

# CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

## Hopkins of Illinois Had a Bad Fall.

### SUFFERED FROM BIG HEAD.

### He Was Glum When the House Got Through With Him.

### FUR FLYING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

### Fight of the Republican Factions Over Quay an Outrage on Public Decency—Saints and Sinners in a Regular Kill-Kenny Mix-Up—Wanamaker & Company Charged With "Treachery to the State"—Lynching Suggested as a Remedy For Bribery of Legislators—New Senator From Idaho.

[Special Washington Letter.]

There is an odd scriptural saying whose force the Hon. A. J. Hopkins of Illinois now understands more clearly than he did several days ago. "Let him that taketh off his armor boast rather than him that putteth it on," also another text, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he falter." Hopkins personally is a very clever man; but, like a great many other Republican statesmen, he feels his oats and is greatly puffed up by the results of the recent election; consequently when he made his speech in favor of his re-appointment bill he took no pains either to make friends for himself or for his bill, but appeared really to be seeking trouble. If that really was his object, he attained it and no mistake. Not only was his bill defeated by a very large majority, but he himself was handled in a very rough manner in the debate.

### Mr. Sutherland's Shot at Mr. Hopkins.

In explaining why Kansas and Nebraska each lost a member of congress under his bill, Hopkins said: "The trouble is not with the bill reported by the committee, but with the condition existing in the state of Kansas itself. Kansas has been cursed for ten long years with Populism. Capital has been driven from the state. Energetic, progressive, splendid men who sought homes there have been driven out and gone elsewhere. That young giant, as it was ten years ago, has been a laggard in the race of the states that farm the republic. How is it in the state of Nebraska? Nebraska, lying alongside of Kansas, is suffering, not from this bill of the committee, but from Bryanism and Populism in that state. The same conditions that have stagnated the energy and the enterprise of Kansas are operating in the same way in the state of Nebraska."

Mr. Sutherland of Nebraska, who not only looks like William J. Bryan, but speaks a good deal like him, in answering Hopkins as far as Nebraska is concerned, delivered this shot at point blank range: "If I were to indulge in that kind of argument—and I thank God very little of it has been used on this floor—I might say that, according to the gentleman's bill, the state of Ohio has lost a member. Is that due to McKinleyism? That argument would be just as pertinent as that Bryanism has lost Nebraska a representative. Is it not so?"

This was received with delight by every one in the house with the exception of Mr. Hopkins, for even Republicans who have any sense know that the reason why the population of Kansas and Nebraska increased so little was because of severe droughts between 1890 and 1897. Sutherland really claimed or insinuated that the census in Nebraska was not fairly taken. Here are his words and figures on that point: "Now I want to come to the question of population. According to the census returns, we had in 1890 a population of 1,056,910, and in 1900, according to the census returns, we had a population of 1,068,530, a net increase of only 6,620. Let me call your attention to the vote during the last ten years in the state of Nebraska. We claim that we have at least 200,000 more people in the year 1900 than we had ten years ago. At the first presidential election following the census of 1890 we polled 200,256. At the next presidential election, in 1896, we polled 223,245 votes, an increase in the number of voters in four years of 23,000. In 1900 we polled 241,430 votes, an increase in four years of 18,185 over the preceding election. In eight years we have gained 41,224 votes. And yet, according to the census of 1900, the entire gain in population is but 9,000, while in eight years we have gained 41,000 votes cast at the polls. Out in the state of Nebraska we are not satisfied with the census of 1900, and I submit to the candid judgment of fair minded men that when we have an increase of at least 40,000 votes in ten years we are justified in assuming that there has been a much larger increase in the population."

The gentleman refers to the state of Nebraska and asserts that Bryanism has injured that state. If I had a son attending college who in debate would use that as an argument, I would call that son home and immediately enter him in the kindergarten class.

The probabilities in the case are that the census was not fairly taken in Kansas and Nebraska, and that it was taken unfairly for the very purpose of making such declarations as Hopkins made. One of the Texas delegation told me the other day that those who knew the most about it maintain that there are at least 600,000 more people in Texas than are shown by the census, and I have no doubt the same is true of Missouri.

