

CLARK'S LETTER

Triumph of Senator Marcus A. Hanna.

FEATURE OF INAUGURATION

President and President Maker Ride Together.

CONTRAST WITH A CENTURY AGO.

Inaugural of Thomas Jefferson Breathes Spirit of Freedom—Republican Factions Getting Ready For a Fight—John Wanamaker Denounces Ship Subsidy and Reckless Extravagance of the Administration—Broken Promise to Cuba a National Disgrace—Says Republican Leaders Have Dragged Party In the Mire—Treatment of the Boers, Pettigrew's Victory.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"To triumph" was the cry, or, rather, would have been the cry, of the great army of Republican place hunters who lined Pennsylvania avenue March 4 if they had understood Latin, as Senator Marcus A. Hanna rode to the capitol in the carriage with President McKinley. No man had a better right to thus ride, for no man did more to bring about the result last November.

The dramatic person in the chief roles on this 4th and the century old 4th changed places. This time a Democratic chief justice, Melville W. Fuller, swore in a Republican president, William McKinley. One hundred years ago a Federalist chief justice, John Marshall, administered the oath to the greatest Democrat that ever lived, Thomas Jefferson, the chief priest, apostle and prophet of civil liberty.

Century Old Classic.

The daily papers give verbatim the inaugural of President McKinley. In the days to come it may or may not be highly regarded. Jefferson's has become a classic. In formulating the Democratic creed he said:

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most complete administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against antirepublican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped off by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unobtainable; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republicanism, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture and commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus and trial by jury impartially selected—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civil instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust, and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.

No words ever uttered by an American statesman have been more frequently quoted than those. None are worthier of remembrance. Everybody in the land should learn them by heart.

Warring Factions.

To the casual and careless observer the Republicans are dwelling together in unity after the manner of brethren, but signs are not lacking that there must soon be a great struggle for supremacy among the various factions of the victorious party. I take it that nobody will seriously question the Republicanism of John Wanamaker. He proved his right to a high place in the Republican synagogue by raising \$400,000 slush fund in 1888 in about 24 hours in order to carry the election for General Benjamin Harrison, and he had his reward in the shape of the postmaster generalship. John's son runs that staunch Republican newspaper, the Philadelphia North American. It is generally taken and accepted that Editor Wanamaker and ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker are on pretty good terms with each other—cheek by jowl, in fact. Wanamaker here is sometimes denominated "Plous John."

Now, be it remembered that the Wanamakers—father and son—live in Pennsylvania, where Republicanism is supreme—by about 300,000 majority—and in the City of Brotherly Love, where the Republican majority is exactly the size which the bosses make it, the number of votes cast having nothing whatever to do with the size of the majority; consequently the Wanamakers are eligible located for the purpose of understanding Republicanism in all its badness and rottenness. In a late issue The North American says:

Statesmanship is the sorest present want of the Republican party. It needs leaders with courage and foresight. These in command at Washington exhibit an abundant lack of both. They have led the party away from Republican principles into a swamp of difficulties amid which they are floundering, frightened at what they have done and too stupidly ashamed to take the back track to solid footing. They have actually begun to beg the Democrats to save them from themselves both in the house and senate.

Throughout the country Republican newspapers which wield influence on public opinion because they decline to assume that the official party stamp transforms had measure into a good one are crying out against a leadership that produces

the results which we witness at the national capital. While the great problems growing out of the Spanish war await solution we see the senators wading a whole session discussing a ship subsidy which is not a popular demand and which only private interests are pushing.

Extravagance Denounced.

If a Democrat or pestiferous Populist had written that, it would be easy to dispose of him by yelling "Traitor!" or "Lunatic!" but it appears in a triple lead editorial in a paper published by one of the elect—to wit, Wanamaker filis, and no doubt with the sanction of "Plous John" himself.

After suggesting that President McKinley once upon a time said something about economy, The North American treats us to this pungent paragraph:

The answer of the chosen representatives of the people to that is appropriations amounting to \$800,000,000 within less than three months, and that is merely part of the answer. While war taxes are being collected it is not only proposed to present \$9,000,000 a year to a knot of favored shipbuilders, but the suggested cure for an emptied treasury is a new issue of interest bearing bonds!

Suppose the Democratic party were in power and had been guilty of equal extravagance and folly, is there any rational Republican who would expect the people at the polls to indorse such a record?

