

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Vital Principle of Democratic Creed.

DECLARED BY JEFFERSON.

Aquiescence in the Decision of the Majority.

SHEET ANCHOR OF THE REPUBLIC.

Our Crowning Glory as a People is Our Absolute Submission to Will of the Greater Number—Bad Features of Our Political System—Consent of the Governed—In Connecticut, Annie Laurie's Grave—Thoughts From a Literary Genius—Italy and Switzerland Contrasted—The Cross of Peace.

[Special Washington Letter.]

When Thomas Jefferson delivered his first inaugural, which has become a classic, he enunciated the Democratic creed. Among the points of that creed is this: "Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism." He was the chief priest, apostle and prophet of civil liberty. He knew the American people thoroughly. Their "absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority" is the most amazing feature of our American citizens. Had a man from the moon landed on our shores on Nov. 5 and strolled into wrangling groups of our citizens, heated with argument and enthusiasm, he would have concluded erroneously and prematurely that, no matter how the election went, we would have a revolution. By Nov. 8 he would have observed, to his astonishment, that we all acquiesced in the decision of the majority and that there was not even a riot of any considerable proportion except where people imbibed too freely. And this "absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority" is our crowning glory as a people and the sheet anchor of the republic. To vote one's sentiments is a great privilege. The ballot box is a great lever. Suffrage is a powerful weapon. John G. Whittier's poem entitled "The Poor Voter on Election Day" is well worthy of careful study. Here it is:

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the great year,
A king of men am I.
Today alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled hat,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong today;
The sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's silent dust?
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up, clouted knee and ragged coat;
A man's a man today!

The worst feature of our system is that from the moment a man becomes a candidate until he ceases to hold office every liar in the land appears to have carte blanche to slander and vilify him. It's a real pity that the campaign liar is not condemned to have his tongue burned full of holes with a red-hot iron, as were other liars in the olden times. In one respect public opinion is in a transition period. We have progressed far enough to squelch the duelist, but we have not progressed far enough to give a man substantial damages when he is slandered. Until the people are willing to do that the campaign liar will have full swing. Occasionally somebody shoots one of them. The more shot the better.

Government of Connecticut.

Up in Connecticut they have never yet succeeded in evolving a state government based upon the consent of the governed. Each year it gets further from it. Every ten years, just after the census is taken, they have a little agitation upon the subject, and again it goes over to the next census, while yearly the situation grows worse. I would respectfully suggest that "the folk of the wooden nutmeg" come to Missouri and see how we do it.

The trouble in Connecticut is this: Hartford has 100,000 people, and Dogville has 500. Dogville has one representative in the state legislature, and so has Hartford. That plan was adopted when Connecticut was a colony and has held ever since, many, notably the Hartford Courant, opposing a change because of its being a time honored custom, old as the hills, venerable and musty. Old things are sometimes the best. That is the case with whisky, but because old whisky is good should we insist upon using old eggs?

The census returns show that Hartford has grown 50 per cent in ten years, that New Haven has grown 33 per cent, while the little villages have grown scarcely any. Up there the state is divided into towns or townships, and it looks as if the thing is so

fixed that, should Hartford grow to the size of New York, it cannot change the plan. Two legislatures in succession must vote for an amendatory measure before it can become a part of the state constitution, and of course they will not do it. The country and the city seem to always align themselves on opposite sides, but so long as the present arrangement holds the little towns can defeat the big ones in matters of legislation. Of course the country members of the legislature will not willingly relinquish their power. Thus in Connecticut we have taxation without (adequate) representation for the inhabitants of the cities.

Strangely enough, it was the influence of Connecticut which put into the constitution of the United States the provision that each state, no matter whether it be little Delaware or mighty New York, should have two senators, no more and no less. The same influence which forces Hartford's 100,000 to the humiliation of having their pet measures killed by the member from Dogville also lowers the population of New York to the same voting influence in the senate as the state of Nevada.

These facts constitute a much to be regretted commentary upon our theory of "the consent of the governed." And it is as hard to change it in the case of the United States senate as it is in the matter of the Connecticut legislature.

