

LETTER FROM THE IRISH SCHOLAR.

He Writes as Follows to a Former Fellow Workman: NEW CASTLE, GARFIELD CO., COLO., February 20, 1890.

Mr. John Hitchens: My DEAR FRIEND.—It is with feelings of pleasure and with thanks to you for your kind remembrance that I received your favor of the 3d inst. I am happy to hear that some of my old friends in dear old and never-to-be-forgotten Johnstown are not oblivious of me; to one and all of these you will convey my kind regards.

I will now endeavor to give you a synopsis of my journey and location in these wild regions of the far west. I left Johnstown on Friday, December 21st at 8:30 p. m., my first objective point being Pittsburgh, whence I booked for St. Louis; my half-exhausted funds being insufficient to bear me any farther. Here I was detained for two days, when I was fortunate enough to hear that an emigrant board was established there forwarding emigrants westward but not east. I made application and succeeded in getting a pass to Denver and \$5 in cash to boot. A daughter of mine resides in that city, whose husband is employed on the cable cars. I stayed there a couple of days to recruit myself after a tedious and uninteresting journey of four days and as many nights of actual travel. This daughter, who has no family, presented me a silver watch that cost \$37.

I once more resumed my journey, having yet 280 miles ahead of me; and after a stay of a day or two in Leadville, finally reached my destination here on the 2d ult. My son-in-law and son, who are in the pulp ranching, reside five miles from the town of New Castle in a mountain gorge, surrounded by lofty and precipitous offshoots of the Rocky Mountain chain, whose summits are buried in clouds, attaining an elevation of 13,000 feet.

We led a romantic life of perfect seclusion from the outer world, an excellent abode for a hermit, isolated from civilization or the consolation of religion—another picture of Robinson Crusoe in his desert island. These mountains abound in vast herds of deer, elk and antelope. It is nothing to meet 1,000 in a herd. Beasts of prey are numerous, mountain lions, bears, and coyotes, a species of wolf which go in flocks, whose ravages among the ranks of calves and foals are most terrible in winter. Hunters are engaged in shooting them. These hunters get a bounty of \$10 for a lion and \$5 for a coyote. We have a regular armament here, consisting of two repeating rifles, capable of discharging 150 shots per minute, two seven shooters (revolvers) and a double barrel shot gun of which I make use.

Though ranching is a nomadic and disagreeable occupation in the winter, the whole life of the cowboy being spent in the saddle, yet it is a lucrative employment, as stock increases with surprising fecundity, my people having got over 150 calves for the last six months. My son-in-law, who is engaged in this business for the last seven years, has realized \$30,000, and states that he will not quit till he accumulates \$100,000, when he will get into business; and as he is now fully stocked, it will not take him many years to attain the result. Exclusive of his cattle he has about 100 horses; his combined stock and that of my son is very little short of 1,500 head of cattle. Here is where Mosby could make a fortune by dealing in horses, and he could locate a ranch at very little expense.

Though at such an altitude it is mysterious what a subtlety is in the atmosphere. I have not yet seen a morning since my advent here that I could not go out in my shirt sleeves and remain for hours in the free air without feeling cold. Invalids are sent here under medical advice for the recuperation of their health. The Colorado boiling springs are only fifteen miles from here, emitting jets of hot water at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, like the geysers of Iceland. I believe the infernal regions are not far from here, and I have to correct an error, so prevalent in the East, that the cowboys are a pack of demons. No such thing. I have come in contact with several, this house of my son-in-law being a kind of headquarters of theirs, where they claim a night's lodging without formality as a matter of course after their tedious journeys of several days in the mountains. I find them jolly, agreeable fellows, devil-may-care like, and generous to a fault, sharing their last dollar and the remnants of their food with their brethren. They are most grotesque in their appearance, their apparel consisting of a broad-leaved white hat, a tight fitting short body coat, with moccasins or red leather leggings reaching above the hips. Thus attired, with a repeating rifle and a pair of blankets slung across the shoulders and a seven shooter in a scabbard slung to the side, they are formidable enemies to encounter, if provoked; otherwise they are peaceable and unoffending. They ride their horses without shoes and climb mountains scarcely accessible to goats.

