

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Burial of Bryan Somewhat Premature.

STILL HALE AND VIGOROUS.

As His Would Be Undertakers Are Likely to Discover.

HARD TO KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.

Those Who Have Been Jumping on Him May Expect Like Treatment When His Star Again Ascends. Concerning Public Documents—Interesting and Valuable Books. Babcock's Fight Against Trusts. Pettigrew Still in the Saddle—Tillman and McLaurin—Internal War in Republican Party.

[Special Washington Letter.] For the benefit of all whom it may concern—and there are several of them—it may be well to suggest that jubiliations over the political demise of William Jennings Bryan are premature and that some who are engaged in that harmless but malicious diversion may live to rue it. He is not dead politically and won't be till he is dead physically, an event which in the natural course of things lies in the distant future. These two previous jubilations would do well to read "Ivanhoe," particularly that portion telling the wondrous story as to how Athelstone suddenly came to life after being laid out on the cooling board for three days and dressed in the ceremonies of the grave, to the utter amazement of those who were holding a wake over him. Bryan received a hard jolt in 1896 and a harder one in 1900, but he was not nearly so hard hit as Athelstone. He has a vast deal of life in him, as sundry persons are liable to discover, very much to their sorrow.

I have not seen Bryan since the melancholy days of November and have had no private tip from him as to his plans or ambitions. I am not posing as a Warwick, but I like a fair fight and never like to see a man jumped on too promiscuously when he is down. Then there is always this danger imminent to the jumpers on—the fellow who is down today may rise tomorrow. Then what? And it is this "what" that I am suggesting to the jubilating jumpers on of Bryan. He is considerable of a jumper himself, and when he gets into the jumping humor he may not wear pumps or felt slippers, but hobnailed shoes, which may somewhat disfigure the glowing and rubicund countenances of the jubilating jumpers on aforesaid, and he will have much encouragement in his jumping on, for he is the bien aime (the well beloved) of millions. He may never be president, may not even receive another nomination, may not want it. I am not arguing that or prognosticating about it. I am, as a sort of amicus curie, suggesting in a friendly way that jumping on him may not prove to be a safe and hilarious performance. Au contraire, as the French would say, it is full of hazards.

Error. Homer sometimes nods, so we are told; ditto even so great a journal of civilization as the Washington Post. It recently contained this amazing quib:

It is appalling to think of the amount of space the rural editor wastes in thanking his member of congress for useless public documents.

The word "amazing" is used advisedly when the general opinion of The Post on current matters is taken into consideration. For instance, The Congressional Record, at which so much fun is poked, is padded too much. There is precious little sense in publishing any large number of the president's messages, as they are published in nearly all the newspapers in the country; but, as a rule, public documents are valuable provided they can be put in the right hands. I will give one or two of my own experiences in this regard, which I will undertake to say, are by no means exceptional except in the fact that the district which I have the honor to represent is one of the richest agricultural districts in the United States.

Before going to congress I had never read an agricultural report in my life, and I had seen so much fun poked at them in the newspapers that I didn't suppose any one else read them to any great extent. Consequently when I was notified that my first quota was ready for distribution I sent them out indiscriminately to the first 904 farmers I could think of, not even keeping one for myself. A few weeks after that I began to get requests for them. Not having any, I bought copies at the second-hand bookstores to supply the requests. This kept up until I paid for some 200 that year simply because I had entertained as poor an opinion of agricultural reports in particular as The Post has for public documents in general.

This experience surprised me so that I read the book myself and found it very interesting even to a man who hadn't farmed any for twenty odd years. The result was that after that I distributed these books systematically, reserving 200 or 300 copies to send to those who especially requested them. Since that I have read each report as it came out carefully, not religiously and regard them as at least equal in interest to any of Hall Caine's novels.

Valuable Publication. The "Horse Book" is one of the most valuable publications ever issued from the printing press and is much sought

after by blacksmiths, horsemen and farmers.

Captain Bendire's two volumes on the "Birds of North America" cannot be had for less than \$15. They were published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1892 and 1893, I believe. "The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution" sold in the bookshops for \$11 at the time of its publication. There were five small volumes of it. I receive five reports of the National Museum and five of the Smithsonian each year. I get about 15 requests for each sort and would have to pay \$1 apiece for them if I attempted to supply them all.

There is a popular impression abroad that a congressman has an unlimited supply of these documents. By law a certain number of each kind is published and divided among the departments, the senators and the representatives. Probably I receive on the average about seven copies of each sort of document.

A Rocky Road to Travel.

Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin, chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee, is having a decidedly rocky road to travel in his herculean effort to squelch the trusts. Any Republican will have who undertakes any such job as that. The Hon. Seneca E. Payne, chairman of the committee on ways and means, jumps on to poor Babcock with both feet, for which performance The American Economist, organ of the trusts, raises Citizen Payne to the rank of general. If he succeeds in knocking Babcock and other tariff tinkers out, The Economist will probably make him a marshal of the empire. It may even make a prince of him. The Economist not only makes a general out of Mr. Payne, but it also larrups Babcock, and after thrusting at him in every way it knows how itself it quotes several choice editorials from other organs of the freebooters. The Philadelphia Press, which is quoted approvingly by The Economist, says inter alia:

Numerous bills were introduced in the last congress by Democrats to abolish or reduce the duties on various articles for the alleged purpose of striking at "trusts." Mr. Babcock never had a kind word to say for such measures. As chairman of the republican congressional committee he circulated extensively in the last canvass speeches of his own telling of the great strides this country had made as a result of the protective tariff. Late in the session he was appointed to a vacancy on the ways and means committee and was much disappointed because his efforts to get a larger reduction made in the internal revenue tax on beer failed. Soon afterward he introduced his bill to put iron and steel products on the free list, going much further than any Democrat had gone in that direction, and he has followed that up with newspaper interviews threatening to go still further in the same direction in the next congress and declaring that he "will succeed."

The first two sentences of this quotation, at least, contain a great truth, which I stated in these letters as early as February. By a very little effort in the last congress Mr. Babcock could have got his bills through the house or two or three similar bills that I introduced and some introduced by James D. Richardson, the Democratic leader. Mr. Richardson or myself or any other Democrat trying to down the trusts would have cheerfully waived all claims and honors of authorship of antitrust measures in favor of Brother Babcock if he had shied his castor oil to the ring early enough in the action. It would only have taken seven Republicans voting with the Democrats to have carried the measure in the Fifty-sixth congress. In the Fifty-seventh it will take at least 25, as the Republicans have a majority of 50, so that it somewhat appears that Mr. Babcock lost the golden opportunity to be of service to his country and his kind, but if he will persevere in the good work I think I can promise him the support of the entire Democratic contingent in the house. There is no sort of prospect that the trusts will ever let loose of anything until they are choked loose, and the antitrust men in congress are willing that Mr. Babcock or any one else shall have the credit provided that any good can be accomplished, but he may expect the solid opposition of all the high tariff organs and all the publications, large and small, supported by the trusts. To shut them off from the public crib will be a holiday performance.

Pettigrew to the Fore. The other day the newspapers reported that ex-Senator Richard Franklin Pettigrew of South Dakota had just cleared up a quarter of a million in Wall street. While not exactly placing my "O. K." on Wall street speculations in general, still it gives me a thrill of pleasure to hear of the success of the doughty ex-senator. Hard upon the heels of this interesting item comes the news, through the Washington Post, past master in the breezy recording of political gossip, that Mr. Pettigrew will be a candidate for the curule chair now occupied by Senator Kyle. The term of the latter expires in March, 1903. The Post gives an authority no less a person than Senator Kyle himself, who freely acknowledges that Pettigrew will make him hustle for his votes. Kyle ought to know.

The case of Senator Kyle is the unusual one of a preacher succeeding in politics. He was elected as a Populist and went over to the Republicans. Pettigrew was elected as a Republican and had such a change of heart that he is now in full and welcome fellowship in the Democratic camp. They exchanged places gracefully. All who know Mr. Pettigrew—save and except Hanna and his gang, who still feel the sting of many a Parthian arrow in the flesh—will be glad to learn that he is bent on staying in public life.

Human Nature Universal. Mark Twain's remark that human nature is very strong and that we all have a great deal of it in us finds innumerable confirmations, whether we look to the wild and woolly west or to the cultured east. Our eastern brethren are fond of lecturing us on our readiness to shoot on small provocation or no provocation at all. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. The wicked and

wanton sacrifice of human life is appalling; but there are others. For the second time in the history of venerable Harvard university one of her professors is on trial for murder, which goes to show that he who said, "We are, after all, only venerated savages," enunciated a great truth. This time Professor Charles R. Eastman is on trial for the murder of his brother-in-law, Richard R. Grogan, Jr.

The other Harvard professor, John W. Webster, killed Dr. George Parkman in November, 1849, and after one of the most sensational trials in the history of American criminal jurisprudence he was convicted and hanged.

