

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The Ohio Democrats in convention Wednesday, nominated ex-Congressman Campbell for Governor on the second ballot. He was born at Middleton, O., July 7, 1843, served in the navy during the war, practiced as an attorney after its close until 1880, was elected to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses and re-elected to the Fiftieth Congress. The ticket was completed as follows: Lieutenant Governor, Wm. V. Marquis, of Bellefontaine; Judge of Supreme Court, Martin D. Folett, of Marietta; State Treasurer, W. E. Boden, of Guernsey county; School Commissioner, Charles C. Miller, of Putnam county; Attorney General, James M. Lewis, of Urbana, Member of Board of Public Works, Frank Reynolds, of Cincinnati; Clerk of Supreme Court, I. J. C. Shumaker, of Tiffin.

ALL HONOR TO MISSISSIPPI.

Mississippi merits the credit of doing more to break up the brutal prize ring than any other one State, or indeed all the other States and Territories in the union. Mississippi has achieved the honorable distinction of stripping the prize ring of its honors. All honor to Mississippi. Let every other State and Territory in the union thus honor itself. The majesty of Mississippi law has happily been vindicated by the conviction of the prize ring sluggers. Prize fighting is one of the most heinous of crimes, which has heretofore been given undue publicity. Pugnacious achievement is a false glory, and has a poisonous effect on young men, leading them from the path of an honorable way of earning a living. No matter who the man who earns a living in this way is a disgrace to humanity and a stigma upon civilization. A man who earns a living by giving exhibitions of his brute strength is, we reiterate, a disgrace to the community in which he lives, and a stigma upon our civilization. Now let Mississippi punish Kilrain and the chief backers of both the pugilists. Let them share the same fate, and let all honor be given to Mississippi.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

The anniversary of that memorable revolutionary event in the war of 1812-14, the battle of North Point, will be celebrated this year in grander style than ever before. The interest, beginning on Monday, September 9th, will be devoted to brilliant military and civic displays, and a big exposition of the arts and industries of the State of Maryland will be held in Pimlico.

The civic and industrial procession will take place on the first day, which will be the greatest display. In this civic and industrial procession will be an army of five hundred sons, grand-sons and great-grand-sons of the defenders of Baltimore. This section of the parade will include handsome floats representing scenes of the revolution and notable events in the history of Baltimore. There will also be a parade of three thousand employes of the Baltimore & Ohio and of the Pennsylvania Railroad employes. On twenty floats will be representatives of the wonders of modern railroad transportation and the progress made since the time Peter Cooper ran the first locomotive out of Baltimore on the Baltimore & Ohio road.

BLUE BLOOD NOT INFALLIBLE.

Blue blood, does not insure its possessor against the consequences of its own folly. A blue blood fool will come to grief the same as another fool. This fact is illustrated in the Hamilton-Dennelly tragedy. A sensation romance of real life is disclosed in the history of the family of Robert Ray Hamilton. He was the son of General Schnyler Hamilton, a nephew of the celebrated physician McLain Hamilton and grandson of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States under George Washington, and who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. This blue blood son has blown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind.

There is a moral in the story of Robert Ray Hamilton, a moral which is obvious and unmistakable. The man who links himself matrimonially with an abandoned woman, is an offence from which he will pay the penalty.

The Atlantic City tragedy affair has caused a great sensation in blue blood society.

The Democratic smirch in the Flack case, finds its equivalent Republican smirch in the Hamilton episode. The honors among the New York politicians is now equal.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

A Lot to be Purchased in Grand View—The Remains to be Taken There from Different Burying Grounds.

A party consisting of Secretary Kremer, James McMillen, and Herman Baumer, yesterday afternoon went to Grand View to look up a suitable place for the removal of all bodies in adjacent cemeteries and burying grounds. It is proposed to disinter the remains, obtain a complete description, and re-inter them in one place. Secretary Kremer will be careful to see that this is promptly and accurately done, and it is expected that everything will be in readiness for the work in a week or ten days.

This will be very gladly received by many who have not yet been able to identify lost relatives and friends as every available means will then have been used to render identification possible.

And to those who may never find their dear ones, it will be a great satisfaction to think that they are not in scattered and abandoned burying grounds, but in a place where their graves will ever be guarded with jealous care in a place where lies many of our most noble and worthy fellow citizens.

ALMOST GONE!

THE PRISONERS MAKE A HOLE IN THE JAIL WALL.

