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L. J. WOODRUFF, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For State Treasurer, EDWARD A. BIGLER, of Clearfield county. Prothonotary, JAMES C. DARBY, of Conango borough. Register and Recorder, CELESTINE J. BLAIR, of Ebensburg. District Attorney, FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR, of Johnstown. Poor House Director, RAPHAEL A. HITE, of Carroll township. Auditor, JOSEPH HIPPS, of Elder township. Coroner, PETER MCGOUGH, of Portage township.

WHAT ABOUT TRUSTS.

There are trusts and trusts in full blast all over this country, and it looks as though all branches of business will be run by them. Such is the rate at which they are multiplying that this apprehension seems to be well founded. While their existence is deplored by so many, their necessity and usefulness find many able advocates on the score, both of economy and benefit. It is contended that the prejudice against them grows out of a general popular misconception of their nature and characteristics, and in confusing their legitimate workings with abuses of them.

What is a trust? Perhaps as good a definition of a trust as could be given is that it is a kind of an alliance among capitalists to control prices, or in other words to monopolize trade. But this definition is not accepted by its advocates. They object particularly to the idea implied by the word monopoly, and yet their own way of defining it, really covers and embraces all that this word implies. For instance, what but a monopoly is "agreement among producers and vendors of a certain sort of mercantile commodity for their mutual protection and profit?" It is admitted that it is a "wholly selfish arrangement, without any pretense that philanthropy enters into it at any point;" which means that the benefit of parties outside of its close corporation is never taken into consideration. One of its recent defenders is compelled to say that "it is entered into because the parties to the agreement believe that they can, in that way, largely or entirely eliminate or control competition, maintain the prices of their wares, check over-production, and make money more easily than they can without the trust." We are gravely told it is not a mere partnership, nor a joint stock company, nor a corporation, nor a "corner," nor a syndicate, nor a pool, but partakes, to some extent, of the characteristics of them all.

Whether its partaking capacity has reference to the good or bad points of pools, corners or syndicates, we are not advised; but inasmuch as its admitted object and purpose is to "eliminate or control competition" and thus "make money more easily," the logical inference is that its partaking quality has no reference to whatever is for the general good in any of the other kinds of business organizations. By capitalists combining their means so as to control any branch of business they can throttle and down all competition by pushing individual enterprises to the wall. And if this is not creating a "corner"—a full-dressed monopoly—we would like to know what it is. It is so self-evident that even defenders of trusts venture an apology for it, by saying that after all "competition is, in and of itself, not an unconditional good." By thus trying to evade the force of arguments against trusts it is alleged that the waste of competition is incalculable; that it is burdensomely expensive, "costing the public a million of dollars where monopoly can extort a penny."

This bold, unsupported assertion plainly assumes that with all that is said against monopolies, they are better, far more economical for the poor and improvident than unrestricted competition. Why, in this light trusts are not the monstrosities common sense people believe them to be, but are great eleemosynary institutions, conceived and projected for the special benefit of the poor. Rich men form these combinations for the benefit of the general good. Could assumption go further?

But still further, they are attempted to be justified on the grounds of risks. As there are risks involved in all kinds of business, it is said, that failures in any business venture would not be so disastrous to a company as to individuals. In such a case losses would be born by several persons instead of by an individual, and thus be "distributed around among an entire class." Really, this idea that capitalists form trusts to shield individuals from financial embarrassments, by preventing them from doing business is the climax of absurdities.

Finally, it is assumed that only ward politicians oppose trusts, and that it is particularly "unfortunate that the opposition to them has taken on a political form, and that politicians of the baser

THE PAMPERO.

A strange natural phenomenon is the pampero, a South American storm wind, which is described by the author of "Hearts of Oak," who first made its acquaintance during a stay at Montevideo. A light breeze had been blowing from the northeast, but had steadily increased in force, and brought with it the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless pampa country, exposed to the burning sun rays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the Rio de la Plata that its effect upon human beings is exceedingly bad.

DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUNG LADIES.

For the past ten days Washington City papers, the Washington Post especially, have had from one to two columns of articles on the disappearance of a young Miss Brown. The father and other members of the family, with the aid of her Mayor and the entire detective force, have searched the surrounding swamps and dragged the Potomac River upon the theory of suicide. Though seen at various places in the city on the day of the disappearance, no satisfactory clue has as yet been discovered. Inasmuch as the family claim she is a nice, prudent, modest young lady of eighteen, with no gentlemen callers, they scout the idea of elopement; and, as she was so good and obedient to parental authority, they grow indignant at the thought of an escape of any kind. On the contrary, however, the police think she has run off, and possibly may be found in New York in some place where she ought not to be.

It is difficult to tell what human nature at times, whether it be in the form of youth or old age; whether masculine or feminine, is up to. Only last week a young lady of good family mysteriously disappeared from a New Jersey town. Diligent search failed to reveal her whereabouts, and just as the family had settled down to the suicide theory, the young lady made her appearance, telling a thrilling story of outrage and robbery. In her innocent way she said she had been robbed of the \$60.00 entrusted to her by her father for the payment of a certain debt, drugged and left in a dying condition. Part of her clothing was gone, and all in all she presented a pitiable sight. But a day or two afterwards certain facts leaked out that led her to confess that she had gone to New York, spent all the money, pawned part of her wardrobe, and hid some of the things in a certain sewer, where they were subsequently found. Instead of being a good, modest, innocent young lady as claimed by her family, she has proved herself up to doing very wicked things, and a liar of no mean magnitude.

So on the whole, we will wait a little while before subscribing to the Miss Brown suicidal theory.

A VERY PROPER PROCEEDING.

"Old Peter Mueller was arrested yesterday and locked up at the Twelfth Street Station for violating one of the State laws."—Chicago Tribune.

There is nothing strange in the fact that a man should be arrested and locked up in a big city like Chicago. Such a thing is a daily occurrence; but certain circumstances connected with this case make it somewhat exceptional, if not sensational. In the first place the offense was cruelly to an animal—to one of the noblest species, a horse. Though the best of all that render service to mankind, no other animal is so cruelly treated by some beings in human shape. Ill-treatment of this noble brute is not an unknown fact even in Johnstown; but we regret to say arrests for the unjustifiable offense are like angel's visits, few and far between.

The man guilty of the offense in Chicago was not a poor man dependent on his daily labor for a livelihood, and with insufficient means to buy horse feed; but, on the contrary, is rated as a millionaire, owning hundreds of thousands worth of property. He is too miserly to provide for his horse—feeding him on offals such as cabbage stalks, potatoe and apple peelings. The poor old horse was driving through the street in this described: He was well on his way to starvation. His back-bone climbed up and down like a mountain road, and his ribs were as prominent as sign-posts. The bones of his shoulders and hips had forced themselves through the skin, and the wounds had been terribly galled by broken pieces of old harness; while the hairs in the main and tail were matted together by burdock burrs. And yet the owner, the rich old cuss, made a terrible ado about the arrest, claiming the horse was his and he had the right to use him as he pleased. He threatened vengeance against the merchant who made the information, and against the officers who arrested and fined him. But all the same, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

OUR COUNTY TICKET.

We have heretofore endeavored to impress upon the Democracy of Cambria county the importance of turning out at the approaching election and giving an earnest support to the ticket. To-day we reiterate our call upon the Democracy, and emphasize that call with a plea for our county ticket, which is a thoroughly good one. It is composed of active party workers, and deserves the support of every Democrat, and we believe it will receive it. There are always many influences, frequently trifling in their character, which contribute to keep Democrats away from the polls on election day. The idea often suggests itself to the voter that the ticket is sure to be elected anyhow, and that if they do not go to the polls, their absence will not be missed, thus attaching but slight importance to their individual vote. In the life of a soldier duty leads to the field when the bugle sounds and the drums beat; so it should be in the life of the party man, and when election comes and the party trumpets sound the battle cry every man should obey its call and rally to the support of his ticket. No voter should remain away from the conflict. His duty to his party and the interests he feels in the success of his principles should draw him like the needle to the pole. The Democracy of Cambria county cannot afford to lose a single vote.

