

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Real Purpose of a Large Standing Army.

WANTED FOR USE AT HOME.

To Overawe Workingmen and Voters at the Polls.

A MONARCHIST IN CONGRESS.

The Representative from Hawaii Was Elected by the Royalist Party. Our Incongruous Population—McKinley's Message Leaves Some Things in Doubt—Forgets to Inform as to the Status of Various Principalities Supposed to Be Ours. Congressman Sulzer Still on Deck.

"What do you want with a large standing army?" was the pertinent question which that veteran Tennessee soldier and statesman, Colonel Nicholas N. Cox, kept thundering into the ears of Republicans during the debate on the army bill. "What do you want with a large standing army in a time of peace?" he repeated as remorselessly as Poe's raven repeated the word "Nevermore!" When Colonel Cox reiterated his question for about the twentieth time, Hon. Seno E. Payne, chairman of the great committee on ways and means and thereby and therefore ex officio floor leader of the majority, could stand the prodding no longer and, unfortunately for himself, interrupted the Tennessee long enough to say, "We have already whipped everybody," whereupon Colonel Cox shouted, "Well, if we have whipped everybody, what do you want with a big standing army?" And everybody roared till the rafters rang with the merriment, while the Hon. Seno Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee and ex officio floor leader as aforesaid, collapsed into his seat, red as scarlet. Colonel Cox had made such a palpable hit that even Republicans applauded him. He kept on asking, "What do you want with a big army?" And no man has satisfactorily answered to this hour.

Purpose of the Army.
I feel reasonably sure that I can give Colonel Cox the information which no Republican dared to give. It is this, and it is the reason why the Republican leaders are in such a hurry to railroad the bill through before the holidays: The supreme court will shortly pass on the constitutionality of the Porto Rican tariff bill and will undoubtedly hold it unconstitutional, for its unconstitutionality is as plain as a pikestaff. When it is so declared, the Republicans will run races with us to drop the Philippines like a hot potato. Then they would have no excuse whatever to ask for a big standing army. What they are really up to is, in anticipation of an adverse decision on the Porto Rican bill, to get the big standing army now under the false pretense of wanting it for service in the Philippines when, as a matter of fact, the real purpose for which they desire it is to use it here at home to overawe workingmen and the voters at the polls in big cities.

Mr. McCall, Republican, of Massachusetts, pursuing his conscientious course and properly interpreting the fact that after opposing the Porto Rican bill he ran 3,000 votes ahead of Mr. McKinley in his district, made a splendid speech in opposition to the army bill. Colonel William P. Hepburn, Republican, of Iowa, also took a fall out of Mr. Chairman Hull in the debate, so that signs of cleavage in the ranks of the triumphant Republicans already are visible to the naked eye.

Monarchists at Heart.
In the picturesque language of the day, "We are up against it hard." For 112 years it has been strenuously asserted by Democrats that there are monarchists in this "land of the free and home of the brave" and just as strenuously denied by the enemies of Democracy. From the days of Jefferson, who asserted that Alexander Hamilton, Governor Morris et al omne genus were royalists at heart, down to the late lamentable election it was purely a matter of assertion. Now it is demonstrated. The truth is out. The mist is dissipated. We have a monarchial party, and in the Fifty-seventh congress there will sit a delegate who, unless he is greatly belied by the newspapers, is not only a monarchist at heart, but who ran for congress on a monarchial platform openly and avowedly. The statesman who thus suddenly and unexpectedly solves a question which has generated crimination and recrimination for more than a century is Delegate Elect Wilcox, from faraway Hawaii, "the Pearl of the Pacific," "the Gateway of the Orient," "the Paradise of the Ocean," etc. Mr. Wilcox is not only in favor of restoring the native monarchy, with Queen Lili at its head, but he ran on that platform against a Republican nominee and a Democratic nominee and was triumphantly elected. So there we are—up against it good and hard! Just how Mr. Wilcox, royalist, can reconcile his political principles with his oath to support the constitution of the United States does not appear. Whether he will enter upon a congressional crusade to re-enthronize Queen Lili is not stated. But whatever he does or does not do his election creates an anomalous situation. One thing appears to be certain about him, and that is that he is a man with the courage of his convictions. Otherwise

he would not have proclaimed his quixotic mission of restoring to her lost throne the deposed queen. There is no more prospect of that, whatever else may happen, than there is that the Stuart line will be restored to the throne of England or the heirs at law of Joachim Murat will rescind the throne of Naples or those of Joseph Bonaparte once more reign at Madrid.

