

The Centre Democrat.

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CIRCULATION OVER 3400.

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EDITORIAL.

THE railroads complain they have more freight than they can haul. Then why put up the freight rates?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT went home from Mississippi without killing enough of bear to fill a half thimble full of oil.

THE eminent lawyers composing the strike investigating commission, have found their equal in President Mitchell.

W. H. SWARTZ, the gifted editor of the Altoona Tribune, is an aspirant for the appointment of state librarian, to succeed Dr. Reed, who recently tendered his resignation. He deserves recognition.

THE machine carried the state in the late election, but somehow there is an absence of glorification and jubilation—not a single one anywhere. Of course, they are ashamed of the iniquities they perpetrated in the past few years—and well may they feel ashamed—there's nothing to feel glad over.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is down in the Mississippi wilds hunting bear, but no luck, and a bruin that was hurt by another and tied to a tree for Teddy to shoot and kill when he came by, he refused to do it. Let Teddy come to Centre county, and our hunters can promise him better bear luck than away down in Mississippi.

HERE is a sample of honesty that is rare, in these days of greed and grab: Seven years ago David Rothschild, of New York, who was head of the R. Rothschild Sons Company, which failed in the financial panic of '93 and '94, found that his personal fortune of \$2,500,000 had been swept away, that he was penniless and owed nearly \$700,000. Although legally freed of his debts by the bankruptcy court, he has paid them all, and is today president of the Federal Bank of New York, which was opened about a month ago at 590 Broadway.

"THE republican party, though called to the performance, must proceed slowly and carefully in the work of curbing the trusts. There must be no radical or drastic action taken."

Thus talks the Lock Haven Express, and other republican papers. Bless you the "go slow" policy is what Roosevelt has adopted by proposing an amendment to the Constitution which will take seven years at least to get it passed, if at all. Then there is the anti-trust Sherman law on the statute books for a dozen years, and never an attempt by Roosevelt to demand its enforcement. The trusts don't "go slow" in skinning the people, and the republicans are playing the hypocrite in pretending to oppose these iniquitous monsters.

In answer to the demand for a modification of the tariff, coming from all sections, the high tariff and trust organs answer, "We favor modification of the tariff, but by its friends." Exactly, and these "friends" of the tariff have been modifying it half dozen times since the war, and every time higher, higher, until now it is higher than the tariff imposed to pay the expenses of the war. These modifications [by "the friends of the tariff"] have been solely in the interest of the rich and have been the foundation of the trusts that are now killing all the small industries and robbing the masses. The friends of tariff are the trusts, and the modification they desire would be the same as heretofore, put it up higher and skin the masses more than ever.

THERE are numerous indications that the pressure to enact anti-trust legislation, which will be brought to bear on Congress, will be exceedingly strong. The President favors it and is especially anxious that some means should be taken to enforce publicity so as to prevent the floating of what is called wild-cat stocks on the market. He is told, even by some of the financiers, that there is a grave element of danger in this now common practice and he appreciates that the result may mean a panic which, if it were to come shortly before election time, would be almost sure to mean republican defeat. Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt will urge the enactment of a law in line with Attorney General Knox's recommendations at Pittsburg but that such a law will be passed is considered very doubtful. Some of the best posted politicians in Washington, however, say that a compromise law will be the inevitable result of the present agitation and that law will merely take the form of enforcing a measure of publicity on the trusts.

DROUGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Bray, our Consul-General at Melbourne, writes that the long continuance of the drought has so far diminished production that the purchasing power of the commonwealth has been considerably reduced. He sends an extract from one of the agricultural papers which says that the position of the country will soon be very critical unless rain relieves the distress. The drought has maintained its pitiless hold upon the country for several years. In the state of Victoria, the districts north of the dividing range are parched, and the outlook for the harvest, which it due in a few months, is ominous. The situation is still worse in the back country of New South Wales and Queensland. Stock is perishing and many squatters, as the ranchmen are called, have no hope of saving more than a remnant of their animals. Large areas of grazing lands in Queensland have not a sign of greenness.

