

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

McKinley's Attitude Toward the Boers.

A SHAME AND A DISGRACE.

Administration Hostile to Cause of Human Liberty.

ENGLAND'S CLAIMS RECOGNIZED.

Ours the First Government to Acknowledge Death of Republics.

They Still Live and Are Fighting For Freedom—Hay Defers to England Aid Nauseam—Even Republican Stomachs Revolt at the Dose. Most Useful Diplomat at Washington—Mark Hanna as a Presidential Possibility—Foraker Shelved.

[Special Washington Letter.]

To future students of our history the most mystifying phenomenon of our times will undoubtedly be the attitude of the McKinley administration touching the British-Boer contest. It is a shame and a disgrace to Americans and American institutions. Every man who voted for McKinley and Roosevelt last November is participes criminis, for nobody with two ideas above a Hottentot could mistake the administration's hostility to the cause of the Boers, and therefore to the cause of human liberty, ever since the inception of that astounding struggle. Nevertheless it is true that three-fourths of those who voted for McKinley and ninety-nine-hundredths of those who voted against him are zealous friends of the Boers and wish for them a successful termination to the most heroic fight made for liberty since the world began. That is a strong and sweeping assertion, but it is written down here deliberately. When the fearful odds are counted, no other people ever made a fight equal to the Boers.

All along the American people, almost without regard to party affiliations, have sympathized with them, all except the administration, which has looked on with the stolidness of a red Indian while the British butchered men, women and children struggling for the same principles for which our fathers fought. In every way the McKinley administration has shown its bias for England, for the great kingdom strangling and murdering two tiny republics, and yet the people—God forgive them—who were opposed, bitterly opposed, to the administration's policy in that regard, deliberately voted to continue that administration in power for four years more. Now comes the cap sheaf in this infamous business. The United States government—the first among nations to recognize England's triumph and to proclaim the extinction of the heroic South African republics! That, too, while Botha is still in the field, De Wet winning victories and new levies hurried from Britain to South Africa! Certainly our cup of humiliation is full to running over. If Messrs. McKinley and Hay are so thoroughly stuck on John Bull they might at least have acted with some decency while Liberty lies bleeding on the other side of the globe. Their eagerness to let the world know that they are enamored of J. B. is about as indecent a performance as if a widower should take unto himself a second wife while on the return trip from burying his first. The fashion in this country hath been the fashion of liberty. The fashion being foisted on the South African patriots at the point of the bayonet is the fashion of despotism. In speaking of changing styles of fashions, Alexander Pope says:

Be not the first by whom the new is try'd
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Smacks of Ghoulish Glee.

The first line of that famous couplet I commend most cordially to Colonel John Hay, secretary of state, and to his White House chief. Instead of being the first to recognize the death of a republic we should be the last, and then only on overwhelming proof as to the fact. We should at least wait till the republic is dead.

This precipitate action of the administration smacks of ghoulish glee. Is there any rational explanation for this amazing conduct, so contrary to all our history and to the desires of the great body of the people? There is one, only one—one which self respecting Americans have hitherto rejected with pride and scorn—and that is the theory proclaimed by the London papers that we negotiated the treaty of Paris under the protecting muzzles of English guns! If that is true, what a blessing it would have been to us and to our posterity had the muzzles of those guns been pointed in some other—any other—direction and that Pandora box of a treaty had never been negotiated, but if that assertion of the London press, so humiliating to our amour propre, is true, and it looks as if it is true, what becomes of that flamboyant letter which Colonel Hay wrote to General Dick—Hanna's Dick—on a celebrated occasion solemnly asseverating, with his hand on his heart, that we had no agreement or understanding, actual or implied, with Mr. Bull? Shame! Shame! Shame!

Gags at the Boers.

