

The Centre Democrat.

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EDITORIAL.

GREATER PERIL THAN SECESSION.

Probably the most puerile and absurd attempt at vindicating imperialism as illustrated by Philippine annexation is in the alleged argument it is essential to our trade development.

As we are now prospering, and have been for a hundred years under institutions transmitted by Washington and Jefferson, and maintained by Jackson and Lincoln, as no other nation has prospered in the history of the world, why should we revolutionize our methods and scope of government? Is it right under such conditions to attempt rash and admittedly dangerous experiments, that bring us within the zone of European and Asiatic wars, and make us a party to their eternal clashing over the balance of power and the "spheres" of monarchial influence?

Consider President McKinley's twaddle at Chicago, with his talk about "duty" and "destiny," that trade follows the flag. What are the facts? In the last ten years the United States has increased its exports of manufactures steadily from about \$150,000,000 in 1890 to over \$277,000,000 in 1897; while Great Britain, with all its enormous acquisitions of territory in that time, has experienced a decline in exports. Our increase is still going on. Next year we will probably export \$300,000,000 manufactures.

In the last ten or twelve years Great Britain, according to a paper in the "Contemporary Review," by John A. Hobson, a noted British economist, has added 125,000,000 to her population, with a corresponding increase of territory in Africa and Asia.

British trade reports show this has been followed by a downward, or at least a stationary, tendency in Britain's outward trade, while the United States, following in the wise path blazed out by the Fathers of the Republic, has progressed by leaps and bounds in the peaceful development of its commerce. As Mr. Carnegie says to Secretary Gage: "Foreign trade rests upon peace and security; the waters must be calm, disturbing influences absent, to foster trade in foreign parts. Without distant possessions, the Republic, solid, compact, safe from the zone of war disturbance, has captured the world's markets for many products, and only needs a continuance of peaceful conditions to have the industrial world at its feet. Our exports now exceed the exports of Great Britain."

Now we are asked to change all this. In fact we may actually be forced into changing it by executive usurpation, without consulting Congress or the people until too late to remedy the wrong. The President has the power to drive the country to the quicksands and rocks of imperialism. If he knows his own mind, which Andrew Carnegie doubts, he is steering the ship of state in that direction.

If we were not now in the highest pitch of prosperity as to the extent and growth of our foreign commerce—if, on the contrary, we were in the slough of trade depression, unable to market our commodities and with a decaying commerce, there might be a semblance of reason in the demand that we should abandon our traditional policy and accept dangerous risks and unknown perils in the hope of betterment. But look at the facts. The reverse is the case. Our wise policy of minding our own business, avoiding entangling alliances and the acquisition of distant colonies has had its splendid vindications in the last hundred years, and a recent culmination in the striking fact we have passed Britain, and the United States to-day in the bulk of its foreign commerce leads the nations of the world.

Yet it is at this very time, with a glorious vindication of the true American policy patent to every intelligent man, we are driven to cast it aside and abjure certain and astounding success for perilous experiments that every page of history tells us are fateful to republics.

The folly of this preposterous abandonment of the tested and approved for the unknown and dangerous is the insanity of demagogues and unless the American people have lost their manhood, self-assertion and the grand common sense linked with their fortunes in all great emergencies, they will repel this treason to their highest interests—to the moralities of their public life—with scorn and indignation. Only give them a chance. But that is the very thing the imperialists deny them. We are to be dumped into the rapids and made to shoot Niagara whether we will or not.—Post.

"DESTINY AND DUTY."

(Col. Yellowstone Yell in Boston Herald.) From Greenlan's icy mountains an' Manilla's coral strand, the pore benighted heathen call away to beat the band. They're achin' ter be civilized in every heathen land, an' we've gotter have an army fer the job. The heathen are a callin' to our noble Christian race. America with all the rest has got to set a pace, and for our surplus produce we must have a market place—and we've gotter have an army fer the job. The heathen in the peaceful paths of freedom must be led. At present he's too volatyle and light as to his head. The only way to keep him down 's ter fill him up with lead—and we've gotter have an army fer the job. Then it's "rise up Wilyum Riley now and come along weth me." We're goin' to bring 'em blessin's and to set their pore souls free. They're only yellin' niggers, an' they'll soon be up a tree—but we've gotter have an army fer the job!

