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From Abroad.

LETTER NO. III.

MADEIRA ISLANDS,
Monday, Feb. 16, 1903.

Dear Judge:—We are anchored one mile out in front of Funchal. My eyes dwell upon the gorgeous grounds yonder that surround the archaic palace of the Governor. The vast portico of solid masonry extending to the edge of the sea and lifted high above the quiet waters is the outlook from the capacious hall with its waxed floors, its ceilings and richly decorated walls and golden chandeliers, where the chosen few dance off the evanescent hours of the night. Within those palace walls dwelt, and I hope still abides, the fair and radiant Ermelinda. Upon that green knoll beneath the bloom of the orange and the myrtle I first saw her raven ringlets caressed by the balmy breeze of this eternal summer, and her dark eyes sparkling in the midst of her maidens, like two lingering stars that defy the rivalry of the day. Yonder are the soldiers at the ponderous gates, whose bayonets I pushed aside as Ermelinda started down the floral knoll with radiant smiles to meet my daughter. Her gracious hospitality in the palace and unaffected cordiality brought upon us the envy of about 800 tourists who were turned away by the bayonets of the palace guards. Here is the leaf from my notebook bearing the address of Ermelinda inscribed in the calligraphy of her own artistic hand, just one year ago. She enacted from Mary Tibbs a promise to correspond with her in French—a promise not yet fulfilled. Let it commence at once. (See postscript). We coasted along this rugged and rockbound island for thirty miles, this morning before we arrived at Funchal on the southern shore, the capital of the group governed by Portugal. This island is 33 miles long by 13 broad, and boasts a population of about 150,000. The only other island of the group worth mentioning is Porto Santo, with a population of 3,000, including a penal colony. "Madeira" means "wood," so named from the vastness of the rich forests that once covered the islands, but long since destroyed by a fire that for seven years swept over the islands. Perhaps no sailor in any part of the world ever gazed upon a scene so picturesque and beautiful as the approach to Funchal, set in a back-ground of snow-capped mountains, while rapid rivers ripple, sparkle and dash with musical sounds through beds redolent of tropical, spicery and gorges with ever-blooming ferns, and towering cliffs on either side that drop precipitously into the sea from a height of 2,000 feet, and mighty columns of rock rising in the harbor far out from shore; the very face of the cliffs adorned with vast vines, flowery with brilliant colors and silvered with ceaseless cascades that dash into the sea from lofty heights—and the city in a climate that has never known the heat of summer, nor the frost of winter!

From the cathedral at the top of the mountain, in a wicker basket on runners I shot down to the front of a hotel, two miles, in five minutes. Two natives stood on the rear end of the runners to guide the toboggan and charged forty cents for the ride. Baskets on runners drawn by two moth-eaten bullocks or buffaloes conveyed us about the streets. Many people ride in hammocks carried on the shoulders of lazy men who stop frequently at the wine stores for refreshment.

Christopher Columbus once lived

here in a house, the site of which is marked by a marble slab. He happened to see in a boarding school in Portugal Miss Menina Perestrello whose sweet witchery led him to her island home where he married her in 1473.

This languid tropical land has always been one of romance. From the deck of the ship I can discern the little church built over the grave of Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet who first landed upon the island in 1544. They were ardent lovers, and fleeing from irate parents, eloped in a little boat from England for the shores of France, but drifting from their course, were stranded on these unknown islands, where in undisputed empire, amidst singing birds and unfading flowers they lived happily and died in the Christian hope. It is well that they sleep together under the memorial dome of this little church.

The island seems to be a great volcanic dyke pushed up in fantastic forms and fragments from the ocean's bed, many peaks capped with snow, rising six thousand feet. In 1815 the great Napoleon was brought to Funchal before being imprisoned on St. Helena.

The peculiar and vivacious population is a mixed blood of Moors, Portuguese and Negroes, all under the spiritual rule of the Catholic Bishop with a staff of a hundred priests.

This is the native soil of the English walnut. Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Bananas and other tropical fruits abound. California roses must yield the palm to Maderia, and the groves of geraniums 20 and 30 feet high whose profuse and brilliant bloom knows no change of season, find no rival on earth.