THE BIBLE'S HISTORY.

WONDERFUL FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE DIVINE BOOK.

The Early Compilers—St. Jerome and His Work—The Translators and the Many Bibles They Published—When the Division Into Verses Took Place.

Two thousand one hundred and seventy-four years ago, in the year 255 B. C., seventy of the wise men of Alexandria engaged themselves in compiling and collating the Hebrew Scriptures into their present united form and further simplifying the works by translating them into Greek for the benefit of the Jews then in Egypt. The results of their labors have since been known collectively as the Septuagint, from the fact that it is the work of the seventy translators.

About 400 years later, in the Second Testament were added and the whole translated into Latin. The Itala, or Latin version, soon became the standard of the primitive Christians, and was used to the exclusion of both the Hebrew and Greek versions for two centuries, until the St. Jerome revision of A. D. 405. After St. Jerome had finished his crowning work, a great deal of which he performed in the village of Bethlehem, almost in sight of the birthplace of Jesus, the Dalmatian and Pannonian monks hid away their old versions of the Bible and would use no other except the one which had been given them by their patron, Jerome, himself.

The Jerome revision was superior to the work of the seventy as their work was to the old semi-barbaric work which existed prior to the translation of 255 B. C.

ST. JEROME. The most carefully written copies of the Bible obtainable were consulted by the scholar and compared with the Arabic, Hebrew and Syriac versions, in all of which he made emendations and corrections which have stood the test of all subsequent time. The herculean task undertaken when the reader has been informed that over 200 versions of the Evangelists, each differing from the other in many of its essential details, were presented for the consideration of the sages at the council of Nice, in 325 A. D. For hundreds of years copyists had added to and taken from the Scriptures to such an extent as to make it extremely difficult for even the most learned to decide what should remain for the edification of future generations or what should be eliminated from the sacred pages as apocryphal.

The word "Bible," meaning book, or as applied by the early writers, "the book," was first used by Chrysostom as early as the fifth century, where he speaks of the sacred writings collectively as the Biblia, or "the Books." The infinite variations which occurred in the manuscripts written by the early Christian fathers have caused a great deal of contention among churchmen, some admitting certain books as canonical which are rejected by others as apocryphal. This you can find illustrated by comparing a Douay and a King James Bible of today; the former admits several books which the King James translators would not, as they considered them uncanonical.

The several books as arranged and accepted at present are the results of years of labor and of countless councils and revision assemblies. For 1,200 years after the Saviour of Men ended his brief career on the rugged heights of Calvary, the touching details of which are known to over 700,000,000 of people and in every land on the globe, each book of the Bible was one-continued story, undivided into chapters, paragraphs or verses.

DIVISIONS OF THE BIBLE. Prior to the time of the Spanish rabbi, the Jew had employed a system of dividing the chapters into verses in the Old Testament, a system which had never been adopted by the Christians, and which was discarded for that of the learned Spaniard by the Jews themselves. The New Testament was not divided into verses until after the invention of the art of printing, by the Robert Stephens Greek edition in 1551.

Of the early translations of the Bible the most important, aside from the Septuagint and the St. Jerome versions, are the threefold Egyptian translation of the fourth century. This remarkable work of the copyist was in three languages, and was intended for all parts of Egypt: the Versio Figurata, collated by Jacob, of Edessa, in the eighth century; that of Paul, bishop of Tella, in 617, and the eighth, ninth and tenth century translations, made respectively by Bede, Alfred and Ælfric.

