

SCANDAL IS CROPPING OUT.

JOHNSTOWN CITIZENS AGAIN TALK ABOUT THE RELIEF FUND.

Responsible People Say That Favoritism and Discrimination Flourished in the Distribution of the Money Contributed to Flood Sufferers—The Favored Got Double the Amount of Those Not in the Inner Circle. Though Their Losses Would be About the Same—Several Sample Cases.

Pittsburgh Times, Saturday.
 JOHNSTOWN, Pa., February 7.—The snow that covered the housetops of ill-fated Johnstown to-day is much purer and more innocent in the eyes of the people than the way in which the big Relief Fund was distributed. The mutterings of dissatisfaction grow louder day by day, and when the complete reports of the Flood Commission is published it will not be oil on troubled waters, but more likely a torch to start an explosion. It was to be expected that many would be displeased with what was given them, and people who got much more than they anticipated or supposed was just as not putting that fact on large placards.

FAVORITISM CHARGED.

That favoritism is openly charged in the distribution of the funds in the hands of the Commission will be seen from interviews obtained to-day from several citizens, who told the amounts of their losses and what they got from the Commission.

Frank W. Hay conducts a stove and tinware store. His estimate of his loss by the flood was \$36,000. The Commission for some reason thought they would add \$500 to his own estimate. He got \$2,500 for his share.

"Do you think the Commission has performed its task satisfactorily?" was asked Mr. Hay.

"Oh yes, as far as stealing is concerned," he replied.

In explanation Mr. Hay said that in the buying of goods for Johnstown there was remarkable recklessness. He said that loads of bread unfit for food were sent up to Johnstown and had to be dumped into the river. Mr. Hay did not say he was dissatisfied, but he thought it the duty of everybody to see that a proper accounting of all the money be had. He further asserted that several Pittsburgh firms had in the first flush of charity in June sent on their contributions, and were afterwards reimbursed in cash for that which was given as charity. Continuing, Mr. Hay said: "The money that went to other towns belonged to us. Besides the Commission gave up \$40,000 for a hospital here. Now we don't want a hospital as far as I know. It was intended, I suppose, to give positions to certain people. During the flood men were getting \$10 a day who couldn't get \$1 a day at any other time for their work. I believe that the people should take steps to have wasted and stolen money refunded. A steal and swindle are evident somewhere."

C. T. Frazer is one of the best known citizens of the town. He was asked what he lost and what he got from the fund.

"I got nothing, and I won't state my loss just now," was Mr. Frazer's reply, and he looked as if he was sharpening some weapon for the Commission. He refused to be interviewed further, simply remarking that he understood \$10,000 was to be used to print the report and he was anxious to get hold of a copy.

A FEW SAMPLE CASES.

Captain W. B. Keller made up for Mr. Frazer's reticence. He was found in his office across the stone bridge. He is an old soldier and said: "I know of seven or eight cases which to me seem remarkable. I refer to young married men, not over twenty-five years of age, some having two or three children, and some none. I had a family of six. Yet they got as much as I did, but then they were in the ring. One man's sworn loss was half of mine, yet he got \$100 more than I received.

"The soldiers fared the worst of all, though there are Grand Army men on the Board of Inquiry and on the Commission. The ward bumpers and rinters had to get the money, and I told as much to Governor Beaver in a letter. Remember that I think we got more, perhaps, than we expected, but I do object to the discrimination and favoritism that has been practiced. There is William Warden, who lives in the Fifth ward, and his was a most meritorious case. I think he got only \$500. His neighbor below him lost perhaps only one-third of what Warden did, and yet he got \$1,000. Many people got 100 per cent. I know of one man who lost \$700 and he got that amount. As I said I wrote to Beaver. Well, I got this," and the Captain showed a type-written letter from the Governor in which he stated he knew nothing about the distribution of the fund at Johnstown, that the Board of Inquiry and Secretary Kremer were attending to business in that line, but that he would refer the matter to Mr. Kremer. The Governor then goes on to tell how he started out to help the people and how all his anticipations were excelled by the response of the people.

Mr. Keller got a note from Mr. Kremer in which he was told he had got what he deserved. He wrote about the matter again, but has received no answer, but he will be on deck when explanations are to be asked.

MANY GOT NOTHING.

Charles Zimmerman spoke to a loss of \$21,000. He has since found out that \$24,000 would be nearer the mark. He got \$2,500. Mr. Zimmerman said: "Many men who had big losses got nothing. My brother lost \$25,000. He got \$2,500. A shoe man who did not lose

nearly as much as we, got \$3,000 I understand. Many unjust things were done in the distribution."

