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A VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA

What a Centre Co. Boy Says of The Quaint Old City  
FAMOUS HISTORIC SCENES  
A Short Distance From Washington, D. C.— a Prominent Point in Revolutionary Times—Buildings a Century Old—Washingtons Pew—Events During the Civil War.  
The following is an interesting sketch of the quaint old town of Alexandria, Va., by I. Sergius Fletcher, of Howard, ow holding a clerical position in the Naval Department at Washington, D. C., which we think will prove interesting to our readers:  
It is with the keenest anticipations of satisfying historical curiosity that the tourist who is inspired by these memories, visits the old Virginia metropolis, rich in colonial and revolutionary memories, famed for true Southern hospitality and gay social happenings a century ago, respected for its hereditary refinement and warm cordiality to-day, namely, Alexandria.  
Its appearance is not especially attractive, yet while you casually saunter down the cobbled streets you cannot help but gaze with profound emotion upon the English brick ware houses, the brown moss-covered dwellings with their surrounding gardens and trees, casting their shadows gracefully in keeping with their ancient attending circumstances.  
This old colonial city is situated seven miles below Washington and on the opposite bank of the Potomac river. In approaching, the visitor has the privilege of either crossing on the ferry boats from Washington, which run every thirty minutes, or on the electric cars by way of the famous Long bridge that spans the Potomac. This bridge played an interesting part in the late unpleasantness between the North and South from 1861 to 1865 and its name is indelibly stamped on the minds of the soldiers of both armies that faced each other in the vicinity of the National Capitol during the early days of the war. Its convenience was evidently appreciated by many who were attracted from Washington to witness the first engagement at Bull Run and, a few hours after the battle, was explained by the story of one of the sons of Erin's isle sprinting at his best across from the Virginia side and, upon being halted and interrogated why he was running, replied, "Because I can't fly."  
After an exhilarating ride of twenty-five minutes from Washington our car began to wind its crooked course through various ancient looking streets with such significant colonial names of fascinating antiquity as King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Duke, Royal, Washington, etc., until it rumbled into that most prosaic of all places—a waiting station, and we were informed—"All out for Alexandria." You are at first impressed with the general tendency towards both the antique and unique, the contrast of the many buildings of a century ago and those of to-day, apparently staring at each other in genuine surprise, and despite the age of the former they stand out in proof of their substantial construction, which, doubtless, cannot be said of their more modern companions after the test of the same number of years. You can not understand why the average inhabitant of the village views you with a look of curiosity as you stare at the historic wonders and inquire of him for information which he knows less of than yourself. As a general rule the residents of interesting places know less about them than the visitor who has read of, and is bent on seeing them. One indigent individual, ebullient with historic information and a questionable specimen of the prohibition society, volunteered to instruct as in the interesting places to visit in the city, while his countenance effervesced emotional smiles in ecstatic expectations of the amount necessary to again wet his whistle. Concluding that "Jim's" (for such he informed us was his name, also, that he was a painter by trade but had no address) historical data was defective in quality, though abundant in quantity, we gave him his coin with admonition to taper off on soda, and continued our way for further interesting sights.  
The streets, paved with cobble stones, bordered by brick sidewalks, close up to which the age-honored houses with their many traditions of by-gone days are built, carry with them an old time appearance and impress the visitor with the simplicity of their style, and about the whole is an aroma of ancient times. Bell Haven was the name in which the town began in 1748, and it was well known in English commercial cities. It sprung from a trading post to a prosperous city and at one time was thought would surpass Baltimore and become the greatest city south of New York. An enormous shipping trade was carried on, ware houses filled with flour, corn, and

tobacco, lined the docks while the harbor was crowded with merchant vessels, some of which were buying supplies for the sister cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia. General Washington, Governor Lee, Lord Fairfax, and other prominent Virginians interested themselves in developing the southern metropolis and supposed it would eventually become the capitol of the nation. Alexandria then was in her prime, rapidly increasing in wealth and population it did fair to equal Baltimore commercially and was ahead of it socially. Market houses, store houses, business places, taverns, all were busy, and, being situated as she is, commanded the domestic trade of the immense farming districts of Virginia.  