Still the work of extending irrigation in the highland regions of inner New South Wales and Queensland is going steadily on. Wherever artesian wells are yielding a large supply of water there are today fertile oases amid the deserts of unproductive land.

There is one peculiarity about irrigation in Australia; very little of it is derived from running streams, and irrigation improvements are, therefore, very different, for example, from those in Egypt and California.

The reason why the rivers are not very useful for irrigation is that the tributaries lose all, or a great deal, of their water by evaporation or percolation before they reach the main streams. The result is that the Darling, Murray and other important rivers contain so little water during the summer and autumn months that it cannot be used to flood irrigation channels.

We should never have heard of irrigation in Australia if it had not been for a most interesting discovery. It was found that the water which disappears from the many mountain regions is not by any means all lost through evaporation. A great deal of it sinks through permeable strata of the rock and collects deep under the ground in artesian reservoirs. It needs only to be brought to the surface to cover many areas with fertility.

When it was found that a large part of the dry regions of Australia have immense resources in underground waters, the people began to sink artesian wells. The work began in 1881 and is to-day being pushed more vigorously than ever. The greatest centre of artesian wells is a vast region in Queensland, north of the sources of the Darling River. Along a line which extends north, northwest, south and southwest in the form of a half circle are over 350 wells, ranging in depth from 100 feet to over 3,000 feet. The quantity of water from these wells is variable, the majority of them yielding at least 100,000 gallons each every day. Some of them yield one, three and four million gallons a day. There are many wells in other parts of Queensland.

In New South Wales the wells are much fewer in number, though there are several important centres, particularly at Bourke and Winton, where hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle obtain their water supply from these artesian wells. In Victoria, South Australia and West Australia, the boring of wells has scarcely yet begun on an important scale though in the past two or three years water has been obtained in copious supply at a number of points.

But in Australia there is nothing like the large areas of land restored to fertility that may be observed throughout southern California. In fact, the artesian waters are used more to supply the millions of sheep and cattle with the drink they must have or perish than to spread over the grain fields and fruit farms. It remains to be proven whether vast areas of the continent may be reclaimed for farm crops by filling irrigation ditches with artesian supplies. At any rate, the boring of these wells has opened enormous areas of the interior highlands, that were formerly useless, to the successful pursuit of stock raising.

Fake, one of the democratic members of the legislature, elected from York county, who in the last session sold himself to Quay and the entire batch of ripper legislation, has received his reward for his treachery. The York county bar association has resolved to expel him and that he be no longer permitted to practice in the York county courts. Fake presented his case to Judge Bittinger to test the validity of the action of the bar, and now the Judge rendered his opinion sustaining his action. Thus has the traitor met his reward. He bears the right name—fake.

"Our friend John C. Rowe, of Philipsburg, has emerged from the landslide a winner for Register in that county. John is one of the best little fellows in the world and is the only 'mick' to get anything in that county for 30 years from party."—Clearfield Republican.

"Go slow in changing the tariff" is the cry of the trust defenders. Of course, "go slow" that they may have several years more to rob the people. Roosevelt and his party are "going slow" mighty fast all the time, and are playing the "slow" to the entire delight of the trusts. Vive la hubbug.

PRISONER SHOT.

Charles Heslin is in Clinton county jail awaiting trial for court. He is what is called "a bad egg." Friday afternoon Sheriff Loveland was absent from the jail. A bottle of whiskey found its way to the prisoners. Heslin imbibed freely and when the fiery stuff took effect, his quarrelsome spirit asserted itself. Being in the corridor with the other prisoners, a free for all fight was precipitated, during which Heslin began throwing bottles and a lamp at the other men.

