

The Centre Democrat.

CHAS. R. KURTZ, Ed. and Prop.

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THE CURTIN MEMORIAL

The Project is Being Revived by the Soldiers.

MANY DIFFERENT OPINIONS

As to Whether it Should be a Soldiers Memorial Hall or Public Library—The Time at Hand for Definite Action—Statement Coming from Judge Beaver.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Within the last week we have read dispatches in the Pittsburg papers which greatly wrong and misstate the facts concerning the purposes of the Curtin monument, so far as they relate to Judge Beaver.

In his life time Governor Curtin very freely expressed the hope that instead of there being built in the public square a monument to the memory of the soldiers from Centre county who fell in the war of the rebellion, it would take the shape of a memorial building in which should be gathered and preserved as many of the relics of the war as could be obtained, as well as the records of the service of the enlisted men from the county. It was also the wish of Governor Curtin that with this memorial, to the boys whom he loved and over whom he exercised so much care and for whose welfare he spent the last years of his life, he might after his death be connected. No monument or memorial to the soldiers of Centre county would be complete without this.

It must be admitted that a naked monument, made out of a few stones with a bronze or stone figure or two of soldiers at the base, and a bronze figure of Governor Curtin at the top, would be of little use. Because of this and the oft expressed opinion of Gov. Curtin, Judge Beaver believes, and rightly so, that the monument should take the shape of a memorial building, and that in this building there be an apartment devoted entirely to the memory of Governor Curtin and the preservation of everything that relates to his life and his work. There should also be placed there any figure, bust, or statue of him that money could secure or have made; that in this building be also gathered and preserved all the records relating to the enlisted men from Centre county, as well as old muskets, swords and other relics of the war.

Then why not, as Judge Beaver suggests, let this memorial take the shape of a public library building in which provision shall be made to perpetuate the memory of the men who were killed or died, or served in the greatest war of the world, and do ample honor to him who during this struggle was the chief magistrate of our great state.

This statement of the case will correct the impression made by the dispatches referred to that Judge Beaver is opposed to the building of a monument to Gov. Curtin, and on the other hand show that he is in favor of one of the most useful, as well as ornamental, memorials that can well be constructed.

"A SOLDIER."

The above communication from "A Soldier" brings up the matter of the proposed Curtin monument or memorial. There has been some pointed comment, going in the papers over the state, for the indifference displayed in the matter and some very direct criticism of Judge Beaver, who is chairman of the committee. This is a matter over which no one should display any ill feeling or arouse bitterness.

To us the situation is simple. Gov. Curtin has been dead about six years, and since then nothing definite has been done or even determined, not at least that the public knows. Why don't the people appointed to take this matter in charge do something definite?

There is no mistake in erecting a monument to the memory of Gov. Curtin. All the prominent figures in our nation's history, from Washington down, have such memorials erected.

Not a city of any note in the country but that has some monument erected in recognition of some man of note. For that reason we do not think a monument would be so meaningless and inappropriate. It would be in harmony with the course of others. Another thing, a monument once erected is completed. Needs little further expense. So much for a monument.

There can be no objection to a memorial hall or public library. It is appropriate and commendable. To our mind the great obstacle to such a project would be the great expense involved in establishing and fitting up such a building in an appropriate manner. That then is only the beginning, it would require a perpetual endowment of many thousand dollars to maintain same in good order. A memorial building and its endowment fund would cost five or even ten times as much as a monument. Where will such a fund come from? We could heartily endorse a Curtin Memorial Hall, as suggested, but the money to carry it out is the obstacle. How such a scheme can succeed we do not understand, yet we hope it could.

A few words to the committee are more appropriate. You have been in existence for several years, and what have you accomplished in this direction? Is there not indifference and lethargy somewhere? If you can see your way clear for the erection of a Curtin

Memorial Hall, why is not something of a definite nature done? If that is beyond your scope, by all means let it be an appropriate monument.

Let it not be said that we as a people are unmindful, ungrateful and indifferent of the memory of our deceased War Governor, Andrew G. Curtin.

"Lest we forget," the time has come for definite action from the committee in charge.

Since the above was written, prominent old soldiers in this community, who enjoyed the War Governor's company in latter years and claimed to have enjoyed his confidence in such matters, claim that he frequently spoke of the propriety, in fact the necessity, of a soldiers monument being erected here in Bellefonte and approved the idea of his statue being a part of it.