Probably one of the most interesting, to the visitor, of the reminders of revolutionary and colonial periods is at a corner of Fairfax and Cameron streets where stands the antique and dilapidated Braddock House. In the early days society gathered here to hold state receptions, to pay honor to the notables of the day, and whirl the evenings away in social pleasure. Through the urbanity of the gentleman in charge of the house, Mr. A. W. Conway, we were shown through and had explained to us fully all the notes of history connected therewith. With the great iron key the bolts are slid back and you are ushered into the room where the British council sat, where Washington received his first commission and where Braddock planned his fatal campaign for Fort Duquesne. The walls are blue, with here and there the inevitable cobweb, the baseboards chipped by the relic hunter, mantels smoky and begrimed with age, iron yellow with rust, and the floors warped in crevices where the timid spider hides at the approach of intruders to his solitary domain. Standing in the corner of the room are two large square stones, each of which would weigh no less than two hundred pounds, with handles attached, similarly to the manner of a carpet sweeping machine, for the purpose of dragging them over the floors to give a polish in stead of the modern method of broom or brush. Two rickety chairs with their cushions torn and ragged, in company with an old rustic table, were the sole occupants of the room.  
From here we wended through the wine cellar with its musty air pouring forth in volumes at the opening of the door. The persistence of the guide in keeping in our rear caused us to inquire whether he suspected we might attempt to carry off a door as a relic, to which he replied, "We have to keep a weather eye out for the curious seeker frequently appropriates the bricks from the walls—thus you see these cavities in the brick-work." The bricks were originally carried here from England and from this information the sight-seeer has given the place a more dilapidated appearance than father time would have done had he been alone in crumbling the foundation of the house. Passing out through a secret passage under the cellar we were in the rear of the mansion and in good view of the fort upon which the house is built. The fort is ten or eleven feet high, forty by sixty, and the earth is banked high around the walls, and upon the top of it the house stands. From the back door a pretense for a pair of steps extends down upon the top or roof of the fort, over which the mass of vines and briars add to the neglected appearance. Bidding adieu to the old place with its walls of cracked plastering, we passed up Cameron street another square to Royal, where is located the City Hotel, once the headquarters of General Washington. Its resemblance to a country warehouse or tobacco shed would have caused us to pass by, but for the name that stands out upon the front, not so much worn by age but that it is yet intelligibly read.  
"Twas here the General used to stop on all occasions when making a visit to the land of his birth, and was the headquarters for the stage coach from Philadelphia and New York. These taverns of colonial days were as interesting in their way as the modern hotels of the present. The grandpas and elder gentry occupied the comfortable chairs, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the coach with its papers and letters from the "far north", while active elements discussed diplomacy and politics during the day, and joined the social events within the hospitable walls during the evenings. The "Birthnight Ball," one of the leading social events of the year, usually given under the roof of this tavern, was graced by the "Father of his Country" on many occasions.  
A little further along the street you come to the church where the villagers assembled to worship. It is under the protection of an aged sexton whose vigilance has done much to guard it from depredations of the relic hunter. The grave stones, covered with mildew, prostrate on the ground, chipped and broken, prove their age. Passing from the outside door into the vestibule, turning to

REV. ERDMAN RE-ARRESTED

Will be Brought Back to Face His Accusers  
WAS CAPTURED AT SHAMOKIN  
The Charges of Immorality Have Been Made by Another Party—Sheriff Cronister Sent After Him on Wednesday—A Wiley Preacher Escapades at Lock Haven.  
