

RELIEF COMMISSION.

Important Meeting at Cresson Yesterday. An important meeting took place yesterday afternoon at Cresson, at which our local affairs were represented by James McMillen, Cyrus Elder, W. C. Lewis, A. J. Moxham and John D. Roberts, officers and members of the Finance Committee, and the State was represented by General Hastings, Governor Beaver and others.

What the outcome will be is not fore-shadowed, or at least not wired to Johnstown up to a late hour last night. Report says that a Mr. Reeves, one of the Governor's Commission, said yesterday "that he knew there has been no suffering in Johnstown on account of money not being paid out, and that the Relief Committee at Johnstown has \$150,000 in its possession now."

WHO GOT THE MONEY.

Startling Statement by Governor Beaver Yesterday—\$1,500,000 Already Expended.

In speaking of the work done for the relief of the people here, Gov. Beaver yesterday made the remarkable statement that \$1,500,000 had already been expended for the relief of the sufferers. Gov. Beaver ought to know what he is saying, but we venture the assertion that if one-third that sum has been expended, the sufferers in this valley did not get it.

THE MONEY TO COME.

\$500,000 to be Paid Out at Once—So Says the Governor's Commission.

Mr. Tom L. Johnson, Chairman of the Board of Inquiry, James McMillen, A. J. Moxham and W. C. Lewis of the Finance Committee, and others who had gone to Cresson, returned about 10 o'clock last night. Messrs. Johnson and Moxham were seen while on their way home, and it was learned that the Commission had practically agreed to the recommendations of the Board of Inquiry as printed in full in the DEMOCRAT on Monday.

PEBBLES.

She: "It must have been an awful storm to blow away the lighthouse." Cholly: "Terrible, my dear; but it could have only been through carelessness that there was a lighthouse in such an exposed place."

"Please, ma'am, will you give me an old suit of your husband's clothes? I am one of the Johnstown flood sufferers."

"Poor man! Of course I will. Come right in. So you were in that dreadful flood, were you?"

"No, ma'am, but my wife sent all my clothes to the people who were."

Omaha Youth: "I've called for my new spring suit." Average Tailor: "Sorry, but it is not finished." Omaha Youth: "Why, you said you would have it done if you worked all night." Average Tailor: "Yes, but I didn't work all night."

The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what you may call a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked: "1, he reads his speeches; 2, he reads them badly; 3, they are not worth reading."

The Dentist's daughter (who hears her father approaching): "Oh, dear Edward, here comes my father! If he should find us together here we are lost. Oh, he is coming! You will either have to ask for my hand or let him pull out a tooth for you."

Colored Lad: "Gemman to see ya, mum." Lady of the house (at breakfast): "Very well, John; show him in to the parlor." John: "Oh! but it's the gemman come to sweep the chimney." Lady (much nettled): "Then show him up the chimney."

IN THE BULL RING.

WAS early in my seat, for I like, above all things, to see the motley crowd of sun-burned Spaniards come trooping to their national game.

"He is killed!" cry the people; "he is killed!" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of the matadors. I gazed at Juanita once more. Her expression has not altered to the last degree; her fan merely vibrates a little quicker. I hated the woman.

A shout from the people recalls my attention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull once more. There was silence in the ring like death. Again the sword is raised, again all is dust, again a form lies prostrate in the sand—but this time it is the bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, a feat seldom accomplished by even the masters of the art.

Never have I heard such a shout as rang through and through the building as Sebastian approached the gobernador and bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile of victory lights up his lips. Then, sword in hand, he turned, approached, and faced Juanita, his dark eyes gazing into her face.

"He has never killed a bull before: today is his first. He comes from this part; that is why every one is here." Then he added: "I will tell you his story. Sebastian is only a muleteer who once a week drives a caravan of mules from his mountain village to this town. Once a week he comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works for another." He paused for a moment and he added: "You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," I said. "I arrived yesterday." "Then you do not know Juanita—La Bella Juanita we call her?" He did not wait for me to answer his question, but continued: "Every one falls in love with Juanita, and Sebastian, like the rest, did too. He prayed and besought her to marry him, but she is proud and would not look at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face and oft-repeated tale impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull in the ring at today's fair. But here she is."

I turned in the direction in which he was pointing, and gazed with astonishment at one of the most lovely creatures it has ever been my lot to see. All eyes were fixed on her, yet she was as impassive as if she were alone and unnoticed. Her light, golden hair—not uncommon among the Spaniards—was bound up high upon her head, and surrounded by a dark crimson rose, which held in its place her mantilla of black lace.

It was time the bull fight commenced, and already the impatient Spaniards were shouting and calling, but yet the gobernador had not taken his seat in the box reserved. I was all impatient to see Sebastian, and his was the first bull he killed. I gazed hastily round the ring; what an anomaly it presented. Near me, but in the better seats, were a lady and her two little girls, whom she was feeding on chocolate and whose tiny hands were all ready to clap the victorious matador.

Behind and around me were the jauntily dressed crowd, among whom passed and repassed the sellers of water, with their shells of "Aqua, aqua fresca," and the vendors of biscuits and utes. Below the arena with its burning yellow sand, a miniature desert. Suddenly the band commenced to play. I turned, and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and a silk hat had taken his seat, surrounded by half a dozen officers in full uniform and a lady or two. One by one the spears of the picadors were handed to them, and he measured the points to see that none were beyond the prescribed length—sufficient to slightly wound and enrage the bull without endangering its life or injuring it seriously.

Four of the matadors were professional, the fifth—who was given the place of honor in the center and slightly ahead—was Sebastian. All eyes were turned on him.