The stately form of the fan palm and unique trunk and crown of the date, tower above the ripening fruits of orchards, and add the charm of tropical elegance to the luxuriant gardens of riotous flowers and sparkling fountains.

Hundreds of importunate natives in little boats surround our steamer with their wares, trinkets and souvenirs, shouting, singing and gesticulating incessantly. Scores of them have dived head-foremost from our upper decks into the ocean. Passengers throw nickels and dimes into the sea, which they bring up between their toes and deposit in their mouths—their only pocket books.

At ten o'clock to-night we weigh anchor for Gibraltar 610 miles north.

W. T. THOMAS.

P. S. If John King is not married, tell him to sell out his business, resign his office, get a little French from Father De Waegenaere and a letter of introduction from Mary Tibbs to Ermelinda, and sail at once for Madeira. Perhaps he can never be more than councilman or congressman at home and Ermelinda can do for him more than that. She is a devout Catholic and lacks no womanly charm.

Serious Accident.

Arthur R. Pennell, the lawyer who figured so prominently in the Burdick murder mystery at Buffalo, N. Y., was instantly killed Tuesday afternoon and his wife fatally injured by an automobile in which they were riding plunging over a steep bluff. Just before starting on the trip Pennell talked over the telephone with some one about the murder case. The only known witnesses to the tragedy were two boys, who say that Pennell's hat blew off an instant before the automobile plunged over the precipice, and this testimony is taken to indicate that the fatality was an accident.

The mechanical force of the sound emitted from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 cornets would equal but one horse power.

DEMOCRATS

Say No Burdens Were Lifted and That

Republicans Repudiated Every Party Fiege.

Representative Underwood, of Alabama, the Democratic whip and representative of the minority party on the committee on rules, after a conference on the subject with Floor Leader, Richardson, of Tennessee, gave out the following statement representing the Democrats in Congress:

"Notwithstanding the increasing balances in the Treasury and the enormous surplus now carried by the Government in national banks, the Republican party made no effort whatever in this Congress to reduce the tariff or the burdens of taxation.

"They have admittedly failed to pass effective trust legislation. The House passed the Littlefield anti trust bill, and the Republicans of the Senate, by a strict party vote, refused to consider it.

RAILROADS LET ALONE.

"They have made no attempt to pass legislation to give the Interstate Commerce Commission additional powers to regulate railroad tariffs.

"They have deprived 400,000 people in Oklahoma and 200,000 people in Arizona and New Mexico of the right to govern themselves and to participate in the General Government, and they have failed to pass any legislation for the relief of the business interests in the Philippines.

"At the beginning of this session the President emphasized the importance of doing justice to the Republic of Cuba by a reduction of the tariff taxes on Commerce passing between the United States and the island, and urged the passage of a reciprocity treaty to remedy existing evils. His party ignored the request.

LABOR UNPROTECTED.

"The House passed a bill providing an educational test to immigrants coming into this country, so that American labor might be protected against the pauper labor of Europe. The Senate struck the provision out of the House bill and though the Republican party continues the legislation on the statute books that protects the great trusts from competition abroad, they have refused to enact legislation protecting the American workingman from the competition of the incoming pauper immigration of Europe. Notwithstanding the fact that they were pledged to enact legislation to build an Isthmian Canal, and did pass a bill authorizing the President to commence the building of a canal either at Panama or Nicaragua, they have been unable to so legislate up to the present time that this work may be begun.

REPUDIATED PLEDGES.

"They have repudiated the pledges made by their party platform and candidates.

"Many bills failed in the House and Senate because in the House the Republican party, to take a partisan advantage, devoted its time to turning out a Democratic member from his seat without trial and without consideration, rather than devote its energies to the public business; and in the Senate on account of long and continuous filibuster that has been kept up by Republican Senators against the Statehood Bill.

Nearly one-third of our immigrants are now from southern Italy.

REPUBLICANS

Have Troubles of Their Own To Settle Before Election.

To Many Ex-Democrats in Positions of Trust—Won't Stand Roosevelt's Ways.

All the political signs in Kentucky point to an anti-Roosevelt movement in the Republican party. There is great, though unobtrusive, dissatisfaction among the Republicans with the course that the President has pursued in the matter of Federal patronage. There is too much independent Democracy to the fore, and too little consideration for the old-liners, the boys who ran with the machine when it was a very small and very rickety machine, and when there was little of credit and less of profit in running with it.