The Rev. J. H. Erdman is in the toils of the law again. When he left Centre county several weeks ago, it was thought that the criminal proceeding instituted had all been satisfactorily compromised and withdrawn. Seems it is not the case. On Tuesday he was re-arrested at Shamokin, Pa., and on Wednesday afternoon Sheriff Cronister left for that place, to secure the offender, and will likely return to-day with him, unless he should be able to secure bail for his appearance at April court.  
The first arrest of Rev. Erdman was made upon the information of Mr. Wm. E. Crust, of near Pleasant Gap charging the minister with undue intimacy with a Miss Carrie Noll, of that section. It appears that the prosecutor was induced to compromise the matter and withdraw the suit. His reason for doing this was that Rev. Erdman had written a letter admitting his indiscreet conduct and apologized to the church, and promised to leave the county, and did so immediately with his family. Another reason assigned for the settlement of the case was that Mr. Crust was intimidated, made believe that no conviction could be secured and that he would have to pay a heavy bill of costs.  
It seems that in the face of this public exposure, confession and apology, the wily pastor was only sorry that he had been caught. From Lock Haven the report came that the preacher and Miss Noll had since met there and stayed at a boarding house. They soon were recognized and given the grand bounce.  
This was too much for the good people of his former congregation to allow to pass by. On last Friday Mr. John Stover, of Pleasant Gap, appeared before Justice Keichline and made information against the preacher, the charges being in substance the same as made by Mr. Crust, only more definite. There will be no weakening in this prosecution and the lecherous pastor will have to stand trial. If found guilty, a man of his position in life, should be accorded no mercy.  
Mrs. P. E. Womelsdorf.  
From the Phillipsburg Journal we take the following particulars of the death of Mrs. Womelsdorf wife of one of our representatives in the legislature.  
Friday night, about ten minutes of 12 o'clock, Mary A., the beloved wife of Hon. P. E. Womelsdorf, died at their home in Phillipsburg.  
She was born in Minersville, Pa., on March 21, 1864, and was therefore aged 33 years, 10 months and 28 days. She was united in marriage to Philip E. Womelsdorf on September 21, 1882, in Pottsville. Besides her husband she is survived by two interesting children, Philip C., aged 8 years, and Frances B., aged 6 years; her parents and two brothers, Elmer F., civil engineer, and Edgar W., district attorney of Schuylkill county, both of whom are residents of Pottsville.  
Her death was due to exhaustion, the result of an enlarged sarcoma of the kidney, which had been coming on gradually for seven years. She had been a great sufferer, especially during the past few months.  
A Good Wife Gone.  
After an illness of three weeks, caused by apoplexy, Mrs. Alfred M. Wasson, died at the family home Tyrone Pa., Saturday night at 11 o'clock, aged 28 years, 5 months and 28 days. She is survived by her husband and one son, Diemer, aged 2 years. Her mother, Mrs. Josephine Pearce, also survives, at the family home in State College. She is also survived by five brothers, James A. Pearce, of Woodward; Diemer, Allen and Russell, of State College, and Chas. of Tyrone.  
On Wednesday morning the funeral services at State College. Interment at Branch cemetery, State College.  
Rev Torrence Gray Dead.  
Rev. G. Torrence Gray died at Arvon, Pa. last Friday. He had been holding protracted meeting at Coalport, and was on his way to Arvon, when he contracted a bad cold which resulted in death.  
He leaves to mourn his loss four children, Mrs. Frank Arnold, Mrs. Jack Drancher, Mrs. Goodwin and Foster Gray, and one sister Mrs. C. H. Kephart, of Fillmore. Interment at Cutwensville, on Monday.  
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LAND OF CHURCHES.

Halt a Hundred in the Eastern Half of Penn And Brush Valleys.  
The Centre Hall Reporter of last week contained the following:  
If many churches are an indication that Christian ethics are firmly rooted in such a section, then the portion of Penn's valley from Centre Hall east to Woodward, should rank high in that respect, and we are not inclined to dispute it.  