A Well Laid Plan For a General Jail Delivery Thwarted—The Work Done in the Condemned Cell With Good Tools Furnished by Visitors. Somerset Standard.

The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the town and vicinity at noon on Wednesday when it was learned that a general jail delivery had been prevented by mere accident.

About 10 o'clock Wednesday morning Sheriff McMillen entered the corridor of the jail where he was met by young Lehr who handed him a telegram and asked that it be sent at once. The Sheriff who had entered the jail to look about, as he did each morning, turned and passed out to comply with Lehr's request. Outside of the building he met a party of young ladies accompanied by Mr. R. E. Meyers who asked permission to take the party into the jail. The Sheriff replied that he was going down town on important business and referred the party to his Deputy, Mr. Milt McMillen who entered the jail with the party.

At the East end of the upper tier of cells is one known as the "condemned cell," which has not been used lately. The hasp of the outer door of the cell has been broken, but the inner door has been fastened with a padlock. The outer door, which has but a small hole in it about six feet from the bottom, though it could not be locked, was kept closed, and the Deputy Sheriff in making his rounds of inspection, would walk to this door and glance through the hole in it merely as a matter of form, as the lock could always be seen hanging in the staple. On the morning above named, while the visitors were looking about the jail and talking to the prisoners, the Deputy walked to the condemned cell, and, fortunately, pulled open the outer door. The inner door is of open ironwork, and through this he saw enough to convince him that an attempt to escape had been made. He returned to the lock and found that, though it was in position and apparently locked, it had been "picked," the staple removed from the bar which holds the inner door, this bar removed and the staple and lock replaced so that with the outer door closed everything appeared to be secure. Pulling open the inner door Mr. McMillen found on the floor of the cell a brace, two bits, an old butcher knife and a two-prong iron fork about eighteen inches long. Immediately inside the door to the right and near the floor the prisoners had made an opening about twenty inches square by boring through six inches of hard wood and removing three courses of brick, leaving but the outside course which could have been easily pushed out when the proper time arrived. In the cell were also found three or four blankets and three sheets, the latter being tied together to be used in the escape from the opening to the ground. The blankets were no doubt used to prevent sound. Just above the opening was written: "Good by Milt old Boy" "Liberty or Death Hurra"

"Don't cry Milt!" On the right of the door going into the cell was written: "This thing can be done Night if every man does is part well."

Shortly after the discovery had been made Henry Garno, one of the prisoners charged with robbery, told Deputy Sheriff McMillen that he had done the work and that the tools had been given to him by one of the many visitors who called on the prisoners on Thursday last week. Garno, better known as "Shorty," in an interview later in the day with a Standard reporter, denied any knowledge of the work, saying, he "only told the Deputy that for a joke."

On Friday, one week ago, the day after the tools are supposed to have been taken to the jail, the deputy, while eating dinner heard an unusual noise in the jail and stationed himself near the door to ascertain its cause; but young Lehr and a negro prisoner were near the door singing and making such a noise that he could hear nothing else. This is now supposed to have been a ruse on the part of the two prisoners to drown any noise that might have been made by whoever was working in the condemned cell.

On Monday last Sheriff McMillen was showing a gentleman through the jail, and as he came out from the cell adjoining, and started toward the cell in which the opening was made, John O'Brien, a pal of Garno's in the Rockwood robbery, fell on the floor below, and two or three of the prisoners rushed to his assistance. The sheriff, believing the man to have fallen in a fit, abandoned his purpose of going into the cell and hurried down stairs to assist in getting the man to his bed. After a short time O'Brien recovered, and the sheriff passed out of the jail. This is now, also, believed to have been a clever trick to attract the sheriff's attention and keep him from entering the cell.

The prisoners have been locked in their cells by Sheriff McMillen or his Deputy at 9 o'clock each night, at which time the night watchman has been locked in the corridor; the break for liberty, therefore, would have been made before that time. Wednesday night was the one set for escape, and it is believed there had been a preconcerted plan by which the prisoners were to be assisted by their friends, in making the escape after they reached the

outskirts of the town; but the plan was nipped in the bud and the prisoners, especially the Nicelys, seem more dejected and hopeless than at any time since their arrest.

If the prisoners are kept within the walls of the jail hereafter it will be by the close watch which Sheriff McMillen has determined to place over them and not by any resistance that the old jail may offer.

Sheriff McMillen's task is a greater one than the citizens of the county should impose upon him, and yet many are "kicking" against the jail being rebuilt. The Commissioners have been thus placed between two fires; yet we believe them to be men of intelligence, who, seeing their duty, will not be swerved therefrom.