Deputy Sheriff Loveland was sent for, but the prisoners were so turbulent and their threats to do him bodily harm were so menacing that Officer Brendel was summoned. As the officer was about to enter the corridor, Heslin threatened that he would kill him. Suiting the action to his threats he threw a bottle at the officer's head. It missed its mark, whereupon the officer discharged his revolver in the hope that it would frighten the man. It did not have the desired effect, however, for Heslin threw another missile at the officer. The policeman then fired his revolver directly at Heslin. The ball took effect in the left side, striking one of the ribs and following it around into the back. Heslin ran into his cell and became quiet. The wound is not considered dangerous.

RECENT DEATHS.

MISS MAY ROBINSON:—Died at her home in Warriorsmark, 14th, of heart trouble, aged 17 years. She was a daughter of Joseph Robinson.

CHAS. H. SHIRK:—The only son of Harry and Elizabeth Shirk, died at his home at Boalsburg Sunday evening. He was 20 years old. The funeral services were held Wednesday noon. Interment in the Sprucetown cemetery.

WM. PERRY BRADY:—Son of the late Mrs. Margaret Brady, of Lock Haven, died at Chicago last Friday morning. Mr. Brady was well known in this section, having been a resident of Mackeyville in his earlier life. He was about 63 years old. His wife and son, Wm. P. Jr., survive.

MRS. CHRISTENA L. HOUSER:—Died on the morning of Nov. 3rd, at her home in Upper Sandusky, Ohio. She is survived by a husband and nine children, five sons and four daughters. She was 59 years old and a member of the Methodist church. She was a relative of the Housers of Centre county.

PERCY LLOYD:—son of the late Robert Lloyd of Philipsburg, died Friday afternoon shortly after exhaustion, the result of typhoid pneumonia, at McGirk's Sanitarium. Mr. Lloyd was at one time a member of Company B, and served with the "boys in blue" through the Spanish-American Campaign.

JACOB McMONIGAL:—Died in Altoona Sunday of cancer of the stomach. He was aged 75 years and was born in Centre county. He had been a resident of Altoona and vicinity for 46 years. He was a soldier in the civil war, serving as a member of Co. A, Two Hundred and Flith regiment, Penn'a Vol. Mr. McMonigal is survived by his wife and several children, two sons, John and James, living in Centre county.

MRS. MARTHA BREON:—Widow of Peter Breon, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Flory, at Centre Hall, on last Saturday morning. Her maiden name was Ripka, her husband died a few years ago. She was a member of the Lutheran church and a good and useful woman and kind neighbor. A son, Perry, and two daughters, Mrs. Strohmeyer and Mrs. Wm. Flory, both of Centre Hall, survive. Funeral on Monday afternoon. Her age was 77 years. She was a twin sister of John Ripka who died at Pine Grove Mills a short time ago.

Watching Clocks.

"When I was a boy in a printer's office says Robert Bonner, and it came along about three o'clock in the afternoon, I would say to myself, 'suppose the proprietor should come up where we are at work and say, Robert, what have you been doing to-day?' If I could not with pride and pleasure point to what I had been doing, I would pack up at six o'clock and leave the place. I consider that kind of spirit is an element of success, and there is always room for men who show that kind of disposition. The indolent man, who shiftlessly goes through his day's work, will never reach the goal of success. The man who is constantly watching the clock, waiting until it shall strike six, and trying to kill time—well, it will not be long until time will kill him, so far as business is concerned."

THE railroads are announcing a rise in freight rates of 10 per cent. It is not many months ago the freight rates were raised 30 per cent. This makes a total of 40 per cent. Now they are kind enough to give employees an addition in wages of ten per cent. After all then the people pay the 40 per cent. which does not add much to the generosity of these corporations—they make 30 per cent by the operation.

CONGRESSMAN J. K. P. HALL will resign his seat in congress next month in order to take his place as senator from the Thirty-eighth district when the Legislature meets the first Monday of January.

WHAT WITCH RIDING IS LIKE

Continued from 1st page.

