

A FLAG CAMPAIGN.

Quay Exploits the Tenth Regiment For the Machine.

SOLDIERS MONOPOLIZE STUMP.

The Republican State Committee Pays the Expenses of the Tenth Regiment to the Dewey Celebration in New York—Can the Flag Save the Impoverished Machine?

(Special Correspondence.) Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—As patriotism, according to old Ben Jonson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, so the waving of the flag and an appeal to the martial spirit of the electors is the final resource of the Quay machine driven to bay and waiting for the fatal shot to be fired into its gangrened carcass.

It is no secret that Boss Quay was seriously thinking of an abandonment of his originally proposed "rally round the flag, boys," and God-bless-McKinley campaign, suppressing the leather lung and brass throated stump screamer—preferring to trust his luck to the indifference of the people and on the principle illustrated by the following story:

"Dad," said the youthful citizen of Dead Man's Gulch, "that's a big rattlesnake under the bed." "All right," replied the old man, composedly, "just let him stay there—kase of you pester the varmit he'll spring his rattle and wake yer mom, and then thar'll be the devil to pay."

But a howl of protest went up against a Quaker meetin' campaign from county chairmen and local candidates. In a great many counties that contain the seeds of revolution that were planted at previous uprisings against the Republican machine the insurgents are either sullen or openly threatening, making things look as blue as indigo for the county tickets. The party henchmen and the nervous candidates, therefore, stretched out their hands to the boss, appealing like shipwrecked mariners for him to throw out the life line or Davy Jones' locker or Mr. McGinty's mishap would be their fate.

BRING FORTH THE STARRY FLAG.

Hence, it has been decided to attempt to arouse the dormant party spirit and to impress the lukewarm Republicans with the fearful importance of paying a visit to the polls and voting early and often that the imperialistic policy of McKinley and Hanna of making American citizens of the Filipinos with the aid of Krag-Jorgensen bullets may be upheld incidentally and Quay permitted to retain the keys of the state treasury vaults.

Keeping the martial and fluttering flag campaign ever in view Chairman Reeder has been directed to turn Colonel Barnett loose and allow him to "sawing around the circle." Two military parties of campaign orators have been organized to sally forth from Harrisburg, one headed by the youthful Barnett and including a number of the members of the Tenth regiment who intend to vote for the colonel for state treasurer and the other composed of professional soldier political swashbucklers like General Gobin and Colonel Tom Stewart. This last band of grim warriors wear the service stripes of long and patient office holding. Gobin as a political Poo Bah, like old Sol Gill's watch, is "equalled by few and excelled by none," and can be depended upon implicitly to "put his foot" in it by making some bad break of speech, as he did during the senatorial deadlock last spring and again at the Williams' Grove Granger picnic.

Colonel Tom Stewart's grove office is not yet appeared, and he has a latest patent lightning rod up in hope that the next governorship will strike him. Colonel Stewart was a warrior of great prowess in the civil war. A story is related of him. At the first day's fight at Gettysburg Tom had piled the rebel dead in a great heap under the withering fire of his Springfield, when the attention of his colonel was attracted to his fearful execution. The colonel riding up to him and pointing to the pyramid of his slain said: "Tom, cease firing and go home; you've killed enough."

WELL, WHY DIDN'T HE REMAIN?

This martial array of shoulder strapped and gold laced orators is cunningly intended to divert the attention of the ring enslaved people from the home issues that directly concern them most. It is the ingenious policy of European rulers and statesmen when their people become unrestful and threaten to bring out the block and the ax to divert their minds from their domestic troubles with a comic opera imbrolio with some obliging power. This is what Quay, crafty and foxy, is doing, but the Democratic leaders and candidates mean to keep him to his nutton.

It will be interesting to note Colonel Barnett's clarion voice ringing out that a vote for Colonel Barnett is a vote to sustain the Hanna-McKinley subjugation of the Philippines in direct contravention of the immortal aphorism of the constitution of the United States that "all men are created free and equal."