DECKER REUNION.

The Decker families held their annual reunion on Wednesday August 9th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Decker, in College township, and it proved an interesting and enjoyable occasion. The following minutes of the reunion were furnished by the secretary, for publication:

Reunion was called to order by President Ripka at 11 a. m. and all present were grouped for a photograph. Next dinner was announced and over two hundred assembled about the tables laden with rare and toothsome delicacies. Among those present were: Lydia Houser, the oldest of the family of children, and her husband John Houser and their children—Edward, Thomas and Jacob; Mrs. Ellen Resides and children—George, Frederick, Henry, Ida, Susan and Edward; Thomas Decker, wife Emma and children—Edith, Maud and Claud; Mrs. Precilla Decker, her husband Westley, and children—Mabel, George, Mary and Jacob; Mrs. Annie Reifsnnyder, husband and one child—Frederick; Charles Decker and wife Elizabeth and son Ray; Mrs. Susan Obrine and her husband Pearsol Obrine and daughter Lottie; Homer Decker and wife Gertrude, and their cousins; Adam Krumrine and wife Rebecca and their children; M. D. Snyder and children—Cash and Minnie; Joseph Strouse, brother to Mrs. Decker; also numerous uncles and aunts and a large concourse of friends and neighbors, making a total of 225 persons. After dinner a few selections of music were rendered, followed by prayer by Rev. Black, of Boalsburg. Then another selection of music was rendered, after which the secretary's report of the previous year was read and adopted. Rev. Leshar, of Boalsburg, substitute as historian for Charles Decker, gave an account of Grandfather Jacob Decker, who came to these parts as a pioneer, 66 years ago or more and settled on what is known as the Decker Homestead, and how by his toil and unswerving energy cleared the soil and put it into a state of cultivation. A selection of music "Sing that Sweet Refrain" was then sung, after which the president called on Rev. Black for an address. His subject was "Family Reunions or Home Ties" which he presented very clearly. An invitation was then extended to any of the families who wished to say a word for the benefit of the society, which was responded to by the grandchildren. All the old officers were reelected. James A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, was elected as assistant historian. A motion was then made that the second Wednesday of August be made permanent for holding the reunion; should that day be a bad one the day following, which was carried. Then a motion was made that one of each family become a preliminary to help the historians and to increase the good will and feeling in the society and formulate a history of the family. "Home Sweet Home" and by request "Blest be the Tie" were rendered, after which Rev. Leshar pronounced the benediction. M. D. SNYDER, Sec.

Whips His 80-Year-Old Boy.

Monroe Hedges, aged 106 years, of Anderson, Ind., who whipped his 80-year-old son Hiram at Indianapolis and placed him in the hands of surgeons, who sewed his scalp together, and are trying to bring him to, lives in a little house in Irondale addition. He claims the distinction of being the man who drove the first spike on the first railway ever constructed in Indiana. His 99-year-old wife died recently. His strength and mental activity are something marvelous. Hiram was one of the babies of the family, and he is 80 years old.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Decision on the Bird Book.

Attorney General Elkins has given a verbal opinion to Senate Librarian Miller on the distribution of the new "Bird Book," and holds that they must be given to the members of the house of 1897 and the members of the senate of 1897 so that members of the senate of 1897 who were not in the 1899 senate will not get any "Birdies."

FAST HORSES FUNNY SNAKES

How a Remarkable Mare Killed Herself.

NEW VARIETY OF SNAKES

An Intelligent Horse that was a Wonder—A Good Story From the Wild and Woolly West—Snakes that Were Exceedingly Clever.

At this season of the year when the thermometer is almost busting and everybody is sweltering, it is well to practice economy in our efforts, physical as well as mental. A weighty discussion of finance, or an elaboration on McKinley expansion require to much nerve force for the reader to absorb, and especially at this time these questions are unseasonable. Recreation and diversion are the favorite indulgence, and should be in our reading especially.

