

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

A New Burden to Be Piled on the People.

A PENSION FOR CIVILIANS.

Entering Wedge of This Dangerous Innovation.

RETIRE REVENUE OFFICERS ON PAY

Republicans Have Introduced a Bill to Pension a Horde of Civilian Favorites—Why Not Add Farmers, Artisans and Laborers to the List? Beginning of the English System. Congressman Underwood Protests. Admits Wants Two Seats—Example of Republican Manners in the Senate—To Quigg? New York.

[Special Washington Letter.] A huge and burdensome pension roll from the civil walks of life! Do the people want that? If they don't, they had better wake up thoroughly and suddenly, for the first step, and a long one at that, was taken in that direction last week when the revenue cutter bill was passed. It is the break in the dike which unless closed at once will let in the sea. Can anybody give any reason why government employees in the civil walks of life are any more entitled to pensions or to be "put on the retired list" at a good comfortable salary than are the farmers, carpenters, bricklayers, railroad men, doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers, editors, merchants and laborers of the land? Yet that is precisely what's coming sure as a gun is made of iron unless the Republicans are kicked out of place and power.

In the matter of pensions for service in the military or naval arms of the government the United States has been and is more generous than any other nation on the whole face of the earth in all the hoary registers of time. The people of this country tax themselves voluntarily to administer liberally to the wants of soldiers and sailors suffering from wounds or from disease, but it is perfectly safe to say that if it were put to a popular vote the proposition to pension civilians would be snowed under too deep for resurrection. Nevertheless the bill to retire the revenue cutter officers, who are mere civilians, is the beginning of the English system, introduced here, to pay pensions to a horde of civilian favorites of the powers that be, and the bad and burdensome system will grow like Jonah's gourd vine. The patience of the American taxpayer is the most amazing phenomenon of our times. He will wake up at last, I guess.

Underwood's Speech. Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama comes of a race of statesmen, and he is upholding the traditions of his house in splendid fashion. He is a young man, looks like a mere boy, but he is universally recognized as a leader on the Democratic side. He is handsome, candid, fair, reasonable and never goes off at a tangent. When the bill was up, Underwood stated the truth when he said:

There is no more reason why you should apply a retirement law to the revenue cutter service than that you should apply a retirement law to the United States marshals, the United States marshall, and the next step will be to retire the officers of the navy and army. It was but a few weeks ago that a bill was brought in here practically and virtually to retire a member of congress. I am not criticizing that bill, for I have nothing against it, but in reference to the distinguished member to whom it applied, but it was a step which you took.

In the last session of congress we had a bill before this house to apply the retirement law to the signal service corps and to the weather bureau service, and now you are giving it to the revenue cutter service, and the next step will be to retire the clerks in the treasury department and the other departments of this government and to create an officeholding class in this country. Why, they receive better pay than your average constituent or mine who is rendering the same service and doing his work in this country. Your constituent and my constituent, if they are providing for the day of their old age and their retirement from the active affairs of life, must save their money as they go along. You and I may serve our country in the halls of congress for years to come, and yet, when by reason of age and ill health we must retire, there is no retirement salary and should be none held out for us.

Why should these civil employees, who are merely employed at sea as civilian employees instead of being employed on land, be given this right of retirement and also have this large additional pay, which amounts to 40 per cent after 20 years' service? Practically under this bill they will all have 20 years' service pay.

That eminent apostle of Republican purity and sweetness, Hon. J. Edward Addicks, alias "Gas" Addicks, appears to have the world by the caudal appendage with a down hill pull in the tiny and ancient commonwealth of Delaware. He is rushing the senatorial growler, so to speak, at a rate which makes the beholder dizzy. Most any man of our 77,000,000 people—not counting the Filipinos, Porto Ricans, Guamanes and Indians not taxed—would be satisfied with one seat in the senate of the United States. Not so with Hon. "Gas," however. He aspires to two seats. He must imagine that he is twins. There are two senators to elect in Delaware, one for four years, the other for six. Addicks has himself voted for regularly for both places. Whether he will succeed in his vaulting ambition remains to be seen.