During the dark ages, and on down to the time Luther gave his masterpiece to the world, several translations were made, including that of Notker-Labeo, 980 A. D.; that prepared under the supervision of Petrus Waldus, 1170; the important work of Louis the Pious, 1237; that of Charles the Wise, 1380; the Guyars version of 1286; the thirteenth century version in Spanish during the reign of Alfonso V, and the two excellent works of Wickliffe and Huss, the latter for the Bohemians and the former for the English speaking people. With the invention of printing every person who had ever laid claim to literary abilities seemed to think that he had been specially commissioned from on high to retranslate the Word of God, as one would naturally infer from the fact that not less than seventeen German translations alone were given the public between the time of Gutenberg and Faust and that of Martin Luther.

The early printed editions of the Bible remind one of what the philosopher said about the human frame—they were "curiously and wonderfully made." The Wickliffe (sometimes spelled Wycliffe) version of 1384 was the first English translation. John Wickliffe, the translator, was condemned to be burned for presuming to do such a thing without the consent of the clergy, but was finally allowed to die a natural death. His Bible was never printed; however, there are many manuscript copies of it.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Fortitude Born of Love. It was in the year 1880, in a third rate city called Neuchateau, in the department des Vosges, France, about noon, that we were passing, my father and myself, in front of a store where in addition to hardware a supply of ammunition was kept for the use of a regiment there. Suddenly we heard a terrible explosion, and being either thrown or having unconsciously ran, I know not which, we at any rate found ourselves about twenty yards from where the explosion occurred, and could see part of the roof of the street.

We had hardly reached the building when a man came out of it covered with powder, his hair and beard burning, and large pieces of flesh hanging from his face and bare arms. Never will I forget the horror of the sight; his flesh was charred and his clothes partly burned. As he reached the sidewalk he looked around and called a name I did not catch. Receiving no answer he went right back into that burning furnace, and in a few seconds came out bearing in his arms his child, a girl of 6 or 7. Those nearer to him heard him say:

"My darling, are you hurt? Oh, you are hurt!" While the poor little thing kept saying: "No, papa, I am not hurt, not at all; you are burning, think of yourself," and yet the blood was trickling from her forehead where the flying debris made a deep gash. Both recovered, though disfigured for life. At the time I thought there was not only one hero, but two.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

One Way to Cook a Rabbit.

A couple of Augusta disciples of Nimrod, while on a recent gunning trip, after a hard day's tramp succeeded in bagging a small rabbit. They knew that the animal was good eating, but as to how to cook him properly they were not as well posted. They pondered long on the subject until the pangs of hunger demanded immediate action of some sort, when they tied bunny up by the hind legs and picked him as the good housewife does a hen. They said he was good eating just the same, with the exception of an occasional tuft of fur which had escaped the picking process.—Kennebec Journal.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As from the eastward world you pass— Just where the forest skirts the plain— An open book lies on the grass, And there for years untouched has lain.

The leaves are yellow now with age, But one may read in letters free, As the wind turns the ragged page. The blotted name—Philosophy.

'Tis said a student one day stood Outside the bounds, when on him fell The mystic power of that wood, And Love cast over him a spell.

Then long he strove to enter there; But guardian spirits in array Prevented him, until despair And made him throw the book away.

Had then, when he at length had cast The stern Philosophy aside, Love bade him enter, held him fast As conqueror of Self and Pride.

And now in dim, enchanted nooks, Ruled by a Love that never fails, He seeks no sympathy of books— Love whispers to him fairy tales.

Outside, swept by the wind and rain, Philosophy, uncared for, lies; It cannot enter Love's domain; It was not meant for Paradise.—Flavel Scott Myles in Harper's Weekly.

A Sensational Letter.