An Old Resident Returns and Goes into Business.

Gallitzin Vindicator. In 1861, just twenty-eight years ago, Hon. Daniel McLaughlin, who was engaged in the mercantile business on what is now known as Tunnelhill street, in the building now occupied by Mr. Michael T. Kelly, left with his family for Johnstown, where he began the practice of law, and has since won himself a reputation as an able lawyer. When the fearful flood swept down the Conemaugh Valley Mr. McLaughlin was one of the few who, with his family, escaped, only to find themselves next morning with scarcely sufficient clothing to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Though bereft of all their earthly possessions, Mr. McLaughlin and family did not give up hope, but commenced to look around for some place where they, in common with many of the flood sufferers, could begin life anew. It is but natural that they should select Gallitzin, where they spent so many years of their lives, and where they had so many friends to bid them welcome. Mr. McLaughlin, though losing his very valuable library as well as all else he possessed, began in earnest to look after his profession, and his amiable wife determined to be equally energetic, and has therefore purchased the bakery, confectionery and restaurant of Mr. Dunkle, opposite the Vindicator office, where she is now doing a nice and rapidly increasing business. Being a lady of refinement and excellent business qualifications, she cannot fail of success, and her numerous friends who know of the family's loss in the flood come far and near to patronize her. The Vindicator wishes her success in her new undertaking, and hope that she, with the rest of the family, will soon overcome their loss in the great Johnstown disaster.

Death of Mr. David Dibert. The illness of Mr. David Dibert, at Ridge View Camp, Millwood, terminated in his death Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Mr. Dibert has been in poor health for some time and while at the camp meeting became ill of fever. The fever left him a week ago, but kidney trouble succeeded it and caused his death. His body will arrive on the Day Express on Sunday and will probably be brought to the Franklin street M. E. Church, where service will be held. Interment will be at Grand View. Mr. Dibert was aged about sixty-three years. He was a son of John and Rachael Dibert, and was born at Stanton's Mills (Dibertsville) in Somerset county, being one of eight children. When a young man he became a tanner. In about the year 1850, he married Miss Griffith, of Jenner township, and coming to Johnstown ran the old Keim & Co. haugh tannery, bought by these gentlemen from him. After this he became a merchant, first on the South Side and afterward in the Mansion House. For a while was the partner of his son, Mr. Scott Dibert in the shoe business. Later he has lived a retired life looking after his extensive property here and in the West. His family consisted of ten children, nine of whom survive together with Mrs. Dibert. They are Frank, of Kansas, Scott, Bertie, Mary Rachael, Walter, Florence, Grant, Anne and David. Mr. Dibert was one of the wealthiest of our citizens, a good man in the community, and took a lively interest in all public matters. He will long be remembered.

Not Dead, but Liveth. Mr. James Daily, representing the large blank book firm of William Murphy's Sons, Philadelphia, is well-known to a number of our professional men, having made several trips per year for a number of years, soliciting work for the firm he represented. He left this town on the 20th of May last for the ill-fated city of Johnstown. A few days later a casket passed the railroad station, on which was plainly inscribed "Remains of James Daily, to William Murphy's Sons, Philadelphia." About this time Captain Harrison received a telegram from the firm, making inquiry relative to Daily. The Captain replied that the papers had given his name as one of the men lost in the great flood, and that the remains had passed through this place en route for Philadelphia. Imagine Mr. Harrison's surprise when one day this week he received a business letter from Philadelphia, written by Mr. Daily himself. It is useless to say that Captain Harrison was astonished. If these were times of miracles it might be presumed he had arisen from the dead; to make the best of it, it is a most singular coincidence.—Somerset Standard.

McKeesport's Flood Donations. The report of Treasurer J. L. De Long, of the McKeesport Committee on Johnstown Relief, has just been published. The entire cash subscription of McKeesport was \$11,154.23. The immense amount of clothing and provisions sent besides is valued at about \$5,000. In addition to this much private assistance was rendered which was not made known to the Committee.

IS IT TRUE?

DR. ROBINSON, FORMERLY OF ALTOONA ACCUSED OF THEFT.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Whereabout of the Doctor—Connected With the Board of Health in Our City.