This is the season for snake stories, sea serpents and such like. Our collection in last week's issue proved so entertaining that we give an interesting story from the "Woolly West," about remarkable horses and wonderful snakes, all of which came from a reliable source to the writer:

"Billy Hartwell's Lady Streak was the smartest horse that ever was, I think. It was an awful shame that animal didn't have vocal organs. That's about all she lacked of being human. Understand everything that was said? Why, of course. Took an awful interest in politics, too. Billy had a little nigger that never left the mare, and he thought it wasn't right to let him grow up ignorant, so he taught him to read. Gave him lessons himself out in the barn. All at once he noticed that the mare was taking more interest in the lessons than the nigger, and sure enough the mare learned to read first. After that Billy always took two papers, one for himself and one for the mare. He pasted the mare's paper up in the front end of the stall, and every morning she would read the papers, political news and sporting items principally. Formed her own opinions, too. Billy was for the gold standard, but Lady Streak was free silver so strong that her tail and mane grew silver gray. She was a bay naturally, without a mark. Why, on the day the news came that Bryan was defeated that mare lay right down and cried. Wouldn't eat for a week. Billy had to do something to cheer her up, so he taught her the Morse alphabet. Most tickled animal you ever saw. She'd open her mouth a little ways, wide enough to take in the edge of her feed box with a little play, and, bobbing her head back and forth, would stand there and telegraph to Billy by the hour. Inventive, too. She read about the Signal Service signals, and invented a wigwag system with her tail. She'd stand away across the field and send wigwag signals to Billy—little pleasantries, and ask the time and all that. Loved her like a sister, Billy did.

"And speed? Say, you ought to see that mare trot. The only way you would see her when she had full speed on was to ride behind her. Billy had a little quarter-mile ring right out there, and he took me a ride one noon. Hitched up Lady Streak to a light spring wagon, put some feed in the back of it and drove out to this little track. Well we began to go round faster and faster, and I'd began to notice how everything was blurred on both sides, when right ahead of us, turning around the corner, I could see the back of a spring wagon with feed in it. Lady Streak went faster than ever then, and in a little while we caught up to it and Lady Streak began to eat her dinner on the dead go. Two fellows were in the wagon with their backs to us, of course, but looking dim and shadowy like, with their coat tails straight out behind. Finally I said: 'Billy, how on earth did that other wagon get on this track?' Billy just laughed a little and then he said: 'Why, that isn't another wagon; it's the back of the one we're in.' Sure enough it was. Lady Streak had simply caught up with herself. Fed her that way every day. That's how fast she was. When she was at her full speed it wasn't safe to talk, so Billy got up a set of whip crack signals. One crack to go, two to slow up, three to stop, and so on. Billy will regret that to his dying day. You see, he lost the nigger one afternoon. The little coon opened his mouth to sing one day while he was driving the mare full speed around the mile track, and the wind just choked him up; suffocated him to death before he could get his mouth shut or snap the whip three times. Wasn't any way to bring him to, so Billy had to go back East to find another one. He was only gone two days, but when he got back poor Lady Streak had trotted herself to death. It was all the infernal whip snakes. You see, this was on Billy's training ranch out West, and the place was full of whip snakes. Billy never

paid any attention to them, because they never harmed anything and often came in handy to mend up the harness or put on the windlass of the well, or some such thing. Now, a whip snake is about the smartest snake there is, I guess, and when Billy began his whip-cracking idea they were interested. Just as soon as Billy would go back to the barn with Lady Streak they'd begin to experiment. After a while one of them found that by coiling himself up tight, grabbing hold of the grass with its mouth and then uncoiling straight up into the air real quick, it could snap as loud as Billy's whip. After that they were practicing all the time, only when Billy was on the track. Then they'd stop and watch him. When Billy went away Lady Streak came out on the track by herself at the regular hour to take her exercise, when all at once, crack! went one of those whip snakes. That was the signal to go, and Lady Streak went. It didn't take those snakes more than a minute to catch on, and those miserable reptiles just lined that track about ten feet apart all the way round. Every time Lady Streak passed one of them it would uncoil and crack, so she went faster and faster, straining every nerve, until at last the poor horse caught up with herself and fell down and died.

"Billy couldn't understand it at all till he found those snakes lying dead in the grass, with their tails all worn into shreds clear up to the neck. And some of them were split as nice as you please into two clean halves. That, too, was a puzzler, until Billy picked up some that wasn't split and saw the deep grins on them. The others had grinned and grinned till the grin had spread back until it met the split in the tail. But there wasn't a whip snake left on the place."

Fire at Millheim.

Wednesday, at about 11 a. m., fire broke out at the residence of Cyrus Brumgart, west Main street, Millheim, from a defective kitchen flue. From that it spread to the main building and practically burned away the interior except the walls which were of logs. The most of the household furniture was saved. Insurance \$700, in the Centre Hall company.