Population Incongruous.
No. Mr. Delegate Wilcox is no doubt honest. The chances are that he is brave. In Hawaii he is unquestionably rated as a patriot, but he is chasing an ignis fatuus, he is hugging a chimera, he is battling with fate, for we, who have been fond of proclaiming that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we hold Hawaii by the strong grip of the lion's paw and the eagle's claw and care no more for what the constituents of Mr. Wilcox wish as to Queen Lili and her vanished monarchy than we do for the opinions of the inhabitants of Timbuku on the solar system. But the election of Mr. Wilcox, royalist, as a delegate to congress under a republican form of government proves one thing at least—that our population is made up of elements incongruous as any in the world, for Mr. Wilcox, royalist, could not have been elected to congress even as a delegate, where he will be a sort of brevet representative, unless at least a plurality of Hawaiian voters are also royalists. A pretty kettle of fish, truly! If Mr. Wilcox gets in (and if he professes himself ready to take the oath or make the necessary affirmation I don't see how he can be kept out), he will be a sort of political curio. It will be a spectacle for men and angels to see him hobnobbing with General Charles Henry Grosvenor and other statesmen who forced the Hawaiian annexation scheme through congress. When Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, late of Maine, reads of the entrance of Mr. Wilcox, royalist, upon the congressional scene, how his black eyes will twinkle and his fat sides shake with uncontrolled and uncontrollable merriment! He will have a right to laugh. He told them so.

During the recent campaign Democrats charged the administration with an undue friendliness to England and that a secret understanding existed between London and Washington. Republican statesmen, particularly Mr. Secretary Hay, denied these charges as bitterly as Peter denied his Lord and Master. They asseverated savagely that the charges grew out of the malice and recklessness of their accusers. They will hardly accuse Hon. John H. Heaton, member of parliament for Canterbury, with unfriendliness to them. I hereby quote touching his utterances a London dispatch, headlines and all:

CLOSER TIES WITH AMERICA.
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT SUGGESTS A REAL UNION OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.
London, Dec. 2.—Mr. John H. Heaton, member of parliament for Canterbury, has commenced a series of articles in The Observer on Anglo-American relations, in which he pleads for a union of the two countries as a combination of moral and material forces that no power in the world could overcome. He explains that by union he means such identity of interests and policy as unite England and her colonies. He asserts that an unspoken alliance already exists in the form of an institution of mutual attraction of two kindred people, one unshakable on land and the other on sea, which, he says, accounts for the happy issue of more than one crisis in recent years and represents the fairest hope of humanity.

Now, reading that dispatch reflecting on Colonel Hay's celebrated statement to Colonel Dick and the indignant denials of Republican statesmen, one is naturally puzzled to conclude what the truth is, or, rather, would be puzzled were it not for certain other developments, for, alas and alack, perfidious Albion has been at her old sly tricks! Posing as our best friend, asseverating that the treaty of Paris was negotiated by us under the protection of her guns, inveigling our state department into negotiating the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, in which England gets everything and we get nothing, she has been negotiating, unbeknown to us, a treaty of her own with Nicaragua which is hostile to our interests in Central America, particularly in the matter of the Isthmian canal. So the truth seems to be that our diplomacy has been a dismal failure; that the understanding referred to in the foregoing dispatch is a jug handled affair, England understanding everything and Uncle Samuel being completely hoodwinked. And all the time Mr. Bull has been "doing" us, pulling the wool over our eyes, negotiating with us a treaty very favorable to himself and one with Nicaragua entirely against us. In the language of the snipe hunters, we are left with the bag to hold. In contemplating John's combined gall and duplicity we are forced to exclaim with Cicero: "O tempora! O mores!" The sooner our government declares the Clayton-Bulwer treaty abrogated, rejects the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and proceeds to build the Isthmian canal the better we will be off.

McKinley's Message.
In his message the president appears to have settled incidentally, offhand and in an ex cathedra sort of way a question which has vexed divers and sundry philosophers and scientists for some time past, and that is whether this is the last year of the nineteenth, or the first of the twentieth century. Mr. McKinley declares for the last of the nineteenth, for he opens up by saying, "At the outgoing of the old and the incoming of the new century." That seems clear, concise, sensible. Let us hope that that will be final, for there never was any sense in counting 1900 as the beginning of the twentieth century. But those who contend for the opposite theory may hold that the president's utterance is obiter dictum, so to speak, and so go on propounding their erroneous and preposterous theory to the end of time. At any rate, when he finally retires from his high office, in contemplating his presidential career from the vantage ground of private life Mr. McKinley will have

the satisfaction of knowing that he was right on at least one question—the end of the century problem, which, let us hope, will prove a substantial and abiding solace to him in his declining years.

