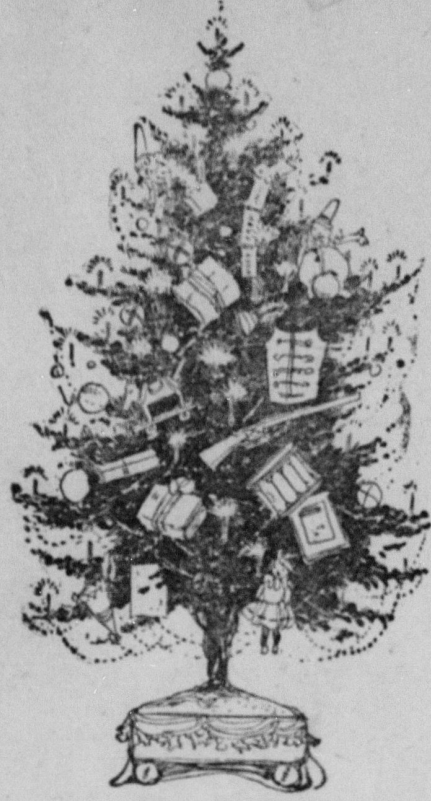


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A Merry Christmas!

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

At His Name Every Knee Shall Bow and Every Tongue Confess.

Every country of earth offers an apotheosis in the person of some great man who distinguished himself in some great crisis in its affairs. Switzerland idolizes William Tell, Russia her Peter the Great, Prussia her Frederick the Great, France her Napoleon, Italy her Garibaldi, England her Alfred the Great and the United States her Washington.

It is food for reflection that in the selections of heroes and in hero worship it is an invariable rule, not a single exception being known in all history, that choice is made of one who has crowned his life with deeds done in battle. By and through the flash of the sword alone has immortality of fame been won by mortals.

The scimitar of Mohammed and not his Koran conquered Arabia, Armenia and the Balkans. Moses was a lawgiver, but he also was a mighty warrior and led his followers on from one victory to another. It is he and Joshua and David and John Hyrcanus, all intrepid soldiers, who have made glorious the history of the Jewish people. The history of Mohammedanism is written in blood and Omar and Saladin stand out prominent in its records. So with other nations. Deeds, deeds only, and these calling for great holocausts of human lives, to make imperishable some individual name.

Christmas day offers an anomaly, however, in the history of men who have lived and wrought wonders. The Christ was a man of peace, deploring war. What is yet more strange. He is glorified through his words and not through his deeds. The Heavenly voice said to the simple shepherd on the plains of Bethlehem: "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all the people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And the accompanying choir with ineffable melody sang the refrain: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace."

The Christ-birth and the Christ-life stand forth the opposite of all other great lives that have filled pages in earth's history. Born of humble parents in a stable, amid the lowing of kine and the raucous complaining of discontented cattle, reared in the far-away bleak hills of Galilee, engaged daily in sawing logs into boards, or planing the latter into smoothness. He steps forth suddenly, at the age of 28, as a teacher of righteousness. Not among strangers, but in the midst of His own people, He appeared, and they were astonished at the profundity of His knowledge. As though to persuade themselves that they were not mistaken as to His identity, they asked of one another: "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

His life work was brief, but four short years! Compare this with the years spent by other illuminati of earth in perpetuating their fame. Without use of money, or influence, or numbers, and without courting favor of the rich and powerful. He went about from town to town preaching His gospel of peace and love. Those who gathered to him were poor men—fishermen, publicans, small farmers or herdsmen, rather.

The waters of the sea of Judea were but little stirred by His presence. So little was His presence felt that no contemporary historian of His time, outside of His immediate followers, makes any reference to His life or His works. Josephus, a voluminous and very just historian, ignores Him utterly. No record has been found at Rome of His death, so little impression did it make upon the mind of Pilate.

True it is that He healed sick men, cleansed lepers, raised the dead and

cast out devils. But these were subordinate and incidental only to His life-work, which was that of proclaiming a new gospel—that men should love one another. He made no parade of miracle-working. It was only when the sufferings were brought into His presence that He made exercise of His divine power in healing.

He died the most shameful, disgraceful death known to his generation. In His extremity He was deserted even by His most devoted followers. He trod the wine-press of agony alone.