It is high time for President McKinley to assert himself and exercise his great authority for the guidance of the Republican party out of the bog into which deficient brains and excessive greed daily plunge it. He can do it if he will. Especially he can do it at a peril that threatens the party with disgrace and the country with dishonor. Bad as conscienceless waste of the public money is, that is innocence itself in comparison with the movement whose aim is to have the Republican party repudiate the nation's sacred pledge to Cuba. That cannot be done without rank disloyalty to the party's platform adopted at Philadelphia, which says:

"To Cuba independence and self government were assured in the same voice by which war was declared, and to the letter this pledge shall be performed."

Repeatedly the president himself has reaffirmed the binding nature of this promise to the fulfillment of which the United States is committed as solemnly as honor can commit any nation to any other. Why, then, do members of the Republican party, many of them in high official place, dare to intimate that President McKinley can ever be persuaded to consent to the dishonor of the country and his own administration?

In December, 1900, Mr. McKinley in his message to congress said it was our plain duty to grant free trade to Porto Rico, which had been deprived of her Spanish and Cuban markets by annexation to the United States. Yet President McKinley was induced to recede from that just and honorable policy. Hence the hope of the advocates of petty and spoliation in the case of Cuba that he may be cozened into reversing himself again.

Now, what does The North American wish to stir up unpleasant recollections for? Why does it harrow up the memory with a reference to that historic wabbling and somersaulting in the Porto Rican business? Hasn't President McKinley a right to change his mind radically on questions of greatest pith and moment "while you wait"? Hath The North American no bowels of compassion?

Dragged In the Mire.

The further it goes the worse it gets, for it has the hardhood to say:

The party needs leadership from the White House. It needs immediate and plain speaking from President McKinley, which shall at the cost of forever the rising hope of those who would saddle the Republican party with the crime of denying independence to the Cubans. A billion and a half dollar congress the country might possibly be argued into forgiving, but unless Americans have forgotten self respect and good faith there could be no forgiveness for the party responsible for national perjury. That this perjury should even be suggested by Republicans holding seats in congress and on terms of cordiality with the White House is an insult to the president so intolerable that we marvel he has not resented it ere this. The party is being foully stained, and the Republican president owes it to the Republicans of the United States, as well as to himself, to rebuke and root the Beveridges and the Reids.

The same leadership that has dragged the party into the mire of indefensible aggression seeks to make of it a pack animal for the trusts—wealth whose only interest in government is to use it for the increase of private profits and the enrichment of the people. It was the sugar and tobacco trusts that applied the pressure which deprived the Porto Ricans of a country and pilloried the United States as the doer of cruel and sordid injustice.

The North American ought really to be ashamed of itself to publish that last sentence, for it must know two things: (1) That Hon. Sen. E. Payne, chairman of the committee on ways and means, fathered that bill after changing his mind suddenly and inexplicably; (2) that he is in feeble health and may die of heart failure if the Republican North American keeps up such jabber as that. Too bad! Too bad!

McKinley and the Boers.

The greatest enigma, the most unsolvable puzzle connected with this administration, is its attitude touching the Anglo-Boer war. The heroism of the two little South African republics in this matchless fight for freedom appears to have challenged the admiration of all the world except the McKinley administration. It has out-Heroded Herod—i. e., Johnnie Bull himself—in the sang froid with which it has watched the death struggle of the foremost heroes in the flood of time. True, it has not sent its armies to help Mr. Bull, for the all sufficient reason that it could not, for there is a congress still, though it has in these later days abdicated many of its functions in favor of the executive. Nevertheless there is enough of congress left to raise a row occasionally; but, while no American army has fought under the cross of St. George, the administration has done everything in its power to aid the British in their crusade against liberty, notwithstanding the fact that we are supposed to be neutrals.

English agents have purchased in America openly and aboveboard over 77,000 horses and mules during the Boer war, have shipped them openly and aboveboard in their own ships from the port of New Orleans to South Africa, have filled the New Orleans papers with advertisements and otherwise deported themselves as though they were thoroughly at home, and who shall say that mules and horses engaged in such a trade are not "contraband of war"? Why are they any less "contraband of war" than is coal, which is solemnly declared to be so by treaty? New Orleans is a queer place for the English to select to operate in strangling two little republics. Clearly the spirits of the mighty dead do not return to earth, or that of old Andrew Jackson would appear in that historic city and scare the

Moody Britishers out of town. It would be retributive justice.

Hats Off to Pettigrew.