If it is essential that Pennsylvania shall vote to keep Quay's stock speculative grip on the state treasury in order to sustain the American position in the Orient why was it that Colonel Barnett deemed it wise and patriotic to return to his native shores from the Philippines, and thus weaken the hands of President McKinley? Colonel Barnett had the opportunity of re-enlisting in Manila, but he preferred his Blackstone to a sword; he preferred running for office in Pennsylvania to running after the Filipinos with a gun in his hand. Then, too, the state treasurer should be a business man. Colonel Barnett is a gallant soldier, who braved Mauser bullets and disease in the far off swamps of Luzon, but because he is a soldier and a lawyer, sans a practice or reputation, does not prove him possessed of the qualifications of a financier. But right here, it may be, is where General Gobin's explanation will fit as a piece of Joiner work. The office snatching Gobin confessed to the grangers at the Williams' Grove picnic that "the state treasurer is only a clerk." Colonel Barnett

might, as state treasurer, make an excellent and satisfactory clerk for his boss, which his name is Quay, but the contention of the Democrats is to elect into a dignified state official, who will own himself, and will carry out his campaign pledges to the people and "open the books."

HIPPODROMING THE TENTH.

Senator Quay could never be induced to persuade President McKinley to make the late Colonel Hawkins, the heroic commander of the Tenth regiment, and who "died with his boots on," a brigadier general. But Quay has no qualms about hippodroming Colonel Hawkins' regiment and exhibiting it as a Barnum's show to save his own hide and tallow.

There should have been enough patriotism among the money kings of Pittsburgh and its wealthy vicinity to have paid the bills for sending the "Fighting Tenth" to New York's jubilation over Admiral Dewey. It is notorious, however, that the Republican state committee, a la Jones, "paid the bill," not so much to exhibit the unburned heroes in the streets of New York as to display them as Philippine curios and as an advertisement through the state of Pennsylvania and in Philadelphia for the Republican state ticket and Colonel Barnett for state treasurer.

However, let this political trick pass for whatever it may be worth. The "sojer" boys were cheered and feasted and champagne and kissed by good looking young girls, hugged by older ones and divided the honors of the New York jubilee with the hero of Manila bay himself. While the Tenth was in Philadelphia individual members were interviewed as to the reports that had been in private circulation that Colonel Barnett is unpopular in the regiment. It was established that the gallant colonel is the unfortunate victim of cephalic elephantiasis, or Napoleonic head, and is a bit of a martinet, which frequently accompanies this malady.

His men resented his treatment of them, and his indifference to their comfort and well being. They recall that while they were fighting Colonel Barnett was recruiting in the United States. It was also proven by these interviews what Congressman Acheson maintained in protesting to Quay against Colonel Barnett's selection for state treasurer, that the bulk of the Tenth regiment would oppose him and vote against him. So unpopular is the colonel in western Pennsylvania, where he has the reputation of having for years kicked against the regular Republican organization, that the state committee will keep him campaigning on the eastern side of the Alleghenies, leaving "the warriors hold"—Gobin and Stewart—to drape themselves in the folds of the American flag on the other side of the mountains and shout for lead and sword as the true gospel of American civilization and citizenship for the niggers of the Philippines.

MARTIN GIVES A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

State Senator David Martin, the insurgent chieftain of Philadelphia, has created more than a flutter in the Quay dovecote by an interview, in which he makes the prediction that a light vote will be polled at the November election, and says the hippodroming of the Tenth regiment is a mistake and will react. This is significant, coming from a politician of Martin's importance and girth, since it means that the anti-Quay insurgents have an understanding that they will go fishin' on election day. This "wise man of the east" also ventures the assertion that the vote that will go into the Philadelphia boxes will be honest, and that, better still, it will be honestly counted by the professional lightning calculator.

AND STONE SAYS TRUSTS ARE BLESSINGS.

There are two conspicuous landmarks on the Delaware river front that command the eye of the traveler—one being in Philadelphia and the other in Camden. Massive, towering buildings, they are, and yet with no sign of life or activity about them. They are idle sugar refineries. The Philadelphia one is the old Havemeyer plant that in other days gave employment to a thousand men and kept a fleet of vessels busy bringing from the West Indies raw sugar to its wharf. The Camden concern was never in operation a single day. These are silent telltales of the greed of the sugar trust that acquired them only to shut them up that the production of refined sugar could be curtailed and the market manipulated. Giving these fine properties over to the bats has deprived thousands of willing men of employment, has raised the price of sugar to the consumer and cheated the communities in which they stand of millions of dollars' worth of business. And yet Quay's governor has the audacity to declare over his own signature that trusts are blessings and are not a political issue.