I guess you'll feel tired of my narrative before you get through, so I will conclude by requesting you will be kind enough to send me a few papers occasionally, as we have very little other enjoyment here but the pleasure of reading a book or a newspaper when we can get one. Drink is out of the question, being so distant from town and so infernally dear that a man can't afford to buy it. Ale is fifteen cents a glass, and whisky twenty cents. I must send by express to Johnstown for half a gallon when I get richer. I am glad you are under my old and best of friends, Paul. I have writ-

ten to him, but as yet got no reply. Write soon and send all the news of the day. Your sincere friend, PATRICK SULLIVAN.

One of the cowboys of the Black Mountains of Colorado. P. S.—I am beginning to enjoy this primitive life. When acclimatized and naturalized they tell me I am likely to enjoy it better. P. S.

A Valuable Endorsement.

The New York Tribune after speaking of another work on the Johnstown flood says the following: "The Story of Johnstown" is the title of another and more ambitious volume, prepared by J. J. Mc-Lauren, editor of the Harrisburg Telegraph, and published by James M. Place, Harrisburg. It is illustrated by a number of well-known artists from original designs, sketches and photographs. Mr. Mc-Lauren has done justice to a story theme. The pathos and the awfulness of the catastrophe are fully emphasized, as also the brighter phases which succeeded, when all the world comes to the relief of the suffering survivors. This narrative includes a full list of the dead and a mass of interesting details relating to their families. It must become an invaluable work of reference and record to all who were connected, directly or indirectly, with the great flood. The volume is handsomely printed and bound and is a credit to the author, illustrators and publisher.

Where Did Fisher Bury His \$60,000.

Some few weeks ago Robert Fisher, a prominent farmer of Spencer county, died, and now his heirs are searching for \$60,000 in Spencer county bonds which are missing. It seems that Mr. Fisher had, several months previous to his death, buried a jar in the cellar containing the bonds, and had not confided the secret of his buried treasure to any one save his brother, James Fisher. The day after the funeral Mr. Fisher went to the home of his brother and told his sister-in-law of the county orders buried in the cellar, and they went together to look for them. They found the jar buried, as the dead man described to his brother, but, much to their surprise it was empty. Of course it is not known whether the county orders were stolen or the old gentleman, after telling his brother where they were buried, had concluded to move them. At any rate, they are missing, and the most diligent search of the premises has failed to develop any clue to their whereabouts.

Emergency Trains.

Emergency trains are a new feature of the Pennsylvania Railroad management. Whenever any one or a number of travelers cannot wait for a regular train an extra one is started out at a great speed, the frequency and cost being regulated only by the willingness to pay for the extraordinary service. Before an emergency train is started out every station on the divisions of the road over which the train is to run, and every signal operator, must be notified of it, the number of locomotives given, the time on which it is run, and every train in the path of the emergency train is notified at the first station it reaches that such a train is on the road, and if it is an urgent case all regular trains must keep out of its way. All this is accomplished by the free use of the telegraph, and in a very few minutes.

For County Commissioner.

Mr. John Campbell, of Conemaugh borough, announces himself to-day as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election. Mr. Campbell is at present one of the Commissioners, and has had large experience in that office. He is one of the most popular county officers with the people we have ever had. He has always been an earnest and active Democrat, and has rendered his party valuable political service. If nominated he will be elected by a large majority.

For County Auditor.

Mr. E. J. Blough, of the Seventh ward, Johnstown, announces himself as a candidate for County Auditor. Mr. Blough is competent and would make a strong nominee. He served a term as Jury Commissioner, and performed his duties creditably. He is a consistent Democrat and takes an active interest in political affairs. He is worthy the favorable consideration of the Democracy.

Presence of Mind.

A young ostrich came to its mother, groaning with pain and with its wings tightly crossed upon its stomach. "What have you been eating?" the mother asked with solicitude. "Nothing but a keg of nails," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the mother. "A whole keg of nails at your age! Why, you will kill yourself that way. Go quickly, my child, and swallow a hammer."

A tramp printer who wanted to go from Birmingham to Atlanta, slipped into a freight car, and there fell asleep, out of which he was awakened by the tramping and snorting of mules driven into it. Escape he could not, and the mules objected to his company, emphasizing the fact by firing their heels at him. For safety he vaulted to the back of a great gray creature, which promptly landed him against the roof of the car. He came down on the neck of a second mule with like results. Again and again the miserable printer tried, and at the fifth effort found a mule docile enough to bear his weight. There he sat, astride that brute for a day and a night.

The Swank Hardware Company yesterday removed into their new building on Bedford street, near Main.