[unwholesome] to be talkin' so much about witch folks even if she is dead.

Another voice—They say it took twelve leads to kill her. It must have been thirteen. That's the number against witches.

The witness—She'll never witch naryun [any one] no more. I ain't afraid of her now. She's done her worst on me. I'll tell all I know. When the storm begun to die down she come back for us an' rode us home again. Next mornin' our hands an' feet were full of burrs an' briars. They always are, after she's ridden of us.

A Cottrell—Squire, I can swear to havin' set by Old Man while he was in bed sweatin' an' groanin' an' him asleep all the time, an' I knowed she was a-ridin' of him, an' seen him next mornin' with his hands an' feet like as if he'd been trompin' aroun' a briar bush.

The Court—Have you been ridden often?

The witness—Twenty, may be thirty, times. Every ha'sh night she'd be out. If it was moonlight she'd take the boy sometimes an' leave me. We been to Hankee Dam an' Strange Creek an' Birch an' Buffalo, an' once to a place 'way off that I never saw before. That was the time daylight was streakin' the clouds before we got back. She like to have killed me that night. If daylight had caught us I'd a had her. She run me so hard I couldn't walk for nigh a week.

The Court—Then you firmly believe that there are such things as witches?

The witness—Why, Squire, it's in the Bible. Preacher read out in meetin' last church-day, not a month back. We all are believers.

The Court—Have you ever attempted to revenge yourself on this witch?

The witness—Don't you know she'd a killed me if I had? Don't you know she'd a-tied me to the top of a lightning-struck tree an' left me hangin' there till I peaked away an' died? They say there is a way to kill witches, but I don't know what it is.

A voice—Thirteen lead slugs in the full of the moon.

A woman's voice, complainingly—it's mighty oocertain to be talkin' so much about witches. I wouldn't wonder that we was all ridden after this.

A man's voice—Not by Mother Boggs. That was a right good killin'.

The witness—I expect there's plenty would be glad to kill that old witch if they could. But I nor aryun of we-alls hadn't no doin' of it.

The nephew was called to the stand and confirmed Old Man Cottrell's testimony. He added that he himself had once been ridden to the moon, but that the light had been so severe that the witch had blindfolded his eyes to veas them, so he saw nothing of the place. He was of opinion, however, that he had attended a witch convention.

Other witnesses swore that the hands and feet of both the Cottrells were badly scratched and pierced after their night rides, and that they were so spent and lame as to be unable to get about for hours after walking.

It was evident to the court and to the few intelligent spectators that the clan was perfectly sincere in its belief in witchcraft and that the death of Mother Boggs was heartily welcomed. Old Man Cottrell was indicted and will shortly be brought to trial.

THE President's bear hunt in Mississippi didn't produce a single bear. Now why does Teddy go so far from Washington to kill bear, when he can find brain so much nearer home? There is the big bear in Wall street, let him go gunning for it. Then there are those ugly cubs called Trusts, let him go gunning for them, it is game he does not need dogs to find their trail.

PROF. J. ANGEL
 THE WELL KNOWN
 EYE SPECIALIST,



of Williamsport, will make his monthly visit here

ONE DAY ONLY

Larimer Building
 Tuesday, Dec. 9th,

from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Prof. Angel's reputation for his ability and workmanship is well established in Bellefonte and vicinity. He gives universal satisfaction. Those who want the best treatment for head ache, weak or defective eyesight, should go to no other but wait for him.

At State College, Wed., Dec. 10th

Indian Summer.

Indian summer is what folks called the two weeks of fine weather we enjoyed previous to last Monday. Many who did not live in the days of Indian summers, 30 and 40 years ago and previous to that, wondered whether the past two weeks spoken of, were Indian summer. Well, yes, just about it. Indian summers of the times past, were also called the "smoke days" by many, because with Indian summer the atmosphere was hazy with smoke nigh what it is when there are mountain fires now-days. This smokiness was attributed to fires on the western prairies, which swept over millions of acres of heavy grass, dead and easily devoured by the flames that often traveled as fast as the Indian could with his pony to escape the danger. This cause for the smokiness was plausible, as the vast prairie fires invariably swept over an empire of territory in the fall of the year.