Samuel Lenhart had this to say: "I lost father, mother, and three sisters. A rough estimate of our loss in money would be \$9,000 on property and \$5,000 on stock, though \$15,000 for a total loss would be nearer the mark. What do you think we got? Not a dollar except the \$10 a head. They said that any estate without minor children would get nothing. They would not clean our cellar, though they cleaned cellars all around us and I had to pay \$70 for the work."

"You didn't know how to work it," said a companion. "If you did you would have bought a quart of whisky for certain people and your cellar would have been cleaned."

Charles Cover, of Cover Bros., now grocers, but in the livery business before the flood, said: "Our firm's loss was \$12,000; we got \$2,000. Our individual loss was \$8,000, and we got \$1,500. My father who is seventy-three years old, lost \$9,000 and got \$700."

John Stenger keeps a dry goods store. His loss was \$45,000 and he received \$3,000. He thought he would get 25 per cent. of his loss. Mr. Stenger said: "There are some whose loss was half of mine, got as much as I did, and some who lost only a quarter as much got the same."

Jacob Fend is an old gentleman who now runs the Windsor Hotel. Other winters Mr. Fend and his family spent in Florida. The less he swore to was \$43,175. He had a big building on Main street, a part of which the State officials threw down, as it was considered unsafe. Whether Mr. Fend got anything or not, is not known, as he refused to say what the award was, though it is said to be up to the limit—\$6,000. Mr. Fend was asked if he would take any steps to be reimbursed for what the State had done. His son-in-law, a captain in the United States Army, spoke for him, saying: "No, we won't do anything more."

It is also said there is some dissatisfaction over what the Economy Clothing Company got, it being asserted that much of the stock is owned by Philadelphians. This, of course, is denied by the parties interested.

There are many cases like the above samples, but the people affected say they don't want to talk at present. They are anxious to see the complete report and make comparisons.

GLEANINGS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Pithy Paragraphs of Late News in Condensed Form.

A Millin woman threw some medicine in the fire, and an explosion took place which carried the stove out of doors. Better than that the patient, probably.

The Egyptian Government, to ascertain what country Stanley is a citizen of, sent a Pasha to him to inquire, and his reply was that he belonged to the world. Like the Johnstown voter, he lives where he gets his washing done.

There is a snow blockade in the mountains, says the San Francisco *Ada*, but in the San Francisco markets there are fine strawberries, green peas, string beans and fine fresh cucumbers, pie plant and all other sorts of fresh vegetables and salads.

The peanut, shelled, has been introduced at dinner parties instead of roasted almonds. This is right. There is a democracy, so to speak, about the peanut that makes it specially adaptable to such purposes under a Republican form of government. Long may it wave.

Edward Lafur, a florist of Queens, Long Island, N. Y., was arrested a few days ago for trying to shoot his wife. He is said to be worth \$50,000, yet even since their marriage, nine years ago, he has compelled his wife to work in the fields with the farm laborers. The despatches say: "Lafur gave as his reason for shooting at his wife that she belonged to him, and he could do as he pleased with her."

This idea, in a modified form, underlies many men's treatment of their wives. If it could be entirely eliminated from men's minds, three-fourths of the opposition to woman suffrage would cease, and the divorce courts would lose nearly all their business.

The truck for moving the new safe for the Citizens' National Bank has been lost between here and Pittsburgh. It was expected some days ago, but at last accounts the railroad authorities were trying to locate it. The safe weighs six and one-half tons and there is not a wagon about the place strong enough to carry it. The delay is causing some impatience on the part of the bank officers.

McGinty Arrested in Cambria.

Chief of Police Culliton, of Cambria borough, reports twenty-three arrests made during the month of January, on which there were twenty-three convictions. The fines paid into the borough treasury amounted to \$48.33. Seven served time from two to five days each, one of whom was the famous McGinty, who was arrested for a common drunk and served five days.

The Peg Leg Again in Trouble.

Homer Moreland, the peg-legged fellow, whose valise was taken by Thomas Cooney, was afterward taken up at the Pennsylvania Railroad station by the Millville authorities for being drunk and disorderly. At the hearing he was fined and had to pay costs, in all \$3.40.

A TRIP ON A CATTLE BOAT

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE ON THE RAGING MAIN.

Some Information as to the Manner in Which Live Cattle Are Transported from America to England—A Big Wave and the Havoc It Wrought.

