

TERMS—\$1.50 per year, payable in advance...

FRIDAY MORNING, No. 138 FRANKLIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET. For State Treasurer, EDWARD A. MOGGER...

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Francis J. O'Connor, the Democratic candidate for District Attorney, was born at Somerset...

The father of this sketch was a member of the Somerset bar, but lived on his farm...

In 1879 his father purchased from John P. Linton and W. Horace Rose, Esqs., the hotel property known as the "Whisky Springs..."

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR AND AUDITOR.

Mr. Raphael A. Hite, the Democratic candidate for Poor House Director, is a native of Carroll township...

Mr. Joseph Hipps, Democratic candidate for County Auditor, was born near where he resides in Elder township...

THE CANDIDATE FOR CORONER.

Peter McGough, the Democratic candidate for Coroner, was born in Munster township, but for very many years has resided at Portage...

In every election district of this county there are good Democrats who are anxious to see the ticket elected by a large majority...

Walter Davis, the man gone, detained by the flood, was a sad chapter in an awful history. A crazy man in the lockup, was what the writer heard carelessly spoken on the streets on Friday morning...

The credit should be given to the Philadelphia Branch Red-Cross whose field hospital they have maintained for the afflicted of this borough free of charge since last June, under the supervision of Dr. R. S. Wharton...

THE FINAL DISTRIBUTION.

Said to be Near at Hand—Secretary Kremer Here.

The Commission appointed to distribute the funds for the relief of the sufferers by the flood last May held a meeting at the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia...

A committee from Williamsport, consisting of Mayor Foresman and Mr. Mason, made application to the Commission for a further appropriation...

At the afternoon session Governor Beaver was not present, being called to Harrisburg. Secretary Kremer reported that claimants at Johnstown in Classes 1, 2 and 3, excepting the orphans, had been paid on the basis recommended by the Board of Inquiry...

After long discussion it was resolved to pay out the money appropriated on the following plan: In losses in Class 4, of \$500 or less, a sum shall be paid not exceeding \$400; on losses of \$1,000 and over \$500, a sum not exceeding \$600...

The Commission also resolved that in making payments in these classes any amount heretofore received by the claimants shall be charged against the payments in this distribution. A committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. Reeves and Ogden to take charge of the matter of annuities for the benefit of orphans...

The Commission has in its hands at the present time, besides the \$80,000 lying in the bank at Johnstown, \$1,000,000, and will at once commence its distribution under the plan adopted at this meeting.

Secretary Kremer arrived here yesterday morning, and immediately began issuing checks for the \$1,600,000. The work is being pursued in alphabetical order. The A's were nearly finished yesterday. Mailing the checks to the sufferers is the method followed, it being the most speedy. And besides it keeps the Secretary out of range of dissatisfied claimants.

They Still Get Full.

On Saturday evening and night about a dozen drunks, most of them old acquaintances at police headquarters, were pulled. All but four paid their fines and were released with some admonitions from the Burgess. Those of them who called to "divy up" are cooling off in the bastille.

One During the Winter—No Name Yet Selected.

In an interview with Mr. Charles S. Harvey, Commissary, at the Red Cross Hospital, about the proposed hospital, he says substantially as follows:

An article in the Johnstown Tribune of the 21st regarding the Permanent Hospital, will I think mislead many who are interested in the furtherance of this project. The credit should be given to the Philadelphia Branch Red-Cross whose field hospital they have maintained for the afflicted of this borough free of charge since last June...

On the 17th inst., at a joint meeting of the Philadelphia Red Cross and the Physicians' Committee held at the Hospital, Present Paconast who was present stated that \$6,000 were available for the purpose of erecting a permanent hospital and that \$2,000 was set aside for the purpose of continuing a temporary hospital during the winter...

The New Stone Bridges.

Work on the stone bridges that are to take the place of the iron ones of the antediluvian days, is progressing rapidly. At South Fork there will be four low stone arches, the road-bed there not being over twenty feet above the water.

THE WORK OF ARCHING THE SPANS HAS BEGUN.

