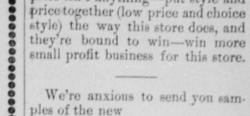
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New Novelty Woolens---33 inches wide-25c-neat, fancy weavesten color combinations, including blue, grey, brown, green cardinal.

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New 46-inch novelties in a handsome Ottoman weave-eight different shades-\$1.00 a yard.

## NEW PLAIDS.

-They will be popular this fall-25c, 50c.

Handsome, large wooly Plaids, 42 inches wide, \$1.00-stylish for separate skirts Price range of new Novelty Woolens goes up to \$6.50. New Catalogue ready soon-shall we send you a copy?-your name and ad-dress, please.

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Who on this world of ours their eye

Emblem of innocence is known.

Who first beholds the light of day Shall be a loved and happy wife.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee

Are rustling in September's breeze A sapphire on her brow should bind-"Twill cure diseases of the mind.

And life's viciositudes must know, But lay an opal on her breast And hope will lull those woes to rest.

Who first comes to this world below With drear November's fog and snow Shall prize the topaz's amber hue-Emblem of friends and lovers true

If cold December gave you birth-

resentment of the masses when in his at home, and motherly instinct is the inaugural address he declared that it was the right of the people to eject from office those officials who had used office the child hastily removed by its in an attempt to dictate the result of elections. It was because the people had seen federal offices used to control state legislatures, to dictate nominations, to interfere at the polls, that Jackson denounced life tenure in office as foreign to the spirit of America and declared that whatever the evils of changes they were less than those of the permanent tenure, which breeds in the officeholder the spirit of insolence and of despotism.

He was again the exponent and champion of the masses when he followed his attack on federal bureaucracy with a determined assault on the national bank and its control of the treasury and of congress. For this he was denounced in New York city and Boston as no other American president had ever been denounced before. But he did not swerve. With a supreme confidence in the people and in his own integrity, he forced the fighting, keeping the aggressive always and not stopping to defend himself until overwhelming victory showed that no man who really represents the cause of popular freedom need fear to appeal to the masses for support of the principles on which their freedom and progress depend.

On the issue as it was then presented appeal has ence more been made to the people. The plutocracy has once more usurped control of the government. Democracy has once more been betrayed by those it trusted. Once more the millionaires of the country are in the field openly asserting that property has a divine right to rule manhood and that it is treason to deny it.

They have drawn their lines of class and caste and drawn them hard. Those of them who once called themselves Democrats do so no longer. They call the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, as they do the Republicanism of Lincoln, an evil thing. They say that they threaten the country with the worst they can do against it unless they are allowed to name the next president and put Messrs. Hanna and Morgan, Whitney and Belmont in control at Washington as their agents.

The issue against African slavery was never so vital nor so sharply defined as control more than half the wealth of the country can use it to control the government it means servitude for the people, regardless of race or color. But they cannot win. There is not money -there are not rifles and cannon enough in America or in the world to impose plutocracy on America as a permanent condition.

Against plutocracy and class government the Democratic party has made its "appeal to Cæsar." And in America there is no king but Cæsar and no Cæsar but the people -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Andrew Jackson but voiced this just She probably had little ones of her own same in faded calico or velvet. We all looked on curiously, expecting to see mother.

> To our surprise, the aristocratic woman failed to betray by even the shadow of a glance any surprise or displeasure. On the contrary she thanked her sister of a different social sphere with a courteous little nod, and the child remained on the latter's lap until she left the car. N. Y. Herald.

### Russia's Plague of Rodents.

Russia has suffered from a genuine plague of rats and mice, and the story is attractively told by United States Conaul Heenan at Odessa, in a report to the State Department.

Russia in the autumn of 1893, and they increased in numbers with marvellous rapidity, owing to the heavy grain harvests leaving much unthrashed grain, and to the mild weather. In addition to the common house and field mouse. another and new variety appeared, having a long pointed nose. These mice overran every place, and they moved in there had not lurked in them a trace of vast numbers like armies, and in in hurt pleading. But her voice was very stances did not hesitate to attack men and animals.

While the rats were not so numerous as the mice, they were more destructive -eating everything, gnawing away woodwork, and even ruining entire woodwork, and even ruining entire other little insignificant schoolboy. I am Philip took them. means, the plague was finally terminated in 1894, by resort to bacteriology, when the vermin was destroyed by the inoculation of a few rodents with contagious disease germs.

### A Regular Peacemaker.

Isn't that new Colt gun which has just been adopted by the Navy Depart meet a terror? It is about as destructive a weapon as you can conceive. It can be carried by cavalry on the saddle, as it only weighs forty pounds, from place to place, and even the infantry, the rule of the people is anarchy, and at a pinch, could transport a few hun dred to a spot for defence or attack. A continuous fire can be kept up of four hundred shots a minute-not an hourwas placed at a distance of two hundred yards, and one hundred hits were made in sixteen seconds. If we are this, for if these few thousand men who not careful, it will be very dangerous to go to war. This thing would mow men down as a farmer mows grass. Ugh!