"Early in November," said an acquaintance to me the other day, "I found myself a man of leisure in New York looking about in quest of some form of occupation. One morning I picked up a newspaper and read the following advertisement, under the heading of male help wanted:

"A firm of stock shippers require men for a cattle boat. Free passage to England, board included. Apply—"

"The opportunity struck me as being a novel one, to say the least, and hurrying across the ferry to the Jersey City side I reached the thriferous precincts of the stock yards.

"I was 'received' by a beetle browed fellow, with fat, dirty hands and muddy boots.



WE HAD 550 CATTLE ON BOARD.

"'Good sailor?' he asked, after I had told him that I had come in answer to the advertisement.

"'Fairly good, captain,' I replied. 'Don't ye call me 'captain.' I ain't got nothin' to do wid the sailin' of the boat. I'm de boss of de cattle gang.'

"I accepted his apology with a mixture of grace and disgust. The fellow was repulsive to me, but necessity kicks aside the pangs of sentiment. With me work was a necessity. All of the other avenues were clogged, and I was determined to seek my bread by the route of the high seas.

"'What are the duties?' I asked, after he had intimated that I'd do.

"'You'll be put in charge of twenty-five head of stock. Go aboard and stand ready to tie your cattle when they're loaded. After we set sail your work'll be to feed and water the brutes, and poke 'em up if they all get throw'd in a heap. Four cattle go into each pen. Never let more than two of 'em lie down in a pen at one time.'

"I will first explain that the cattle are carried from the yards on lighters which drift alongside the steamer, where they are driven aboard. The interior arrangements of these cattle boats are practically all alike. Some of the largest vessels in the service are devoted exclusively to this business, although none of the passenger boats carry live stock. The steamers are usually divided by two decks, devoted to penning the cattle—a main and an upper deck. But in some cases there are three decks, as there were on the boat that took me over.

For the cattle that are quartered on the upper deck the space is boarded over and made perfectly safe. In the winter time the stock is usually confined to the lower decks, although certain steamers carry their cargo on the upper deck, even during the cold weather.

"A few details over, I boarded the lighter and dropped down the bay, where the vessel was lying.

"The moment that I stepped upon the deck I was impressed with the fact that I had not fallen into any sinicure. A great number of cattle were already on board, it is true; but hard work was expected of all hands, and every man knew that he had to do his duty. The lighters kept up a constant coming and going all day. Officers and crew were actively getting ready for the start, while the foremen and cattlemen had all that they could attend to in receiving and 'stowing away' the stock.

"Weary and dragged out, dirty and hungry by the close of the day, we had 550 cattle on board in the hands of forty-four men—that is, a double or relief watch—under orders of the foreman and his assistant. Two hundred and fifty head of stock were placed on the upper deck, 200 on the main deck and 100 on the deck below, each man having found his fate in the forms of twenty-five of the four legged pets. Four of the animals were allotted to a pen, each bovine taking up 3 by 8 feet, and all being securely haltered and fed for the night.



ATTENDING THE CATTLE.

"The men were assigned to their quarters—a room by themselves in the steerage—and by the liberality of the boat company we were each supplied with bedding and dishes and expected to make ourselves more or less snugly comfortable on steerage rations, all messing to-

gether. Our duties were divided into watches of four hours each.

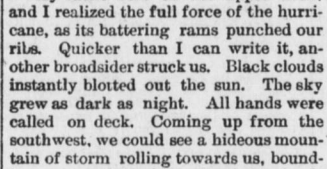
"Everything in readiness, we set sail on the following morning, at high tide, and in a little time, as the boat sped on, the gray shores of America faded in space and I found myself upon the wetted breast of the reaching ocean, far out amidst the thumping waves, and every bit of the poetry knocked out of my soul, as the atmosphere became heavy with the commands of the officers, the homelick bellowing of the brutes, the oaths of the foremen and the piercing, sharp 'hi!' 'hi!' 'hi!' of the cattlemen, all with long sticks in their hands, poking the stock in the ribs to keep them on their legs the first few hours out, and thus enable them to catch the swing of the boat at an early stage of the trip.

"The first three days out were passed in routine duty beneath a cloudless sky and over the most beautiful, the smoothest sea that I have ever sailed. Each day and night we fed and watered our charges; the idle watch, at off hours, always finding some slight means of diversion. Some read; others told tales of sea and land, while the rougher element of the men killed time over the greasy card table and quarreled and puffed each other's eyes full of the smoke of bad tobacco.