Even the Washington Post, which is much enamored of the administration generally, gags at the loathsome dose

hooked up by Mr. Secretary of State Hay. It says:

Some days ago The Post called attention to a newly issued pamphlet of the state department in which our government was made to accept England's version of the South African situation, to recognize England's open bouffe annexation of the two Dutch republics and even to accept England's nomenclature in the premises. The pamphlet referred to not only had foot notes announcing the "annexations," but in the text itself it described the South African Republic as "The Transvaal" and the Orange Free State as "Orange River Colony," thus following with servile accuracy the impudent lead of the British government.

Our exposure of this new instance of state department deference to England inspired a number of excited special telegrams to-out of town newspapers, and soon the whole country was ringing with the scandal.

The truth is that this incident merely figures as fresh evidence of the secret entente—"the understanding, the agreement, the compact, if you will," as Mr. Jo Chamberlain described it in his Manchester speech last year—the entente that has expressed itself in a dozen different ways within the past 12 months. The abandonment of our commerce with Delagoa Bay, while our sale of war material to England kept steadily along, the surrender of the Porcupine district to Great Britain on the sorry pretext of reaching a "temporary" modus vivendi; the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which would have cursed us forever with English interference—does any rational human being ask for more proof than this? Is not this solemn acknowledgment of England's sovereignty in South Africa a fitting culmination of our misguided abasement?

We think it is, and in our opinion the American people share that view.

The Post can place it stercor upon the proposition that "the American people share that view," but what are The Post and the American people going to do about it? What can they do? They deliberately continued the administration in power knowing its Anglomania. The Post is playing the old and condemned game of locking the barn after the horse is gone.

A Nauseous Dose.

Of the 56 congresses of the United States none was so thoroughly under the domination of the president as was the Fifty-sixth. When it passed the army bill with the Philippine and Cuban riders, it gave Mr. McKinley all the powers of an emperor even if it failed to make an appropriation for a crown and scepter. It bestowed the substance if not the outward signs.

The dose was so nauseous that occasionally a Republican could not stomach it and squealed a lusty squeal much after the manner of an unfortunate pig with his head caught in the crack of an inconvenient fence. Senator George Frisbie Hoar squealed, likewise Hon. Charles E. Littlefield of Maine. Inter alia the latter said:

This bill, as the house is compelled to act upon it, is a striking illustration of a most vicious and iniquitous practice in national legislation. An army bill, which must be passed in order to provide for absolutely necessary expenditures, comes before the senate with a large number of amendments which originated in the senate, and in order to pass the bill under the rule just adopted we are compelled to vote for all of the amendments whether they do or do not merit our approval. This is a method invariably adopted for securing the passage of obnoxious measures which otherwise would not meet with the approval of the house.

If Hoar and Littlefield believed what they say, they ought to have the courage of their convictions and break away from the imperialists and join the Democrats, the genuine friends of freedom.

A Useful Diplomat.

The vast majority of ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary are purely ornamental. Not one in 50 of the diplomatic corps at Washington is of any service to his own country or to anybody else. Curiously enough, the exception is a heathen Chinese, Hon. Wu Ting Fang, who is smart as a whip, busy as a bee and cheerful as Mark Tapley. Hon. Wu is useful to his country by making himself useful persona grata to all with whom he comes in contact, thereby causing the "Melican man" to think better of the Chinese in general. All the galloping about, speechmaking and newspaper writing now being done by him have a serious purpose—to remove the antipathy which Americans entertain for his race, and, as Mr. Wu understands the philosophy of catching more flies with molasses than with vinegar, he spreads or pours the saccharine stuff over everybody that he comes in contact with. Of course, Lord Pauncefote is the dean of the diplomatic corps, or, to use a plain, everyday term, its bellwether. Unless he leads the procession he won't play. The corps is also honored by the presence of soldiers and statesmen, but nevertheless and notwithstanding Mr. Wu is far and away the most popular diplomat in Washington. He is a social lion and as an after dinner speaker has made brilliant hits repeatedly. He carries his speeches in his boot leg, just as other people carry their bowie knives or razors. Mr. Wu has undertaken a tough job—that of rendering his countrymen acceptable to Americans—but most certainly he is to be commended for his good intentions.

Too Coy.

