

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Senator Carter Receives His Reward.

LONG SPEECH BORE FRUIT.

Bacon Snatched From Grasp of the Pork Hunters.

HANNA GETS EVEN WITH BURTON

Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee Disciplined For Opposing Ship Subsidy Deal—Teddy Starts Off Well—McKinley's Optimistic Sentence—Contradicted by History—Promises to Cuba Should Be Kept—Mortality and Fatalities of the Last Congress—Louisiana Purchase Fair.

[Special Washington Letter.]
One of the most turbulent legislative bodies that the sun ever looked down upon was the Polish diet. In that assembly every member possessed an absolute veto on any measure. To kill any bill all any member had to do was to yell "Nie Potzwallum!" and the bill was as dead as a smelt. As a rule the gentleman who did the yelling was also dead, for when he yelled "Nie Potzwallum!" and stopped the proceedings usually his fellow members were so enraged that they ran their swords through him and put an end to him.

Senator Thomas H. Carter performed the "Nie Potzwallum" act for the river and harbor bill, acting, so it is whispered, under instructions from the White House, but he didn't do it with two words. The senator babbled on for 13 1/2 hours, only falling short by one hour of Senator William Vincent Allen's matchless performance as a long distance talker. If the hour of 12 m. had not arrived, Carter would have broken the Nebraska record. And Thomas hath received his reward—an appointment as Louisiana Purchase World's fair commissioner at a nice little salary of \$5,000 a year and not much to do. More fortunate than the Polish patriot who yelled "Nie Potzwallum!" Carter's senatorial brethren did not run their swords through him, though several of them were angry enough to have done so in jigtime. They were smacking their lips in anticipation of the juicy bacon, and, lo, when Carter spoke there was no bacon—but much cussing.

All of which recalls the famous lines:
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggy a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy got none.

Hanna Grinned.
No doubt Mark Hanna grinned a sardonic grin as the hands of the big clock pointed to 12 m., for he was savagely evening things up with his eminent fellow citizen, Hon. Theodore E. Burton, chairman of the river and harbor committee, who openly announced his opposition to Mark's stupendous steal, popularly known as the ship subsidy bill. "Sweet is revenge!" Mark would have said if he had ever read Lord Byron, the greatest poet and revenge getter of them all. Byron gibbered his enemies before high heaven that all men might gaze upon his victims. Mark knocks them in the head and leaves them by the wayside. In the language of the sporting fraternity, "it's a horse on" Burton—and "a horse on" a good many conscript fathers who looked upon the pork barrel with watering mouths.

Teddy.
As a voracious chronicler of current events it is my duty to inform my million readers that Governor and Colonel and Vice President Theodore Roosevelt, slyly and affectionately yeeted Teddy, pulled off his part of the inaugural show not only with great success, but with great eclat. He performed in the senate chamber, with a roof over his head to keep off the rain, while Mr. McKinley labored under the disadvantage of speaking to a vast concourse of people who were being soaked to the skin by a steady downpour. Colonel Roosevelt bore himself handsomely and delivered a very nice speech in a clear, audible voice and proceeded with the routine duties of presiding officer as though he were a veteran. He made a favorable impression on all present. I take pleasure in stating these things because Mr. Vice President Roosevelt is a much more admirable character than was Mr. Candidate Roosevelt. He certainly added nothing to his own fame or to the estimation in which American public men are held at home and abroad by his capers during the campaign. But he starts well in the vice presidential office.

The President.
Mr. McKinley actually thrives in the presidential office. He must, judging by appearances, weigh 15 or 20 pounds more than he did at his first inauguration and is in perfect fettle, yet it is known by all who have opportunities for judging that the presidential position is what Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "a demitition horrid grind." It made Grover Cleveland haggard and hollow eyed, and, whatever else may be said of him, Grover is not a delicate or feeble person. He is strong and big as an ox, but all the same 60 days' worry in the spring of 1893 brought great black rings under his eyes, and he had to go fishing. As

Mr. McKinley stood in the rain speaking to the people he was the picture of health and manly grace—a matter for congratulation all around.

Mr. McKinley is by nature an optimist. Surely he can claim to have written the most optimistic sentence ever penned, "Our institutions will not deteriorate by extension, and our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas."