The pore benighted heathen now no Christian peace enjoys. We'll edjercate 'em like they do at Virden, Illinois, or down in Carolina, where we hang 'em, men and boys, just ter elevate the standard of the race. The Malays of the Phillipeens hain't got no sense at all. They wantter rule their place themselves—I shudder at their gall! We've gotter kill 'em off in droves, to make the rest sing small, and ter elevate the standard of the race. They're so besotted in their pride that ef the truth were known, they'd likely ask our Government to leave 'em all alone. The heathen in their blindness now bow down to stock and stone; but we'll elevate the standard of their race. They've gotter learn their lessons in an mighty bitter school. They've gotter crawl an' grovel under white men's noble rule. We've gotter tread 'em in th' mud, ter keep our tempers cool and ter elevate the standard of the race.

The onward march of destiny no nigger crowd can stay. The Anglo-Saxon race must git its three square meals a day. We'll take their lands and make 'em work and then we'll shout "Hooray!" an' thus we'll spread th' gospel far an' wide. We'll raise 100,000 men ter fight 'em in their swamps, to lie at night in jungles with their fever-ridden damps, an' tho' we'll lose 10,000 there from wounds or cholera cramps, we'll spread th' blessed gospel far an' wide. Altho' I haven't been to church for nigh on 20 year, it makes me feel reel pious just to think of the idear (I saw one firm will send out their 10,000 quarts of beer) of how we'll spread the gospel far an' wide. I'd write you more, but I have got a little "date" at 3. We're goin' to hang a nigger politician to a tree. So I will close this letter on the march of destiny and the way to spread the gospel far an' wide.

THE BACHELOR SURPLUS.

There seems to be good reason for the lamentations uttered by certain journals because of the disclosure, made in reports of the Department of the Interior, that there are more unmarried men than unmarried women in the country. The trouble is evidently irremediable, for while there are 5,427,767 bachelors in the United States there are only 3,224,494 unmarried ladies. It is only gallant to suppose that most of the men have remained single because of cold, unfeeling rejection of their advances in times past, but even supposing that all the 3,225,494 maidens should relent and consent to wed there still must remain a surplus of 2,203,273 cases of bachelorhood absolutely incapable of reform by means of any native American agencies.

What makes the problem darker is that the condition is most serious in the regions otherwise most promising. In the great northern central group of States, from Ohio, and Michigan west to the Dakotas and Kansas, there are 947,305 excess bachelors; that is to say, 947,305 men who, were all the maids and spinsters in those States to be given in marriage, still must be left wifeless. In Pennsylvania, New York, and New England the excess is only 422,522, and in the South it sinks even lower, while in Illinois, for instance, the proportion of bachelors to maids is more than 3 to 1, or, to be explicit 358,036, to 107,994.

The figures present a gloomy outlook for advocates of matrimony, but before sociologists commence hunting for a remedy let them take notice that these figures show conclusively that the spinsters, not the bachelors, are to be blamed for this condition. The excess of bachelors does not imply that men are more reluctant to marry, but rather that in a spirit of generous rivalry each holds back, fearing to reduce the already limited supply of spinsters. In the first place there are not enough ladies to go around and in the second place the ladies refuse to help matters by accepting as many of the bachelors as they can. After this there should be no more talk of blaming and taxing the lonely bachelor.

66th Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Emery, of Lock Haven, will celebrate the sixty-sixth anniversary of their wedding on the morales of their public life—with scorn and indignation. Only give them a chance. But that is the very thing the imperialists deny them. We are to be dumped into the rapids and made to shoot Niagara whether we will or not.—Post.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery spent the early portion of their married life on the farm and in the lumber regions, but are passing the evening of life in Lock Haven, Pa.

Mingoville.

Elias Hancock is still improving. Miss Alice Watson Sundayed at this place. Mrs. Lucy Resides is at present on the sick list.

Miss Lula Shirk is visiting her aunt, at Bradford. Mrs. Johnson, of Wallaceton, is visiting at this place.

Bluffer says he would like to go, but he hasn't the a-a-n-d to ask her. "Boys" you want to be on time if you wish to get ahead of Company B.

Mrs. Mary Watson is having her house repaired by Geo. Quick and sons.

Mr. Williams, who has been on the sick list, has again returned to his school.

Daniel Poorman has hired his old fire-maker for the ensuing year, Edward Heaton.

Jackson Heaton is improving rapidly, after suffering with a severe bealing for some time.

Our protracted meeting is still improving, and all hope for the conversion of many souls.

Willis Witherite seems to be the champion turkey hunter. He has killed four this season.

William Lucas and lady friend reports having had a good time visiting friends at Warriors Mark.