A gate is open in the arena. With a roar, and a shout from the people, the bull rushes from his darkened cell into the ring. He looks around him; for a moment he paws the ground; then, led on by the moving cloak of one of the matadors, he charges. A graceful bend of the body and a slight movement to one side, and the bull has passed his quarry, who stands untouched and smiling behind him. Again he charges, three times in quick succession, but his horns touch nothing more solid than the crimson cloak, which waves above his head each time as he passes the matador. For a moment "toro" stands as if stupefied; then, envelops a larger and safer bull, and with a fearful rush lifts horse and picador into the air, hurling them to the ground in a heap. The matadors are quick, however, and while the picador is being helped to his feet and the attendants are unseating the horse, fast becoming a don from a wound in its side, they call of the bull by waving their cloaks and keep his attention fixed on themselves. He is a good bull. The people are delighted. "Bravo, toro!" they cry. "Bravissimo!"

Another horse falls dead, the third is wounded and let out, the fourth killed, but the Spaniards are not satisfied in the eyes of blood.

Two of the matadors step to the side of the arena, leaving their cloaks and taking in each hand a banderillo. They step into the center of the ring, and poisoning themselves on tiptoe, holding the banderillos far above their heads at arms' length, face the bull. A moment the now furious beast pauses, then with a charge makes for one of his adversaries. For a second all is a cloud of dust, in which the advancing horns of bull and man are scarcely discernible; the next, the bull is following round the ring with the points of the banderillo fast in his shoulders, and the banderillero is smiling and bowing unscathed. There is no need for five banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharp-pointed darts, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds. Sebastian who up to now has gazed in a careless way at the scene, steps forward, takes the sword and the flag, and with a gallant stride marches to the administrator's box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafened cheer as he throws his hat among the people to be held till he returns victorious—or dead.

I turn instinctively toward Juanita; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half-closed eyes scarcely conveying even an expression of interest in the proceedings.

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes watching the beast's. His hand is as steady as a rock.

The bull charges; I drew a quick breath; Sebastian is all right; gracefully with the ease of a practised bull fighter, he escaped the horns, which merely touched the scarlet flag.

A cheer rings out from the crowd, bringing a flush to his cheek. Again the bull charges, again and again; each time Sebastian is unscathed, but as yet he has had no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly he raises the sword—the point never trembles. For one second all is dust, the next I saw his manly form laid out full length on the sand.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Table with columns: Distance and Fare, Miles, Fare. Rows include Johnstown to Altoona, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Atlantic Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Sea Shore Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Mail Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Day Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Altoona Express, Johnstown, Altoona, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Mail Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Philadelphia Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Johnstown Accommodation, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Eastern Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Fast Line, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Westward, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

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Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Pacific Express, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Way Passenger, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, etc.

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THE LATEST THING OUT

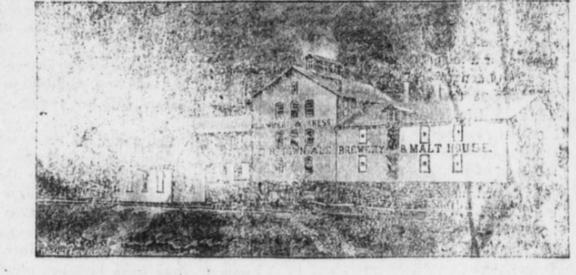


We have just received the Latest Styles in Men's Kangaroo and Calf Dress Shoes, Ladies' and Misses, Oxford and Russet Goods, Etc. An endless variety in Children's Shoes. Our Prices are the Lowest in town.

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Rosenbaum & Co.

Nos. 510, 512, 514 Market St., and 27 Fifth Ave. PITTSBURGH.

The Leading Millinery

FURNISHING GOODS HOUSE

Offer the following line of

SPRING and SUMMER GOODS

AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY:

Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, Fancy Drapery Silks, with Fringes Ladies' and Children's Trimmed Hats, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Ladies' and Children's Wraps and Dress Shirts, Woolen Shirts, at all prices, Ladies' and Children's Corsets of all Hosiery, over 800 styles, including the guaranteed fast blacks, from 15c. to 75c. a pair, Lace Curtains and Portieres, Parasols and Umbrellas, 600 styles, Silk Underwear, Silk Hosiery, Silk Mitts and Gloves, 19c. to \$1, 1,500 doz. Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 13c. Kid Gloves, 44c. to \$2 a pair, 15c., 18c., 22c., 25c., the greatest bargains ever offered anywhere, White Goods of all kinds,

Our Motto—Best Goods; Lowest Prices.

Danziger & Shoenberg.

Important Announcement.

We are now offering more than ordinary inducements to purchasers in each of our seventy-five departments, attention being particularly directed to our

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Our enormous sales in these departments require us to add large lines daily, and as the same goods can be purchased now lower than they were much earlier in the season, we are enabled to offer our recent purchases at a corresponding reduction.

We are the money-saving house for the people. OUR ENORMOUS SALES ATTEST TO THIS FACT. We extend a cordial invitation to all out of town visitors to come and see us. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. Samples sent on application.

DANZIGER & SHOENBERG, Successors to MORRIS H. DANZIGER, SIXTH STREET AND PENN AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

J. A. LARKIN & CO., FRITZ & FLINN, Jewelers and Opticians, Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.

We have secured Temporary Quarters (for one month) at NO. 57 FRANKLIN STREET.

Large and Complete Line of Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

ALL NEW GOODS! Are ready to do Fine Watch Repairing.

J. A. LARKIN & CO. New Harbor. We have opened a barber shop in the Upper grave building, corner of Clinton and Locust streets, where we are prepared to do all kinds of work in our line. We would be very glad to have all our old customers call and see us in our new shop. JULY 13-1900

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