### Need of Moral Disinfectants.

Nobody appointed me either spiritual or legal adviser to the Killkenny cat Republicans of Pennsylvania who are just now filling the circumambient atmosphere with fur, bits of cuticle and ear splitting caterwaulings. Nevertheless as a sort of amicus curiæ I cannot resist the temptation to advise them to read the psalms of David, especially the one beginning, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I take it that Brother Wanamaker, who is superintendent of the largest Sunday school on earth, knows where to find that Scripture. I am not so certain as to Brother Matthew Stanley Quay, but if he doesn't know he can call on

Brother Joseph Crocker Sibley, who is a famous Scriptorian. The bizarre capers cut by the Pennsylvanians are liable, indeed quite likely, to scandalize and demoralize our illustrious and pious fellow citizen, the sultan of Sulu, and his numerous array of wives, and to cause the Digger Indians to go on the warpath.

What is most needed at Harrisburg is a bountiful supply of moral disinfectant, such as quicklime. The way the Republican newspapers talk is simply astounding. The Philadelphia Inquirer (Quay), in speaking of the fight on Quay, says:

At some future day, when this controversy is ended, it may become the province of the Inquirer to relate the history of the fight that has been made upon Quay. That history is a romance of politics, a series of crimes against public decency.

Now, that is rather tough on the superintendent of the largest Sunday school on earth, for let it be remembered that Brother Wanamaker is the head and front, the heart and soul, the great gymnast of the anti-Quayites, and if they are guilty of a series of crimes against public decency Brother John is the chief of sinners. There is no escaping that logic, dead sure pop.

### Harpooning Quay's Enemies.

After that scathing exordium The Inquirer throws the harpoon into the enemies of Quay in this savage fashion:

In 1898 the insurgents were active in an effort to name a governor and to elect Senator Quay. Insurgent agents brought into the state in 1898 methods so corrupt and so debauching that they were simply appalling, and yet from that time until the present these crimes have only grown in intensity. It has been the plan of anti-Quay agents not only to deceive the public, but to buy delegates to conventions and to buy members of the legislature with cash. Never was corruption greater than at the present moment. Men pledged to Quay have been offered \$10,000, \$15,000 and \$20,000 each to break away from him, and all this has been done under the hypocritical guise of "reform."

Now, I submit to a candid world that that is a sad business for apostles of purity and sweetness to be engaged in, and it is a well known fact that all Republicans are ex officio sancti apostles, for have they not themselves time and time again admitted the soft impeachment? Aye, more—have they not announced it from the house tops to all the world? Their logic stated in syllogistic form runs thus: "The earth belongs to the saints. We are the saints; therefore the earth belongs to us." Now, to have one faction of the saints charging the other faction with all the crimes in the calendar is calculated to produce a ruction in sainthood.

### Worse and More of It.

Yet there is more and worse to follow, for The Inquirer vehemently exclaims:

Never has there been such treachery against an individual candidate or against a state, for the Quay traitors are traitors against the Republican party of Pennsylvania. For he it is remembered that Quay has not been a candidate by his own selection. He is the candidate of the Republican party.

It is of course a self evident proposition that a man doesn't want a thing which he strives for with night and main for over two years. To hear The Inquirer tell it, Matthew Stanley will have to be lassoed like a wild Texas steer and dragged to Washington and held down in his curule chair while the oath is administered to him—that is, always provided he secures the senatorial election for which "he has not been a candidate by his own selection." But if a plain, unsophisticated Democrat from out of the west may be permitted to propound a question, I would like to ask, strictly for information, how Wanamaker & Co. committed treachery to the state by fighting Quay? That pompous and inflated old historic and royal fraud, Louis XIV, in his vast and amazing egotism, exclaimed: "L'etat! C'est moi!" ("I am the state!") And for believing and acting upon that stupid and stupendous lie his grandson, Louis XVI, otherwise known as Louis the Locksmith, lost both his throne and his wooden head. Suppose John Wanamaker and his insurgents have been treacherous to the Republican party, how does that make them treacherous to the state? Millions of patriotic citizens of this great republic believe that Wanamaker et al. could render Pennsylvania no more valuable service than by killing the Republican party in Pennsylvania dead as a smelt.