The distance from Centre Hall to Woodward is some 19 miles, and the average width of the valley about 2 1/2 miles, and in this territory there are no less than 45 churches, all in good condition and a majority as good as new. The finest and most costly of these edifices are in this town.  
The seating capacity of these 45 houses of worship will average 225, or a total of 10,125. The population of this territory, as per the last census, is 7,061, or room enough for all the men, women and children, and space to spare for 3,084 heathen  
Here we have one good church for every 137 of population!  
We judge the average attendance at these churches is not much above 70 at the regular services during the year. In other words, one third the number of churches would amply accommodate the regular church attendance.  
Miles township, with a population of 1438, has some eleven good churches, or one place of worship for a little over 109 of its population. This we do not include in the territory first mentioned, but it will be seen that the ratio is nearly the same.  
In view of these facts, if there are any souls lost, it will not be want of opportunities to hear the preaching of the Word and the plea of ignorance on the day of Judgment will be of no avail, and there would be more consideration for Sodom and Gomorra, than for the unrepentant souls of churchless Penn and Brush valleys.—Reporter.  
Come to Grief.  
A lot of young men at State College, who have been cutting high capers of late, have come to grief and several are in the county jail, others under bail and several more under suspicion and likely to be picked up any time. These lads have been sporting in high style, making frequent trips to Bellefonte, drinking rum, shouting, howling and cursing about our streets at night, and in their minds painting the old town red. They always seemed to have an abundance of ready cash and where they got it no one could understand.  
Farmers about State College have suffered many raids upon their hen roosts. Large numbers of turkeys and chickens were regularly missed, as well as other valuable articles. Now it turns out that this gang of sports have been regularly stealing poultry and selling it to the hucksters. They have been detected, arrested and confessed. As the situation stands young men of good families will be implicated. Young men who strike a lively pace, and inclined to be sports, always come to grief. It is hoped this early experience may have the effect of teaching them a valuable lesson.  
Reindeer for the Klondike.  
Saturday night two special trains, containing 530 Norwegian scinder and their 87 Lapp attendants, passed over the middle division of the P. R. R. on their way to Alaska. The "Penny" is to carry them to Seattle. The cars must go through from New York to Seattle without the transfer of the deer, freight or attendants, unless in case of accident, and the 87 attendants and two representatives of the war department are to be transported free. Twenty-five stock and two box cars were furnished by the railroad company for \$286.72 a car, and two tourist sleepers and two freight cars fitted for cooking purposes are furnished free.  
Bound Westward.  
On Tuesday morning the following young people passed through Bellefonte enroute for the West: Robert Goodhart, of Spring Mills; Bruce Goodhart, of Centre Hill; and Rufus Lee, of Lock Haven, who were bound for Joliet, Ill.; Miss Gertie Spangler, of Potters Mills, going to visit friends in Chicago; and Messrs Yearick and Swartz, of Miles township, bound for Wisconsin. Most of the young men have secured positions on farms in the West for the coming summer season.  
More Coal.  
It has been determined by citizens of Phillipsburg and vicinity to sink a shaft to test the B vein of coal in that region. A company has been organized looking to the successful development of the scheme. It is believed that the B vein of coal is a strong one in that region, and the movement is expected to be met with good results. The B vein is the third vein below the Moshannon vein. It was operated at Loydsville some years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHERS CONVENTION

In Session in the Armory this Week  
MANY VERY FINE EXHIBITS  
Their Second Annual State Convention Well Attended—List of Exhibitors—Interesting Instructors—Trip to State College—The Visitors Pleased With Our Town.  
A visit to the Armory this week would be a rare treat. The interior is handsomely decorated and transformed into a palace of art. The spacious room is filled with temporary wooden wings or panels, covered with cloth, which furnishes space for the photographers many exhibits. The object of this convention is for members of the association to assemble and exhibit their best productions, listen to able instructors and transact other matters of importance to the profession.  