"On the fourth morning I luckily escaped the dog watch. But soon after the 7 o'clock breakfast I was at my post again. My cattle seemed to recognize my approach and evince a token of gratitude. No doubt they realized that I treated them with kindness, while it appeared to be the hankering desire of the majority of the men to be more brutal towards the stock than the brutes themselves. I had barely finished my round of dealing out hay and water when suddenly a mighty gust of wind struck the boat.

"My cattle were on the upper deck, and I realized the full force of the hurricane, as its battering rams punched our ribs. Quicker than I can write it, another broadsider struck us. Black clouds instantly blotted out the sun. The sky grew as dark as night. All hands were called on deck. Coming up from the southwest, we could see a hideous mountain of storm rolling towards us, bounding at us, and the dense, frowning clouds split by blinding forks of lightning. In a moment the storm stood like a towering wall of death before us. The treacherous sea reared and bucked and pranced like a mad monster. The winds raved and tore and shook the boat as if it had been a toy, leaving her high on the crest of a frantic wave. Back we sank, with a swift and sickening lunge, into the valley of the waters, and the sea that had reared now pounced down upon our deck and broke with the thunder of a million guns.

"I have seen animals panic stricken in a billow of flame; but never before had I witnessed a scene such as this. Never do I want to see another one like it. My heart wept for the poor brutes as they caught the spirit of the coming disaster and bellowed and moaned in frightful distress.



THE SEA NOW POUNCED DOWN UPON OUR DECK.

"Men, to the latches!" came the stern command of officers to crew. Every ventilator was forced down air tight. But the work seemed like driving nails into the face of providence. Another wave, almost sealing the sky, it appeared, washed up and fell to pieces on our deck, crashing through all barriers. To save my own life I climbed into the hold and waited for the storm to die away.

"Scarcely five minutes did the hurricane last before it dashed off in a northerly direction, permitting us to speed out from beneath the crook of its elbow, while the death dealing monster whipped the foaming sea with its hideous tail.

"Strewn upon the deck were the dead forms of three of our men. The tragedy threw a pall over the entire force, and with all of the mercy of humanity, we lowered the bodies of our luckless mates into the sea. Upon taking an account of stock we found sixty-seven dead cattle on the upper deck and twelve that had died of suffocation on the lower deck. We stripped them of their hides and threw their carcasses to the fishes."

This was the most exciting incident of my friend's trip. In time the ship arrived on the other side, and he returned to America satisfied with his experience and determined to earn his living some other way.

After all, the vocation of a cattle boat man is not one that I would be likely to heartily recommend to any person possessed of a delicate (or a sensitive) physical organization. At the same time there are many men who do try it, and apparently it agrees with them, for they stick to it. And the demand for this class of help has increased until there are now 1,500 men regularly employed in taking care of cattle engaged in the boat traffic between this port and England.

In fact, with the exception of one steamship line running from Canada which carries cattle, New York is the sole exporting point for live stock to Europe. There are only about four firms engaged here in the business and one Baltimore house, which ships from New York, Liverpool and London are the principal destinations.

ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

LOUNSBERRY'S DEFALCATION.

It Has Caused Lots of Excitement in New York and Hackensack, N. J.

New York city's political circles are greatly agitated, and Hackensack, N. J., is plunged in grief, by the suicide of George H. Lounsberry; and about his act and its causes there is a mystery which excites angry controversy. As close newspaper readers know, he was cashier of the New York postoffice, and shot himself in the head while his accounts were under investigation. New York, of course, promptly declared it a case of defalcation and suicide rather than face the shame of discovery; Hackensack indignantly repudiates the charge, and declares that the dead man had abundant means outside of his salary.

And, strangely enough, this last statement appears to be true, for he was partner in a large feed store with one of his bondsmen, drew profits therefrom which sometimes amounted to \$10,000 or even \$15,000 a year, and at the time of his death a considerable sum was due him. His salary was but \$2,600 a year at death, and had never exceeded \$4,000. His family was small and not extravagant, and though he was occasionally dissipated, he spent very little money. Therefore, say his friends, some one else has the money, and when Mr. Lounsberry discovered the loss his anxiety drove him crazy.

Deceased was about 43 years old, a native of Montgomery county, N. Y., where his aged parents still reside. His old friends there indignantly repel the charge against him. When Thomas L. James was deputy collector he employed Lounsberry, then a very young man in the custom house, and took him with him into the postoffice, where he rose rapidly, and in 1881 was made cashier. Though an untiring Republican, he held on through Cleveland's administration, and when Harrison came in made a great effort to secure the postmastership. Postmaster Van Cott notified him some time since to resign, as the former's son, Richard Van Cott, was to have the place.