President Roosevelt is very positive in his conviction—as is quite natural with him—that he knows who is who in Kentucky and what is what. From his view point Gen. Basil Duke is "who" and Richard W. Knott is "what." Bradley and Willson, and a hundred more whom the Republicans have always regarded as leaders, are sent to the rear by the young man on horse back, and that stenuous young person imagines that his ipse dixit put them out of the game. John W. Yerkes, who has got the President's ear, and he has been smothered away in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, where he is only a sort of first-class clerk to the Secretary of the Treasury, who is himself only a sort of chief clerk to the father of the family that is overcrowding the White House.

But there is an old man with short legs and a shorter neck who has been in politics for a long time. Some of the older readers may remember him—Hanna is his name—Marcus Aurelius Hanna, once familiarly known as "Mark," with or without the \$. He was the whole works up to the time that McKinley's tragic death caused the young amateur politician, literary dabbler and cowboy to be tossed body, breeches and sombrero into the chief magistracy of the nation. He had a well-matured plan at that time for having Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, nominated as McKinley's successor. To those who can believe that Mark Hanna would be bluffed into a cold perspiration and paralyzed by the spectacle, or spectacles, of Teddy in the Presidency there will be nothing preposterous in the assumption of the kid glove element of the Yerkes-Knott variety that Mr. Roosevelt has taken entire charge of the Republican party, but there are they who know better.

The Republicans of Kentucky who were so summarily sent to the rear are very much alive, and the United States mails furnish ready means of communication between them and their old friends, Hanna and Fairbanks. Dick Gwathney, Charlie Sapp and many others in Kentucky have full confidence even now in the ability of Hanna and his friends to control the next national convention. And Dr. Hunter, who had a strong hold upon McKinley and Hanna, has severed his relations with the present administration and will soon return to Kentucky. He says he is out of politics, which, being interpreted, means that he is in politics—very. And Dick Gwathney is arranging the banquet in honor of ex-Minister Godfrey Hunter's return! That means that Hunter, Todd, Sapp, Gwathney and the old ma-

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chine leaders are going to get together. Then there will be something doing.

If Hanna, who has been giving Teddy all the rope he wanted, means, as seems probable, to throw that bucking youngster in next year's Republican convention, these old allies in Kentucky may be depended on to deliver the goods from this department of the political field.

The truth is, Roosevelt had plenty of high ideals, but he couldn't put them into practice. He had great confidence in his own ability, and he rushed in with a reckless disregard of consequences where angels like Hanna feared to tread. Result, Teddy is all balled up; he has gone to writing cards defending his course. He says in substance that he is right, and being right, it must follow that all who do not agree with him are wrong. He says Gen. Duke is his ideal of political sagacity in Kentucky—and Duke is a man of high courage and fine talent—but he doesn't mix much with Bill Bradley and Gus Wilson and Dick Wood and all those old wheel-horses who have been there since long before Teddy became famous for stumbling into the line of fire in the brush back of San Juan.

They are setting it up on Teddy, and those old campaigners, Grosvenor, Dick, Hanna, Fairbanks and the rest; and the practical Republican politicians in Kentucky knows that any deal made with them "goes," just as surely after the election as before. Nobody knows what Roosevelt will do. They all know that he thinks any sort of Democrat in the South is better than any Republican, and so they are all quietly getting the word from their "Uncle Mark" and acting accordingly. Collector Craft and United States Marshal Sharp and Gen. Duke and Dick Knott won't know they are live when the stalwarts get through fixing up the next delegation from Kentucky to the national convention. The McKinley machine (or the Hanna machine if you please) hasn't gone out of business; it is just "layin' low" and waiting for the word.

Grapes.

To eat a grape a minute for an hour at a time, and to repeat this performance three or four times a day, eating very little else meantime but dry bread, may seem a monotonous way of spending the time. This treatment works wonders for thin, nervous anemic people whose digestions have got out of order from worry or overwork. It is no mere quack prescription, but a form of cure recognized and advised by many well known physicians. Grapes are, perhaps the most digestible of any fruit in existence.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

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