Professor Eastman killed his man with a pistol, and as there was one eyewitness to the deed and several others who heard Grogan while dying charge him with murdering him this case will not be so celebrated as was the Webster case. It will rank simply as an ordinary case of ordinary homicide, except that the prominence of the parties will give it more notoriety than usual.

Great Wool Pulling.

At last Senator John L. McLaurin, junior senator from South Carolina, has succeeded by his strange political capers in stirring up the wrath of his senior—to wit, Hon. Benjamin R. Tillman, popularly nicknamed "Pitchfork Tillman," to stir up whom is to stir up a hornets' nest of vast proportions, as several men before McLaurin have found to their sorrow. Personally I regret Senator McLaurin's course, for he is a most amiable and companionable gentleman, with whom I served in the house and with whom I was and am on a most friendly footing. For Senator Tillman I entertain both affection and admiration—affection for him because of his kind heart; admiration for his splendid talents and rugged honesty. It will require overwhelming evidence to convince me that Tillman is not right in this fight, and, as he is a fighter from Bitter Creek, the battle now on between him and McLaurin means the extermination of one or the other. It will be picturesque and to the death, and the white people of South Carolina will rally round the man with the pitchfork, for in their judgments Republican supremacy in South Carolina means negro supremacy—a repitition of the awful and sickening saturnalia of crime which existed from the close of the civil war till 1877 and of which no man can read even at this day without a shudder. I speak of the McLaurin movement, if such it may be called, as a movement to establish Republican supremacy, for that's what it means, whether Senator McLaurin so wishes or not. The case of General William Mahone of Virginia proves that beyond all controversy. When he began his movement in Virginia, he had no more idea of joining the Republicans than he had of turning Mohammedan, but the result was inevitable and disastrous. Liking Senator McLaurin personally and regretting his recent political course, I wish from the bottom of my heart that he would retrace his steps before it is everlasting too late and resume his place among his friends—for in South Carolina "he that is not for us is against us." Tillman in this matter stands for the integrity and perpetuity of the white people in the Palmetto State.

Disintegration. Evidences multiply that there is to be a war among the Republicans themselves on the tariff question. For some years the Hon. John A. Kasson of Iowa, ex-congressman, ex-minister plenipotentiary and ex several other things, has had a comfortable berth in the treasury department formulating reciprocity treaties. Now he has thrown up his job, or at least renounced his salary, which is the same thing, because the senate refused to ratify his treaties. Of course he ought to have a medal for renouncing his salary and perhaps a monument, neither of which he will ever get. Everybody who knows anything understands that reciprocity is simply free trade in spots, the invention of the Hon. James Gillespie Blaine, who was so indignant at the monstrosities in the McKinley bill as it originally passed the house that he beat to pieces a fine plug hat on the marble top of one of the tables in a committee room in the senate wing of the capitol. He forced McKinley and others to adopt the reciprocity idea as a sort of tub to the free trade whale. The Dingley bill also contains provisions for reciprocity. In commenting on Mr. Kasson's statement the Washington Post, high tariff organ, says:

A statement attributed to Hon. John A. Kasson, "special commissioner plenipotentiary under the tariff act," has been passing around in the newspapers with some fluency of late—a statement to the effect that he will hereafter refuse the salary attached to the office and turn it into the treasury. Of the various comments provoked by this utterance we have nothing to say, unless, perhaps, we may be permitted the suggestion that persons who cannot understand such an act as Mr. Kasson's poorly executed one, are sadly lacking in fine feeling. Our concern, however, is with Mr. Kasson himself and with the circumstances which have induced him to adopt the course already mentioned. It is hardly necessary to say that the Post has found nothing to applaud in the policy of which Mr. Kasson is the official representative. We do not believe that it is either wise or lawful to set up in the state department a subordinate bureau whose chief shall have authority to tinker with acts of congress intended to create the public revenue. This power is expressly lodged in congress by the terms of the constitution and indeed is confined to the house so far as concerns the initiative. The "special commissioner plenipotentiary" therefore is practically a denunciation of constitution since the initiative is transferred to a poorly executed bureau and the confirming power is reposed in the senate. Thus treaties amounting to tariff laws can be put in force without the smallest reference to the house of representatives, which, according to the constitution, is responsible for all revenue legislation. We have seen our way clear to approval of an arrangement which is not only grotesque and ridiculous, but, in our opinion, unconstitutional as well.

IMMORAL SUASION.

It Has Certain Advantages Over The Milder Moral Method.