The following was taken from the Altoona Times of Wednesday, concerning Dr. Robinson:

On Monday morning Chief-of-Police Harris from Johnstown came to this city in search of Dr. Robinson, formerly of Altoona City Hospital who had been in some prominent connection with the Board of Health in that death-scourged city. By some means, it is charged, there came into Dr. Robinson's hands checks or other commercial paper to the amount of about one thousand dollars, which he converted to his own use. On his return to this city, it is intimated that he made some sort of a statement to a friend, of the situation, and both were carefully looking out for breakers. The Johnstown officer called on Dr. Robinson, to whom he had been directed for information and learned that Dr. Robinson was stopping with Dr. Shiner, on calling on the latter gentleman, it was learned that Dr. Robinson was not in. In some way however, he succeeded in learning of his intended arrest and secured the services of Mr. Mervine, one of the brightest attorneys of the city. An hour or two later, the Doctor was arrested on Tenth avenue and a brief examination by the keen-eyed attorney demonstrated that the warrant had not been endorsed, and that the arrest was technically illegal. There was no alternative left but release the prisoner, who promised the Altoona Chief-of-Police to meet him yesterday morning at 10:30 at the Brant House, which, however, he failed to do, and in answer to the telegrams received yesterday from Johnstown, the city authorities could only say that the Doctor could not be found. It is to be hoped that the accused man can establish his innocence and show himself free from such an offence.

Dr. Robinson was one of the leading physicians on the staff of our Board of Health, while in this city, and he has always had the reputation of being an honest man—won the confidence of a number of citizens while in Altoona and in Johnstown; but, owing to the late trouble which has come to light in the past week, throws a bad gloom over his past reputation.

It appears that the particulars of Robinson's absence were tried to be suppressed, but they have come forward after two weeks' secrecy. A DEMOCRAT reporter called at the police station yesterday afternoon to interview Chief-of-Police Harris, on the all important matter, but owing to Mr. Harris being out of the city, we could not obtain any information, but was quietly told that he was on the track of Robinson.

Leaving the police station, and determined on hunting up the facts of the case, proceeded to the office of the State Board of Health, located on Franklin and Lincoln streets, where we had the extreme pleasure of meeting Mr. J. E. Sill, who substantially said that Dr. Robinson, was in his estimation, an honest and upright man, and when asked concerning the money that was supposed to have been stolen he said: "Doc. Robinson never had the handling of the money, as it was deposited in the First National Bank, and no person could draw any of the money with the exception of Dr. Lee, and then after it was drawn turned over to Robinson." Mr. Sill further stated that he did not think he (Robinson) was short fifty cents one way or the other, and he firmly believed that he was out on a drunk, and was ashamed to turn up.

It appears that Robinson's wife is in a terrible state of mind over her husband's wayward course. Mrs. Robinson is an elegant woman in every sense of the word, and well connected, her parents living in Philadelphia, where she is at the present time. Dr. Robinson was employed at the Bedford street hospital before the flood; when the State Board of Health established their offices after the flood, he volunteered to give his services, and from what we can understand, his polite ways, and slick tongue was the means of getting hold of the money that was supposed to have been taken by him.

After obtaining all the facts we could, Mr. Sill politely gave us an invitation to go through their building, which was furnished very neatly, and everything was nice and clean.

She Proved an Alibi for Him. From the Preston Times. A farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he came in to town and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a buxom lass of twenty-two. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from seven in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer. "I don't care—how was there," she replied. "What did you talk about?" "Love!" she promptly answered. "What time did the old folks go to bed?" "I gave 'em the wink about ten." "Sure he was there at midnight, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Why are you sure?" She blushed, looked over to her lover, and laughed, and, getting a nod to go ahead, she said: "Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve the old man jumped out of bed up-stairs and holled down, 'Sarah, yer mar wants some of that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking-chair, and went over backward, keplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?" "I object!" put in Samuel's lawyer, and His Honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.

STOLE A GIRL AND KILLED A MAN.

A Lively Chase After the Desperado—Surrounded in a Canon. A dispatch from Los Angeles, California, says there is great excitement at San Juan Capistrano over the kidnapping of a young girl named Marie Hobona by the noted bandit Sylvester Morales. The girl is seventeen months of age and was taken from her home. Morales was seen carrying her off on horseback, and a vigorous pursuit was organized. The bandit's horse gave out and he entered the stable of Henry Charles, one of the wealthiest men in the county, intending to steal a horse. Charles was in the stable and was shot dead. The father of the girl abducted by Morales said the girl had never seen Morales until last Wednesday night, when he came to the house at San Dieguito, thirty miles north of San Diego, and entered the house, where she was in bed. He drew a six-shooter and compelled her to dress, mount the horse and ride away with him. On Thursday afternoon Morales rode to the door of a store in Vista, San Diego county, leaving the girl and the horse while he bought crackers and saddles. Friday they were seen going toward San Dian, and were chased by an officer who captured one horse and the girl's clothing.