I humbly and fervently pray Almighty God that the presidential prophecy may be fulfilled, but if it is we will have broken and reversed all historic precedents. The pathway of man for 6,000 years is crammed with wrecks of nations which did exactly what we are doing—spraddled out all over creation, took into the body polite hostile and alien peoples and endeavored to assimilate them. All those nations are dead. Let us hope that we may escape this sad fate, though we are following in their footsteps. It may be that we are immune to all the evils which wrought their destruction, but I beg to state that we have no evidence of that fact. Au contraire, as the French would say, all the facts go to show that we are only human. Indeed "Uncle" Shelby M. Cullom once confessed in a fine burst of confidence that even United States senators are human.

It will be observed that in the sentence which I have quoted Mr. McKinley speaks of unlimited expansion—
No pent up Ulica confines our powers;
The whole, the boundless continent is ours.

Not only the continent is ours, but the graceful presidential orator serenely informs us that "our institutions will not deteriorate by extension"—extension anywhere, extension everywhere. What rosy spectacles our chief magistrate must wear! What warrant has he for such a sweeping statement in the face of the sober but unpalatable facts of history? Yet I hope he is correct, for we are now entered upon a policy of all devouring extension. We are committed to the doctrine, unheard of till now, that we can't trade profitably with a man unless we own him.

Does History Lie?
Our presidential optimist says, "Our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas." If it does not, all history is a lie. Alexander must certainly have been a gentle and tender father to the Asiatics when he conquered. Roman proconsuls never plundered vassal peoples, and England has been a kind, nursing mother to the East Indians and the Boers!

I undertake to say that no more skillful or tactful rhetorician ever stood before an audience than Mr. McKinley. The sentence which I have quoted is universal in application, positive in assertion, gorgeous in the policy foreshadowed. It appeals to American pride, to our inherent, ineradicable lust of land, to the old buccaner spirit of Sir Francis Drake, which is not dead within us, and to our overweening egotism. The Greeks went to the deuce on the road mapped out by the president. But the president would have us believe that we are superior to the Greeks and therefore can do with perfect impunity what caused the downfall of Greece. The Romans degenerated and were made the slaves of barbarians for following the plan advocated by the president of universal extension. Rome became the Niobe of nations by adopting the McKinley theory. But that matters not to us, for we are superior to them. We are a peculiar people. They were a job lot of daogoes. They had such scrub poets as Virgil and Horace, such inferior orators as Cicero, Mark Antony and Cato, such obscure scribblers as Tacitus, such one horse generals as Julius Caesar, Pompey, Scipio Africanus and Belisarius, such statesmen as Octavius Caesar, Justinian and Trajan; they had such patriots as Brutus and the Antonines, but we have General Shafter and Rear Admiral Sampson and can therefore afford to despise the Romans and all their works!

Promises to Cuba.
One sentence in the inaugural must cause every honest man in America to feel good, and it is this: "The declaration of the purposes of this government in the resolution of April 20, 1898, must be made good." That is the Cuban resolution in which we declared our disinterestedness in beginning the Cuban war. It is sometimes called "the Teller resolution." As to whether it was a wise resolution men differ and will continue to differ. Individually I think it was. But, wise or unwise, what is writ is writ. We must live up to it or earn a worldwide, deserved and enduring reputation for Punica fides. May God grant Mr. McKinley the courage, resolution and fortitude to live up to that one of his inaugural declarations to the end that the honor of this great republic may be preserved! He will need a vast store of courage, resolution and fortitude to withstand the pressure which will be brought to bear upon him by speculators, stock jobbers and rascals who trade in patriotism.

Of course all sane people would like to see Cuba a part of this country. I have no doubt that it will be sooner or later, and the more completely we live up to the Teller resolution, the more fairly we treat the Cubans, the sooner will that desirable end be accomplished.

Mr. McKinley says and truly: "We face at this moment a most important question—that of the future relations of the United States and Cuba. With our near neighbors we must remain close friends." The first of those two sentences contains a great truth. The last states a sound policy. If the president uses his utmost endeavors to carry out that policy in good faith, he will deserve well of his countrymen, and they will with one accord rise up and call him blessed. To few men has ever lived in the flood of time have such powers and honors been given as President McKinley now possesses. The prayer of every true patriot is

that he may use them in the fear of God and in the love of our country.