An amusing hoax appears to have been perpetrated upon the foreign press in the shape of a letter alleged to have been written by the present czar prior to his ascension to the throne, to the famous editor and panslavist leader, Aksakoff, whose widow died a few weeks ago. The document in question, which bears the date of May 23, 1866, contains bitter comments on the class of courtiers by whom the imperial family was surrounded, and compares the highest officers of state to contemptible lackeys. The publication of the letter in question has excited an immense amount of attention throughout Europe, and it appears to have been copied in almost every foreign newspaper of any importance. The whole thing is, however, but a hoax. The letter in question, instead of having been written by the present emperor, was addressed in 1796 to Count Kotchouby by the Grand Duke Alexander Paulovitch, who subsequently ascended the throne as Alexander I. The courtiers referred to in such bitter terms were the ignoble favorites of his grandmother, Catherine II. The original letter will be found in the first volume of the "Life and Times of Alexander I." published by C. Toyneville in 1871.—Exchange.

Shot Off His Companion's Gun Barrel.

I was hunting quail near Reidsville, N. C., six years ago, with S. S. Harris and James Play, of that town. Harris and myself were walking side by side, when two birds were flushed at the same time. Harris was on my left and fired at the bird on my right, I firing at the one on his left. Thus cross firing, both fired simultaneously.

Harris killed his bird, but I did not. Harris said my powder was not good. We walked on about thirty paces, when Harris lowered his gun to extract the empty shell. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Look! the ends of my gun barrels have burst off."

We examined them and found they were not burst, but I had shot them off as smoothly as if they had been corn stalks when we cross fired. We walked back to the spot and found five inches of his gun barrels lying there. I have one of the pieces now and will mail it to Judge Gildersleeve if desired. This is an iron truth—nothing fishy about it. If you desire reference I refer you to Mr. George Cary Eggleston.—Cor. New York Evening World.

The Lights in the Window.

A pair of worthies that used to practice before the Washington bar were engaged in giving "straw" bail and in other ways securing the release of prisoners for a small consideration. They rented a room which formerly had been a drug store, not far from the police court, and kept a light burning there all night for the benefit of "late arrests" who might wish to obtain bail rather than spend the night in the police station. The druggist who had occupied the place before them had failed to remove the blue and yellow bottles from the window. One night two lawyers passing up the street saw the light.

"Whose place is this?" asked one of them. "Smith & Jones; felonies compounded at all hours of the night," was the reply.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

About the Chinese.

Mrs. Emerson says that while the Japanese are becoming more civilized daily the Chinese are in the same old spot, and worse, if anything. "I believe it is due to the government," she remarked. "It looks with distrust upon all new methods proposed by Europeans and Americans. I lived one winter at Peking."

"How do you spell that?" "Why, Peking, of course. It is often spelled Pekin in the United States, but nowhere else. In olden times China had two capitals, Nanking and Peking. Ing is the Chinese word denoting capital. To distinguish between the two places the northern capital was called Nanking and the southern one Peking. So the correct word is Peking."—Chicago Times.

The Rewards of Talent.

Old Mr. Hazeed—They do say that Bill Smirly has done real well play actin' since he went to New York, an' lives in great style.

Mr. Hummer—Yes, I went and called upon him when I was down there.

Old Mr. Hazeed—And don't he live away, way up?

Mr. Hummer—Yes, about thirteen stories.—Drake's Magazine.

It Happens That Way.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," he observed as he rubbed his hands together, "the next alderman from our ward must be a clean, decent, honest, intelligent man, and a credit to his constituents. Yes, sir—yes, sir; we have made up our minds to that—all citizens irrespective of party. We shall go in en masse. The candidate? Why, he'll be selected from my party, of course!"—Detroit Free Press.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

ODD AND BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS FOUND IN THE FAR EAST.

The Forest Dweller's Method of Starting Fires—Cumbrous "Coins" of the Dyak Peoples—Many and Interesting Kinds of Beads.