"The lady doth protest too much!" In this case the lady is Senator Marcus A. Hanna. The cause of his overprotestation is the talk about Mark as the next presidential standard bearer. While I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that it will prove to be another case of "swearing she would never consent, consented." There was never in this country a man who would refuse a presidential nomination at the hands of a party which has the ghost of a show of electing its nominee. Nay, more, there never was an American possessed of one chance out of a million to become president who did not strive for it with might and main. If Senator Hanna lives till 1904 he will be the nominee unless things take on such a shape that the Republicans must needs turn to anti-McKinley Republicans to secure a candidate possessed of a ray of hope of success. It may come to that. All this talk of Hanna's shutting up Republican headquarters in order that one candidate may not get ahead of another is all rubbish. He closes up the headquarters because he knows that he has the nomination dead to rights if he desires it. What use has he for nominal headquarters when he has the real

article at the White House, the treasury building and all the other departments? That would simply be a wanton waste of raw material, a caper which Marcus will not cut, for the more money he spends before the nomination the less he will have for campaign expenses after the nomination, and Mark frequently ponders, no doubt, the important question, "What will it profit a man to gain the nomination and to lose the election?" Mark's nomination and election are necessities to the Republican jobbers. Their plans of public plunder stretch through many years, or till a time when "the picking" ceases to be good. They do not propose to chance it with any uncertainty of Mark's. They want to be dead sure of their man. Therefore they will nominate Marcus with a whoop.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

There is one Ohio Republican statesman whose present plight would move a heart of stone, and that is Senator Joseph Benson Foraker. He is a brilliant, gallant, amiable man. He was once the fair rose and expectancy of Buckeye Republicans. Multiplied thousands expected to see him the Republican nominee for president. Wherever he went he created a furor. He was the idol of the young Republicans. His ambition was boundless. His tongue of fire stirred the heart of the multitude as that of few other men could do. All that was before Marcus A. Hanna impinged upon the public eye in the double capacity of statesman and warrior. I like Senator Foraker. He has good, hot, rich, red human blood in his arteries—not cold snake juice. I dislike to see such a man forced to make way for the cool, calculating plotters. That he is being shelved is plain as the nose on Lord Napier's face. His ineffectual fires have paled before Mark Hanna's baleful star.

The other day there was a remarkable meeting at the White House—a small but select society. Senator Hanna, General Grosvenor and General Dick met in that historic mansion to have a conference with the president touching the next Ohio campaign and certain Ohio appointments. Great Julius, but Hanna, Grosvenor and Dick constitute a trio for your whiskers! They were closeted with the president for two hours. The minutes of that meeting would make mighty rich reading. A Washington chronicler says, "Senator Foraker, who came over from New York for that purpose, called during the progress of the conference, but remained only a short time." Very naturally. He feels a delicacy in intruding upon his enemies, even though they grant him permission to run for a second term in the senate. They tolerate Foraker. Having ditched him completely in his greater abjection—the presidency—they hope to keep him quiet and docile by throwing him a sop which once he would have despised. They have work for him to do—perhaps to place Mark in nomination for the presidency. There was a day—not more than 15 years ago—when one yell from the fiery Foraker would have sent that quartet of Ohio statesmen scurrying to their holes as so many startled rats. How are the mighty fallen! If the thoughts of the five men—McKinley, Hanna, Grosvenor, Dick and Foraker—as Foraker entered and quit the conference could be printed, they would furnish much food for reflection and many valuable lessons for aspiring statesmen. In 1883 Foraker was filling out his second term as governor of Ohio. Grosvenor was not known outside of Ohio, Hanna and Dick had not been discovered, and McKinley was not much above the average congressman in renown—only 13 years ago. Now McKinley is entering upon his second term in the White House, Hanna is monarch of all he surveys, Dick runs Ohio campaigns, and General Grosvenor is chief cook and bottle washer, while Foraker continues in public place by their favor—the favor of his enemies!

A la Bourbon.