A BOSS MAKES POLITICS PAY.

Practical politics as a pursuit must be profitable after all, when exceptional advantages can be commanded. Here is Colonel Quay, for instance, who has been receiving a salary of but \$5,000 per year as a senator of the United States, and who maintains homes in Washington, in Beaver, in Lancaster and in Florida, and rents cottages at the seashore. He has just directed the secretary of the treasury to transfer to his son, Major Quay, late of the regular army and who was educated at West Point at the public expense, \$100,000 worth of United States 4 per cent bonds, while he has added an adjoining farm to his Lancaster plantation, paying \$187 per acre. Surely Colonel Quay has other sources of revenue than the salary of a United States senator, and which has now ceased.

QUAY & CO. FAVOR TRUSTS.

Governor Stone's unqualified endorsement of trusts is directly in harmony with the record of his party in the legislature. For years it has obstinately refused to spread a law on the statutes that could not be driven through with a delivery wagon, wiping out the "pluck-me" store, the curse of the mining and great industrial centers. For years the miners have been praying the Republican party to protect them from being outrageously robbed by the rapacious corporations that employ them, in the sale of blasting powder. At the last session the retail grocers of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh asked for a law specially taxing the liquor monopolist, a new harpie that

has come along, and who runs as high as a retail store, and by cutthroat prices and the marketing of inferior goods drives the legitimate dealer whom he squats alongside of out of business. This bill was strangled, however, in a senate committee, and notoriously so, for cash, although no measure in years had been so stoutly demanded and so largely petitioned for. Yes, the Republican party as conducted by Quay & Co. has a great respect for trusts and no respect at all for the common people who suffer from them.

HOW NAPOLEON QUAY AND THE REAL NAPOLEON DIFFER.

The admirers of Matthew Stanley Quay love to compare him with Napoleon, and like Napoleon he has had his Waterloo and his St. Helena. How often do we hear Quay exploited by writers and speakers as the Napoleon of politics, although he has repeatedly lost his state, which boasts of 350,000 Republican majority, while his Napoleonic genius failed when confronted with the task of re-electing himself in the face of an organized opposition to the senate of the United States. But there is one material point wherein Napoleon Quay differs with Napoleon Bonaparte, and that is in the matter of trusts. The commercial trust is not a new thing under the sun. The East India company and the Hudson Bay company were the first trusts of which the modern world has knowledge. Their home was in England. Their success excited the cupidity of the world's financiers. Napoleon, when in the hey-day of his civic power in France, was compelled to give them attention. He had founded the great silk mills of Lyons and had inaugurated a policy for the preservation of the forests, which were coveted, while the government was pressed on all sides by private capitalists to surrender franchises. Napoleon summoned the greatest lawyers of Europe to Paris and submitted to them the question whether trusts were a blessing to the people or a bane to the state. This distinguished conclave concluded that trusts were both dangerous and unlawful, whereupon Napoleon drove them out of France, which is one country in Europe where they have never been able to obtain a foothold. John Russell Young, the historian of General Grant's trip around the world, wrote in the New York Herald of Quay voting alone in the United States senate to save the sugar trust. When by that act of Quay this despicable trust is saved then it is the gravest offense against Pennsylvania since Dallas, by his casting vote, passed the tariff of the Polk administration. The trusts have no more servile slave than Matthew Stanley Quay, the people no greater enemy.

THE BOSS WON'T VOTE HIS OWN TICKET.

Colonel Quay, the chief stoker of the Republican machine, will not even take the trouble to cast his vote for the ticket that he has made. When the November election comes he will be idling in his bungalow on the Indian river, Florida. Colonel Quay has arranged a pair with a well known Democratic newspaper man of Philadelphia. This indifference of the boss will not be permitted to pass without notice, and thousands of disgusted Republicans will follow his distinguished example, only they will not put themselves to the trouble of hunting up Democrats to pair with them.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS KICK.