At the "Viaduct" where the old one-arch stone bridge built when the Old Portage Railroad was constructed, had stood for more than fifty years, a two-arch structure is in course of construction, the abutments and the middle pier being about ready for the arches. The two abutments and one of the piers at what is known as the "high bridge" are ready to be erected, but owing to the great difficulty in keeping out the water the other pier is not yet up to the level of the river. Four arches will be built at this point, and the bridge when completed will be almost as high as the viaduct bridge which will be eighty-five feet above the river.

Working for the Johnstown Schools.

When the School Directors of Johnstown announced, a few weeks ago, that they were badly in need of funds and that under the laws of the State Department they could not borrow any more money, appealing for help, State Vice Councilor Stephen Collins, of the Jr. O. U. A. M., of this State, took the matter in hand.

Although the order in this State had already contributed \$7,450 in cash and fifteen carloads of clothing and provisions to the stricken city, another appeal was made in behalf of the public schools, whose welfare the order is sworn to protect. The appeal was sent out two weeks ago. Already over \$1,000 has been sent in by different lodges of the State, and as some of the larger branches have not been heard from, the fund is expected to swell considerably before November 1st.

The Woodvale Schools.

For some time the work of preparing for a winter school in Woodvale has been progressing rapidly. Two rooms have been provided on the north side of the railroad, and as soon as they are entirely completed, which will be about November 1st, school will be opened in charge of Misses Englebach and Oppy, two of the former teachers of that borough. The Board has acted very wisely in the matter of furnishing the temporary rooms, they having decided to procure new slating for blackboards and good seats, so that they can all be used in the permanent building, which they hope to be able to erect in the near future. A census of the pupils of the borough for the purpose of determining how many it would be necessary to provide books for, shows that there will be about one hundred pupils to attend.

A Deserved Recognition.

Mr. A. W. Luckhart, the Main street jeweler, has presented to Mr. J. C. McSpadden an elegant gold watch and chain, in recognition of his services in protecting his property while the debris was being cleared away on Main street, as well as a testimonial of his careful consideration of the property of flooded sufferers throughout the town.

Money to Continue the Search for the Dead.

At the meeting at Moxham on Thursday evening, which we noticed yesterday morning, Mr. A. J. Moxham said he would start a subscription with \$1,000, provided \$4,000 additional would be raised, to continue the search for the unrecovered dead.

DR. ANDREW YEAGLEY DEAD.

Dr. Andrew Yeagley was seen about the streets as usual on Tuesday in apparent good health. No one who saw him dreamed that he was within a few days of the grave.

The doctor slept in the same room with his brother-in-law, Mr. Turner, but in a separate bed. About half-past 5 o'clock yesterday morning the latter was aroused by the doctor, who stated that he was sick. They went down stairs, the household having been alarmed in the meantime. The doctor remarked to Mrs. Louthier, "I am going to die." Upon being asked what ailed him he stated that it was heart disease. He then fell prostrate to the floor. A slight hemorrhage followed, after which he died in a few minutes. His brother, Dr. B. L. Yeagley, who has been making his home in Stony Creek township since the flood, was hastily summoned, as was Dr. Kistler also, but all efforts to resuscitate the stricken man were unavailing.

Dr. Yeagley is survived by his wife, two children a boy and a girl, aged respectively fourteen and eleven years, three brothers, Dr. B. L., of our city, Dr. Henry of Lancaster, and George of Fayette county, and two sisters, one in Conneville and the other in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Yeagley was not at home at the time of her husband's death, being at her old home, Pine Flat, Indiana county. In response to a hasty summons she arrived last night on Johnstown Express.

The doctor contemplated spending the coming winter either with his brother in Lancaster or his sister in Pittsburgh, whose husband is also a physician, his new house on Locust street not being half done at present.

He belonged to the Eclectic School of Medicine, and was educated for his profession at Cincinnati, Ohio. His practice in Johnstown has always been quite large, and he was regarded as a successful medical adviser.