If any one should find the devil's rag baby, please return to the owner. William says he will claim it.

The writer has heard many say, Who is correspondent No. 2? I am the friend of those who love and scorn me—here, there and everywhere—always after news.

There are quite a good many grass-widows about our community. It is almost discouraging to those who are single to think of married life. But I, as "Seldom Duwell," expect to live a bachelor's quiet life.

Howard.

R. P. Long is transacting business in Harrisburg.

Miss Maud DeHaas left on Wednesday for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mayes spent a few days over home the past week.

Miss Lizzie Holter was to Unionville for her Thanksgiving dinner.

J. B. Mayes, of Houserville, is helping his son William in the shop, at this writing.

Miss Kane, of Lock Haven, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weber, the past few days.

Miss Alice Cook was to Muncy to attend the funeral of her uncle, John Quinn, the past week.

George Stover, formerly of this place, now of Mackeyville, was up helping S. I. Reber butcher on Wednesday.

Mrs. Camel, of Williamsport, who has been visiting at the home of Thomas Butler for some time past, returned home a few days ago.

J. R. Sweeney and wife, of Washington, Pa., who had been visiting friends here for the past three months, left on Tuesday for their home.

Chas. Hopkins and son, formerly of this place, now of English Centre, was shaking hands with their many friends the past week. Charles has a pet on his hand.

John F. Fletcher, of the firm of Hall & Fletcher, departed on Wednesday for Johnsonburg, where he will take charge of a blacksmithing establishment. Success to John.

About one year ago, or perhaps a little more, Miss Stella Schrist, of this place, and George Williams, formerly of Bellefonte, were married at this place. They now reside in Pittsburg where Mr. Williams secured a position. When they returned recently they brought with them a bright little daughter, Larena May.

Hublersburg.

Everybody is feasting on sausage just now.

T. L. Kessinger is visiting his brother, Harvey, at Pitarian, Pa.

Thos. Miller is the champion marksman when it comes to shooting hogs.

Jacob H. Weaver sold his personal property at public sale, last Saturday.

The new telephone company put up their wires and put in phones at this place last week.

James Love had the misfortune of getting his finger into the sausage grinder last week one day.

John Stover and bride, of Wolfs Store, were the guests of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Minnick, on Sunday.

Saturday and Sunday reminded one that winter was about here, the ground bein' covered with snow.

Mrs. Wm. Markle and Mrs. Wm. Minnick are on the sick list at this writing. Hope they will soon be able to be about again.

Mr. Jacob Mowery, an aged citizen of this place, died of paralysis last Tuesday night. He was 76 years of age. He leaves a widow, four daughters—Mrs. Anna Swartz and Katura Weaver, of this place, and Mrs. Jennie Cunningham and Mary Napp, of Bellefonte, together with numerous friends to mourn his loss.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Searies, of the United Evangelical Church. Interment in the Reformed cemetery.

Axemann.

We had some snow last week. Ed Beck spent Sunday at his home, in our town.

Robert Evey, of Lemont, was seen in our town on Sunday.

Elias Breen and wife visited relatives at Houserville, on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Stuart is at present visiting friends and relatives at Lewistown.

Wonder what takes Tom C. up "hol-low" street. Must be some attraction.

Mrs. Mary Hughes, of Lewistown, spent last week with relatives in our town.

Jacob Sharer and wife, of near Centre Hill, spent Sunday at the home of Geo. Glenn.

Mrs. Beck and son Frank, spent last week with friends and relatives in Jacksonsville.

Mrs. S. H. Griffith has been on the sick

list for the last few days, but is better at this writing.

Quite a number of young folks attended the revival services at the Forge on Sunday evening.

Quite a number of our people attended the services held in the Lutheran church at Pleasant Gap, last Thursday evening.

Rock View.

Our vicinity was well represented at Axemann, last Sunday night.

Mrs. Nathaniel Zettle, of this place, is on the sick list at this writing.

Abby Fleck, of this vicinity, visited friends at Pleasant Gap, the past week.

Messrs Smith and Snyder, of Jacksonsville, were seen in this vicinity, last Saturday.

Some of the Rock View people attended protracted meeting at Valentine's iron works, last week.

The horses that were taken to Bellefonte for sale, last Friday from this place returned again unsold.

The oyster supper, at Rock View, is going to be a success, and it is thought it will be well attended.

We are sorry to hear that Arthur Norris is leaving this vicinity, but he will no doubt better himself at Shingletown, where he expects to start blacksmithing.