On Wednesday morning the convention was called to order by G. Taylor Griffin, of Wilkesbarre, the president. In the absence of Ex-Governor Beaver, D. F. Fortney, Esq., delivered the address of welcome in a manner that brought forth a hearty response and applause. Prof. A. H. Griffith, of Detroit, replied very eloquently. Three sessions will be held each day until Friday evening. No one but members of the association are admitted except this Thursday the exhibit will be for the inspection of the public. On Friday morning an excursion to State College has been provided. About one hundred members are present now and more are expected.  
The lectures on art and criticisms of work by Prof. Griffith are exceedingly interesting to the association and highly praised. The talks by Harry Fell, and the instructors—Al Newell, Chas. Hetherington, and B. L. H. Babbs—upon different branches of photography could not fail but interest the progressive and ambitious photographers.  
The display of photographs is something exceedingly fine, and must be seen to be appreciated.  
The following is the complete list of exhibitors:  
SPECIAL CLASS—Professional outside State of Pennsylvania—1 portrait—C. O. Fowler, Frostburg, Md.; W. H. Hoffman, Savannah, Ga.; J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio; Geo. E. Tingley, Mystic, Conn.; J. E. Mock, (Carrick) Rochester, N. Y.  
GRAND PRIZE—6 portraits—David Rosser, Pittsburg, Pa.  
AMATEUR CLASS—6 pictures—Beatrice Rosenthal, Rev. Chris Townsend, J. W. McKays, Henry B. Nandever, J. L. Nix, Homer City, Pa.; Mrs. Nan S. Gallaher, Homeri, Pa.; Mrs. J. E. Griffith, Altoona; C. P. Rumford, Wilmington, Del.  
CLASS A—6 portraits—H. B. Eggert, Bethlehem; F. Nymetz, Chester; B. Frank Pepper, Wellsboro; Elias Goldent, Philadelphia; J. W. Rashon, Harrisburg.  
CLASS B—6 portraits—Chas. Foltch, Pittson, Pa.; Rice and Gates, Lebanon, Pa.; C. E. Smith, Greenville, Pa.; J. B. Stirever; W. M. Flickinger, Bethlehem.  
CLASS C—12 portraits—R. L. Durham, Latrobe, Pa.; E. W. Brown, Beaver, Pa.; Ginter I. Cook.  
CLASS D.—12 cabinets—H. B. Shaeffer, Bellefonte; McClelland Leonard, Uniontown, Pa.; E. A. Chappell, Oil City, Pa.; Jno. H. Kemp, Scranton; H. H. Detrich, Altoona; Alfred Holden, Philadelphia; L. V. Kupper, Edinboro; Geo. E. Howard, Altoona; Chas. E. Hough, Greensburg; Emilie E. Bacher, Chester; C. L. Griffin, Wilkesbarre.  
CLASS D.—8 Interiors—McClelland Leonard, Uniontown; L. V. Kupper, Edinboro; J. W. Roshon, Harrisburg.  
CLASS F.—Commercial—J. W. Roshon, Harrisburg.  
COMPLIMENTARY EXHIBITS—B. L. H. Dabbs, Pittsburg; J. Will Kellmer, Hazelton; J. B. Schreiber, Emporium; G. Taylor Griffin, Wilkesbarre; T. B. Clark, Indiana; E. E. Seavy, New Castle.  
MANUFACTURER EXHIBITS—American Artiso Co., Jamestown, N. Y.; Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.; New Jersey Artiso Co., Bloomfield, N. J.; Reichenschach, Morey & Will Co., Rochester, N. Y.  
Peculiar Accident.  
At Tyrone Friday Miss Nellie Etnier, while suffering from neuralgia, crept closely to the stove to heat her face. While sitting in the chair her celluloid combs caught fire and before they could be removed the flames communicated to the young lady's hair, burning her head painfully.  
The New Woman.  
