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FRIDAY FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

THE WAY THE PUBLIC MONEY GOES.

Contractors who built gunboats for the Government during the war are still begging for more money. One of the claims (McKay's) was allowed by Congress, and the bill was vetoed by Mr. Cleveland. The Republicans will allow all these, and no one knows the exact amount involved. It will reach millions.

The building of the United States penitentiaries is a worthy object, but there is corruption in the present scheme. It will call for the expenditure of \$1,000,000.

To present cost of keeping Federal prisoners is \$300,000 per annum. It will be twice as much under the new system.

The Republicans intend to pass the direct tax bill, which Mr. Cleveland vetoed. This will cost about \$30,000,000.

They intend to pass the Blair educational bill, which will involve an expenditure of \$77,000,000.

Many millions will be granted as subsidies to ships in the foreign carrying trade and for mail service.

It is intended to add hundreds of millions to the pension account by the repeal of the limitation in arrears act. The term fixed in the original statute was 1889.

There will be passed the biggest river and harbor bill at this season of Congress that the country has ever known.

The fleet navy bill and the Dolph fortifications bill involve at least \$350,000,000.

A service pension bill will be passed, which will call for an expenditure of \$200,000,000. It is speaking within bounds to say that the thirteen regular pension bills will aggregate not less than \$100,000,000 more than those of the last season.

The Hennepin canal alone will cost \$21,000,000.

With the rules of the House as they are at present, and a clear chance for jobbery in the Senate, there will be little difficulty in putting through the proposed measures to do away with the surplus. Almost every scheme projected by the Government gets into the hands of the jobbers before it goes far. At the present day Congress does very little except to provide for spending the people's money.

ON THE HARRISON BLOCK.

New York Sun. The appointment of a negro of the name of Dudley as Postmaster at Americus, Georgia, seems to be as distasteful to the white Republicans as to the Democrats of that State. It cannot be said that the objection to Dudley is founded upon the mere accident of color if the story told in the Atlanta Constitution by Col. Jack Brown, an American Republican now living at Washington, is true. Perhaps, however, some allowance must be made, as Col. Jack is not fond of Col. Buck, the Republican boss of Georgia, and has a son who thinks that the American Postmastership is about his size. But Col. Jack's narrative is told with considerable spirit and has at least an air of probability.

It is a lame excuse to put the appointment of Dudley on the grounds of a reward. Dudley has already been rewarded. I went to the Chicago Convention in the interest of Allison. Sherman paid the expenses of Buck and the entire Georgia delegation to Chicago, and put up some extra money besides.

Dudley's expenses were, however, not included. He paid his own way there. His seat was contested, and, Buck, who had Sherman's funds to dispense, paid the expenses of Elbert Head, another negro who contested Dudley's seat, and who, Buck thought, would get it. Buck, you know, divided out the Sherman boodle among the Georgia boys.

Well, in Chicago, I found Dudley had paid his own expenses. I collared him and lead him up to Allison's headquarters. Dudley wanted \$100. I offered him to Gov. Gear and Mr. Henderson, who has charge of Allison's headquarters, at that amount. They, however, refused to buy him. Allison was not buying delegates. Then I lead the negro out like a mule, and put him on the Harrison block. Bill Dudley, of Indiana, quickly bid his price, and got him for Harrison. The negro, Dudley, carried out his contract. He got his money, all he asked, and now he gets a postoffice besides.

And what will Gen. Harrison think? Can it be possible that any wicked person or persons got votes for him in the National Convention by arguments to the purse? And, not merely as a matter of morals, but as a matter of politics, can he afford to give postoffices to delegates already subsidized?

TWO YOUNG WOMEN KILLED.

They Jump Wildly From a Carriage During a Runaway.

The runaway occurred on Saturday afternoon on the boulevard between Newark and Elizabeth by which two young women lost their lives. Misses Mary F. Carrie and Lottie Tyler, three sisters of Newark, started for a drive to Elizabeth in a two-seated surrey. While passing on the boulevard, the team of horses attached to the vehicle took fright from the discharge of guns by the East Side Gun Club, whose members were having a pigeon shooting match. The horses became unmanageable and finally ran away, despite the exertions of the colored coachman.

The young women lost their presence of mind and leaped wildly from the carriage. Mary E. Tyler, aged thirty-six, who is a teacher in the Lawrence street public school in Newark struck on her head on the macadamized road, crushing her skull and badly lacerating her face. She was picked up insensible and carried to the hotel, where she died half an hour later. Her sister Carrie, age twenty-six, who is a teacher in the Summer avenue school, was likewise unconscious when taken up. Dr. James S. Green after examining Miss Carrie, said that her case was serious, as she was suffering from concussion of the brain. She died a few hours later.