He was in religion, a member of the Christian Church, and in politics a staunch Democrat, being elected County Treasurer by that party in 1878.

Arrangements for the funeral will be made to-day.

A HUSBAND'S PERFDY.

A Gay Benedict Makes Love to a Latrobe Lass—An Officer Looking for Him, Greensburg Argus.

A modern Adonis is what one Harry Hubbs imagines himself to be, but his career as a suitor is likely to meet with an abrupt and unpleasant termination. Hubbs, notwithstanding the fact that he has a wife and family residing in Ludwick, has laid siege to many susceptible and unsuspecting hearts, wherever he happens to locate in the pursuit of his calling, that of a plasterer. During his sojourn at Latrobe he captivated one of the fair daughters of that village, and with whom he was about to enter into a matrimonial alliance. Upon her he squandered his money, loading her with presents and other evidences of his affection, while his family was suffering for even the commonest necessities of life.

Some time ago he went to work at Johnstown, and after repeated appeals from his wife, he agreed that she join him there. Reaching that point with her two children, the distressed woman was almost crushed by the reception she received. Hubbs had no place to shelter her, and to still further add to her misery, he was far gone in intoxication. Broken-hearted she returned to her desolate home and prepared to support her offspring as best she could. Tales of her husband's perfidious conduct with other women reached the poor wife's ears, but such was her faith in him that she was slow to believe them. A mutual friend of Mrs. Hubbs and of the Latrobe girl—to whom Hubbs had represented himself as a single man—brought about a meeting between the forsaken wife and the unsuspecting maiden, when the true character of the recreant husband and pretended lover was revealed. The girl's father is anxious to interview the gay Lothario, while the wretched wife has made an information against her faithless husband for desertion. An officer is now in search of him, and it is hoped that he will soon be brought to answer for his cruel treatment of his family.

They'll Keep Sober Hereafter.

Mr. George Schwing keeps a boarding house at 142 Adam street. The boarders numbering eighteen, are mostly Germans, and it appears that they sometimes imbibe too freely of the ardent. Two of the boarders, on Saturday night, got an unusually large amount of the inspiring article within themselves—so much, in fact, that one of them, John Zetterbrat, first temporarily lost his consciousness, and while in that condition, lost his pocket-book, containing about \$23. On Sunday morning he had his bed fellow, Michael White, arrested for larceny. Officers Connery and Munser, of Conemaugh borough, took White into custody, but were unable to find on him either money or pocket-book. White spent Sunday and Sunday night in the lock-up, and on yesterday morning was given a preliminary hearing before Squire McKee. Yesterday evening the case was continued, and, after considerable indefinite testimony, proving nothing but that Zetterbrat had lost the money and that White was in the house when it was taken, a settlement was effected by a division of the costs between the plaintiff and defendant.

Once upon a time there was a brave soldier named John. After passing eight years in the army, according to the requirements of the law, he re-enlisted for eight years more, and then for eight years more. At the end of those twenty-four years he was discharged, and he left his regiment, carrying with him a pound of bread and six pennies, all the property that he possessed in the world.

"Yes," he said to himself as he walked along the highway; "a pound of bread and six pennies, that is what I have gained by serving the king for twenty-four years. But I am in God's hands. What is the use in finding fault? I shall only work myself into a passion."

A little further on a poor old beggar man stopped him and asked for charity. "What can I give you?" replied John. "I who have served the king for twenty-four years and have gained only a pound of bread and six pennies."

But the beggar insisted, and the charitable John took his knife and cut the bread in two pieces and divided it and his pennies with the old man.

The beggar ate his half the loaf greedily, and when he had finished he said:

"Since you possess a generous heart and have shared with me all that you have in the world I will grant you one wish. What do you desire?"

"My bag here is empty," replied John. "I desire to be able to make anything enter it that I choose."

"So be it," said the old man, and he disappeared.

A short time afterward, as John was passing through a town, he saw in a shop a loaf of bread as white as snow and an appetizing sausage.

"Into my bag!" he cried.