We are constantly being disillusioned. In our school days we were charmed by the lovely poem found in every Fourth Reader entitled "The Bobolink," by William Cullen Bryant. I believe. Now comes the information that this same Robert of Lincoln is doing great damage to the rice crops in South Carolina, where, after migrating from sentimental New England, he is known as the redbird and is such a glutton that one extensive planter alone has used 2,500 pounds of gunpowder in a year, employing men and boys to shoot them without trial.

Grave of Annie Laurie.

The statement is going the rounds of the press that the grave of Annie Laurie, the bonny heroine of the sweetly lovely song, remains to this day unmarked. This is not as it should be. It seems to me that every man and woman, every callow youth or slumping lass whose heart has been made to beat faster by that delicious "concord of sweet sounds," would be willing to contribute a mite in order that the grave might be marked with a slab bearing the name and reciting the lovely virtues of the sweet Scotch maiden.

Many doubtless imagine that "Annie Laurie" was but a figment of the imagination, as was the "Sweet Alice" of Dr. Thomas Dunn English. Not so. She was the dainty daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, whose estate lay just over the river from Dumfries—and, by the way, that same town of Dumfries furnished the original settlers of Alexandria, the old Virginia town on the Potomac. I wonder if any of her descendants are buried in that old churchyard in Alexandria where the newest of the gray stones are nearly a century old.

Young William Douglas of Finland wooed her and in his wooing wrote the song. They say that every lover is a poet in his heart. We sadly chronicle the fact that, while young Douglas wooed her, a country laird won her, one Sir Alexander Ferguson, who was possessed of a title and gold in place of poetic fire, all of which goes to prove that the feminine heart of that day was much the same as now. But in one way the Douglas won. He rendered his fair innamorata and himself famous, while Sir Alexander is lost in obscurity. The song as originally written runs thus:

Marvelous banks are bonny,
Where early lie the dew,
America is a giant. It is well to have a giant's strength, but not well to use it like a giant. This is the richest country the world has ever known—in treasure and in men and women. If we mind our own business and devote our energies to the arts of peace, we can solve a problem that has vexed the world from the beginning of time: we make our country blossom like the rose, or shall we follow the example of Italy?

The Literary History of Scotland.

The richest of the world, tells us that the fair Annie was born Dec. 16, 1682. Two centuries have passed and carried away the fleeting generations born since she was a lass of 18, but the tender grace of the lover's song is still finding warm response in the heart of every lover. Poor Douglas! Doubtless he kept the faith and laid him down and died. The musty voice of the past does not tell us much of him. Possibly some grass widow soothed his sorrow, but it is more in keeping that we should imagine him wandering like some pale ghost about the banks of the Nile, sad and dreary hearted, mourning the loss of his Annie Laurie.

The delightful air of the old song was composed by Lady Jane Scott and will live so long as music has a devotee or heart to heart responsive beats. The wording of the song has undergone several changes, the present version being the work of Lady Spotswood of the same family as that Spotswood of Virginia to whom Dr. Tieknor referred when he wrote the martial lines:

The kiltless of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land
And Raleigh round the sea.

A Literary Genius.

In the little village of East Aurora, N. Y., there is a book publisher and literary genius of the name of Elbert Hubbard, familiarly known to the thousands who know and admire him through his writings and his beautiful de luxe editions as Fra Elbertus. This man once carried a dinner pail—not alway McKinleyized—and worked for day wages. He thinks, writes his thought in vigorous and picturesque English and each month sends us a

few of them in The Philistine at 10 cents per.

In 1898 Hubbard was in Italy. He writes:

To refuse to give to the beggars is to invite insult and insolence. Desperation is written on the faces that beseech you, and when you remember how, not many moons ago, this superstitious Italian populace exploded in one wild yell and made a dash for the baker shop windows you do not wonder.

Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan were placed under martial law, and at Milan alone in the month of May, 1898, 200 people were shot by the soldiers in the streets during my brief stay.

I saw volleys fired into crowds. The living would scurry away like frightened rabbits into alleys, houses, side streets, cellars, but there on the sidewalks and in the streets lay the fallen and tumbled dead—men, women and children. In less than five minutes' time wagons with soldiers dashed up, the dead and dying were thrown like cord wood into the springless tumbrils, and with a cracking of whips the horses and wagons dashed away. Some of the soldiers remained, and with hose and buckets and brooms every vestige of blood was washed away. The newspapers made no reports. Some of them denied that a volley had been fired.