OF THE COUNT DE PARIS.

HE MAY CONCLUDE TO VISIT AMERICA'S SHORE.

George L. Kilmer Writes of a Royal Frenchman Who Was a Brave Soldier on the Federal Side During the Civil War in the United States.

(Copyright, 1890.)

The cable news from Lisbon to the effect that Count de Paris, a Bourbon heir to the French throne, who is doubly exiled by the Anglo-Portuguese broil, may visit America recalls the very unique career of one who, born a monarch, has been at once the friend and the victim of democratic principles. He is the head of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, and whilst so honored by the French Legitimists in the third Napoleon's time, he fought bravely for the perpetuity of the American republic. The French Republicans banished him in his boyhood, 1848, and again four years ago, for his accident of birth, and now the Republican demonstrations in Portugal threaten his peace in his temporary asylum there and also compromise his relations with England, where he has passed the most of his exile in an established home at Tunbridge Wells.

As an able and candid historian of the civil war, Count de Paris will be known to military students and readers probably better than any contemporary writer on the war, but many fireside tales will be found embellished with accounts of his personal deeds and adventures when he wore the Yankee blue. American boys, be they ever so democratic, lose no chance to run after a real prince, just to have a look at royalty if no more. Princes have cut great figures in the world's history, as all boys know, and for want of a home production we are compelled to look to foreigners for specimens. The announcement to the Union Army of the Potomac that two Bourbon princes, countrymen of Lafayette and educated European soldiers at that, had put on the American uniform to serve as aids-de-camp to McClellan, created a stir in the breasts of the enthusiastic boys of '61, who, above all things, wanted to go to war in good company.

The writer first saw the princes distinctly at the front on the peninsula in the spring of 1862. My regiment was not in the Yorktown and Williamsburg campaign, having served in detached operations under Gen. Franklin on the York river, and joined the body of the main army half way up the peninsula toward Richmond on the 15th of May. That evening McClellan and staff passed our camp in full war harness, having just come in from the battlefield at Williamsburg, and knowing of the presence in the cavalcade of the royal personages I set out to gratify my curiosity, fully expecting to find some strawberry mark in the way of outward insignia to tell me when highness was in view. There was none. The commander and his aids were dressed in plain blue regulation style.

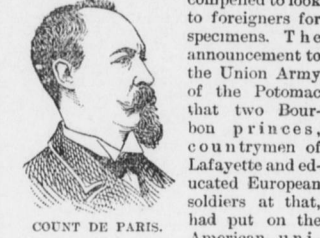
One Prince de Joinville, the uncle and counselor to the soldier princes, who rode with headquarters, was in civilian costume and but slightly distinguishable in dress from any of the civilians of the staff. The others, Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, and Robert d'Orleans, Duc de Chartres, were in the uniform of their rank, which was that of captain. Viewed closely, as I afterward found opportunity to see them, they had an unmistakable foreign air, not to say an unusual one for men in their position. They were self possessed and easy mannered, and were earnest and active, without betraying anxiety or eagerness. These characteristics, together with their custom of having separate quarters and mess, and of being much together when the army was quietly in camp, and being attended by a personal suite wearing a peculiar dress, soon made the members of the party distinguishable under all circumstances.

During the movements of the Seven Days' battles circumstances threw me very close to the royal group off by itself at the general headquarters, when the princes and McClellan were in consultation, as it afterward proved, regarding their withdrawal from the service, which took place then and there owing to possible complications between the United States and France about the affairs of the rebellion. They left the army in fact within a few hours and immediately returned to Europe. The Count de Paris, then 22 years of age, was a noble looking soldier. His full, smoothly cropped beard added to the manliness of his appearance. The Duke de Chartres, his brother, was a beardless boy of 20 and could be very impulsive and boyish under provocation.

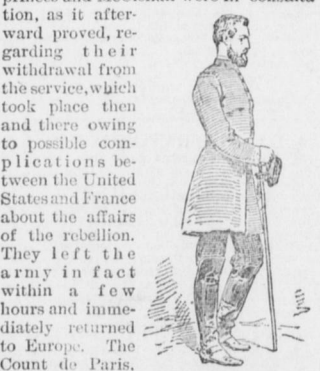
At this time he had drawn himself away from his companions to indulge in a fit of sulks because the decision that the princes leave the army at once spoiled an adventure he had on foot that very night—a cavalry dash which he purposed to lead into the Confederate lines. The record made by each in the campaign was a soldierly one, but the count distinguished himself by gravity of bearing combined with unflinching bravery rather than by brilliancy of exploit. His life even then had been full of pathos.