Immediately the bread rolled toward him like a cartwheel, and the sausage glided along like a snake.



BUT THE BEGGAR INSISTED.

The owner of the shop and his son ran after the man who had carried off their property in this strange fashion, but John, having a ferocious appetite, had already devoured all that which had so promptly entered his bag.

When evening came he reached a city where he meant to pass the night, and, meeting a man, he asked where he could find a lodging place.

"I am only a poor soldier," he said. "I have served the king for twenty-four years and I have gained only a pound of bread and six pennies."

"Can I lodge you?" replied the man whom he had addressed. "In a beautiful house where no one dares to enter because it is haunted by a frightful ghost. If you are not afraid you can be very comfortable there. You will find an excellent supper all prepared, for this man, who returns every night to his former dwelling, was very rich."

"That is good," cried John. "I desire nothing better than such a lodging. I am not afraid. The house pleases me."

And he entered the abandoned building, and to his joy he found the cellar well stocked with choice wines and the dining table spread with an abundant feast.

To fortify himself against any nocturnal apparitions, after lighting a candle, he ate a hearty supper and drank freely of the wine.

As he was thus agreeably occupied he heard a voice calling down the chimney:

"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble down if you wish to," replied John, a little excited by the wine that he had taken. "A soldier who has served the king for twenty-four years to gain a pound of bread and six pennies has nothing to fear."

At the same instant he saw the leg of a man fall upon the floor.

"Do you want to be buried?" asked the soldier, emptying another glass of wine.

With one of its toes the leg made a negative sign.

Again the voice cried from the chimney:

"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble, if you wish to," replied John. "A soldier who has served the king for twenty-four years fears nothing."

Then he saw some tumbling down the chimney a second leg, then the trunk and arms, and, finally, a head, which adjusted itself upon these members, which joined each other, and a man appeared standing before him. "John," said a voice, which could not be heard without a feeling of terror, "I see that you are brave."

"That is true," replied John. "I fear nothing. Why, what can one fear who has served the king for twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies?"

"Do not trouble yourself about your poverty. If you will do what I desire, to save my soul, you shall be rich. Will you do it?"

"Certainly. I am ready to tie your limbs together so that they cannot separate. If you wish."

"Unfortunately, it seems to me that you have taken too much wine."

"Oh, no; I assure you I am all right," replied the soldier.

"Well, then, follow me."

John rose and took the candle. But the ghost extended its arm and extinguished it. There was no need of it, for the two eyes of the supernatural being shone like two burning coals.

It led John to the cellar and there said to him:

"Take this spade and dig up the earth at that spot."

"Dig yourself, if you wish," replied John. "I served the king twenty-four years to gain a pound of bread and six pennies. I have no desire to serve another master, who will perhaps not give me even that."

The specter took the shovel, dug the earth, and drew out successively three heavy jars.

"Here is a jar filled with pieces of copper coin," it said to John. "You will distribute these to the poor. This one, filled with silver, you will expend in masses for my soul. The third, filled with gold, shall be yours if you promise me to faithfully make use of the two others as I have told you to."

"You need have no fears," replied John. "To gain a pound of bread and six pennies I served the king faithfully for twenty-four years; and for the recompense you offer me shall I not respect your wishes?"

With a sigh of relief the specter disappeared. John scrupulously carried out the wishes of his ghostly visitor, and with the sum given to him he bought a large estate.

But the evil one was enraged at seeing this soul, which he had believed was his own, saved by the prayers of the poor and of the church, and he determined to revenge himself upon John.

A little imp, very shrewd and very cunning, promised to bring the guilty one to him, and one morning he started out and found the soldier sitting tranquilly in his garden.

"Good morning, Soldier John," he said.

"Good morning, my little man. You are very plain, upon my word. It really makes me laugh to look at you. Will you smoke?"

"No; I do not smoke."

"Have a glass of wine, then?"

"No; I do not drink."

"What have you come here for then?"

"To take you away with me."