West Clearfield has a married woman who last week took the rifle, shot two hogs, scalded, scraped and hung them, rendered the lard, made the sausage and salted down the meat, while her husband was over in town celebrating Lincoln's birthday.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

Judge Terry, of Arkansas, recently told the following story in the House of Representatives:  
"While all this talk about 'prosperity' has been going on in the goldbug and Republican press and on the floor of this house the plain people of this country and even those that gather in the galleries to listen to the debates are wondering where their share of it comes in. The McKinley-Dingley prosperity we hear so much about on the floor of this house and in the metropolitan press reminds me very much of that Mulberry Sellers kind that rests mainly in the imagination of those who claim to enjoy it.  
"That distinguished political economist contended, in substance, that if you would take a lighted candle and shut it up in a stove with insinglass doors and have all the company gather round and talk about what a delightful warmth was given out everybody would keep warm, and you would save the expense of coal. He also contended that if you would take a peck of raw turnips and put them on the table and each of the company would take a turnip and begin to peel and eat and everybody talk about what a delightful bill of fare it was everybody would be well and sufficiently fed, and you would save the cost of any other food.  
"Now, the goldbug press has said continually that if you would just cease your 'calamity howling' and everybody become a 'prosperity shouter' and say, 'Prosperity is here, it is there—lo, it is everywhere!' then prosperity would be here. Now, you gentlemen may deceive yourselves with that kind of candle warmth 'prosperity,' you may feed your stomachs on that kind of raw turnip banquet, but it is not going to satisfy the plain people of this country, and when you hear the result of the next election you will find out whether by this Mulberry Sellers 'prosperity' you have succeeded in deceiving the American people. You will hear from them, and don't you forget it!"  
JOHN ALLEN'S STORY.  
It's a thousand to one that the governor never enjoyed a negro story in his life, so he glowered glumly while Private John Allen convulsed the house with this exquisite raillery:  
"I speak for my own section, and I must say that the prosperity that you have told us so much about reminds me of a story. I do not put it on you as a new story, but I just give it to you on account of its applicability. It is the story of the old darky who caught the possum, dressed him well and put him in the oven to bake and surrounded him with potatoes and then lay down to sleep while he baked.  
"About the time the possum was done another slick little darky slipped in and stole his possum and ate it all up. Then he took the bones, put them down in front of the old man, greased his lips with possum grease and put possum grease over his fingers. When the old man woke up, he looked and saw his possum gone. He saw the bones lying in front of him. He saw possum grease on his fingers, he looked and saw his possum gone. He saw the bones lying in front of him. He saw possum grease on his lips, and he said: 'Well, can it be possible dat I eat dat possum while I was asleep? It do look like I must have eat him, but, 'fo' God, dat possum had less effect on my constitution dan any possum I ever eat!' You tell us about this prosperity, and you produce your figures here and make it look like prosperity, but, 'fo' God, this prosperity has had less effect on our constitution than any prosperity we ever had before in our lives!"  
Real Estate Deals.  
The Centre Hall Reporter says:—Constable Harry Swab, of Centre Hall, and Daniel Wion, of near Bellefonte, bought the double house opposite the school grounds on Church street from Xavier Gfrerer for \$1800. Mr Wion wants a place to settle down once; he is tired of work and has in view becoming a citizen of Centre Hall in course of several years.  
Xavier Gfrerer purchased the half of the Dr. Smith farm west of Centre Hall at public sale last week, for \$7000.  
Mrs. James Orr.  
Mrs. James Orr, aged 26 years, died with dropsy at her husband's home in Belleville, Mifflin county, on the 9th inst. Surviving her are the husband and a babe, aged one month. Two sisters and two brothers also survive—Mrs. David Gummo, of Waddle, Centre county, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Port, Tyrone; Henry Evans, Lewistown, and John Evans, of Bradford, Pa.  
Sittany Club Meeting.  
An adjourned meeting of the Sittany Rod and Gun club was held at the club house Thursday, and was presided over by the vice president, Mr. S. T. Foreman. A number of changes were made in the constitution. Members were present from Bellefonte, Lock Haven and Williamsport.