Defeat may have embittered Hon. Richard Franklin Pettigrew of South Dakota, but it did not pale his intellectual fires. He kept good his promise to defeat Mark Hanna's pet bill and colossal steal, the ship subsidy raid upon the treasury. That must be a sweet recollection for Richard Franklin the remnant of his days—and may they be long in the land. He shot many a Parthian arrow into the serried ranks of the army of senatorial looters. One of the sharpest, which went straight to the mark, was his suggestion that the president of the republic should wear the farther designation of "the emperor of the islands of the seas." Evidently Mr. Pettigrew is not looking for a job under the administration and has no aspirations to become an ornament of our imperial court. Pettigrew refuses to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning. He goes—he may never return—but he defeated Mark's fondest hopes. All hats off to Pettigrew!

With Pettigrew goes another remarkable character, Hon. Marion Butler of North Carolina. After serving a full term of six years among the conscript fathers Butler's senatorial career ends at the age of 37, a time of life at which a man is likely to begin in house or senate. Whether he will again figure in high public station remains to be seen, but to a mere looker on in Vienna it would appear that a man of his age or youthfulness, whichever you please, who has ability enough to create a party in an old, conservative state such as North Carolina and force or induce it to elect him to the senate at the age of 31 must be much out of the ordinary. I do not of course train politically with Butler, but I like the man personally and wish that he would return to the Democracy of North Carolina. He and they might be of mutual advantage to each other in the days that are to come. Intellectually he has stood well in the senate. He has not been regarded as a freak, but as a man of sense.

A Giant Intellect.

Along with Pettigrew and Butler goes a man who injured his own reputation when he spoke for 14½ hours in the senate at one stretch and thus acquired the title of "champion long distance talker." His name is William Vincent Allen of Nebraska. He is much more than a mere long distance talker; he is a giant intellectually and physically, a fine lawyer, a strong debater and a man of courage and capacity. He has served eight years—six by election and two by appointment. He is honest as the day is long, and his career has been highly creditable to himself, his state and his nation. He has not been a chimerical statesman, as our eastern friends are fond of believing all Populists to be. On the other hand, he is a man noted for levelness of head. He is universally respected by all who have observed his course and is obnoxious to none except the jobbers and looters of the treasury. Nebraska now has three national characters among her private citizens—William J. Bryan, William V. Allen and John M. Thurston.

In my last letter I stated that there was some room for suspicion that Mr. Babcock's bill to kill the steel trust was unbecome, or, in plain, everyday English, a fake or fraud. Subsequent events demonstrated that he was simply playing to the galleries. One day last week Hon. James D. Richardson, Democratic leader, moved in the committee on ways and means to report Babcock's bill favorably, whereupon a Republican member moved that the committee adjourn, which latter motion was promptly carried, which is the end of Brother Babcock's bogus attempt as a trust killer. If he has deceived anybody whatsoever or whomsoever by his transparent trick, it must be some resident of an idiot asylum. Certainly no sane human being could be hoodwinked with such a performance as "Bab's." His caper is somewhat on a par with, but quite so ridiculous as, the fake antitrust constitutional amendment cooked up by the Republicans of the Judiciary committee in the closing days of the long session.

The Lines

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!
do not apply to these Republican pretenders and sleight of hand performers simply because they have been practicing to deceive for, lo, these many years—but they weave a tangled web all the same.

Navy Aristocrats.

Just to stir up the pure minds of my readers by way of remembrance to the fact that United States senators ought to be elected by a direct vote of the people I wish to direct their attention to the action of the legislatures of Oregon, Delaware and Nebraska. Oregon elected at the last moment, after a deadlock lasting throughout the entire session, while Delaware and Nebraska have not elected at all. Addicks is strong enough to prevent the election of two senators in Delaware—which is sufficient evidence that the present cumbersome and corrupt system of election should be abolished.

Rear Admiral Sampson appears to have brought a hornets' nest full of very bald hornets about his head by writing a letter openly advocating a naval aristocracy. Sampson's sin is that he spoke out in meeting what many other aristocrats are thinking. A peerage is a necessary concomitant of an empire. Napoleon so found it, and we will hardly find a larger pattern in matters imperial than the Corsican. He died a sullen prisoner at St. Helena—a very good ending for an emperor who strangled a republic.

A Chance For Life.

A CRY OF WARNING AND OF HOPE.

History repeats itself. When the first dam burst or reservoir wall gave way and the man on horseback sped down the valley with the alarm, he was doing exactly what would be done under the same circumstances generations after-generation. He was giving the people in the line of the flood a chance for life.

The man or woman who in some sudden peril has been plunged in the engulfing wave, or caught in an upper chamber of a burning house; these know how all of present and future can be



gathered into that brief sentence, "A chance for life."