And now the king of Italy has gone by a quick and painless route into the beyond. He was only a man—not a great man; neither was he a bad man, only a vain, ignorant, selfish man, with transient moods of wanting to do right, whose feet had been caught in a mesh of wrong and who hadn't the power to get away. To kill him was absurd, for the wrong for which he stood still exists. It is the institution and policy, not the man. More volleys will be fired into the crowds that cry for bread. The death carts will continue to dump their victims into coffinless graves.

Pity the Helpless.

I shed tears for the homeless, the harassed, the oppressed, for the women who hold hungry babes to famished breasts, for the ignorant and brutal who wrench at their bonds and who by violence hope to achieve freedom.

For the dead king I waste no pity. He himself caused thousands of men to be killed. He lived by the sword and died by the bullet. What else could he expect? He invited his fate. He was only a slave at the last, and death has set him free.

Italy has less than one-half the population of the United States, yet she has a navy that out-matches ours. She maintains an army of 250,000 men in time of peace. She cannot possibly advance and carry the army that rides upon her back. Italy is the extreme type of all European countries except Switzerland, Holland, Norway and Sweden. These last stand for intelligence, sobriety, beauty and worth. Italy is rotting at the core. The moss is at work pulling down the palaces that Capri planned; the grass springs from between the paving stones where Michael Angelo trod, and the noble Romans and country Florentines, like the crawling lizards, only bask in the sun in winter and move but to keep in the shade in summer. Conscription kills ambition. Men will not work where the government demands half their wages, as Italy does. Only two careers worth mentioning are open to aspiring youth in Italy—the army and the church. Manual labor is held everywhere in contempt, and this accounts for the seeming superfluity of folks and the brazen beggariad. The rich set the example of idleness. Italy's art is a thing of the past. Italy was.

Menace of the Soldier.

Governments imprison men and then bound them when they are released. Hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the spacious plea of patriotism and bayonets gleam in the name of God.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man is not that a soldier kills brown men or white men, but that the soldier loses his own soul.

In America just now there are strong signs of following the example of modern Italy. To divert the attention of men from useful production to war, waste and wealth through conquest is to invite moral disease and death. The history of nations dead and gone is one. They grew "strong" and died because they did. Insurance actuaries say that suicides are very rare in Switzerland today is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people themselves make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland to work with your hands is honorable. Manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Her gilded social aristocracy is either English or American.

The Symbol of Peace.

Switzerland has no navy for the same reason that Bohemia has not, and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggar and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe; the people are healthy, prosperous and happy. Switzerland minds her own business, and the chief tenet of her political creed is, "We will attend to our own affairs." She will only fight if invaded, and fortunately she is not big enough to indulge in jingo swagger.

The flag of Switzerland is the white cross—white on a red background—and this is the symbol of peace and amity the wide world over. The "Geneva cross" is a red cross on a white background, designed in compliment to Switzerland—is the one flag upon which no guns are trained. And now at the parting of the ways would it not be wise for America to choose between the example of Switzerland and Italy?

Getting Rid of Rats.

To learn their pet aversions and by every means show them that they are unwelcome guests, giving them freely of everything that they least desire, is the only way to keep a house free from rats. Poisons teach them transitory lessons, but their "die in the house" and cause regrets thereby outside their own circles. Among the things to which they particularly object are cayenne pepper, broken glass and chloride of lime. The glass should be pounded, mixed with dry cornmeal and placed about their favorite haunts and in their holes. Cayenne pepper and chloride of lime thrown down their holes will completely discourage them. Soap and tar stuffed into their holes will also cause them to remove to the neighbors. If these remedies are renewed occasionally, even though no intruder is seen, the place will gain a desired unpopularity.

Mahogany Forests Nearly Extinct.