The Inquirer does not propose that its readers shall be in doubt as to some of the personages at whom it hurls its darts, as the following shows:

Were it possible to overthrow him what would result? The domination of the state by a reputed political highwayman of Philadelphia, David Martin, and by a political slave driver and contractor of Pittsburg, William Flinn.

That's specific enough, heaven knows.

### Hemp at Harrisburg.

But let no reader jump erroneously and prematurely to the conclusion that The Inquirer and other Quay whoopers up have it all their own way when it comes to writing and publishing words which blister and burn. There are others—e. g., the Philadelphia North American, Republican reform organ. In one issue in great big, black headlines it says: "Arthur McEwen suggests that the use of hemp at Harrisburg, while it would be a crime and not to be considered, would be less dangerous to civilization than the bribery of legislators." There you are! That's about as if Victoria, queen of Great Britain and Ireland and empress of India, should say to Lord Kitchener, "Don't butcher any Boers, but if you do, I'll make you a duke!" But who is Arthur McEwen? He's one of the most brilliant newspaper men in America—not an irresponsible nondescript or bravo who does his stunt for mere pay, and here is some of what he writes from Harrisburg to the Philadelphia North American, of which he is editor and of which John Wanamaker is proprietor:

When the news spread the other night that the Rev. O. R. Washburn, elected to the state senate as a Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist and reformer in general, had gone over to Quay, the remark that he ought to be taken out and hanged to a lamp post was made frequently, and few were

snocked by the suggestion except gentlemen who profit by conduct like Washburn's. But no one seriously proposed putting him to death. In some ways we are a surprisingly law abiding people.

Law abiding, indeed! Mr. McEwen, you knew when you wrote that paragraph that you were inciting people at Harrisburg to lynch Washburn, and you depended on the seductiveness of your style to accomplish your purpose, but the Republicans of Pennsylvania are even a milder spirited set than you thought; so Washburn still breathes the free air of heaven, and, while it will take a good deal of the space of this letter, I propose to quote from Mr. McEwen a marvelous picture of the degeneracy of Republican Pennsylvania. It is worthy of a place in every scrapbook in the land. As an argument by indirection I have never seen its equal anywhere.

### Remedy For Bribery.

Nobody thought that Washburn had been bribed. The man who should have expressed doubt on that point would have been laughed at or fallen under suspicion of being a Quay worker, with a turn for ostentatious hypocrisy. How much Washburn got for ratting to the side which he fought at the last session was debated with interest. Ten thousand dollars seemed to be generally considered his price.

Of course I do not know that Washburn was bribed. I do not know that he has slept since coming to Harrisburg. I do not know that Mr. Quay has taken a drink since the new century was ushered in, or during the nineteenth century, for that matter. I never saw Mr. Quay take a drink, or Mr. Andrews bribe anybody, or Mr. Salter stuff a ballot box, or Mr. Ashbridge pocket a rake off from a Mack-Nichol contract, but I do know that judges and juries every day hang men for murder on no stronger circumstantial evidence of guilt than exists in the case of Washburn, and Washburn is in the same boat exactly as are the other pledge breakers, who, since coming to Harrisburg, the air of which is laden with the stench of corruption, have gone over to Quay and on whom honest men turn scornful backs.

Assuming that Washburn was bribed, assuming that this person who before his election to the legislature had a salary of \$600 a year could not resist the dazzling price of \$10,000 for his virtue, his self respect, his standing among men, who gave him the money? It is asserted that during the past two years Mr. Quay's efforts to rig a seat in the senate have cost about three-quarters of a million. Cost whom? Not Mr. Quay certainly. Behind the Quay machine is another machine of privilege seeking and privilege enjoying called the American Oil Company. The Quay machine, the sugar trust, the brewers, the also trust. This other machine has use for the Quay machine at Harrisburg and for Mr. Quay in the United States senate. It is not necessary to inquire further where the money came from to know that it was not from the public. It might easily happen that the election of a senator would depend upon one vote, as the organization of the state senate did upon Washburn's. The people would be expected to acquiesce in such an election, though they knew it had been procured by a bribe. None would be more insistent upon the people's submission than the men who gave the bribe, the opulent and eminently respectable men of the corporations. They and all their organs would demand submission in the name of respect for the law, which had been grossly violated by them when they bought the deciding vote, and none would be more startled and horrified than they by the hanging of Washburn.