No further clue to the bandit's whereabouts was found until Sunday afternoon, when Morales rode through San Fernando, several miles north of the scene of the Saturday tragedy. Morales was riding one horse and leading another, and was armed with a Winchester rifle and two six-shooters. He was recognized by an officer, who pursued him, but soon disappeared, leaving the horse he was leading. The desperado then turned back toward San Diego canon, where he was seen late at night with a girl on horseback going toward Trabura Canon. Morales is a tall, slender man, with a mustache and thin beard. He is marked with smallpox and one eye is bloodshot, but altogether he is not bad looking. He has sworn that he will not be taken alive. He is a dead shot, and Sheriff's men do not like to come into close quarters with him. The latest reports are that he is surrounded in a canon near Santa Ana, and an extra posse has gone out to help the Sheriff.

The Y. M. C. A. Library. One dozen nicely bound new books forms the present nucleus of a library for the Johnstown Y. M. C. A., among them are five volumes of Macaulay's History of England. The donor is Mr. W. W. Hambricht, of Allegheny. Now that the extensive library of the Cambria Iron Company is destroyed, and the reading public have no longer the advantage of its pleasant reading rooms, the only open reading room is that of this Association, and much of its success can be made to depend on its ability to furnish not only current periodicals, but standard works. A step in the proper direction has been taken and friends can do nothing better than add to the present number of good books. Johnstown people have been used to reading. With private libraries destroyed, more than ever will this loss be felt. And if no substitute be found, time during next winter, will hang heavily on many hands.

County Jails, Poor Houses and the Insane. From the Philadelphia Press. County jails and poor houses are not the proper places for insane persons, and the State Committee on Lunacy does the right thing in requiring their removal to the State asylums. The treatment in these institutions ought to be of the very best, as they are allowed \$4 per week for each indigent patient. This is above the average cost in other States. No complaints are made of ill treatment in this State, although such charges are coming to the surface in other States. Under the circumstances, Pennsylvania, has reason to congratulate herself that her insane are well cared for.

New Pipe Organ. The firm of Granville, Wood & Son, of Northville, Michigan, will place in the Franklin street M. E. Church a three thousand dollar pipe organ. Mr. Wood, the junior member of the firm, has been in town conferring with the church authorities in regard to the place it will occupy in the church, etc. He left yesterday and will return late in November and put the organ in position.

New Bridge Completed. The new ten-acre bridge which the Cambria Iron Company have been working on for a long time has been completed at last. Mr. Fulton informed a reporter of the DEMOCRAT that all shipments will be over this branch, which connects with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Morrellville.

Quite a Dampness. From the Lancaster New Era. Need we wonder that there were floods of late when we come to consider that the water which fell in the State during May and June would form a lake larger in extent than Lancaster county and fifteen feet deep.

A Man With Gall. Eastern flood sufferers are said to be putting in exorbitant claims to the Flood Commission for losses sustained in the recent deluge. One man, near Milltown, who is worth \$20,000, put in a claim for \$4,000, but Secretary Kremer turned him down with a cent—22. Yes, and if it was in Johnstown he would be glad to have one-cent.

New Superintendent. Superintendent Hatch, of the Electric Light Company, has resigned and will be succeeded by Mr. Daniels, of the Telephone Company.

Marriage Licenses. (Francis J. Howell, of Gallitzin; Mary Eckert, of Gallitzin; Frank Hummel, of Johnstown; H. C. Brown, of Somerset; Della Bridge, of Berry, Pa; Della Border, of Portage.

A STRANGE BRIDAL TOUR.

The Bride, in Men's Clothing, With Her Husband, Coming to Town. Several months ago Charles Fish of San Francisco, a clerk, while attempting to board a ferry-boat, fell over some rope into the arms of Miss Mary Rathbune, daughter of a retired merchant of San Francisco. A few nights afterward they met at a social party, and from that time a friendship sprang up, and finally they were engaged. Finding that the girl's parents were opposed to the match, the pair eloped, and were married at Sacramento.