Yet this Man of Sorrows has conquered the world. Other illustrious men lived out their little day and all that remains of them is the memory of their deeds. They sought to build up material kingdoms; Christ's realm is in the hearts of men. His teachings have survived the overthrow of a thousand kingdoms of earth. His words to-day are as potent to sway men as when they came burning from His lips. All the higher civilization of earth yields Him reverence and homage.

Age but serves to strengthen the might of His power and to confirm the promise of the prophecy: "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

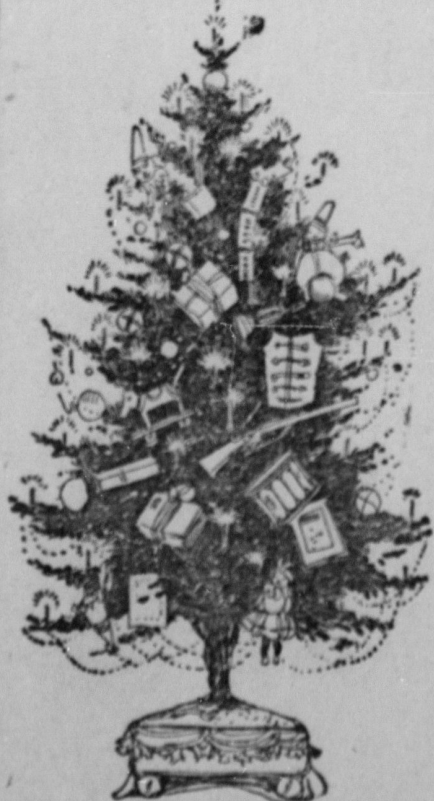
WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is a Relic of the Sun-Worship of the Ancients.

Most of us know that the Christmas tree comes to us direct from Germany. And we know of the tree worship of the Druids which obtained in England and France, and which probably had some influence on the later use of the tree in the Christian festival. But we do not all know that a similar festival with the tree as a crowning feature is observed among many heathen nations, and that it comes from sun-worship, which is older than history. The revival of the sun after the winter solstice has ever been the subject of rejoicing and of celebration by ceremonies which represent the new light brought back to the world. Our tree, with its small candles, its gilded knickknacks and toys for the children, is a direct descendant of this old festival in honor of the sun.

Traces of it exist in Iceland, where the "service tree" is found adorned with burning lights during Christmas night. The English yule-log is a faint survival of this festival. But it is beyond these that I wish to draw your attention, back further even than the Druid mysteries of the Gallic forests. It is to China, that home of all wonders and of all history. It has been shown that as long ago as 247 B. C. a tree with a hundred lamps and flowers was placed on the steps of the audience-hall. This appears again in the records of Princess Yang, who lived 713 755 A. D., and who caused a hundred-lamp tree 80 feet high to be erected on a mountain. It was lighted during New Year's night, and the illumination was seen for hundreds of miles, eclipsing the light of the moon.



A Happy New Year!

This candle-tree is no longer lighted in China, being replaced by an unusual number of lanterns, which are hung everywhere. A suggestion of the tree, however, still survives in Japan. At the New Year two evergreen trees are placed without, on either side of the door. Their tops are tied together with the sacred band of straw, and various objects, dried lobsters and oranges are fastened to their branches.