We will be fortunate indeed if this glowing sentence addressed to congress by the president turns out to be true: "Your countrymen will join with you in felicitating that American liberty is more firmly established than ever before and that love for it and the determination to preserve it are more universal than at any former period of our history." All good citizens, irrespective of party affiliations, pray humbly and fervently that in that gorgeous declaration the president is correct and that he is not blinded to many things which many men as patriotic as he is deem danger signals.

The opening paragraphs of the message demonstrate that the president is a most accomplished rhetorician. He is deft in the use of language and states his thoughts in periods as delightful to the ear as the murmur of purling streams.

Many Things in Doubt.
One of his statements sets us to guessing "where we are at." In setting forth our growth he says inter alia: "Then (1800) our territory consisted of 900,050 square miles. It is now 3,846,595 square miles." Now, on their face those figures tell a tale of wondrous growth; but, contemplating them, I am forced to exclaim, in wonderment, with the queen of Sheba, when beholding for the first time the glories of King Solomon's temple, "The half hath not been told!" Why, oh, why did Mr. McKinley leave out of his arithmetic Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines and any other outlying islands, archipelagos or principalities we now possess? If they belong to us, they ought to have been included in his estimate, and it would have increased his showing of geographical growth very much.

On the other hand, if they do not belong to us Mr. McKinley owes it to a confiding people to publicly retract those speeches which he delivered while swinging around the circle a year or two ago, in which he declared repeatedly—in many forms, but always in substance the same—that we hold the Philippines by as good a title, and as indefensible, as we hold any other portion of our country's soil. A president's words are not to be taken lightly. He should utter no sentence on grave and far-reaching problems of state which he has not properly considered, and if Mr. McKinley was not properly advised when he made his historic statements touching our rights in and to the Philippines he owes it to his own reputation no less than to the cause of truth to say so clearly, positively and unequivocally.

Sulzer Courageous.
Hon. William Sulzer of New York certainly has the courage of his convictions and is the most indefatigable of mortals. He never says die. Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor Francis Joseph and all the rest of the crowned heads, big and little, may give Oom Paul the marble heart. Sulzer will not. No sooner had congress convened than Sulzer introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the war in South Africa has degenerated into a reckless and ruthless extermination of a brave people fighting for their homes and liberty.

Resolved, That the congress of the United States protests, in the name of humanity and civilization, against a continuation of war which outrages the feelings of all liberty loving people, and, Resolved, That the congress of the United States, being committed to the principle of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes, urges upon the government of her majesty the wisdom of adopting this policy for the purpose of stopping the awful atrocities now going on in South Africa.

Mr. Sulzer will hardly secure their passage, but they demonstrate that, like the flag of our country, he is still there.

Democrats over the country mourning by reason of the Democratic slump in general find great consolation for the present and hope for the future in the splendid victory won by Missouri Democrats after the hardest fought battle in their history. This is evidenced by Will M. Maupin in his splendid poem entitled "Missouri." I quote it here:

MISSOURI.
Yes, there she stands, as firmly fixed as famed Gibraltar's rock,
As true as steel in war or weal, as steady as a clock.
While others from their moorings slipped, she held fast to the pier;
Election day she came our way and filled our hearts with cheer.
With cheer she filled our drooping hearts and bade us keep in view
That one old state, as sure as fate, to Jefferson was true.
So fill your cups, ye Democrats, and add your shouts to mine,
I'm shouting for Missouri, for Missouri's still in line.
From Barry up to Atchison and down again to Wayne,
From Bates to Cole, Lord bless my soul, she's Democrat again!
From Jasper o'er to Jefferson, from Grundy down to Pike,
Democracy and Democracy got everything in sight.
If you will study the returns, you'll readily perceive
Democracy—well, hully gee!—bids us no longer grieve.
She cheers our drooping spirits up like drafts of richest wine—
Missouri—bless her true old heart—Missouri's still in line.

Signalls on Grass.
Mr. Ingalls once wrote an essay on "Grass"—the universal beneficence of grass. In word stringing it is exquisite. The last lines come back now with new force: "When the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."