The third inmate of the carriage, Miss Lottie Tyler, escaped with a few slight bruises. The horses ran only a few hundred feet after the accident when they were stopped. The ladies were taken to Elizabeth, and the sister who had escaped was taken to her home heart-broken. The men who did the shooting will be arrested.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Special Term—The First Day's Work.

Court met at 2 P. M., on Monday, nothing having been done at the morning session on account of the late arrival of the train.

The first seven cases were either continued or attachments were issued for witnesses. In the case of Patrick Stanton against Charles Zimmerman a jury was called and sworn. The counsel for the defense stated that it was an appeal from the decision of a justice of the peace and that a question of jurisdiction would likely arise. The court asked to see the transcript of the Justice's record, and when he had examined it he ruled that on the face of the transcript the justice had no jurisdiction. The counsel for the plaintiff submitted to a judgment for non-suit with leave to move to strike off said judgment of non-suit whenever his client was prepared to commence the suit in court. The merits of the case were not entered into. The only point raised was as to the jurisdiction of the justice.

The next case called was that of Gallagher vs. Flynn Brothers. A jury was called and sworn, and the case had not been disposed of when court adjourned, Monday evening.

A FAMILY POISONED.

A Mysterious Affair—One of the Members Expected to Die Last Night.

About a week ago a family named Boyer, residing on the hill above Huber street in Conemaugh borough, near the Frankstown road, was attacked with mysterious and sudden illness. The family consists of father and mother, and two boys aged eight and six years. The family came here from Reading after the flood, and the husband has made a precarious living for them. Dr. W. E. Matthews was sent for and found them all ill, and has been attending them ever since. He thinks they are suffering from lead poisoning, as the patients have all the symptoms indicating that. The family has used quite a lot of canned goods. The water they use, however, comes from a very filthy well on the premises. The mother's right arm was paralyzed yesterday, and the others are affected in that way. Last evening it was thought the older boy would not live until this morning.

Valuable Addition to the Library.

The latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia (complete in eight volumes) have been added to the library of the Young Men's Christian Association, and serve as a valuable reference to many who have felt the need ever since the flood. The total number of books received thus far from friends reaches nearly six hundred, besides over \$100 cash. Books can be drawn for two weeks for \$2 a year. Since last public acknowledgement the following have been sent to the Association contributors: W. S. Hocking, city, one book; Daniel Baumer, city, two books; friend, through W. A. Stewart, city, two books; C. A. Frank, city, five books; Murphy & Company, Cleveland, O., cash \$5; the Beymer, Bauman Lead Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., cash \$10; through C. L. Weil's Massachusetts' friends, forty books; A. M. Slauson, New York City, thirty-three books; Miss Ella Humphreys, city, one book; J. T. Evans, city, two books; Will F. Lewis, city, five books; Miss Mamie Canan, from Pittsburgh friend, five books; Robert L. Shettle, York, Pa., cash \$5.

Mack's illustrated lecture on the Johnstown flood will be delivered at the Eintracht Hall, Bedford street, on Saturday evening next at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7:30.

MR. WILLIAM H. POTTS' DEATH.

The End Came Yesterday Afternoon About 2:30 O'Clock.

Mr. William H. Potts died at the residence of Mr. Andrew Beck, No. 498 Chapin street, Conemaugh borough, Tuesday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock.

Mr. Potts came here in 1879, when the Gaitier Mills were removed here from Jersey City. He was a roll turner by occupation, and for many years held the position of boss roll-turner at the Gaitier Mills. About two years after coming here he married Miss Ella, daughter of Mr. James K. Davis, of Conemaugh borough, who survives him. They had no children.

Prior to the flood Mr. and Mrs. Potts lived at No. 29 Maple avenue, Woodvale. Alarmed by the high water on the morning of May 21st they sought safety on the higher ground, thus escaping the deluge. Their home and all its contents were lost, and the excitement and hardships incident to living here after the flood bore too heavily on Mr. Potts' health, which for some time previous had been somewhat delicate. Since that great trial he grew steadily worse till, as stated, death ended all.

The deceased was a very popular and a much esteemed man. Few strangers coming to the city in so short a time had as many friends as he had. He was a gentleman of more than ordinary ability, having strong convictions, which he never feared to express.