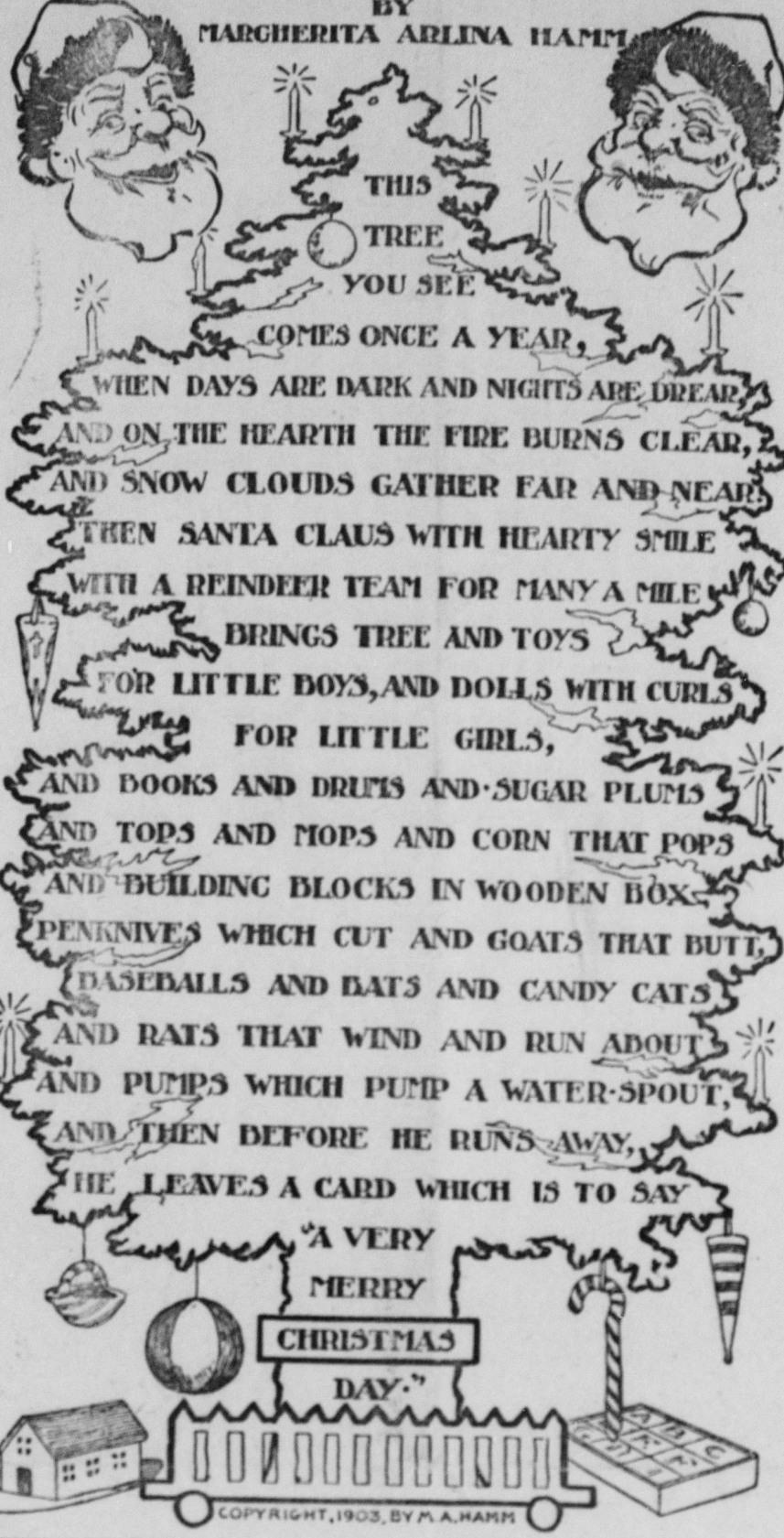
No Paper Next Week.

Observing the usual custom, no paper will be issued from this office next week, December 31st, 1903, as one and all connected with the office desire the opportunity for a brief vacation during the holidays.

Go tell your troubles to a lawyer.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The movement for a County Historical Society has received general endorsement and will start out under very favorable auspices. Foom all parts of the county come assurances of approval and active support. Such a society will be a credit to our county, and the wonder is that the movement was not started years ago, to preserve all what is of historical value from the dark days of the hardy, early settlers down to the present. Relics, curios, incidents, family history, our distinguished men, in civil and military life, eminent jurists, unsurpassed bar, wealth in minerals, fertile agricultural valleys, and mighty forests, all these and a score of other data, will be planted imperishably in the archives of the Society and be appreciated by posterity. Surely, every family in the county should, and we believe will, feel an interest in this movement and labor to make it a success, by contributing papers, relics, etc., which will be of great interest to future generations, as a source from which data, facts, and incidents, relating to Centre county, from the days of the pioneers on down to the present, can be obtained free.

The next meeting, to further the movement, will be held at an early day, and every citizen, regardless of sex, who possibly can, is earnestly requested to be present, or send letters of indorsement to the secretary, Thomas Mitchell, Esq., to be read at such meeting. Centre county has the historic and personnel material to establish one of the most interesting historical societies in the state.

Moyer in the Lock Haven Jail.