Mortality and Fatalities.
In November, 1898, there were elected to the house of the Fifty-sixth congress 300 men supposed to be in good health, mentally and physically, and to be in the full possession of all their faculties. Most of them were in the prime of life—in the flower of their years. Yet now 15 of them—one out of every 24—are in their graves—an astounding mortality! Let us hope that "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." Sadder still, two of the 300—Boutelle of Maine and Sprague of Massachusetts—are in a lunatic asylum. Reflecting on these facts, one feels like quoting Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Boutelle had served in congress for 18 years. Counting the two he has spent in the asylum while nominally a member of the house, his congressional service extended over a period of 20 years. He was elected in 1900 for two years more, making 22 years in all. The strangest thing that ever happened in the politics of this country or of any other was his election to congress in 1900 while he was confined in a lunatic asylum. Parallel that who can. For a long time he was chairman of the great naval committee and cut a wide swath in the house. His election under such peculiar and unprecedented circumstances goes to show that the Yankees are not so cold blooded after all.

To a casual observer it would appear that Mr. Sprague's situation was decidedly to be envied—i. e., before lunacy came upon him. Most people consider great wealth as a great good. Sprague had ducats galore. He was rich in his own right and married a wife rich beyond the dreams of avarice. She is a multimillionaire several times over. It was recently reported that she gave him a round million as a wedding present. No doubt millions of people envied them good fortune, and yet the humblest day laborer in all this broad land is happier than Congressman Sprague, with his millions. "Vanity of vanity," saith the preacher; "all is vanity." May these two representatives be speedily restored to reason!

The Louisiana Purchase Fair.
When Thomas Jefferson came to die, he wrote his own epitaph in these words: "Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence and of Virginia's statute for religious freedom and father of the University of Virginia." Those were great and noble deeds, for which we are all his debtors; but by one of those strange accidents which puzzle mankind the immortal statesman neglected to enumerate in his epitaph the greatest of all his deeds—the making of the Louisiana purchase. That performance made us a world power. Those gentlemen who suddenly awoke at the close of the Spanish war, rubbed their eyes in astonishment and exclaimed, "We have become a world power!" as though they had made a great discovery, were precisely 95 years behind the times. What they thought had been done in 1803 Jefferson accomplished April 30, 1803. Consequently it was eminently fitting and proper that congress should make provision for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of that momentous event. It will be done on a magnificent scale. The whole world will be our guests, and the celebration will give our resources such a vast advertisement as to largely increase our wealth.

Napoleon's Mistake.
When Napoleon sold the Louisiana territory to Jefferson for a song, he parted with the most valuable asset ever owned by France. He would have done a better part by the French people had he abandoned la belle France to her enemies and moved the French, with their Lares and Penates, to the Louisiana territory and there have established a new, a larger, a better, a richer and a more beautiful France. If he had neither sold it to us nor moved to it himself with all his subjects, England would have gobbled it in a short time, when it would have been gone from us and our heirs forever and for ever. With England to the north and west of us we would have had a tough job maintaining our independence. Even if we had remained free and independent, we would have been so cribbed, cabined and confined that we never could have become even a continental power, much less a world power. What a blessing it was that Jefferson defeated John Adams in 1800, for the New Englanders were bitterly opposed to the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, some of them going so far as to declare that by that magnificent achievement Jefferson had overturned the constitution and dissolved the Union. Jefferson bought it at the only time possible for such a transaction, so that if Adams had defeated him the purchase would not have been then made, and today the Mississippi river would be our western border. The \$5,000,000 appropriated by congress to celebrate this beneficent event is not the fiftieth part of the taxes paid in one year in one way and another by the citizens of the Louisiana purchase. One good purpose which the celebration will serve is to start a Jeffersonian revival, a thing very much needed just now, for his principles are those of wisdom, truth and justice. No other man that ever lived did so much to make the idea of representative government popular and to make its practice a success. The Hamiltonian school of writers and orators may sneer all they choose at Jefferson and his theories, but after they all molder in forgotten graves his principles will survive to animate and bless mankind.

Monsters and Microbes.

How the Microbe Would Appear If Magnified in Size to Correspond With Its Power.