MAKING \$100 A MINUTE.
The Large Sum Earned by the Prima Donna Mmc. Nordica in New York Recently.
The largest sum for the briefest service recently received by the most liberally paid of all professionals, the prima donna, was given Mme. Nordica on the occasion of her appearance in a concert at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, several weeks ago, says the Saturday Evening Post. For two songs which required five minutes each to sing she received \$1,000, or at the rate of \$100 a minute. The songs were Grieg's Swan and a serenade by Richard Strauss. The occasion was the first American appearance of Herr von Schuch, conductor of the Royal opera, Dresden.

Mme. Nordica, among the soloists originally announced, was taken suddenly ill during a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" at the Metropolitan the Saturday previous to the concert. With her customary pluck she finished her performance, but was obliged to take to bed as soon as it was ended. There she was forced to remain until the next Thursday, when it was time to dress for the concert. She appeared at the Metropolitan on time, sang her two songs and was persistently recalled for an encore.

Her strength not being equal to a response she bowed her appreciation and finally took Mme. Patti's method of positive refusal by returning to the stage with her carriage cloak about her shoulders.

Once home she found no alternative but to return to the bed she had left to sing. But in the short time of her absence, in addition to keeping faith with the public and adding to the brilliance of the concert, she had received \$1,000 for ten minutes' actual work. For her first concert engagement, Mme. Nordica, then a girl of 16, received ten dollars. Now in the zenith of her powers the largest sum received by Mme. Nordica for a single concert was \$1,700. This latest achievement of \$1,000 for ten minutes eclipses even that.

FIGHTS SCULPTOR'S LIONS.
Stone Beasts in Front of Art Institute Chewed Up by a Vicious Poodle.
"I notice that Automobile Montgomery says that horses often make a dive for the corn he paints," remarked one Art league student to another, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Well, there might be some truth in it," said the second. "I saw a little incident at the art institute the other day that made me think of Mr. Montgomery's proud boast. You know those big lions on the sides of the steps, the work of Kemeys, are pretty lifelike. I was standing looking at them when a little white poodle came down the steps in the wake of a woman with stylish clothes on. The poodle had a gold collar around his neck and was altogether one of the tiniest, dandified specimens of a dog that you could find. He walked up to one of the lions, settled back on his hind legs, and looked at the big stone beast. Then he sniffed and glanced around inquiringly. All at once he made up his mind. He made a fierce rush for the lion, barking as viciously and as loud as a dog six inches long could bark. He positively swelled up and appeared about to explode with wrath.

"There you are. If Kemeys' lions so excited a poodle dog it may be that horses will eat Montgomery's corn pictures."

PEACOCKS.
The Common Variety Cheap Enough, But White Peacocks Are Pretty Costly.
Peacocks of the familiar ordinary variety are raised by the breeders of fancy fowls of one sort or another, and they are not very costly nor is there much demand for them; a pair of such peacocks might cost from \$12 to \$20. They might be sold for collections, or for public parks, but not often for private parks or grounds, where the white peacock would be preferred.

White peacocks are rarer and more costly than those of the ordinary kind, ranging in price from \$100 to \$225 a pair. Some of these birds are raised in this country, but the greater number are imported from Europe. White peacocks are like ordinary peacocks in their general characteristics, but instead of having plumage of the familiar blue and green and black, their plumage is white. Sometimes the "eyes" in the white peacock's tail are of a creamy tint, giving to the tail, when spread, the effect of lace, from which such birds are called white lace peacocks.

The demand for peacocks of any variety is small and no dealer in birds and animals keeps them in stock, supplying them only on order.

An Impenetrable Inner Circle.
The Japan Daily Mail said recently: "To eat with chopsticks and sit on mats and wear big-sleeved coats do not bring a man any nearer to genuinely intimate intercourse with the Japanese people. The language is also needed. Yet, even when the language is added something still remains to be achieved, and what that something is we have never been able to discover, though we have been considering the subject for 33 years. No foreigner has ever succeeded in being admitted to the inner circle of Japanese intercourse."

The Electric Locomotive.
The electric locomotive, while slow to make its appearance on the railroads of this country, is finding much use on the "industrial" railways of manufacturing establishments.

CORRESPONDENTS' DEPARTMENT

Happenings About Centre County Briefly Told by

A CORPS OF ABLE WRITERS

Our Alert Correspondents Note Many Important Events in Different Localities—What is Transpiring—Is Your Section Represented?