At one time the roofs of several adjoining dwellings were ablaze but the active work of the bucket brigade checked it from spreading. The town has no system of water works, excepting wells and cisterns.

The property was owned by Mrs. Jonathan Kreamer.

Struck by Lightning.

During the heavy storm last Thursday afternoon the house of James Gray, about two miles back of Milesburg, was struck by lightning, demolishing the stove and setting the house on fire. A little daughter of Mr. Gray had one of her legs badly burned from the knee down while his son, a small boy, was badly stunned. By prompt work the men about the place succeeded in putting out the blaze and saving the property.

Barn Burned.

The large barn owned by Samuel Hoy, on his farm near Hubersburg, was destroyed by fire last Saturday evening from a flash of lightning. The men were on the porch at the time and they ran out and succeeded in getting the live stock and the harness out. The building, crops and farm implements were destroyed. The barn was insured in the grange insurance company for \$600. The loss is probably \$1,500.

Barn Burned.

On Tuesday night 8th, the barn of John Haagen, who lives about one mile south of Howard was discovered on fire and the barn was totally destroyed together with all its contents, which were about four tons of hay, some grain, a good buggy, farm implements, etc. The fire is a total loss as Mr. Haagen had no insurance on it. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss about six hundred dollars.

Barn Near Hecla Destroyed.

During the storm Thursday evening, 10th, lightning struck the large barn of Samuel Neff, near Hecla Park. The building with the year's crops, two horses and several cattle were burned. Loss \$4,000. No insurance.

Barn Burned at Egghill.

On Tuesday the barn on John Bible's farm, in Gregg township, at Egghill, was destroyed by fire. A colt and some live stock was lost. Origin of fire unknown.

Accident at Clearfield.

Alexander Reed, a well known resident of Clearfield, fell from his hayrack, Thursday and was killed. He was 75 years old.

Paper Mills in This State.

In Pennsylvania fifty-nine firms are engaged in the manufacture of paper, operating sixty five mills. The capital invested amounts to \$12,000,000, annual value of the product is \$6,800,000.

"FREE WANT" DEPARTMENT

A New Feature Added to the Centre Democrat.

ADVERTISING SPACE FREE

Do You Have Anything You Want to Sell, Rent, Hire, Buy etc.—Make it Known Through our Want Column—Lost Nothing to Advertise in that Department.

A new feature will be noticed in this issue of the Democrat, on Page 8. We are giving advertising space away, free, to our subscribers. May sound strange, but it is an actual fact. Read the announcement under the heading "Free Ad Department" and it will explain fully. There is no joke about it, no subterfuge or misleading wording.

Few people appreciate the value of using the advertising columns of a paper in business pursuits. Some farmers will drive about the country several days inquiring where to get a farm hand, or girl to assist in household work. He may have a horse or two more than he needs, or probable some milk cows, fat cattle, or something else about the farm to dispose, but nobody else knows it. Probably he wants to make such purchases, to stock up his farm, and don't know where to buy them. Many a young man wants employment, many a mechanic is out of work, and on the other hand other people are hunting just such men, but don't know where to find them. A merchant may need a clerk, another a salesman or a book-keeper, but don't know where to secure him. Everybody wants to buy or sell something, at sometime, and wastes time and money in making inquiry and search. The writer has known of men driving for miles to find and rent a farm. Other people have farms for rent and are looking for renters. Horsemen and cattle dealers will drive days and days in search of stock that is for sale and never think of placing an advertisement in a good paper which will go into several thousand homes in Centre county and come under the eye of many thousands and more readers, and for a very small sum of money, too.

By way of illustration. Every week between 2500 and 2400 copies of the Centre Democrat are printed and CIRCULATED 700. That means that large bundles of papers go to every post office in Centre county, where each copy usually is read by every member of the family and then is loaned on Sunday to some kind, republican neighbor who hates the sheet but reads it all the same—thus in many instances it is read by as high as eight or ten persons and then sent elsewhere by mail.

For instance, we send 45 copies to State College, 70 to Rebersburg, 54 to Aaronsburg, 20 to Moshannon, 50 to Zion, between 400 and 400 to Bellefonte, 53 to Howard, 90 to Coburn, other points more and some less, and it goes direct to their homes. It reaches the people. And if you want to tell the people anything in a business way, that is your opportunity.