Dr. Richard Barthold, representative in congress from St. Louis, appears to have the Bourbon quality of learning nothing. He is now cavorting around making loud and violent threats as to what he is going to do touching what he is pleased to call a Democratic gerrymander by the legislature of Missouri. He is going to upset the whole performance, burst it and throw 16 Missourians, including himself, out of congress. Of course, the good doctor is talking through his chapeau—merely that and nothing more. He might be willing to hurl his 15 colleagues out—but himself, never! Perish the thought! He alleges that the districts are not symmetrical. Well, some of them are not built on Hogarth's line of beauty, but they are patterns of symmetry and compactness when compared with the districts made by Republican legislatures in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa. Dr. Barthold should restrain his rage until he has time calmly to survey the landscape o'er. That done, his ire will evaporate instantly. The good doctor has not been a howling success in undoing Democratic work in Missouri. He ran amuck on the Nesbit law, only to have the supreme courts of Missouri and of the United States to uphold it. That ought to have taught him a lesson, but it appears to have left him in his former state of mental darkness.

In passing, it may be well to state that Elbridge Gerry always denied the paternity for the scheme which bears his name and which is universally adopted in practice while universally condemned in theory. I hope Dr. Barthold will resume his happy frame of mind when he rests from his late herculean labors in congress.

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Mrs. Isaac Dunham, a well-known lady of that place, writes: "I cannot praise Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills too much. They did for me what doctors and other medicines could not do. I was troubled with severe disorders of the kidneys and enlargement of the liver. My family doctor treated me the whole of last winter, but did not help me very much, so I gave him up and began using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The result was simply wonderful. I am now strong and healthy again, thanks to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

EATON RAPIDS, MICH.
Mrs. Rose Chaffee, a business woman of Eaton Rapids, writes: "For a long time my system was in a terribly weakened state. Biliousness, severe indigestion and kidney troubles made me so miserable that I was hardly able to work. A friend told me of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I found them just as represented. They restored my health to me, and I think they are a wonderful medicine."

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For three years I have been growing worse and worse from catarrh and deafness. Catarrh of the head set in gradually, followed by loss of hearing, then ringing and buzzing noises became noticeable until they grew so terrifying with their whistling and shrieking that I was almost crazed sometimes. I caught cold continually and felt wretched generally. The New Treatment, which I have been taking but a short time, from your specialist, Dr. Stites, is doing more for me than anything I have ever heard of. The result has been more than I can fully realize, for I feel a most remarkable change. The head noises have gradually ceased, my hearing is so much improved that I can now hear ordinary conversation in a room, and can once more hear the church bells ringing and fire alarm whistles, which I could not do for a long time on account of the noises in my ears. Today I am on a fair road to health, after one physician pronounced me incurable. Respectfully,
JOHN H. ANDREWS, Bellefonte.

Can Now Hear the Trains Passing. Something She Was Unable to Hear for 8 Years.

Deafness and catarrh have made me a great sufferer for years. Hawking, spitting, dropping in the throat, besides all kinds of head noises such as whistling, buzzing and shrieking which almost set me wild at times, and various other miserable symptoms almost made me despair of ever being relieved. I grew very deaf—could not hear the trains which passed by. I spent a great deal of money for various remedies and cures, but noticed little benefit. The New Treatment gave me some hope, and since taking it the result is more than I ever hoped for, for to-day, after 8 years' deafness, I can now hear the trains once more, which was the first great indication I had of what the New Treatment is doing for me. I am rapidly recovering and highly recommend the New Treatment to all sufferers.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
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, 1:50 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 5:10 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Altoona 3:10 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 6:50 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Altoona at 7:35; at Pittsburgh at 11:30

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:45 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 6:45 p.m.; at Philadelphia 10:20 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 10:00 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:52 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 4:44 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 6:00; at Harrisburg at 10:00 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30, leave Williamsport 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m., Williamsport, 4:00 p.m., Harrisburg, 4:55 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p.m., leave Williamsport, 1:05 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 2:55 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 8:00 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 6:55 p.m., Philadelphia at 10:20 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.
In effect Nov. 26, 1900.

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