On the day set for transfer of cash and accounts Mr. Lounsberry failed to appear. The safe was opened and while the cash account showed that \$27,708 should be on hand there was really less than \$4,000. Missing stamps brought the deficit up to \$48,000. Three inspectors were at once sent to Hackensack to bring the cashier, they having power to arrest; but when they reached there he had just shot himself in the head. He died in a few hours. There is much talk of domestic trouble, but his friends denounce it as false. For his second wife Mr. Lounsberry married Miss Carrie Wyatt, formerly an actress in San Francisco, who came east as the first Rebecca in "Sam'l o' Posen." They had one child. His first wife left two. The case is as yet involved in much mystery.

EDITOR FARRER.

Recapitulation of the Charges Made Against Him by the Toronto Empire.

Edward Farrer, editor of The Toronto Mail (Independent), is not a dangerously large or aggressive being; but he has either caused, or been the innocent means of causing, the biggest uproar in recent Canadian journalism. The public part of it began with a charge of treason against Mr. Farrer by The Toronto Empire (government organ), and has gone on to a personal suit against The Empire by Mr. Farrer, and criminal proceedings against the editor, David Creighton. Sandwiched between are interviews with many prominent Americans and a right lively discussion among Toronto papers.

The charges are serious. As is known to all reading men there is a committee of United States senators investigating the question of freer trade with Canada, and Erastus Wiman is doing his best to secure reciprocity. He recently said—or the Toronto Empire said—that he was thwarted by Mr. Farrer, and soon The Empire came out with the blunt statement that the latter had gone to Washington, had there secured a secret hearing before the Republican members of the committee, and had urged them not to agree to reciprocity, or arrange for any freer trade, for if they would "squeeze Canada" a little harder and longer, she would ask for annexation to the United States.

This caused much talk, and directly denials were in order. Senator Dolph, of Oregon, came first with a denial (which was telegraphed to The Toronto Mail) of an alleged interview between him and Editor Farrer, but to another correspondent he is alleged to have admitted that the editor had given them much information.

The Empire's agent gathered a deal of such evidence, and several Democratic editors in the United States took up the matter. The accused Canadian came back with vigor and a mass of evidence. The Globe, the Liberal paper, took a hand, and The Empire gave more evidence, finally formally charging Editor Farrer with "Treason!" The suit and criminal proceedings followed, and, says The Mail, the matter will be tried at the February assizes.

A Great Light Dawns Upon Tommy.

Tommy—Pa. old Miss Yellowby has just been here and brought you a Christmas present—another pair of slippers. That's the fourth pair you've gotten. Why do people always give preachers slippers and nothing else, pa?

The Rector—Because preachers' sons are said to be worse than those of anybody else, Tommy.—Puck.

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned."
 —J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does me work every time." —E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." —W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicine continues to be the standard remedy in spite of all competition." —T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
 PREPARED BY
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOW IT WORKED.

Good morning Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth.

"Well Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels the most noble thing in life is to go straight to the devil?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope; at all events you didn't go that way you are looking far too happy and hearty."

"Thank goodness, no; I rather thank Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I was first vex'd and then half convinced."

"I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."

"No doubt of it; everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style, as you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I finished the bottle in about two weeks, and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change old and try the new style."

"Well, how did you like it?"

"You told me your wife preferred the new style, I believe well. I must say I agree with her. I like the old style very much but the new is a finer, smoother, more expensive preparation."

"I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so, and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."

"Well, that doesn't concern us. Who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes when they were only bilious? No matter! I was only going to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they couldn't be good if they tried."

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of indigestion, headache and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bitters, what a happy world this would be!"

"I should recommend the new style."

"I never go back on the old style."

"Well, they can say their money and take their choice for both kinds work admirably."

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The Great Blood Purifier
 and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within thirty minutes—Try it.
 The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free. Address, R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington street, New York.

One of the BEST "Eye" cures in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and we introduce our superior goods we will send you a free sample in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return to us show our goods to those who call your neighbors and those around you. The benefits will be yours. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a good, double seal telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$25 to \$50 a day at least, from the start, without capital. Write for it at once. We say all eyes cured. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 2850, PORTLAND, MAINE.

ADVISORS AT R'S NOTICE.
 —Estate of Edward Baker, deceased.—Letters of Administration in the estate of a grand daughter, late of the town of Northampton, county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims or demands against the said estate are to present them to the undersigned for settlement at the office of the undersigned, at the corner of Horner street, City.