Edward Moyer, who was arrested at Sunbury on suspicion of being the murderer of W. H. Clendennen at Brown's tower, is now in the Lock Haven jail, having been brought Saturday night by Railroad Detective Lebo.

Moyer claims that he spent the night of the murder in a sawmill, near Montoursville, and that the watchman will be able to verify his statement.

The Fisher mill is the only mill in that vicinity that was running at the time of the murder and the watchman there says a man of Moyer's general description did spend the night of the murder and the next night at the mill.

Moyer, the peddler, was released from the Lock Haven jail late Monday afternoon by direction of District Attorney McCormick, as no evidence had been adduced against him.

Few men are too honest to steal a kiss.

Committed Suicide.

Harry E. Bratton, a native of Centre county, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head Wednesday afternoon, 18th, while sitting in the bedroom of his house at Altoona.

Bratton was evidently stricken with a fit of despondency while upstairs and decided to take his own life. Seating himself on the side of the bed he held a .32-calibre revolver to the right side of his head and pulled the trigger. His aim was good and the bullet crashed through the skull at the right temple and plowed its way into the brain. The discovery that he had committed the rash deed was made by his mother-in-law, who found him dead when she went to tell him that her son was waiting to go out with him. Bratton was born near Centre Hall and was aged about 35 years.

The deceased has a younger brother at Centre Hall who makes his home with shoemaker Wm. A. Curry, of that place.

Seriously Injured.

Walter Weaver, aged 23 years, was run over Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock by a car loaded with iron ore while at work at the Gatesburg mine bank. Several of his ribs were broken and he was injured internally. Weaver is employed at the head of an inclined plane dumping cars loaded with ore as they come out of the mine bank. He was at the break when he slipped and fell, the car weighing 1000 lbs and loaded with 1400 lbs of ore passing over his body. He is a son of Thomas Weaver and his home is at Axemann. Dr. Fisher, of Zion, is attending him and reports him in a critical condition.

Smith-Hubbard.

This Thursday evening Mrs. Lorena Smith, of Tyrone, and G. H. Hubbard, principal of the public schools at Flemington, Pa., will be married at Tyrone, Pa. The bride and groom are members of the Dickinson Annual Association, of Williamsport, where they met some years ago. Prof. Hubbard has been prominent in school work in Centre and adjoining counties and is one of the best instructors. His bride comes from one of the well-to-do families of Blair county. They will reside at Lock Haven. Our heartiest congratulations go with them.

Rev. Warren J. Johnson, of Lock Haven, has been unanimously called to the pastorate of Christ Reformed church, Altoona, to succeed the Rev. J. F. Moyer, who has accepted a call to the First Reformed church of Reading.

AT GAY YULETIDE.

All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old feuds forgot, old hates aside,
Now hearty claps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmas-tide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a trace of pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts.
At gay Yuletide on every side
Were thinking of Christmas gifts.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

—W. R. Spencer.

PEACE ON EARTH.

I heard the Bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
—Longfellow.

ANXIOUS FOR SNOW.

There are several students at State College from Cuba who never saw snow. They are awaiting a fall of the "beautiful," with great longing that their curiosity may be satisfied over this, to a tropical denizen, a wonderful action in nature. These Cubans will, no doubt, have an interesting account to write to their folks when they witness a northern snowfall in all its pure white majesty, covering the earth to over a foot with a bed of pure white feather-like flakes, of downy softness. Then the story of a sleighride—how that will excite the curiosity of their Cuban friends, the merry jingling of the bells, the smooth gliding over hill and dale. Well, it will make their Cuban cousins think the north is a great and wonderful land. Our snowbanks are far preferable to West Indian volcanoes, at all events.

It is distinctly with our recollection, of a widow with several children, having come north to make her home with relatives. The family had lived in Savannah, Ga. The children had never seen snow. Along in the fall, after the family had resided in this state several months, it began to snow one morning before day. It was one of those familiar snows that drops flakes smaller than Johnny cakes—as large as half dollars. After day-light the children, all sleeping in one bedroom, awakened and at once beheld the strange scene outside. They could not decide what it meant, until one of them got the idea and announced "somebody is throwing feathers."

Smallpox Situation.