SOMERSET'S NEW JAIL.

The Prisoners May be Transferred to the Keeping of the Cambria County Jailor.

The County Commissioners expect to begin the work of tearing down the old jail building by April 1st, so that Messrs. Davis, sub-contractors, can commence the erection of the new one on the present site. The Messrs. Davis have the contract for the brick and stone work, and are pushing right ahead with brick-making at their yard south of town and are having the heavy stone cut ready for laying. In the meantime the Commissioners are casting about to obtain a favorable contract for the keeping of the prisoners in the jail of one of our adjacent counties while the new jail is being built. The prisoners will be taken in all probability to either Ebensburg or Indiana.

Paid Up After Being Arrested.

Arnold Gloor, a saloon keeper and butcher of Cambria, owed Fisher & Co., a liquor debt of \$150. It was an ante-flood debt, and even after being notified several times by Mr. J. M. Shumaker, the Administrator of the estate of John Streum, of the firm of Fisher & Co. Gloor wanted a percentage off from the face of the debt and got troublesome in his delay to pay. He was sued and judgment was obtained against him. He disposed of all his effects here and was about ready to depart for Germany. He was arrested at the P. R. Station, charged with the intention of defrauding his creditor. He gave bail for his appearance at a hearing, but yesterday afternoon he came up town and paid Mr. Shumaker the full amount of the debt, and of course all action is estopped.

For Assembly.

In the proper column in the DEMOCRAT this morning the name of Mr. John E. Strayer appears as a candidate for the nomination for Assembly.

Mr. Strayer is well known throughout the county having been a candidate for this office four years ago, at which time he received a very large vote. To the people of Johnstown and vicinity he is known as a pushing, aggressive citizen, with his sympathies always on the side of the people. His ability to fill this position is fully recognized, and his fearlessness in advocating principles he believes to be right is a rare quality which will make him a strong candidate.

Indiana County Jurors.

Drawn for 4th week of March term, commencing Monday, March 24th.

Center, R. O. Allison, J. W. Baker; Rayne, W. M. Adamson; Cherryhill, W. A. Adams; Canoe, Simou Bowers, W. L. Lewis; White, Reuben Boreland; E. Wheatfield, Joseph Cramer, Joseph Mack, Sr.; E. Mahoning, James Caldwell, Jno. A. Mabon, John Clyde; N. Mahoning, David Cochran; Blainville, Jesse Cunningham, Devinney Ferguson, D. M. Fair; Washington, Clark Davis, William Wilson, J. C. Weaver; Buffington, W. A. Empfield, Jas. Fritz; Pine, A. W. Glenn, Michael Smith; Grant, James M. Gamble, Thomas Johnson, Benjamin McAfoose; Indiana, S. W. Guthrie, Alex. Gaston, J. L. Hile; Brush-valley, C. E. Hileman; Blacklick, Alex. Jamison; Homer City, Martin Kier; W. Mahoning, Aaron Lukehart; Conemaugh, George M. Sbirley; Montgomery, James Thompson; W. Indiana, S. M. Weaver, W. S. Young; Green, Evan Williams.

Injured at the Johnson Works.

John Klott, who works on the hot-bed in the rolling mill of the Johnson Company, at Moxham, met with an accident yesterday which might have terminated his life. He was walking between the hot-bed and the "curver" when a red-hot rail came out from the saw and struck him on the right leg, inflicting a fearful wound about ten inches long and three or four inches wide. Dr. Lowman attended the injured man. A man named Miller, who worked with Klott, said that if the rail had struck him squarely it would have certainly killed him.

A child's foot was found yesterday morning back of Honeymoon row on water street. The foot was in a spring-leaved button shoe. A search failed to discover any further remains.

NOVEL AND NEWSPAPER.

The Latter Said to Be Intrenching Upon the Former.

Very often we hear that this is the age of the novel, but quite as often do we hear that it is also the age of the newspaper. Slight observation would be needed to establish the truth of either statement. One has only to see the woful exhibit of pirated paper books on the stalls of hotels and railway stations for at least a partial understanding of the how fiction almost usurps, at present, the entire domain of belles-lettres; and with respect to the much belauded "enterprise" of journalism, what weightier evidence could be presented than that of the bulky quintuple and sextuple sheets which now and then rear their presumptuous little hillocks from our breakfast tables? In the latter it would appear as if all phases of life eventually find portrayal.