Republican Senatorial Manners. In a fine burst of eloquence Cicero exclaimed: "O tempora! O mores!" ("Oh, the times! Oh, the manners!") If

he had been in the senate on Monday, the 21st inst., he would have exclaimed, "Oh, the Republican manners!" On that day that venerable New England statesman, General Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, called that other New England statesman, Hon. William Eaton Chandler of New Hampshire, a liar! Mark you, a plain, unvarnished liar, without any ifs or buts or other qualification whatsoever! Now, these statesmen are senators, mark you, not representatives—members of the upper house, improperly so called, and not of the lower, and New England Republican senators at that, not senators from the wild and woolly west or from the heated regions of the south. It was awful, awful, awful.

As usual, Hon. Richard Franklin Pettigrew was the man who set these gray haired senators by the ears. He dug up from some literary junkshop a little half forgotten or totally forgotten pamphlet written by Chandler years ago giving an account of how "the visiting statesmen" to Louisiana in the Tilden-Hayes muddle of 1876-7 were rewarded by Rutherford. In it Chandler said that Hawley declined the reward offered him because it wasn't big enough! Whereupon the venerable but irascible general declared the statement to be a lie and that Chandler meant it for a lie when he wrote it. To this language, for using which General Hawley could be convicted of a misdemeanor in any state in the Union, Chandler replied that Hawley was not responsible for anything he said, which was the most unkindest cut of all. Of course all this was duly and carefully edited out of The Record, but nevertheless isn't it a bad example these giddy gentlemen are setting for the "giddy young things" in the house who are going or who want to go over to the senate? And ought not Hon. Richard Franklin Pettigrew to be disciplined for precipitating such a disgraceful embroglio betwixt two such aged statesmen? Marcus A. Conzo will be compelled to have a law providing punishment for leze majesty passed speedily or Richard Franklin Pettigrew aforesaid will be able to pull off a pugilistic carnival in the senate with great eclat.

Age of Chivalry Revived. It has been declared that the day of miracles is past just as the age of chivalry is gone. A great many people believed the declaration to be true, but now comes Lemuel Eli Quigg, the alter ego of Boss Platt, and revives the age of miracles by making proclamation that the Republicans, Independents and sorehead Democrats are about to elect a mayor of Greater New York, and to use his astounding language, "the campaign against Tammany Hall will be conducted upon the distinct understanding that the coalition candidate shall administer the city's affairs, if elected, upon an absolutely unpartisan basis." Surely the millennium is in sight when Lemuel Eli, who is one of the most intense partisans ever in congress, declares for a nonpartisan basis.

The devil was sick; The devil a monk would be; The devil got well; The devil a monk was he.

Mr. Quigg then, following the apostolic injunction, gave a reason for the hope within him of electing his mongrel ticket in these words: "The conditions today are entirely dissimilar to those of 1867. At that time the Independents and the Republicans were so distrustful of each other that neither would shake hands until one had slapped the other's face. There is no such feeling now. The Independents and Republicans now desire to co-operate." Ah, yes, Lemmy, to "co-operate" in a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together for a raid on the savory fleshpots of Egypt. They are hungrier now than they were in 1867; that's all.

Asked as to a majority candidate, Mr. Quigg, the reforming lieutenant of that supremest Reformer, with a big, big R, Hon. Thomas C. Platt, modestly replied that that was a question which would be left to the very last. Lemuel Eli is entirely too modest. I am not exactly sponsor for the conglomerated ticket, but I make bold to nominate as the bellwether thereof Lemuel Eli Quigg himself. That certainly would be a name to conjure with. He has made the name Quigg immortal by causing it to be used as a verb as well as a noun. It will probably appear in the next edition of the unabridged dictionaries, for ever since the Philadelphia convention the verb "to quigg" has meant to steal, take and carry away a part of a political platform. General Charles Henry Grosvenor, "the grim old lion of Athens," solemnly, wrathfully and vehemently asseverated during the dog days that Lemuel Eli surreptitiously made away with three several and distinct planks of the Republican national platform.