James Mackey, of this vicinity, met with a painful accident last week. While butchering he fell on a nail which penetrated his leg under the patilla bone. He is recovering slowly.

Fairbrook.

Mr. Black is all smiles today, as it is a boy.

Samuel Goss is in Milroy learning the millinery trade.

If you want to know anything about Annie, just ask Dave.

We are sorry to say that Amos Koch is moving away from this locality.

Last Sabbath morning Rev. Guyer, of the M. E. church, held communion at this place.

Mrs. J. M. Keichline and daughter Anna, spent Thanksgiving with G. W. McWilliams, at this place.

The Pine Grove mill will soon be completed with a full set of rollers, a new water wheel and some other changes. No doubt it will be the finest running mill of this valley.

Coburn.

Mrs. Linn, of Snow Shoe, is with Mr. Styers.

John Krumrine, of Smithtown, spent Sunday with his wife.

George Mark, of Loganton, Sundayed with his wife and Koon Dickers.

Charley, you have farther to go now, is repeated, Miss Lizzie went home.

Mrs. Nechrest, of Harrisburg, is among her relatives here, this week.

Harry, our people are wishing for another address in the United Evangelical C. E. S.

Pay For Sick Soldiers.

The government officials have decided to pay all hospitals that took care of soldiers during the recent war one dollar a day during the time that the patients were inmates of those institutions. The Lock Haven hospital had seven soldiers under treatment for varying lengths of time during the last three months.

For Ballot Reform.

The ballot reform movement has attained such headway in the state that members of the next legislature will find it hard to resist the pressure, even if they should want to. That the ballot law can be improved upon there can be no doubt, and there is likewise no reason why the improvements shouldn't be made.

School Entertainment.

The Jacksonsville Grammar School will give an entertainment on the evening of December 17. A small admission fee will be charged of 10 cents; proceeds to go towards the purchase of an organ for the school. All are invited. Programme consists of plays, recitations, tableaux, songs, instrumental music, etc.

Going to Paris.

McKeesport has a club formed for the purpose of attending the Paris Exposition of 1900 in a body. Weekly dues are paid for the creation of a fund with which to meet the expenses of the trip.

Disappointed Suicide.

The body of J. Boyle, aged 24 years, of Hills Grove, near Williamsport, was found in the woods Thursday by hunters. He had shot himself after having quarrelled with his sweetheart.

Public Sale.

Will be sold at the premises of Sam'l Wasson, Lemont, Pa., Dec. 17th, 1 p. m. the following:—Driving mare, cow spring wagon, top buggy, harness etc., also lot of household goods.

Faith in Hood's

The Great Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla Are Indeed Marvelous. "My husband suffered with stomach trouble so bad at times he could not work. He has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is helping him wonderfully. He also had a scrofulous humor but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured this and he has had no trouble with it since. My little boy, too, has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given him a good appetite. We have great faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. H. EDWARDS, 50 Edinburg St., Rochester, New York. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.



When washing delicate laces, use liberal suds of Ivory Soap and warm water. If the laces are too delicate to bear rubbing, knead them with the hands, or shake briskly in a bottle of suds, then rinse in clear water. Ivory Soap contains no alkali, and is safe to use for the cleansing of the most dainty fabrics.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 2/3 PER CENT. PURE. A WORD OF WARNING—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

To Our Subscribers—Important.

The Quaker Valley Mfg. Co., of Chicago, has requested us to announce that they have several thousand sets of the finest coin silver-plated War Memorial spoons left over from their recent distribution. They will mail prepaid, a full set of six of these spoons to every subscriber of the CENTRE DEMOCRAT, who will send name and address—a postal card will do. If, on receipt of the spoons, you find them almost exquisitely beautiful specimens of fine silver-plated art you ever saw, and worth \$1.00, remit 75 cents, as payment in full, within 30 days; if not pleased, return spoons immediately. Each spoon is of a different design—after dinner coffee size—showing soldiers in camp in Cuba, Morro Castle and four U. S. Battle ships. They are imperishable mementoes of the late war, and every subscriber should accept this most remarkable offer, and obtain a set before it is too late. All that is necessary is to say you're a subscriber to the CENTRE DEMOCRAT (this is important) and that you accept Memorial Spoon Offer. Address QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO., 337 W. Harrison St., Chicago.

WANTED—Several Trustworthy persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$800 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres't., Dept. M. Chicago, Ill.

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