Though it may be iron in the soul of the novelist as yet, the newspaper has actually achieved a style. Grammar forsooth! We must look to our own verbs and nominatives nowadays, lest Printing House square prod our choicest prose with its pen and hold up before merciless throngs a hideous, wriggling blunder of whose existence we had not dreamed. Day after day we stare, wide eyed, upon certain "effects" lavishly thrown away, as we can't help calling it, on the merest ephemeral descriptions. And then we have a pang of envy when we tell ourselves that nervous and forcible writing can actually be accomplished, like this, by a man who knows he is of necessity only manufacturing "alms for oblivion."

We, the professional novelists, have grown so careful how we fling any previous bits of art into that huge and fathomless ocean of the "unassigned." We begin to look on the ethical side of the question, and to assure ourselves that this writing as well as a fellow can write, without caring a fig for any fame that may come of it, is a rather excellent straight jacket for the egotist. Then the modern journalist, by his calm capacity, wrought of drill and discipline, can waken in the sensitive man of letters a pang of shame. Here is our famous Robinson, pet of the publishers, who can't write, let us say, except with a certain kind of pen, at a certain kind of desk, seated on a certain kind of chair bottom and amid sepulchral silence. But with Jones, firm of nerve and unspoiled by daintiness, it is quite a different matter. He can reel you off his astonishingly good "copy" in a tiny little room that smells of sour paste and trembles with the cacophonies of the elevated.

Now that realism has gained such headway with the big public of novel readers, the newspaper is becoming all the more a rival of the fictionist. So close is the analogy between their productions that the reporter constantly speaks of his own and his comrades' work as a good or bad "story," and unquestionably so regards it. The instant that such effort as this deserves to be called literature, its challenge grows a more than formidable one. Not long ago I read in a New York newspaper a description of an execution on which, as it seemed to me, had been bestowed eloquence and care of a very striking kind. In their thirst for actuality, one is prone to ask why readers should not prefer literary power when thus expended upon narratives that are fragments of living fact. Beyond doubt a preference of the sort is augmenting, and one with its increase directly proportionate to the skill and strength of our developing journalists.

Any one who glances through a newspaper of the best character might be apt to pronounce it in some respects a unique and spirited story book. Its tales are treated with a reserve and dignity of expression that are no doubt the heritage bequeathed us by great dead stylists. At the same time they have nothing of the old fashioned "beginning, middle and end" about them. They sometimes "turn out" with all the dismal abruptness beloved by the Russian story tellers. There is too frequently neither a conventional hero nor heroine, and only a few grizzly glimpses of humanity serve to replace their absence. The stream of narration runs between ragged banks and with haphazard current, but we feel that it mirrors no imagined sky, and that the weeds trailing in its tides are a growth of no mythic meadows. When invested with authentic art these little histories make very pungent and memorable reading. Besides, if there be a cult, a wave of tendency, in their direction, all the more must they demand respectful heed.

It is not so very long ago that "plot" was an imperative essential in the English novel, and to this popular requirement Dickens again and again unhesitatingly, though often bunglingly, bowed. Thackeray, however, had from the first sneered at the ancient methods, and we all remember that passage in the early part of "Vanity Fair," where the humor now seems so cumbersome, and where he tells us that he might have made it a dark and tempestuous night instead of the sunshiny day in Mayfair that it had the commonplace misfortune really to be. For Thackeray, both to his frank devotees and his more rational observers, must be admitted as the first real English naturalist in fiction after Fielding.

The world moves along, in spite of certain well meant, if misdirected, efforts to the contrary. And no stronger proof of this could be brought forward than the way in which naturalistic novel writing is today being justified and confirmed as a desired and prized form of art by the tendency of the modern newspaper.

Will it also, in the course of time, be eclipsed by the newspaper as well? I confess that I sometimes tremble for the craft of which I am an earnest, if humble, representative, when I see with what force and finish a thousand topics are treated. * * * Innumerable actors in the immense human comedy are sketched with vivid fidelity and sometimes appealing power. One can imagine Balzac himself reading with amazement and admiration a file of our modern newspaper. —Edgar Fawcett in Belford's Magazine.

Not Disposed to Invest.

We meet some queer people among the many who are constantly flitting into and out of this store, but an old man and his wife, upon whom I waited a few days ago, took the prize for pure, unadulterated simplicity. The couple were evidently on their first visit from the country. When I approached them the old lady, who was undoubtedly master of ceremonies, stated that they wanted to purchase a soup tureen.

"Do you want plated ware or silver?" I asked. "Solid silver, ter be sure, the woman responded, with a glance that, had I been anybody else than a salesman, would have frozen me.