FREE ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is our purpose to point out to the public, by actual practice and free of charge, the real value of such advertising. If you want to buy, sell, rent, trade, hire help, secure a position, make an exchange, or anything in that line, write it out on a postal card so that the entire advertisement, (including your address) is not more than 25 words, mail same to the Centre Democrat, Bellefonte, Pa., and it will be given one free insertion in the "Free Ad Department." If more insertions are desired, it will cost a cent for every word in the advertisement, for each additional issue.

Don't hesitate to use this department. We want our patrons to send in any such advertisements they can think of the more the better. Our country readers, farmers especially, who want to sell a cow, or live stock, crop of apples, potatoes or such like, or persons who want to hire help, are invited to make use of these columns free of charge.

Water Fight in Tyrone.

At the July meeting of the borough council the Tyrone Gas and Water company notified the council that \$750 per year would be the amount of water rent for the borough fire plugs, instead of \$160, the permanent rent agreed upon. The chairman of the light and water committee for the council tendered the water company \$160 cash for a year's water rental. This was refused and the water was shut off from fire plugs. At a special meeting of the council Saturday evening that body ordered the water turned on, and the police force was instructed to watch the plugs. The water company attempted again to turn off the water, but was prevented by the police, who will guard the plugs until some legal process determines the matter.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Alger was Routed out.
A high sticker—the bill poster.
A man of letters—the postman.
A good blow out—the dynamite blast.
Even the soft shell crab has its hard times.

The old sea dog is easily known by his barque.
The cook's duties are bound to cover a wide range.
It's funny that nobody pores over a very dry book.

The sewing machine needle has its ups and downs.
As usual, the thermometer keeps up with the times.

Some men, though not venturesome, like a close shave.
The uglier a girl is, the more useful is she to her mother.

The mirror is not sarcastic, but it does cast reflections.
Why is it that elopements generally take place in fly time?

It's very easy to fill the public eye if you only have the dust.
A straw is one of the means by which we can take things cool.

An actor may be a good sketch artist and yet unable to draw.
If marriages are made in heaven the records are not accessible.

A red face does not always indicate a recent trip to the seashore.
Poetic license does not carry the right to marry without a court license.

Policemen don't need to go to a laundry to get their handcuffs ironed.
A watch chain may have a charm even if it is not a thing of beauty.

It's safe to assume that a good all-round fellow is certain to be square.
The wagon wheel, though not as indolent as some people, is always tired.

However fine the appearance of a watermelon it can't help being seedy.
The doctor may not be in business for his health, but he's in it for other people's.

When a musician comes across a good idea it's only natural he should make a note of it.
It is in the vacation period that a man of consequences realizes the full extent of his in consequence.

"This is a dead giveaway," remarked the generous fish monger as he donated a crate of fish to the almshouse.
The gas and the lamp don't stand much show when there's a couple of spoony lovers around. They get turned down every time.

The News From Whitsett.

The following original items are from the Whitsett Enquirer:
John Johnson happened to the accident of having his left leg cut off, but he was fully insured and will now have enough money to go into business on his own account. We congratulate you, John.

The editor has been laid up for a week past, but we are glad to say that he is out again—\$50 or \$60.
The weather is so hot that we can cook our meals in the sunshine. This is a great saving of firewood and shows that the Lord will provide.

A hurricane struck us the other day and moved our office into the next country just in time to save us the trouble of paying house rent.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sea Shore Excursion.

Thursday, August 24th are the date of the remaining Pennsylvania Railroad Company's low-rate ten-day excursions from Bellefonte, Williamsport, Sunbury, etc., to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Angiesca, Wildwood, or Holly Beach.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within ten days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River bridge Route, the only all rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, or apply to agents, or E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia, either going or returning, within limit of ticket, provided ticket is deposited with agent at Broad Street Station immediately on arrival.

Killed in Kansas.

Miss Carolina Snook on August 3, in company with another Miss Snook, was driving to the railroad station, Severance, Kans., to get a ticket to come to Sugar Valley. The horse they were driving frightened at some object along the road and ran away, throwing Miss Snook violently to the earth and breaking her neck. She died instantly. Deceased was a daughter of the late Joseph Snook, of Green township, and a sister to Mrs. M. Petherhoff, of Loganton. She was aged about 40 years.