The world has always believed in monsters—great dragons of the land, and huge serpents of the sea. As a rule these monsters have been fairly peaceable, and beyond frightening people occasionally, they have done little recorded harm. The real calamities of humanity have come from the smallest forms of life. The minute microbe has slain its millions upon millions. If this microscopic form of life were depicted in size and form equal to its danger and



deadliness we should see a monster which would dwarf into insignificance all the monsters ever begotten by human imagination. The microbe has this in common with the fabled monster, its food is human flesh and its drink human blood. It batters on slaughter. For centuries medical science fought this microbial foe in darkness. The presence of the foe was recognized, its deadliness conceded. But it was ever an invisible foe, unknown and unnamed. To-day science with eye-power increased a million fold finds this lurking foe, knows it and names it.

FINDING THE FOE
is the first step, fighting it intelligently is the next. We know this minute organism lurks in the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink. We know the object of attack is the blood. Hence, we know that the microbe is bred from foulness it must be fed on foulness. We know that the microbe finds no lodgment in the body when the blood is pure. Keep the blood pure and you shut out the microbe.

When the blood is impure nature at once begins to show the red danger signals. Boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions begin to work upon the skin surface, as signs and symptoms of the corruption of the blood. When these or any signs of blood impurity appear, the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently recommended as most powerful and perfect blood-purifying medicine.

"I consider your 'Golden Medical Discovery' one of the best medicines on the face of the earth," writes Wm. Floeter, Esq., of Redox, Montgomery Co., Iowa. "While in the south-west, three years ago, I got poisoned with poison ivy. The poison settled in my blood and the horrors I suffered cannot be told in words. I thought I would go crazy. I could do nothing but scratch. I would go to sleep scratching, would wake up in the morning and find myself scratching. I scratched for eight months. Had it

not been for your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I would be scratching yet. I tried different kinds of medicine, tried different doctors, but all the relief they could give me was to make my pocket-book lighter. I then began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Took four bottles without relief. Kept taking it. I took in all ten bottles and got entirely cured. I can say that if people would take your medicine instead of fooling with some of the quacks that infest both the small and large towns, disease would flee like chaff before the wind."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will absolutely drive out and eliminate the poisons which corrupt the blood.

BAD BLOOD AND GOOD HEALTH
cannot go together. But when the blood is purified and enriched by "Golden Medical Discovery," the result is recorded in sound health. Boils, blotches, pimples and other eruptions disappear as the impurities which caused them are removed. The skin is healthy, the flesh is firm. The dull and sluggish feeling is a thing of the past. The appetite is good, sleep is sound and refreshing and labor an enjoyment instead of a burden.

"It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Miss Annie Wells, of Ferguson's Wharf, Isle of Wight Co., Va. "I can say honestly and candidly that it is the grandest medicine ever compounded for purifying the blood. I suffered terribly with rheumatism, and pimples on the skin and swelling in my knees and feet so that I could not walk. I spent about twenty dollars paying doctors' bills but received no benefit. A year or two ago I was reading one of your Memorandum Books, and I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription,' and am entirely cured."

Of all prevalent forms of blood disease, scrofula is the most intractable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has a remarkable record of cures of scrofulous diseases; remarkable both in the number of cures and their variety as well as in the fact that these cures were effected many times in cases where all other treatment had proved utterly ineffectual.

"I cured my little girl's scrofula with your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" writes Mr. Eli Ashford of Raney, Hunt Co., Texas. "It has been four years since then, and there has not been any return of the disease."

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. Why does a dealer sometimes try to sell a substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, claiming it is "just as good"? Is it for the customer's benefit? It can't be. If the two medicines are equal in merit there's no advantage to the purchaser in an *even exchange*. The medicines are not equal in merit, and the reason for selling a substitute is only because the less meritorious medicine puts a little more profit into the dealer's pocket. His gain is the customer's loss.

DON'T THINK OF BUYING
a work on household medicine when you can get a good one free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND PHILADELPHIA & HANCOCK.