"After seeing a number of desigs the old lady decided upon one and inquired the price.

"One hundred and twenty dollars, I answered, as I called to a boy to take the article to the shipping room. "What!" she almost screamed. "One hundred and twenty dollars for that? Wall, I swan!" For a few minutes they gazed at me, as if I had expressed an intention of robbing them, after which they conferred together. Presently the old gentleman turned around, and in a quivering voice said he guessed they'd better buy a plated tureen, as that was just as good.

We have several dozen designs in plated ware in stock, and after critically examining each one the old lady plucked up courage enough to ask the price of one that had only recently been produced, and was selling for \$18. When I mentioned the price, she looked blankly at her husband and said she guessed we didn't have anything to suit them. As they were going out of the store, I overheard the remark, "What mighty dear stores these in New York are, ter be sure. I wouldn't pay mor'n \$3 for a soup tureen—no, not if it was the only one in the country."—Jewelers Weekly.

Bounce in the Long Ago.

Hon. William Gould, of Windham, in a letter to The Portland Press, gives an account of Ransom, who in the first years of the present century came to Portland and pretended to be able to transmute metals. From lead found on a small island near Freeport he obtained silver. He had his crucibles and other apparatus in a shop on Exchange street. Several reputable citizens were deceived and fleeced. It was finally proposed that he be watched, and a hole was bored over his private room. It was found that he rolled up a pistareen, a coin worth twenty cents, and inserted it in the end of the wad with which he stirred the molten contents of his crucible.

It had been noticed as a curious fact that the ingot he found in his crucible was invariably of the value of a fifth of a dollar. One of the ingredients on which he relied was May dew, and he offered a high price for its collection. Country people brought in such large quantities of this dew that he was at first appalled. But he got out of it by testing the dew and asserting that the sun had shone on some part of it and spoiled the whole. The water it had cost such labor to gather was poured into the gutter. He was brought to trial and strong efforts were made to have him exhibited in the pillory, but he escaped punishment. —Lewiston Journal.

Bewitched Milk.

F. S. Bean, a former Oxford dean, now residing in Cadott, Wis., communicates a strange tale of an old Oxford county superstition to The Norway Advertiser. He says that when he was a lad the people of his neighborhood used to believe that an old woman living there was a witch. She became provoked with a neighbor because the latter refused to sell her a cow, and thereafter no butter could be made from that cow's milk. No matter how long they churned, the butter would not come. As the story goes, a girl in the family had possessed by dropping a red hot horseshoe in the churn with the cream. She tried the experiment, whereupon she declared that a scream issued from the churn! The butter soon came, and a scar in the shape of a horseshoe was afterwards seen on the old woman's person by some imaginative observer. "When I was a boy, I believed the story, but my faith is somewhat shaken now," says Mr. Bean.

Where Some Rags Go.

Housewives must often have wondered where all the rags go to after they pass into the wagon of any one of the several hundred ragmen who pass through the alleys with their monotonous cries. These gatherers of old rags take them to warehouses where they are bought in bulk, and then assorted by girls according to quality. There was a time when most of the rags were sent to paper mills. Now a very small proportion of rags are made into paper, straw and clay being the chief ingredients. Fine linen paper, so called, is made of rags. Ninety per cent. of the rags collected, however, go into the manufacture of "shoddy," of which cheap ready made clothing is manufactured. This stuff is now made up into the brightest and most attractive patterns, and can only be told when new from wool by the expert, and by experience with the wearer.—Clothing Man in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Long Lived Doctors.

Physicians appear to conform quite generally to the familiar injunction to heal themselves, save where the complaint is old age. The average age of the decedents of the Massachusetts Medical society during the year 1889 reached the high figure of sixty-eight years and a half, which comes very close to the span of life allotted to man by the psalmist.—Boston Herald.

A Contest of Colors.

Up in the red man's country, in which representatives of nearly all races appear to have congregated, there was a fistic contest between Messrs. Blue and White, and strangely enough they were both black. The black men were arrested by a red man and tried before a white man. It was not a war of races or of color.—Galveston News.

Let quality, not quantity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend it as the surest and most economical blood medicine in the market.

Lady—Yes, I know what you want badly, but I have only one bar of soap in the house, and the servant is using it. Come again some other time.—N. Y. Sun.

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With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume recommend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, prevents its color from fading, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Abington, Mass.

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REPORTED SEPTEMBER 12, 1870

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