Moral suasion, the appeal to the rational nature of man, is doubtless a very good thing. But it will not compare with immoral suasion for inducing swiftness of thought or promptness of action. The burglar surprised in his raid and requested to "please go away" will argue the case in the forcible burglar way. But when a pistol is pushed in his face with the laconic order, "Get!"—he goes and stands not on the order of his going. The pistol, with its six solid arguments, is a wonderful persuader, and



in the line of immoral suasion cannot be surpassed. It is a reflection on man's reason that he often refuses to do what common sense dictates until he is forced to do it. Common sense tells a man that he cannot live irregularly and keep his health. He is warned and admonished time and again that hasty eating and irregular meals result in diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. But because Nature does not directly threaten his life as the pistol does he goes right along until he is obliged to reform because disease forces him to do so.

Unheeded Warnings. It is only when all her warnings have been unheeded that Nature no longer says "You should not" but "You shall not." This is practically what happens when the lover of high living has to give up dainty dishes, sweets and condiments and come down to a diet of oatmeal or tea and toast.

There are thousands of dyspeptics whose condition shuts them out from all the pleasures of the table. There are thousands of others who are on the high road to a like condition, unheeding the warnings of the protesting stomach. The great fact is that every man and woman who suffers from dyspepsia can be almost certainly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It always helps. It almost always cures. Only two people in every hundred who give "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial fail of a perfect and permanent cure.

"I have been thinking of writing to you for some time," writes Mrs. W. D. Benson, of Maxton, Robeson Co., N. C., "to let you know what a wonderful thing Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for my little boy. He was taken with indigestion when he was a year and a half old, and he was under

the doctor's treatment for five long years. We spent all we made for doctor bills, and it did no good. When he would take a spell of indigestion he would lie for ten and fifteen days, and it seemed as though he would die. He had these spells every two or three weeks. He could not eat anything only a little milk and cracker, and sometimes even this would make him sick. He could not eat any meat or vegetables and he got very weak; could not sit up all day, and I gave up all hope of his ever getting any better. Three years ago I found one of your books, and on looking it over one day I noticed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery recommended for indigestion. We bought some and gave it to our boy. He had been treated at Hood's Creek by a good doctor, and at Bennettville, S. C., and at Currie, and Lambertson and Maxton, and was only relieved for a short time. We gave him two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it cured him. He is well as can be and can eat anything that he wants and it does not hurt him. He has not been sick a day since and it has been three years since he took your medicine. I can safely say that he is well."

WHERE WILL IT END? No one can say where the results of disease of the stomach and its allied organs will end. The stomach is the source of supply for each organ of the body. Whatever affects the stomach to reduce its strength and its ability to provide nutrition for the dependent organs will also affect the organs themselves. Heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, all must share the "weakness" of the stomach. When diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, diseases of other organs originating in stomach "weakness" and

in nutrition are cured at the same time. "I sent you a letter about a year ago," writes Mrs. J. Ellis Hamilton, of Farmington, Marion Co., West Va. "I stated my case as plainly as I could, and received a letter from you in a few days, telling me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription'—a bottle of each. I used three of each, and feel like a new woman. Don't suffer any pain or misery any more. Before using your medicines I suffered all the time—had jaundice, caused from food not digesting properly. I would have sick headache three and four times a week, and jaundice every four or five weeks. Could not do the work myself. I commenced using your medicines as recommended for liver complaint, and I am cured. I doctored three years without relief, only for a short time, and then I was as bad as ever. Haven't had sick headache since I took the first bottle of medicine."

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. A FULL TABLE The table of contents of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, offers a wide range for the thoughtful or the curious reader. In the 1008 large pages of this remarkable book have been condensed the sum of human knowledge upon the vital truths of biology, physiology and hygiene. It is full of helpful household hints on home medicine and treatment. Among its 700 illustrations are pictures of medicinal herbs and instructions as to their value and preparation for use. The book is a mine of valuable knowledge, and it is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 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.

Table with columns for stations (Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, York, etc.) and times for various routes like 'VIA TYRONE-WESTWARD' and 'VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD'.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

Table with columns for stations (Lewisburg, Tyrone, etc.) and times for 'WESTWARD' and 'EASTWARD' routes.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for stations (Tyrone, Bald Eagle, etc.) and times for 'WESTWARD' and 'EASTWARD' routes.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.

Table with columns for stations (Bellefonte, Snow Shoe, etc.) and times for 'WESTWARD' and 'EASTWARD' routes.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Table with columns for stations (Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.) and times for 'READ DOWN' and 'READ UP' routes.

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