"All right; I will make no objection to that. I have not served for four and twenty years to retreat before an enemy as small as you are. John, the soldier, fears nothing. But for the long journey on which you propose to take me, I must purchase some provisions. While I go to seek them amuse yourself by climbing up into that apple tree and picking some of the beautiful fruit."

The imp, who was a little gourmand, hastened to profit by this invitation. John presently returned holding in his hand his instrument of safety and cried:

"Into my bag!"

Howling and making frightful contortions, the little imp was forced to enter the terrible bag.

John took an iron bar and began pounding the cup, and did not let up until he had broken every bone in his body. Then he let him go.

The evil one was in a frightful rage when he saw the condition of his favorite.

"By the horns of the moon," he cried, "this proud soldier shall pay for all this. I will go and get him myself."

John, who expected this visit, stood at the door of his house with his bag in his hand, and as soon as he saw the evil one appear he said quietly to him:

"You know that I fear nothing."

"We will see about that," replied the evil one, advancing toward him with great flames flashing from his eyes.

"Into the bag!" cried John.

The evil one vainly attempted to escape. He fought and struggled. It was of no use. Into the bag he had to go. John took a heavy hammer and struck him with all his force, and kept beating until his captive was as thin as a sheet of paper.

When he was worn out by fatigue he said:

"There, that will do for today; but recollect, if you ever dare to return, as I served the king for twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies, I will tear off your tail, your horns and your claws, and we will then see whether I am afraid of you or not."

When the inhabitants of the evil regions saw their chief return in this pitiable condition they set up a howl of rage.

"What is to be done?" they asked.

"We must have locksmiths come," replied the evil one, "and put bolts on all our doors and masons to build up all the openings, so that this abominable John can never get in here."

John had no desire to go in that direction. When he felt that his time had come he took his sack in his hand and walked to the gates of paradise.

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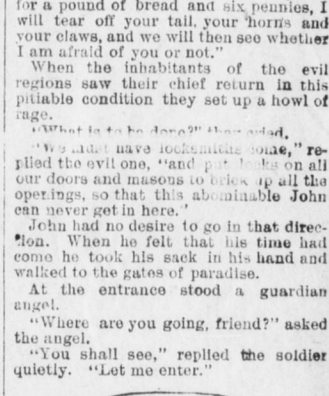
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John had no desire to go in that direction. When he felt that his time had come he took his sack in his hand and walked to the gates of paradise.

At the entrance stood a guardian angel.

"Where are you going, friend?" asked the angel.

"You shall see," replied the soldier quietly. "Let me enter."



JOHN AND THE GHOST.

"Not every one who wishes can enter here. Let me see what are your merits."

"I served the king twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies. Is that a sufficiently good action? What do you think?"

"Ah! that is not sufficient."

"Ah! that is not sufficient? We will see?"

As he spoke the old soldier advanced resolutely.

The angel stopped him.

"Into my bag!" cried John.

"Oh! John," said the guardian of paradise, "think of the respect you owe me."

"Into my bag!" repeated John.

"Think," continued the angel. "The gates of paradise are open, and there is no one to guard them, and every one can enter."

"That is precisely what I desire," replied the soldier, entering with head erect. "Do you think that an old soldier who, for a pound of bread and six pennies has served the king twenty-four years does not deserve a place here?"

Bear Grass.

Excellent fiber suitable for cordage and bagging has been made from the common "bear grass" which grows in great abundance along the Gulf coast. An Alabama gentleman, who has made some experiments with the grass, claims that the fiber can be produced at the cost of 2 cents per pound. The fiber appears to be equal in texture and strength to the finest manilla. The strength of this grass has long been known to many of the rural communities of Alabama, Florida and Georgia, where it has been more or less used for making ropes, lines and otherwise used in a crude way, especially by plantation negroes.

The claim is made that bear grass will produce five times as much fiber to the acre as cotton. But allowing for a considerable shrinkage to this estimate, there can be no doubt that with two cuttings a season a great deal more grass than cotton can be raised, and that the cost of cultivating would be much less than with cotton.—Manufacturers' Record.