Yet the hanging of Washburn, though a crime, would be one infinitely less dangerous to civilization, to American institutions, than the crime of bribing Washburn.

The hanging of Washburn would be in open defiance of the law, necessarily so, since a man can hardly be lynched in private, whereas a senatorship can be purchased at Harrisburg without any open defiance of the law. None would be more ready to expose the legal grossness of the crime, bribery, the crime most deadly in its effects upon government, can be and habitually is practiced with impunity, and the men who furnish the money to buy legislators retain their sense of responsibility unimpaired and fancy themselves justified in all the mean and nefarious wretches who sell themselves they make moral statements.

We are governed here by the criminal rich and the criminal poor, and lower like Andrew and the bridges over which the two pass to meet and do business. Out of respect for the forms of law the rest of us are required to yield obedience to purchased results embodied in elections to the senate and in legislations which affect our lives, our liberties and our property.

So at the opening of the new century we have this strange condition of affairs: Governor McEweeney of South Carolina proudly boasting that there has not been a lynching in that good old Democratic state during the past year, and Mr. Arthur McEwen, the brilliant editor aforesaid, openly advocating a wholesale lynching in the overwhelmingly Republican state of Pennsylvania, for Parson Washburn was not the only Republican statesman whom he put in the pillory. And yet the Republicans boast that they constitute the party of purity and sweetness. Why do not such men as Mr. McEwen and John Wanamaker come out boldly and openly and join the Democratic party? It is the only sensible thing for them to do—the only practicable plan for cleansing the political Augean stables at Harrisburg.

### Senator Dubois.

Democrats, Populists and Free Silverites everywhere will extend hearty congratulations to Hon. Fred T. Dubois of Idaho on his election to the senate for the full term of six years. Also a great many people who are not Democrats, Populists or Free Silverites will congratulate him, for the average American citizen admires courage, either moral or physical, and values honesty of purpose. Nobody personally acquainted with him rejoices at the political downfall of Senator Shoup, for he is one of the most amiable of mortals, but Dubois deliberately took his political life in his hands when in the senate before he parted company with the Republicans as a matter of conscience, and as a consequence has been in retirement for four years. Now he returns to the senate as the champion of the same principles for the advocacy of which he was rusticated by his constituents. He is young, strong, capable, handsome and ambitious. That he has a great career ahead of him nobody will question. He will be one of the leading senators for the next six years.

*Champ Clark*

### An Allegory.

Now, Science by dint of laborious tabulation of statistics had discovered that a black man is no more likely to steal chickens than is a man of any other color.

"That makes a monkey of me!" exclaimed Pictorial Humor and was henceforth gloomier than ever.—Detroit Journal.

# BEDFELLOWSHIP.

## The Time When Girls Exchange Confidences.

After the prolonged separation of a year when girl school chums meet again, they are apt to put off all conversation of intimate and private matters until bedtime. Then reviving dormitory days of old they open their hearts and tell the secrets accumulated in twelve long months. And some of these confidences are very sad. It is sad when the girl who was a crack at tennis, could pull an oar and swing a golf club has to admit that she has given up all those things because her back aches so incessantly. The pity is that such break-downs are so common among young women. They



will continue to be common and to increase in frequency until the girl is taught that the stability of the general health is founded on the local womanly health.