In effect on and after Nov. 26, 1900.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:30 p. m.; at Pitsburg 5:10 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p. m.; at Altoona 3:10 p. m.; at Pitsburg 6:55 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Altoona 8:35; at Pitsburg 11:50
VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p. m.; at Harrisburg 6:45 p. m.; at Philadelphia 10:25 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 9:00 p. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte at 8:31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:30 p. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30, leave Williamsport, 12:40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p. m.; at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2:45 p. m., Williamsport, 4:00 p. m., Harrisburg, 6:52 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 8:31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1:15 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, Nov. 2, a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a. m.
VIA LEWISBURG.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:55 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2:35 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 6:56 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:20 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

In effect Nov. 26, 1900.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
NO.	TIME	NO.	TIME
115	10:30	116	11:12
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
1:45	6:30	9:15	4:56
2:05	6:50	9:35	5:16
2:25	7:10	9:55	5:36
2:45	7:30	10:15	5:56
3:05	7:50	10:35	6:16
3:25	8:10	10:55	6:36
3:45	8:30	11:15	6:56
4:05	8:50	11:35	7:16
4:25	9:10	11:55	7:36
4:45	9:30	12:15	7:56
5:05	9:50	12:35	8:16
5:25	10:10	12:55	8:36
5:45	10:30	1:15	8:56
6:05	10:50	1:35	9:16
6:25	11:10	1:55	9:36
6:45	11:30	2:15	9:56
7:05	11:50	2:35	10:16
7:25	12:10	2:55	10:36
7:45	12:30	3:15	10:56
8:05	12:50	3:35	11:16
8:25	1:10	3:55	11:36
8:45	1:30	4:15	11:56
9:05	1:50	4:35	12:16
9:25	2:10	4:55	12:36
9:45	2:30	5:15	12:56
10:05	2:50	5:35	1:16
10:25	3:10	5:55	1:36
10:45	3:30	6:15	1:56
11:05	3:50	6:35	2:16
11:25	4:10	6:55	2:36
11:45	4:30	7:15	2:56
12:05	4:50	7:35	3:16
12:25	5:10	7:55	3:36
12:45	5:30	8:15	3:56
1:05	5:50	8:35	4:16
1:25	6:10	8:55	4:36
1:45	6:30	9:15	4:56
2:05	6:50	9:35	5:16
2:25	7:10	9:55	5:36
2:45	7:30	10:15	5:56
3:05	7:50	10:35	6:16
3:25	8:10	10:55	6:36
3:45	8:30	11:15	6:56
4:05	8:50	11:35	7:16
4:25	9:10	11:55	7:36
4:45	9:30	12:15	7:56
5:05	9:50	12:35	8:16
5:25	10:10	12:55	8:36
5:45	10:30	1:15	8:56
6:05	10:50	1:35	9:16
6:25	11:10	1:55	9:36
6:45	11:30	2:15	9:56
7:05	11:50	2:35	10:16
7:25	12:10	2:55	10:36
7:45	12:30	3:15	10:56
8:05	12:50	3:35	11:16
8:25	1:10	3:55	11:36
8:45	1:30	4:15	11:56
9:05	1:50	4:35	12:16
9:25	2:10	4:55	12:36
9:45	2:30	5:15	12:56
10:05	2:50	5:35	1:16
10:25	3:10	5:55	1:36
10:45	3:30	6:15	1:56
11:05	3:50	6:35	2:16
11:25	4:10	6:55	2:36
11:45	4:30	7:15	2:56
12:05	4:50	7:35	3:16
12:25	5:10	7:55	3:36
12:45	5:30	8:15	3:56
1:05	5:50	8:35	4:16
1:25	6:10	8:55	4:36
1:45	6:30	9:15	4:56
2:05	6:50	9:35	5:16
2:25	7:10	9:55	5:36
2:45	7:30	10:15	5:56
3:05	7:50	10:35	6:16
3:25	8:10	10:55	6:36
3:45	8:30	11:15	6:56
4:05	8:50	11:35	7:16
4:25	9:10	11:55	7:36
4:45	9:30	12:15	7:56
5:05	9:50	12:35	8:16
5:25	10:10	12:55	8:36
5:45	10:30	1:15	8:56
6:05	10:50	1:35	9:16
6:25	11:10	1:55	9:36
6:45	11:30	2:15	9:56
7:05	11:50	2:35	10:16
7:25	12:10	2:55	10:36
7:45	12:30	3:15	10:56
8:05	12:50	3:35	11:16
8:25	1:10	3:55	11:36
8:45	1:30	4:15	11:56
9:05	1:50	4:35	12:16
9:25	2:10	4:55	12:36
9:45	2:30	5:15	12:56
10:05	2:50	5:35	1:16
10:25	3:10	5	