Increase of Lynching. Solely for information I would like to inquire what has become of the Anti-Lynching society of Boston, which undertook, no doubt in good faith and with good intentions, to remind human nature? Is it auspicious? Did it die a-borning? Lynching has so much increased lately that it has become fashionable—almost epidemic. Hanging people without legal formula is no longer confined to Mississippi and Louisiana, but has become a popular pastime in Indiana, the home of that great constitutional lawyer, general and ex-president, Benjamin Harrison; of the bounding Beveridge, who discovered the Philippine archipelago; of the altitudinous Fairbanks, a president in posse; of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur" and "The Fair God," and of James Whitcomb Riley, the sweet singer. The amusement of fricasseeing colored gentlemen is no longer monopolized by Texas and Kentucky, but is indulged in by denizens of Colorado and Bleeding Kansas. The Anti-Lynching society of Boston may not have heard of these heartrending occurrences; so, as a lover of my kind and a friend of man, I announce these pain-

ful and hair raising facts to them and bid them rise and stop this invasion of the east and north by the barbarism of the west and south.

Quay's Flower Reception.

When Mirabeau, the immortal orator, was dying, he exclaimed, "Smother me with flowers!" What the fever crazed Frenchman wished almost happened to Matthew Stanley Quay when he was sworn in as senator last week. Such a floral display has never been witnessed on this continent outside of a regular flower show. The hothouses of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the conservatories and botanical garden of Washington, were stripped to honor the return of the conquering hero. The pages and habitues of the senate would have shouted "Io! Triumph!" if they had understood Latin. As it was, they capered about like mad, ran over and bumped up against each other in "toting" the flowers to the arch enemy of John W. Wamamaker. It was a great day for Quay and Quaysylvania.

"The straight way is the right way" appears to be the motto of that stalwart young man out of the west, Senator Frederick T. Dubois, who in accepting the senatorial election frankly stated that hereafter he proposed to be a Democrat and to enter the Democratic caucus. Fred's caput is not only large and capacious, but it is level. His action means that hereafter there is to be a perfect union of the forces opposed to the un-American policy of the Republicans. It is well. Unity of purpose, unity in policy, unity in action, will achieve success—success which means a return to American policies instead of imperial policies. The manly and courageous action of Senator Dubois will be hailed with delight by millions of the untrifled as a prophecy of victories in the future.

Edward VII.

It appears that Albert Edward has ascended the throne of his ancestors as Edward VII. I suppose this is because the name Edward is intimate associated with some of the great events of English history and is pre-eminently an English name. The greatest of all the Edwards, the Black Prince, never became king at all. On the other hand, Albert is a German name. It is somewhat less than 200 years since the house of Brunswick came to the throne. If Albert Edward wanted to select a name out of all his predecessors that would fit his character the best, he would call himself Charles III, for up to date he bears more resemblance to that merry monarch, Charles II, than to any other that ever sat upon the English throne. My guess is that he will be the most popular king England ever had, simply because he has sense enough to know that he is not king at all, but a mere figurehead. It is lucky for him and his posterity that he looks at the matter in that way, for if he took the view of it that his great-grandfather, George III, did he probably would share the fate of Charles I or James II. It is rather a strange historical coincidence that the formation of the Australian commonwealth, which is practically a republic, and the death of Victoria should be almost synchronous.

Queen Victoria's popularity rested on two facts. First, that she was a good woman—not better than thousands of others, but nevertheless a good woman—and discharged with fidelity her duties as daughter, wife, mother. The second fact is that she did not attempt to interfere with the growth of the democratic idea. She recognized the inevitable and bowed to it. During her long reign, by reason of the various reform acts passed, suffrage has been extended to an almost universal male basis, and in some respects the British government is a more representative government than that of the United States. That she was bitterly opposed to the Boer war is well known and is greatly to her credit. That she did not prevent it, as she would like to have done, shows what a mere figurehead is the occupant of the British throne.

The chances are that her death will make that infamous war more unpopular than ever, and it may be that some great power will pluck up the courage to intervene in the interest of humanity. If Albert Edward, or Edward the VII, or Albert I, or whatever he chooses to call himself, wants to immortalize his name and reign, the best thing he could do would be to stop the war and grant local self government to Ireland. He would run a great risk by undertaking either one of these things at any time, but less risk now than hereafter, because attempting it now he would be largely aided by the tender feeling awakened by the death of his mother. But even if he should fall in the attempt it is better to have attempted a good deed and failed than to have not attempted it at all.

Popular Election of Senators.