The forest dwelling peoples of the further east have an odd instrument for making fire. Very seldom, so far as we observed, do they employ the proverbial method of "rubbing" two sticks—which is not rubbing at all. Near the coast every man carries a bit of pitcher in the siri box or bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate, English or Dutch, and a handful of dry fungus. Holding this tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the siri box sharply, and it takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods. The inland peoples use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight. Observers who take a narrow view have declared that the earliest art practiced by human beings after they escape from mere barbarism is pottery. These races have long passed that stage, but we do not recall any evidence that they use the art. The fact is that, in countries which produce the bamboo, earthenware is hardly needed except for luxury. They make charms and fetiches of dried clay.

MEASURING VALUES.

But in Borneo the Dyak peoples have a class of foreign earthenware singularly interesting. As Malays employ brass guns for their currency, so the Dyaks employ antique vases. In neither instance do the actual "coins" pass from hand to hand, since by brass gun Malay signifies a cannon, twenty feet long, perhaps, and a Dyak signifies a vessel eighteen inches high or more. These things are measures of value, divided into imaginary fractions. There are three varieties of this earthenware—the gusi, which represents about £500 sterling, the naga and rusa, much less valuable. The first is certainly Chinese, and the last probably, but perhaps they never came from the continent. At some date unknown the north of Borneo was occupied by a Chinese colony which must have numbered millions. This great time, when a third part of the island was cultivated and densely peopled, may have been 800 years ago. But the first paragraph in the "Annals of Bruni" recognizes a powerful Chinese kingdom of Batangan in the Fifteenth century—we are not to digress into that fascinating theme, however. The Celestials were exterminated about two generations ago; an old friend of ours, the great Chief Gasing, still carried ten pig-tails attached to his sword of state—trophies of his father's valor, probably. Chinese merchants have tried again and again to counterfeit the old jars, as have the Dutch, but they never succeeded in passing off their imitations. The Naga may be Hindoo or Japanese, of very remote antiquity; both peoples had great settlements in the island at some time beyond human memory. They have left Buddhist remains of importance here and there.

We secured no samples of these curious things, for reasons that have been suggested. But the recollection calls to mind some extraordinary objects of the same class, in a sense, which are treasured on the other side of the world.

WONDERFUL BEADS.

The Agry and the Popo beads, which serve for jewels in West Africa, are glass resembling earthenware of unknown manufacture, of immemorial antiquity, and beyond modern skill to counterfeit. Most European nations, probably, have tried their hand at imitating the Agry bead. The shrewdest chemists and the cleverest artificers of Venice and Birmingham have done their best; the potters of England, France and Germany have exhausted their resources, but in vain. It does not seem such a difficult enterprise, however. The beads are irregular in shape and size; many have been seen in two. They have an opaque ground—ochre yellow in the most valuable species—but so various that this point gives no trouble. A rough ornament of circles in another hue runs through the material from side to side or end to end. Here, again, imitation seems easy, to the craftsmen of Venice in particular; but appearances are deceptive, evidently. The Popo bead, less valuable, but valuable enough, is blue glass, transparent, but so manufactured that it shows a dull yellow against the light. These things are all found in the earth; but, so far as can be ascertained, they never turn up in company with bones or other signs of burial, which, to our mind, is the most curious fact of all. That they are ancient Egyptian is a certainty. Many hundreds, if not thousands, were taken in the sack of the palace at Coomassie, strung, in general, upon that very pretty cord which we mentioned, with coral nuggets beaten flat, and cubes of gold and tufts of colored silk interspersed. Very handsome they looked, no doubt, upon the smooth brown skin of the royal dames. A pretty bracelet from Coomassie is made of triangular pieces cut from the rib of a shell, snow white, strung in groups alternately with these small flattened nuggets. But the curiosities saved in that loot bear only a miserable proportion to those which men of taste admired in the palace and the big houses of the caboceros. But one stool was carried away—as a memorial for the Princess of Wales—among the hundreds adorned with silver which lay in all directions. Very charming were many of these—the Ashantee artist seemed to devote his best attention to the stools. Seven were piled, as if for removal, in the courtyard of a great house, each plated with repousse work, showing much taste and ingenuity of design. These people have "gifts."—Saturday Review.