The People, of Milton, the state organ of the Prohibitionists, has a true conception of the appalling frauds at the elections that are committed by the Quay machine in Philadelphia. It grumbles: "Philadelphia's farcical registration goes on piling up the names of voters. The whole proceeding is utterly ridiculous. The 'returns' of the assessors show that there are 318,151 voters in the city, an increase of 1,163 over the return in May. State Chairman Jones, of the Prohibition party, proved that dead men, unknown men, unnaturalized persons and endless classes of individuals were put down simply that their names might be voted on by repeaters. Yet the assessors, who are the products of the rotten system, go on finding houses full of voters that have no existence. The frauds perpetrated in Philadelphia as a result of padded and wrongly made up assessors' lists are greater than any city in the Union ever dreamed of. Yet when an amendment to the constitution was proposed in order to give an honest registration law Governor Stone vetoed it."

WHY DIDN'T THEY GO?

Nearly 200 men of the Tenth regiment declined the invitation of the Republican state committee extended through Colonel Barnett to visit New York at its expense and incidentally act as a political "ad." for Colonel Barnett. There must be some embalmied beef at the bottom of the bar when so big a percentage of a regiment's membership thus snubs its commander.

IN THE COUNTERFEITING BUSINESS.

The Republican city committee of Philadelphia some years ago had a counterfeit lithographic plate made from which to print bogus poll tax receipts. These receipts, which are sold by the city for 50 cents each, constituted an onerous burden on the Republican campaign fund, so the counterfeiters' art was resorted to. Thousands of these spurious receipts are printed in each campaign, and the city cheated out of thousands of dollars. This is a pretty business for the party of God and morality to be engaged in—counterfeiting.

Insurgent Leader Martin's dash of chilled water on the Quay machine's prospects raised the goose flesh on the epidemic of the Quayites, and they became panic stricken and threatened with heart failure and collapse, when Director Brown, of Pittsburgh, one of the machine's big wigs, supplemented with this bull's eye shot: "This hippodroming of the state with military parties in a political campaign is all nonsense. It is worse, for it will lose votes. Instead of sending out two bands of soldiers to make spectacular display and appeal to the war feeling or hero-worship of the masses, the campaign should be made on principle and the pending public issues be discussed in an intelligent and dignified manner."

THE JUDGE.

MANY EMINENT GUESTS

At Chicago's Festival Banquet at the Auditorium.

TRIBUTE OF SECRETARY LONG

To the Many Unknown Heroes of the War—The Work of Wainwright and the Gloucester Commended—Premier Laurier's Friendly Speech.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Chicago's great Auditorium never held a greater gathering than last night, when the Chicago day banquet was held within its walls under the auspices of the fall festival committee. The great stage, upon which 1,000 people can easily find standing room, had been enlarged and a great floor built out over the seats of the parquet, quadrupling the floor space of the stage. President McKinley, who was the guest of honor, sat at a raised table on the right of Melville E. Stone, the toastmaster.

Other distinguished guests were at the same table, among them being Vice President Don Ignacio Mariscal of Mexico, Premier Laurier of Canada, Governor Tanner, all the members of the president's cabinet and a number of senators, generals and diplomats.

The material part of the banquet occupied two hours, and it was nearly 10 o'clock when Mr. Stone rapped for order, and brought the intellectual portion of the program to the front in an eloquent address. He was followed by Governor Tanner, Mayor Harrison, Senator McCullom, President McKinley, Premier Laurier of Canada, Vice President Mariscal of Mexico, Secretary Long, D. B. Henderson and General Thomas M. Anderson.

Secretary Long evoked thunders of applause by his tribute to the unknown heroes. He said in part:

"You cheer for the men behind the guns; you give swords and banners here and there to an admiral—and both most richly deserve the tribute—but remember that all up and down the line there are individuals whose names never come to our ears, or if so, are already half forgotten, who have carried unfading laurels. No man in the navy has rendered such service, however great, that others were not ready to fill the place and do as well. The navy is full of heroes unknown to fame. Who repeats the names of the young officers who pleaded for Hobson's chance to risk his life in the hull and hell of the Merrimack? Who mentions the scores of seamen who begged to be of the immortal seven who were his companions in that forlorn hope? In the long watch before Santiago the terror of our great battle-ships was the two Spanish torpedo boat destroyers. Yet when the great battle came it was the unprotected Gloucester, a converted yacht, the former plaything and pleasure boat of a summer vacation, which without hesitation or turning attacked these demons of the sea and sunk them both. I have always thought it the most heroic and gallant individual instance of fighting during the war. And yet who has given a sword or spread a feast to that purest flame of chivalrous heroism, Richard Wainwright?"