If we have an Indian Summer occasionally now, it is not with an atmosphere filled with smoke, and the absence of it can be accounted for in that the prairie country is now cultivated and no more a vast field for wild grass that would feed flames until the last acre of dead vegetable matter had been consumed.

Fishing for Oil Well Tools.

The drilling tools which were lost in the Gummo oil well near Lock Haven some time ago were still at the bottom of the hole last night and the driller is still fishing for them. At one time he succeeded in raising the whole outfit to within about 200 feet of the top of the well when the hold slipped and the heavy iron drill dropped back again to the bottom. It is stated that an order has been given for lumber for the erection of three more derricks.

It is natural that a woman should feel helpless when her servants leave her.

CAN YOU WRITE 200 WORDS?

If you can, in 200 words or less, state the reasons why in your experience

Queen Quality
 THE FAMOUS
 SHOE FOR WOMEN

Have proved to be superior to any other Shoes, you may hope to win one of the Hundred Prizes aggregating

\$5,000.00 IN GOLD,

which are offered by the makers. No special "literary" talent required—merely plain opinions in every-day language.

The First Prize is \$1,000
 And there are 99 others.

Fast Color Eyelets are used exclusively in Queen Quality Shoes.

MINGLE'S SHOE STORE,
 Bellefonte, Pa.

Agent for W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes. Union made, best in the world.

LUCKY PURCHASE

A special sale is something this store seldom has—maybe once, twice, or even three times a year. Something it doesn't make a continual practice of. Goods are so priced that people are induced to come here—enjoy and are benefited by the savings—without the use of the label "Special Sale." But there's times when we get something at undervalue prices. We are able to sell them at specially low prices.

It's that way in the Clothing line just now. A demand for the kind of Clothing that has made Sim's store within two and a half years from the smallest in Central Penn'a to the largest, has run our stock lower than we expected. Though we purchased larger than any previous season, there wasn't enough to supply the army of regular customers and the many new ones.

So we have just purchased from one of New York's Best Clothing Manufacturers—a maker whose goods we have been selling so successfully to pleased customers throughout Centre county—the remainder of his entire stock of

Fall and Winter Clothing

for Men and Young Men. Bought late at after-season prices, they go to you the same way:

Men's and Young Men's \$7.50 Suits, sale price	\$5.75	Men's and Young Men's \$10 Suits, sale price	\$7.50
Men's and Young Men's \$12 Suits, sale price	\$8.50	Men's and Young Men's \$15 Suits, sale price	\$11.50
Suits of plain black and blue and swell combination of green, olive, brown and "black and white," with blunt or round corners, three or four-button Sack Suits, and two and three-button double-breasted Sack Suits—about five hundred in all; variety enough to warrant good selections.		Men's and Young Men's \$10 Overcoats, sale price	\$7.50
Men's and Young Men's \$12 Overcoats, sale price	\$9.50	Men's and Young Men's \$15 Overcoats, sale price	\$11.50

Swagger Overcoats, medium length Overcoats, mixtures of oxford, green, brown, plain blue and black, top or slash pockets, cuffs on sleeves or plain. There are somewhere in the neighborhood of four hundred dress coats.

This sale is without an equal for the selling of none but high-class merchandise, not to be thought of as "common job lots," but new, desirable goods, tailored in a good manner into this season's newest styles.

Does a saving of from one-seventy-five to three dollars and fifty cents on each Overcoat or Suit of this kind interest you? Then come and see if things are different from what we say.

SIM, THE CLOTHIER,
 TEMPLE COURT, BELLEFONTE, PA