The illness of Daniel Israel Nestle-rod, living near the Eagleville station, has been diagnosed smallpox. This is the only new case reported at that place and confines the disease to two families. Those ill are getting along with little discomfort. The schools of Eagleville were closed Monday. All services and Christmas entertainments in the churches were abandoned by order of the board and no public gatherings are allowed. The cantata which was billed for Saturday evening in the Baptist church has been indefinitely postponed in consequence. A rigid quarantine is being enforced. In Beech Creek Mr. Rupert is the only case within the borough and no others are anticipated.

Dr. Braucht, of Spring Mills, informs us that the Herman family in Geores-valley who had smallpox and were under his care are practically recovered. The nurse was discharged yesterday and the house fumigated. Dr. Braucht handled these cases very successfully.

Three Serious Accidents at Lewisburg.

A series of accidents occurred at the Lewisburg chair factory. Three men who operated the buzz saw were injured in succession. The first injured was William Smith, of Harpscrabble. The first two fingers of his right hand were cut almost entirely off, hanging only by shreds of flesh. Then Martin Zimmerman took the saw, and in a few minutes he was similarly injured, with the exception that he had three fingers instead of two cut. Then the saw was taken by Mr. Wolf, of North Second street, and after a few minutes work he, too, had his hand badly cut, but his injuries are not as serious as those of the other two men.

Fisk Shearer, the 15-year-old son of John Shearer, of Salona, had a very narrow escape from drowning in the river at Lock Haven. The ice on the river was in fine condition and he was enjoying the skating when he broke through. He is a good swimmer and managed to keep himself afloat until his cries for help were heard by a man who, some distance away, was engaged in cutting ice. He hurried to the assistance of Shearer and, pushing one end of the saw towards him, was soon able to draw the half-drowned boy out upon the solid ice.

The Reverie Of Santa Claus

By P. J. TANSEY

[Copyright, 1903, by P. J. Tansey.]

My pack is filled, my reindeer wait
Impatient for the rising moon
To light the road to Youngsterland,
On which I must be speeding soon.

My heart is filled with Christmas joy;
I laugh in once-a-year delight
To think what pleasure I shall bring
To countless boys and girls tonight.

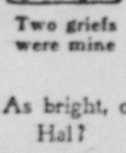
Two griefs were mine, but long they're gone;
One that the bad, bad child must cry



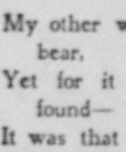
On Christmas morn to rise and find
Empty the sock that I'd passed by.



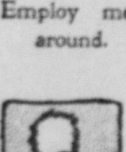
But once I thought what good were games
And candies, picture books and toys
If I should blindly give them out
To cross, unruly girls or boys!



Who would grow good at Christmas time
If naughty Joe or sulky Sal
Were sure to get as good from me



As bright, obedient Sue and Hal!



My other woe was hard to bear,
Yet for it comfort soon I found—
It was that Christmas work did not
Employ me all the year around.



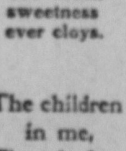
But somewhere in a book I read
That sameness is a trying care,
That too much sweetness ever cloys
And pleasures are the best when rare.



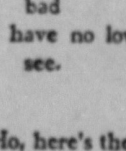
And what would hap to Easter day,
And to the Fourth's bing-bang and drum,
If every night through chimney pipe
Old Santa Claus should sneak-ing come?



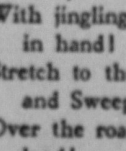
Too much sweetness ever cloys,
No, no! I'll spoil no sport for these.



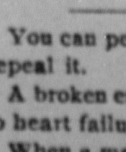
The children good who trust in me,
Though for the unbelievers bad
I have no love, as they shall see.



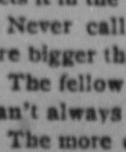
Ho, here's the moon! Away, away,
With jingling bells and reins in hand!
Stretch to the gallop, Dash and Sweep,
Over the road to Youngsterland!



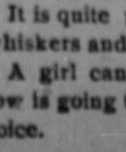
Ho, here's the moon!



You can peel a banana, but you can't repeat it.



A broken engagement is generally due to heart failure.



When a man has a boil he generally gets it in the neck.



Never call a man names unless you are bigger than he is.



The fellow who does the most blowing can't always raise the wind.

The more children a woman has the less she thinks about want to vote.

It is quite possible for a man to wear whiskers and still be a bare-faced liar.

A girl can generally tell when a fellow is going to propose by the ring in his voice.