The deadlocks now on in several legislatures for the election of United States senators, together with the rumors of scandals emanating from every state capital where there is a deadlock, constitute an irrevocable argument in favor of the election of senators by direct popular vote. The nearer that all elections are brought to the great body of the people the better the country is off. Notwithstanding the unceasing howl of pessimists to the contrary, the people can be trusted. The Hon. David Wallace has introduced a resolution in the Missouri legislature asking congress to submit an amendment making it possible to elect senators by popular vote. First and last the legislatures of thirty odd states have taken action on this matter, all favoring it. That this idea has not been crystallized into law is an amazing illustration of vis inertia in politics.

A Man to the Rescue!

The Woman in Peril Rarely Finds Help From Her Own Sex.

It is in no wise to a woman's discredit that she is not a professional life-saver. We can only fancy her in the fireman's helmet, in the crew of the life-boat, or wielding a policeman's club, at the loss of some of that fineness which is the distinguishing quality of her sex. The Molly Pitchers and Grace Darlings are only examples of the sublime self-forgetfulness of women in great emergencies.

It's much the same in other ways. Women turn to the strength, skill and judgment of men in the crises of life.



One of the most common statements made in the letters grateful women write to Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., is this: "I owe my life to Dr. Pierce." These women have found themselves in great danger. They have appealed without avail to local physicians. They have consulted in vain with women advisers. The best that had been done for them was just to keep them afloat in the sea of disease with strength visibly failing, in the hope that the man who had strength and skill to save them might be found.

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Hundreds of thousands of women have appealed to Dr. Pierce, for relief from womanly ills and not one has appealed in vain. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription supplemented by the medical advice of Dr. Pierce has been the means of cure to this vast army of women suffering from diseases peculiar to the sex.

"I wish to tell you the benefit I received from using your remedies," writes Mrs. Alice Soncrant, of 261 W. Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill. "Two years ago I was taken with a severe pain in the left ovary and side. Tried several different remedies, but nothing helped me. I got so bad I could scarcely walk across the floor or do work of any kind. One day an old neighbor lady came in to see me, and told me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She said she knew it would help me, as it had saved her life. When the doctors had given her up and said they could do nothing, for her she said she began to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it cured her. So I got a bottle of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and began taking them. Before I had taken one bottle of each I was so much better I could do all my own work, and that is a good deal, as I am the mother of four small children. Three bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me. I have not been sick since then. I think

your 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful medicine for women."

Such cures as that of Mrs. Soncrant are many, and they speak for the power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription better than the most eloquent words of praise. The test of a medicine is, what has it done for women? By that test "Favorite Prescription" invites woman's verdict. On the testimony of trustworthy women, "Favorite Prescription" has saved life where physicians had given up all hope. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate forms of womanly disease. It has banished pain, restored the appetite, induced refreshing sleep, given color to the cheeks and roundness to the form.

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There are few women for whom no perfect cure is possible. The number of such women has been reduced to a minimum by the practical experience of Dr. Pierce. Of the hundreds of thousands of women who have appealed to Dr. Pierce for counsel in connection with his "Favorite Prescription," only two in every hundred have failed of a perfect and permanent cure. But even this two per cent of incurables have gratefully recorded a great improvement in their condition; relief from pain and a restoration to family enjoyments.

No sick woman should be discouraged by her condition, no matter how long standing her ailment may be, or how utterly all other means and medicines have failed to cure. The greater number of cures effected by "Favorite Prescription" are cures of chronic and complicated diseases which have baffled the skill of local physicians and proved intractable to all other treatment.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries disagreeable and weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It is the greatest preparative for maternity, giving womanly health and strength and making baby's advent practically painless.

A GREAT FREE OFFER.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held in sacred confidence, and womanly confidences are guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no similar offer of free consultation by letter or free medical advice, which has behind it an institution such as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., to which for over thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician, assisted by a medical staff of nearly a score of specialists in the treatment and cure of womanly diseases.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is purely a vegetable preparation and cannot disagree with the weakest constitution.

Some dealers for the sake of the little more profit paid for inferior preparations, will try and sell the customer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as being "just as good." "Just as good" medicines do not have the cures to their credit which make women hail "Favorite Prescription" as a "Godsend to women." Don't barter the substance for the shadow.

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to see the great medical work which Dr. Pierce gives free to women. This great work, the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 large pages and 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper-covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in durable cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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