Unionville.

Jolly Joe Barton has gone to Davis, Pepper county W. Va., where he has secured a position as log scaler for the Beaver Creek Lumber Co.

Another case of typhoid fever has developed—this time in the home of Dr. W. C. VanValin; his son Ralph being the victim. He has secured a trained nurse in the person of Miss Allen, of Bellefonte.

Interesting revival services are in progress at the M. E. church, conducted by the Rev. Wharton, preacher in charge, and it is hoped much good may be accomplished.

On last Thursday night the yard of J. C. Smith was entered by some unknown person, who robbed the clothes line of all it contained, but for some cause unexplainable, he left all lying outside in the alley. A case of "stricken conscience," no doubt.

Frank Pratt, of Harrisburg, son of Riley Pratt, Esq., is visiting at the latter's home. Frank is a hypnotist and is having much fun at the expense of some of our lads and lasses.

Master George Greist, son of Ed. M. Greist, of Phillipsburg, is visiting at the home of his grandparents at this place.

The Odd Fellows of this place anticipate holding a banquet at the Union Hotel on Saturday evening, preceding Christmas.

This pesky poetry machine now claims the floor—I would it up on Saturday, and this is what it "ground" out:

TAPPY.
Come listen for a little while
To my silly chat;
I want to tell you all about
The Centre Democrat.
Its Editor is up-to-date,
Wears a number seven hat;
From week to week works hard to fill,
The Centre Democrat.
With all the news that's going
Through this world so broad and fat;
In order to keep posted you
Must read the Democrat.
If you want an article of wear,
From stores up to your hat,
Consult the advertisements
In the Centre Democrat.
Or if you have a horse to sell,
Or cows or beef that's fat;
Be sure and advertise them
In the Centre Democrat.
Or if you've lost your pocket book,
Be it lean or be it fat,
You'll find it if you advertise
In the Centre Democrat.
Or if your conscience trouble you,
And you grow lean instead of fat,
The surest remedy's to read
The Centre Democrat.
Or if you're full of gas and blow,
And want an hour's chat,
Just drop into the office of
The Centre Democrat.
And if you owe the printer,
And he wants it, don't you "holter"
But "come down" like a very man
And pay him every dollar.
'Twill make him happy too, you know,
Then he can pay his debts,
His board bill and compositors
And his election bets.

Milesburg.

Mr. William Kellerman and grand daughter, Miss Olive Broom, left on Wednesday the 9th for Akron, Ohio, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Mary Shrock, expect to be gone until February.

Col. Greno and daughter of Cincinnati, Ohio, were guests of Charles Elise and family, on Monday night the 3rd, left on Tuesday for home.

Miss Arminia Johnson of Tyrone, and a Mr. Zimmerman, also of Tyrone, spent Sunday with her parents.

George Moore of Renovo, made a flying visit to the burg on Friday; was the guest of Geo. Noll.

A. M. Thomas left on Saturday for West Virginia to look after another water plant; he has an eye on the water business.

Miss Lida Smith of Altoona, stopped off here, on her way home to Snow Shoe, to pay her many friends, and relatives a visit.

LETTER SINGING.
First in nation, Second in nation,
Third is found in apple pie,
Fourth in white, Fifth in little,
Sixth and last in satisfy.
Whole is a country over the sea.
Solve this, please, will you, for me
This will not cost your readers a \$1 to try it, as the one Domino had; free for every reader to try their skill.

Houserville.

We were favored with a small blizzard last Sunday.

George Scholl, of this place, recently bought the Frederick Houser property, formerly occupied by "Billy" Sarison.

Gus Armour expects to stop farming next spring. We will be sorry to lose him as he is a dandy good neighbor.

Charles Mayes spent part of Sunday with his parents. The fore part of the day he spent at J. V. Dale's residence.

It is rumored that Mrs. E. B. Somers died last week from heart disease. We do not know whether the rumor is true or not.

Cupid is quietly fishing for two young persons in this vicinity. Hope he will be successful in catching them.

Daniel Keller spent Sunday in visiting his grandfather, Adam Felty.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Aaronsburg.

James Wert and family, of Tusseyville, spent Sunday in town with the gentleman's father and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Mertz and son, of Northumberland, spent a week in town with the lady's sister, Mrs. W. H. Phillips, and while here Mr. Mertz spent a few days in our mountains hunting for game.

Miss Anna Wait, in company with a Miss Moyer, both of Penn Hall, was here over Sunday.