### A Sublime Appetite.

They were seated at the restaurant table, he looking over the menu, when

"Pigs' feet, baked beans, cold tripe, griddle cakes, which will you have?" interrupted "dear" at this point. "Til take them all," was the soulful

answer.-Detroit Free Press.

tate Department. The vermin first appeared in southern know you were thoughtless. You didn't mean to hurt me by your flirting with that little, insignificant schoolboy, so we'll forget all about it. Come, lift up your head, Trix, and"-

> Trix did lift up her head, but Ewing stepped back, all at once realizing that the lips weren't quite as coaxingly sweet as usual. Her chin seemed to have lost its dimple; her eyes might have been hard if calm and even as she answered slowly:

"You seem to forget that I may have something to say about whether or not you will kiss me; also you don't seem to remember that you yourself graduated only last June, just a year ahead of this superior tone of condescension, as though the new feminine ideas were really rooted in her dear little soul, "I'm almost afraid that men who have broad shoulders and have won questionable fame on a brutal football team when at college somehow grow to let their physical power dominate their motives as well. Mr. Philip Ewing, you can't carry me before you just because your arms are strong. A woman admires fine proportions in a man, but not after he betrays that his muscle and brawn are mightler factors in his life than gentle manliness. To think about it, I don't know but I prefer Mr. Tom Wells' lack of stature, with its attendant abundance of honor and honesty, to Mr. Philip Ewing's six feet of pompous stubbornness.

She was frightened at herself, for she hadn't meant to say so much, but when him wince, and when he drew in his breath with a quick start of pain at her fling at his "questionable fame" she was goaded on by an irresistible power to show him, once for all, that she wasn't going to be wax in his hands. She was too angry to consider. Pride had overpowered her love, and as she went on the big fellow only looked at the tiny fury in speechless amaze ment, crushed, hurt, astounded, at her sarcastic deluge.

she said, gushingly: "Do you know, dear, I have always as if to go, and then turned, holding out her pride. And all he said was: "Beatrice, for heaven's sake don't make

this mistake. Remember, dear, that you mee loved me; that I was the first man snee loved me; that I was the first man "Yes, motor. He read between the on loved; that you were the first girl I lines."-Detroit Free Press.

much, however, as it would take her away from Philip, and of course she must learn as soon as possible to bear the parting. Did it take long to mend a heart, she questioned, into the midst of the big, wet pillow? Why was it women ever were made to care so much for men if men were so cruels Of course it was all Philip's fault. He had never been in earnest with her, she supposed, and took this way to

show it when he grew tired of her. Well, she would show him that women can be hard, too, and she was going to begin by breaking every masculine heart at that ten that afternoon.

'For," mused this desperate little girl as she arrayed herself with feverish skill in the lovely new gown sent home that very morning, "I used to be glad I am

pretty because Philip-no, Mr. Ewing-liked it. Now I am glad because I know it will make me all the more capable of hurting him just as he has hurt me. Everybody marveled at Miss Lane's

vivacity, and Tom Wells fairly tingled with joy at the look she gave him when she dropped the tiny sweet cubes from her tongs into his fragile cup. But when the other guests were gone to the dressing room and the men were waiting to escort their fluffily clad charges to the carriages Beatrice sat alone and forgotten. Philip was late, and he strode past the men into the drawing room and soon had found the table at which Beatrice was sitting. when she looked up to see him standing

before her, with his fine head bowed and such a cruel, white line about his lips, all she could do was to hold out her hands.

"It saw all my fault," she breathed. 'No. it was all mine." he whispered.

Then he went on, looking into her eyes with his face strangely sad and determined: "It has been a terrible lesson, my love, and one we must never try again. Per haps this may not have done much harm, except"-and his voice grew husky-"there will always be that little rift in the I had hoped we should never have lute. that to regret, but it came, and we must use it as a warning. Hasn't it been terri-ble enough, Beatrice, to keep us from it forever

Their hostess found them, both so worn and yet so happy, that she understood without a word.

"Come with me," was all she said, and taking them each by the hand she led them back to a dear little room, all palms and which startles the imagination. At a she had begun she couldn't find a place to she left them, saying as she stole away: recent trial a target, the size of a man, stop. Then, too, she rather enjoyed seeing "Beatrice hasn't been well or happy this afternoon, and she is all worn out now. Do you know, Mr. Ewing, that when I am

tired and heartsick there isn't anything in the world which rests me and makes me glad so much as my husband's kiss?"-Julia Fairfax in Chicago News.

### Blessings of Poverty.

Jinks-Do you suppose a man with a family can live on \$1 a day and be a Christian?

Blinks-Of course. He can't afford to be anything else,-New York Weekly.

Learned All About It. "So you went out driving with your new

beau, Sude, and I expect he read your beart like a book?"

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