### A WOMAN'S WEAKNESS

may be gauged by her womanly health. "Female Weakness" is not a scientific term, but it is a popular term, expressing the result rather than the condition of womanly disease. Weakness must inevitably follow disease of the delicate womanly organs. Irregularity is often the beginning of more serious ailments. Drains that are at first considered chiefly as disagreeable, will in the end drain away the vigor and vitality of women. The prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would save many a woman from years of weakness and suffering. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

There is no other put-up medicine for woman's peculiar ills, purchasable from dealers which has so remarkable a record of cures as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When physicians have said no cure was possible, when all other means and medicines have utterly failed to benefit "Favorite Prescription" has been tried and its use has resulted in a perfect and permanent cure.

"Your letter just received," writes Miss Rose Killeffer, of 43 West Sharp-nack St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. "Words fail to express how thankful I am to you for your advice. I must confess that for the length of time I have been using your medicine I have found it to be the most wonderful and best remedy for female troubles that I ever have tried, and from now on I shall use no other. Sorry I did not know of your 'Favorite Prescription' years ago, but will gladly tell my friends who are suffering of your wonderful medicine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

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Restore Vitality  
Lost Vigor  
and Manhood...  
60 PILLS  
50 CTS.

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 50c. per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.

# NERVITA TABLETS EXTRA STRENGTH

Immediate Results  
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: NERVITA MEDICAL COMPANY, Clinton and Jackson Streets, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. For sale by C. M. Parrish, Druggists, Bellefonte, Pa.

## "New Rival," "Leader," "Repeater."

# WINCHESTER

### Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"New Rival" loaded with Black powders. "Leader" and "Repeater" loaded with Smokeless powders. Insist upon having them, take no others, and you will get the best shells that money can buy.

ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

### Garman's Empire House,

MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA.  
AL. S. GARMAN, Proprietor.  
Everything new, clean and inviting. Special pains will be taken to entertain Centre county people when traveling in that section.

### WHAT WOMEN SAY

about the merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best testimonial to its wonderful curative power. There is no claim made for "Favorite Prescription" which is not backed by cures. Every statement made as to what this medicine will do is supported by the living evidence of what it has done. It has made weak women strong and sick women well. It has brought back the roses to faded cheeks and the plumpness to shrunken forms. It has given laughter for tears, and joy in life for utter misery. What "Favorite Prescription" has done it is doing every day.

"A few years ago I suffered severely with female weakness, and had at times dreadful pains," writes Mrs. Mary V. Brown, of Creswell, Harford Co., Md. "I went to my doctor, and he gave me medicine which did me good for a while, but I would get worse again. I had a sick headache nearly all the time; was so weak around my waist could hardly

bear anything to touch me. My feet would keep cold and I could hardly do my work. I would work awhile and then lie down awhile; was completely run-down. Suffered from disagreeable discharge and also severe pains at times. After using five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, three of his 'Golden Medical Discoveries' and one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and following the advice you gave regarding the 'Lotion Tablets,' I can truly say that I am cured."

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Doctor Pierce, by letter, free. All communications held as sacredly confidential and womanly confidences guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A great many women have gratefully accepted the opportunity of a free consultation by letter with Dr. Pierce, as a welcome escape from the indelicate questionings, the offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments, thought necessary by some physicians. The modest woman shrinking from these things often lets her disease grow and eat into her life rather than submit to a treatment which offends her delicacy. A letter to Dr. Pierce avoids all these offensive practices.

If you are persuaded that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured others, do not allow yourself to be robbed of a cure by accepting some substitute medicine pressed on you by the dealer because it pays him a little more profit.

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# RAILROAD SCHEDULES

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES

In effect on and after May 28, 1900.

WESTWARD		EASTWARD	
STATIONS	TIME	STATIONS	TIME
11:55	10:15	11:15	11:15
12:00	10:20	11:20	11:20
12:05	10:25	11:25	11:25
12:10	10:30	11:30	11:30
12:15	10:35	11:35	11:35
12:20	10:40	11:40	11:40
12:25	10:45	11:45	11:45
12:30	10:50	11:50	11:50
12:35	10:55	11:55	11:55
12:40	11:00	12:00	12:00
12:45	11:05	12:05	12:05
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19:20	17:40	18:40	18:40
19:25	17:45	18:45	18:45
19:30	17:50	18:50	18:50
19:3			