Premier Laurier, in the course of his address, made this reference to international disputes:

"May I be permitted to say here and now that we do not desire one inch of your land, but if I state, however, that we want to hold our land, will that be an American sentiment, I want to know? I am here to say above all, my fellow countrymen, that we want not to stand upon the extreme limits of our rights. We are ready to give and to take. But though we have many little bickerings of that kind, I speak my whole mind, and I believe I speak the mind of all you gentlemen, when I say that after all, when we go down to the bottom of our hearts we will find that there is between us a true genuine affection. There are no two nations today on the face of the globe so united as Great Britain and the United States of America."

The most spectacular feature of the entire fall festival, the parade of all nations, took place last night, and was viewed by thousands, the streets in the downtown district being literally a solid mass of humanity for the entire length of the parade. The parade, in which marched representatives of 14 countries, including Germany, Venezuela, Switzerland, Brazil, the Netherlands, Austria and Hungary, Scotland, Armenia, Assyria, Belgium, China, Italy and the United States, included nearly thirty floats, some of them extremely beautiful and novel.

The president and his cabinet left Chicago tonight for Evansville, Ind., after a very busy day. At Evansville the president will attend the reunion of the blue and gray.

To Anticipate Bond Interest.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Assistant Secretary Vanderlip has decided to anticipate the interest on government bonds for the entire fiscal year, the period ending with July 1, 1900. The period of Nov. 1 will be paid in full without discount, but if holders of bonds wish to take advantage of the offer to anticipate interest due at subsequent dates a discount at the rate of two-tenths of 1 per cent a month will be exacted. The amount of interest due from now until the end of the fiscal year is about \$30,000,000.

Clergyman Charged With Postal Fraud

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 11.—Rev. J. A. Marsten, of Owensville, Ind., has been arrested by the postoffice authorities charged with violating the postal laws by using the mails for a scheme to defraud. It is alleged that he has been collecting money ostensibly for the use of the Red Cross society, to be sent to Miss Clara Barton, at Trinidad, Cuba, and that the money was never sent to the Red Cross society. United States District Attorney Humphrey states that Marsten has made a confession.

Dr. Kolb, German Traveler, Killed. Mombasa, East Africa, Oct. 11.—A report has reached here that Dr. Kolb, the German traveler, has been killed near Lake Rudolph by a rhinoceros.

A SMALL SPOT MAY BE CANCER.

MOST VIOLENT CASES HAVE APPEARED AT FIRST AS MERE PIMPLES.

The greatest care should be given to any little sore, pimple or scratch which shows no disposition to heal under ordinary treatment. No one can tell how soon these will develop into Cancer of the worst type. So many people die from Cancer simply because they do not know just what the disease is; they naturally turn themselves over to the doctors, and are forced to submit to a cruel and dangerous operation—the only treatment which the doctors know for Cancer. The disease promptly returns, however, and is even more violent and destructive than before. Cancer is a deadly poison in the blood, and an operation, plaster, or other external treatment can have no effect whatever upon it. The cure must come from within—the last vestige of poison must be eradicated.



Mr. Wm. Walpole, of Walshtown, S. D., says: "A little blotch about the size of a pea came under my left eye, gradually growing larger, from which shooting pains at intervals ran in all directions. I became greatly alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it Cancer, and advised that it be cut out, but this I could not consent to. I read in my local paper of a cure effected by S. S. S., and decided to try it. It acted like a charm, the Cancer becoming at first irritated, and then discharging very freely. This gradually grew less and then discontinued altogether, leaving a small scar which soon dropped off, and now only a healthy little scar remains where what threatened to destroy my life once held full sway." Positively the only cure for Cancer is Swift's Specific—

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