The true mahogany tree is a product of the American tropics, but has been so nearly exterminated that the wood of kindred species is now largely imported from Africa and the far east, especially the inexhaustible forests of the Sunda Islands. The Swiletonia glauca of Borneo is equally fine grained, but a trifle paler, though after being soaked in oil the wood is almost indistinguishable from that of its South American congener and takes a brilliant polish. Extensive groves of the genuine mahogany are said to exist in eastern Peru, but under present circumstances are more inaccessible than those of Senegambia.—Indianapolis Press.

Surprised Her Husband.

"I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription two years ago," writes Mrs. Alfred Clark, of Hiteman, Monroe Co., Iowa, "and the result was a fine baby girl of eleven or twelve pounds. I am about to become a mother again, and I have been troubled with morning sickness and vomiting. I could not eat any breakfast, but two days ago I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' twice a day, a teaspoonful at a time, and I am pleased to say that I have not had a vomiting spell for two mornings, and I had not been free from these for four months, and I can eat a hearty breakfast with the rest of the family. My husband is surprised at the change in me. It would be a blessing if more poor broken-down women knew of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It would save them hours of misery. I could write more about my suffering but I don't need to now for all my aches and pains are gone."

Worth \$100.

"I received both of your letters," writes Mrs. Eva Vedder, of Onecida, Lenawee Co., Mich., "and would say I do not know what my trouble was, unless it was a misplacement of some organ in the abdomen. I was so weak I did not have strength enough to stand on my feet long at a time, neither could I sit up very long. There was a sore spot on the left side of my abdomen which pained me very much when I walked. I lost my appetite, had a severe pain in the pit of my stomach which was worse when lying down. I commenced with your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' taking the two kinds alternately, and when I had the two bottles half taken I was much improved. I took four bottles, and to-day am just as well and strong as anybody could ask to be. My husband says 'Dr. Pierce's medicines have been worth one hundred dollars to us.' We cannot say enough for the good I have received from your medicines. I thank you for your kind and quick replies to my letters."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



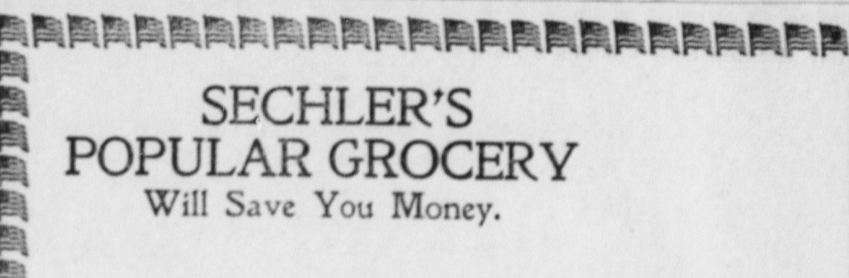
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Will Save You Money.

Call and get our prices and compare them with what you are paying elsewhere and we think you will agree with us that we can and will save you money.



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OVERCOATS.

Why pay two prices for Overcoats? When you can save half by buying of us.

Black Cheviot Overcoats \$2.50 sold elsewhere at.....\$5.00

Gray Oxford with velvet collars, also Blue and Black Beavers nicely made and trimmed at \$5.00, a regular \$7.50 coat.

Fine Covert Cloth at \$6.50, silk lined, real value....\$9.00

Fine Oxford, satin yoke and sleeve lining, one of the finest made, strictly all wool and same as tailor made. Would be cheap at \$20, price \$13.75

Fine Kersey, with Italian cloth lining, a nice dressy coat, looks well and wears well. A regular \$10.00 value, our price \$7.50

Boy's Overcoats, 14 to 19, \$3.00, \$4.75, \$6.50 and \$8.00. All unmatchable values.

Children's Overcoats, 4 to 14, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00. Call and see them before buying.

Lieberman's Cash Clothing House,
Bush Arcade, High St. BELLEFONTE, PA.

NERVITA PILLS Restore Vitality Lost Vigor and Manhood...

Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 60c. per box, 6 boxes for \$3.50, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.

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Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Undeveloped or Shrunken Organs, Paresis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. By mail in plain package, \$1.00 a box, 6 for \$5.00 with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid. Address

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For sale by C. M. Parrish, Druggists, Bellefonte, Pa.

60 PILLS 50 CTS.



LEGAL NOTICES.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN N. SPAYD, of Walker township, deceased.

Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement, to the undersigned.

J. H. SPAYD, ADMR.,
Hublersburg.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. D. SHUGERT, deceased, late of Bellefonte borough, Centre county, Pa.

Letters testamentary upon said estate having been granted by the Register of Wills to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them for settlement.

J. H. M. SHUGERT, Ex'r
PAUL M. SHUGERT, Ex'r
KATE D. SHUGERT, Ex'r
Bellefonte.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JACOB J. GARBRICK, dec'd late of Marion township.

Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement, to the undersigned.

HENRY J. GARBRICK, Zion.
GEO. GARBRICK, Bellefonte.
Clement Dale, Atty. Administrators

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. John G. Love, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 4th Judicial district, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept bearing date the 28th day of October, 1900, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, Court of Oyer and Terminer and general sessions, containing Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of November, the 26th day of Nov., 1900, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there, in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquiries, examinations, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be held in the Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Bellefonte the 31st day of Oct., in the year of our Lord, 1900 and the one hundred and twenty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

THOMAS BRUNGART, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the undersigned administrator of John H. Ornoor, dec'd, will expose to public sale at the Court House, Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1900

at 2 o'clock p. m. the following:

VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

situate in Marion township, Centre county, Pa., a short distance west of Jacksonville, adjoining lands of John S. Hoy, Huston's heirs, Henry Glesener and others, containing 12 acres more or less, thereon erected a two-story dwelling house in good repair, a new bank barn and other modern buildings. The buildings are in good condition and the farm is in a fine state of cultivation. A large and never failing spring of excellent water at the buildings.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale, the balance of the one-third on confirmation of sale; one-third in one year and the balance in two years with interest from confirmation of sale; deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

C. M. BOWER,
Administrator

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the following inventories of the goods and chattels set apart to widows, under the provisions of the Act of the 14th of April, 1853, have been confirmed and filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, and if no exceptions be filed on or before the first day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Peter Thomas, late of Snow Shoe township, deceased, the same was set apart to his widow, Manda Thomas.

2. The inventory and appraisement of the real and personal estate of William Emerick, late of Potter township, deceased, the same was set apart to his widow, Priscilla Emerick.

3. The inventory and appraisement of the real estate of Philip Flory, late of Lowville township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Catharine Flory.

4. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of George W. Hoover, late of Half Moon township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Sarah C. Hoover.

5. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John Cummings, late of Potter township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Rebecca Cummings.

A. G. ARCHIE,
Register.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1900, application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania, by Lane S. Hart, Warwick M. Ogelesky, A. Carson Stamm, James W. Milhouse and Henry S. Reed, for a charter under the provisions of the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a corporation to be called "Beech Creek Coal and Coke Company," the character and object of said corporation to be the mining, quarrying, excavating, burning, and otherwise producing coal, iron ore, limestone, freccia and other minerals and substances, the manufacture of all kinds of fuel, and of all substances or materials found in or upon any lands acquired by the company. The transportation thereof to market, and the sale thereof in crude or manufactured form, and to such an extent as may be from time to time necessary or convenient for said purposes, of acquiring, holding and disposing of real estate by sale, lease or otherwise, and of constructing and disposing of dwellings and all kind of buildings, erections, machinery and appliances, and of acquiring, possessing and enjoying all the rights, powers, privileges and immunities conferred by the Act of April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, on corporations of the class mentioned in the eighteenth clause of the second section of said Act.

M. E. OLNICKI,
Solicitor.

Valuable Real Estate at Private Sale.

The undersigned offers at private sale the Jacob Detweiler farm, one and one-half miles WEST of TUNESVILLE, PA.

In Potter township, containing 179 ACRES, 31 PERCHES, of which 170 acres are in high state of cultivation, the balance being well timbered, thereon erected a 2-story Frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn and all the necessary outbuildings, Good Orchard, a never failing well, running water at both house and barn. The farm is situated within one and one-half miles from postoffice, stores and churches, and only one-fourth of a mile to the public school and is one of the most desirable farms in Pennsylvania for a home or profitable investment.

All communications with reference to this property will be promptly answered by

N. B. LIPPY, SELLER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

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