On account of the illness of Mrs. Stewart Weber organist for the Reformed congregation, Prof. L. E. Boob ably filled the position on last Sunday morning.

While assisting her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Swabb, to butcher on last Thursday, Mrs. Ezra Burd, of Coburn, was taken seriously ill with hemorrhages of the stomach and is now confined to bed lying in a critical condition.

M. M. Musser, who some time ago had a cataract removed from one of his eyes, we are glad to state is around again and is frequently seen attending to his duties in the postoffice.

James L. Etlinger, who for the last year had been employed in the office of the Lewisburg Chronicle, has resigned his position and talks of going west.

Miss Lottie Kister recently left our burg and went to Philadelphia, where she has secured employment in a shirt waist factory.

Mrs. Rev. Gearhart is visiting her aged father in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee, of Tusseyville, were in town Sunday visiting the lady's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Swabb.

DIED.—On last Thursday night at about 12 o'clock the spirit of Mrs. Israel Weaver took its flight to another world, after suffering excruciating pain for several months with cancer of the stomach. Although looked for, her death came very unexpectedly and proved quite a shock to her family and many friends. Mrs. Weaver was a woman much loved and respected in this community and was, we dare say, a true type of christian perfection. She bore her sufferings with resignation to the will of the Almighty, and when the end came she could truly say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the faith, and henceforth there are laid up for me treasures in Heaven."

Mrs. Weaver was confirmed by Rev. Fisher, of the Reformed church, but after her marriage with Mr. Weaver, she joined the Lutheran church, where she has been a consistent member ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver were never blessed with children, but a remarkable fact is that they raised three generations, namely: Mrs. George Burd, Mrs. B. F. Edmunds, daughter of Mrs. Burd, and Weaver and Annie Edmunds, son and daughter of Mrs. B. F. Edmunds, all of which, we understand, are living. The funeral services were held in the Lutheran church on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, and were attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The service were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Gearhart, assisted by Rev. Brown, of the Reformed church. Rev. Gearhart preached a very appropriate and impressive sermon from Isaiah 60th chap. and 25 verse, after which interment was made in the Lutheran cemetery. Mrs. Weaver age was 73 years, 3 months and 21 days. The pall-bearers were all young men and their names are Clayton Stover, Cyrus Bright, Wilmer Stover, Geo. Fehl, Harvey Crouse and Luther Stover.

Tylersville.
On Friday afternoon while engaged in cutting wood for the church, Jonathan Rubl, living about 3 miles west of town, had the misfortune of breaking his arm. Dr. Bright, of Rebersburg, was summoned to set the broken bone.

Thursday afternoon, while putting up his mill, J. W. Bletz was injured by a piece of timber falling striking him on the head and cutting a gash about three inches long. It disabled him from working for several days.

On Thursday evening a load of about 30 persons residing near the eastern end of town went to Madisonburg to attend the protracted meeting held by Rev. Doerster, who was assisted the past week by Rev. Gross, of this charge.

H. H. Miller, who has been working at Vintondale, for some time, has returned home.

This town is well supplied with churches, but it seems as if not one of the four denominations are having any special exercises for Christmas.

Butchering season is nearly over in this community. The largest porker killed thus far weighed 464 lbs.

Moshannon.

Agnes Vail and Molly Planigan made a trip to Lock Haven last Wednesday.

Carrie Lucas has been spending a few days with friends at Woodland.

Nelson Confer and wife, of Yarnell, visited the gentleman's uncle, John Confer, of this place, last week.

Dan Planigan is around again after an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Sarah Howard had the misfortune to fall and hurt her arm.

Mrs. Hudson has returned to her home in Philadelphia, after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Davis of this place.

Mrs. Fred Hopper, of Clearfield, made a short visit among friends here during the past week.

Miss Kate Shannon is home again after an absence of more than a year. Her many friends were delighted to see her.

Mrs. Ricketts made a brief visit to Altoona, recently.

Butchering is still an important occupation in our town. Our teachers, J. E. Waite and S. W. Butler, butchered on Saturday.

A Prophecy.
The holidays will soon be here, and feasting galore. Children will eat more candy and sweets than is good for them, and older people cram themselves with much more food than they can digest. As a result there is certain to be cases of indigestion and bilious colic accompanied with the most excruciating pains. Buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy now and be prepared for them before spending all your money for Christmas presents. For sale by, Green's Pharmacy.