The young man, having only \$33, told his wife if they could manage to reach New York, they would be all right, as he had wealthy relatives there. This proved satisfactory. The wife adorned herself in men's clothing attire, and they started for the East. From Sacramento they beat their way, over the Central Pacific Railroad, by riding on freight trains and on the trucks of passenger coaches. A week ago they arrived at Ogden, and desiring to see some Colorado scenery, they started for the Rio Grande.

After having been put off a half dozen trains, the couple reached Denver yesterday morning. As it happened, the Union Pacific ran a Grand Army excursion train out last night, and the couple managed to go on the train as porters. To night they will reach Omaha, and probably the pair will get through to Chicago reaching New York next month. The girl is very pretty, scarcely nineteen while her husband is twenty-two.

About the Size of It. The picnic season is thus graphically described by one who has been there: "The picnic season is ready to pull. Now let us to the woodland lie, where their verdure wrap, for Spring no longer lingers in old burly winter's lap. The picnic girl we'll amble forth, and sit beneath the trees, and have our hide-a-chopped and backed with stings of bubble bees. We'll gaily don our linen coats, and thin seersucker pants, and sit beside the gurgling stream, while o'er us crawl the ants. We'll swallow picnic lemonade to moisten down the grub, which people make by soaking one cheap lemon in a tub. The guileless sandwich we shall eat, devour the clammy pie, and on bowls of custard while a tear beads our eye. We'll tip the mustard in the jam, the pepper in the tea, and try to get all our might to show that we are filled with glee. Then let us to the picnic, our baskets in our hand, and return at night all tired out, and filled with d and sand."

The Contest at Camp Hamilton. Saturday night sixteen contestants entered for the contest in skilled soldierly at Camp Hamilton. The two prizes were a gold (Keystone shape) badge to be awarded by Capt. Hamilton, and a silver badge awarded by Capt. Nesbitt. These awards are to be presented to the soldier exhibiting the most skill in drill and presenting the best appearance. The outfit were drilled separately. Private McLain, had a total of 153 points, and secured the gold medal. Corporal Harbaugh, whose total was 147 points, won the silver medal, or second prize. Mr. Harbaugh is a G. A. R., man; served during the war; was a regular afterwards, and is a prominent member of the J. O. U. A. M., and the Odd Fellows. He has been twenty-two years in the service. The casts of the badges were made by Darcy, and the work will be done at Pittsburgh.

Run Them Out. It is his come to the time when only respectable citizens, who have been arrested ever since the flood by the bum who have no intention of coming here to work, and their sole object is lay around, drink and beg. Now, as our town is becoming so thickly populated by this kind of an element, we would advise the citizens to have every man that had any indication of being a bum arrested, and if he could not produce substantial evidence of being a good citizen, lock him up, and we firmly believe the brick-pile, that the city authorities have them working on, will soon be cleaned up, which will save the city a good deal of money. Our police force have been doing good work since the flood, and ought to be rewarded for it by some way.

Ought Not to Do It. For the past three or four weeks we have noticed that the teamsters of this place, and also the farmers who come to town, have been in the habit of stopping their horses on the crossings, which is a direct violation of the laws of our city.

DEED. BUCK—At her home in Carroll township, on Wednesday, August 21, 1889, Mrs. Catherine Buck, widow of Thomas Buck, deceased, aged 59 years, 6 months and 6 days. PARRISH—At her home in Munster township, on Friday, August 23, 1889, Mrs. Nancy Parrish, aged about 16 years. STEPHENS—At the home of her parents, in gheny township, on Monday, August 26, 1889, Maggie, daughter of Harry and Lizzie Stephens, aged 2 years, 5 months and 19 days. LAVELY—In Johnstown, on Friday, August 23, 1889, at 3 o'clock, George H. Lavelly, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lavelly, aged 4 years and 2 months. Funeral to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock; to terminate in Grand View.

MARRIED. MCCAFFERY—FLECKER—On Wednesday, August 28, 1889, at the Registrar's office, in Cambria county, by Squire Kibben, Mr. Frank L. McCaffery, of Nolo, Indiana county, Pa., and Miss Kate Flecker, of Mitchell's Mills, Cambria county, Pa. GATES—WOLF—In Morrellville, August 28, 1889, by Rev. S. Keebler, Mr. George Gates and Miss ITTSVILLE Wolf.

FOX—LESTER—In Conemaugh township, Cambria county, Pa., August 22, 1889, by R. P. Smith, Esq., Mr. John Fox, of Fayette county, Pa., and Miss Mary Ann, daughter of William Lester, of Conemaugh township.