There is another class of people, those in danger from disease, who understand how much lies in those few words. There are men and women living to-day in healthy, active enjoyment of life who can look back to the time when they were weak and emaciated, coughing until the blood trickled over their lips, seeing no hope of escape from that dread disease consumption.

But a chance for life came to them and they took it.

"I feel very grateful for the home-treatment given me by the World's Dispensary Medical Association," writes Mr. T. J. F. Brown, of Sands, Watauga Co., N. C. "I had catarrh for several years, then took grip, also had hemorrhage from the lungs. I had the best medical attention, but only to bring partial relief. I got up for a few months, but had more hemorrhages. I took Dr. K.'s Discovery (twenty-five or thirty bottles), but in a few months I had more spells of bleeding. I wrote to Dr. Pierce and received directions what kind of medicine to use; I commenced taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I had only taken one bottle when I could see I was improving. I used five bottles of the 'Discovery' and three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I have been able to do any kind of labor for more than twelve months. Well, I just simply owe my life to the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

A CHANCE FOR EVERY ONE.

Arguing from the cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there's a good chance of recovery for every one who suffers with weak lungs, obstinate cough, bronchitis and other forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption. What the chance of recovery is may be determined by the fact that of the thousands of per-

sons who have used "Golden Medical Discovery" (and when necessary consulted Dr. Pierce by letter, free), ninety-eight per cent. have been perfectly and permanently cured. In severe cases of pulmonary disease "Golden Medical Discovery" has worked wonders. It has come to the sick man or woman as a last resort. The breath came in gasps; the cough was deep and distressing, there were hemorrhages, night-sweats, emaciation and great weakness. The doctor in many cases had gone his way saying "There's nothing more to be done." Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was used and the cure began. The cough disappeared. The hemorrhages ceased. Flesh was put on. And the once hopeless sufferer was at length restored to the activities of labor and the enjoyment of life. Thousands witness to these facts and these witnesses know whereof they speak because they are men and women who testify that they owe their lives to "Golden Medical Discovery," and Dr. Pierce.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. John Shireman, No. 265 25th Place, Chicago, Ills. "I had such terrible coughing spells, we not only grew much alarmed, but looked for the bursting of a blood-vessel or hemorrhage at almost any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

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to consult the ordinary specialist in disease? More in most cases than the average person has to spend in fees. Yet persons suffering from chronic diseases are invited to consult an extraordinary specialist by letter, free.

Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., is an extraordinary specialist. He is extraordinary in an unbroken experience in the treatment and cure of disease which extends over thirty years. He is extraordinary in his success: 98 per cent. of those he has treated being absolutely and entirely cured. He is extraordinary in that he puts at the disposal of correspondents not only his own services but the services of his medical staff numbering nearly a score of qualified physicians. There is no other offer of free medical advice which has behind it so renowned an Institution as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, or such a successful specialist as Dr. Pierce. Write in confidence to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Do not accept any substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." The medicine that dealers sometimes offer as "just as good" as Dr. Pierce's is not the medicine which has cured the thousands who testify that when all other medicines failed "Golden Medical Discovery" restored them to perfect and permanent health.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.		IN EFFECT NOV. 26, 1899.	
VIA TYRONA—WESTWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9:30 a. m.	at Tyrona	11:10 a. m.
at Altoona	1:00 p. m.	at Harrisburg	5:10 p. m.
at Philadelphia	7:40 p. m.		
VIA TYRONA—EASTWARD.			
Leave Philadelphia	7:40 a. m.	at Harrisburg	9:50 a. m.
at Altoona	1:30 p. m.	at Tyrona	3:15 p. m.
at Harrisburg	5:45 p. m.		
VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.			
Leave Harrisburg	9:30 a. m.	at Lock Haven	10:30 a. m.
at Lewisburg	1:45 p. m.	at Philadelphia	6:45 p. m.
VIA LEWISBURG.			
Leave Harrisburg	6:45 a. m.	at Lewisburg	7:45 a. m.
at Philadelphia	12:45 p. m.		
Leave Philadelphia	6:45 a. m.	at Harrisburg	7:45 a. m.
at Lewisburg	8:45 a. m.		

LEWISBURG & TYRONA RAILROAD.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
11:10	10:30	11:10	11:10
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45
1:45	1:45	1:45	1:45
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45

HALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45
1:45	1:45	1:45	1:45
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES RAILROAD.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

READ DOWN.		READ UP.	
11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45
1:45	1:45	1:45	1:45
3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
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7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45

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BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
3			