When he was 10 years old his widowed

mother took him before the French chamber of deputies the day his grandfather's (Louis Philippe) throne was burned in the public square outside the royal palace and the monarchy overthrown, to have him declared king of France. The national guard, which had been summoned to sustain the tottering monarch, had answered with the slogan of the revolutionists, "Viva la reforme!" The streets were full of barricades, and when the deputies were about to announce a regency, with the 10-year-old lad as sovereign, the mob broke into the hall, and the mother of the princes fled with them to save their lives. A few weeks later the general assembly of republican France passed a decree of perpetual exile against the Orleans family and confiscated its estates. The count was educated partly in Germany and partly in England, where the Orleans family found an asylum after the banishment. Before coming to America in 1861 he traveled through the east. After leaving the Union army in 1862, the soldier prince returned to England, and during the Franco-Prussian war was



COUNT DE PARIS.



COUNT DE PARIS IN WAR TIME.

study of the systems of organized aid for the suffering workmen, and published an article entitled "Christmas Week in Lancashire," describing the social conditions of that time. This was published in the Revue des Deux Mondes over the name of Eugene Forcade, as the imperial government would not permit it to appear over his proper title. Continuing this line of investigation, the count published, in 1869, a work entitled "Trades Unions in England."

In a chapter of this work he gave his views upon the function of government, advocating the broadest political liberty, an entirely free press and the unlimited right to form associations, to meet and discuss political, social and economical questions in the clear light of open day. This he considered the best means of preventing those explosions of popular passion which have so often shaken Europe. Repression, he thinks, drives men into secret combinations and fosters passionate hatred. Extreme views, if expressed, could be corrected. He favors profit sharing with employees.

In other writings, public and private, since his return to Europe, the count has discussed Germany and France. Germany, he declared, must become a colonial and a naval power, and to satisfy its new ambition seek to gain control of Holland. In a private letter written during the Franco-Prussian war he said that France had "to fear two dangers: Anarchy and Caesarism. Whatever government will preserve us from them will be the one we should take and keep, be it republic or monarchy."

The count is an officer of the territorial army of France, and performs his duties whenever he is permitted to reside in France. His country estates are on the coast of Normandy, near Dieppe.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

EL PERAL.

The Spanish Boat Which Navigates Below the Water's Surface.

When Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which Capt. Nemo navigates in his wonderful boat under the surface of the water, every one regarded it as a splendid piece of imagination, but few, if any, supposed such a boat practicable. This, however, is an age in which the imaginative writer finds it difficult to keep ahead of reality. Lieut. Peral, of the Spanish navy, has built a boat which closely resembles the cigar shaped submarine vessel whose picture appears in the volume written by Jules Verne.

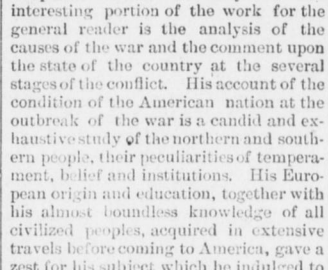
It was about five years ago that Lieut. Peral conceived his idea, but kept his main a secret. A war becoming imminent, he revealed them to the Spanish minister of marine, and a commission appointed for the purpose of examining them having approved them, the Petral was built at the arsenal of Carraca and launched in September, 1888. She is cigar shaped, measures 74 feet from stem to stern and 9 1/2 feet broad. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries. The Petral is a torpedo boat and fitted with complete torpedo gear. The steering apparatus is in a conning tower in the middle in which the helmsman obtains a view of all about by means of reflecting mirrors. What the internal machinery is is kept secret.

Several tests have been made, in one of which the Petral went down like a whale and remained under water forty-five minutes, attaining a speed of six knots an hour. Against such a torpedo boat no vessel, however powerful and well equipped, can stand.

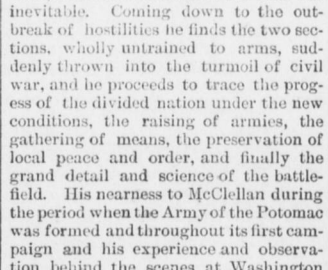
Solicitor General Taft.

Judge William H. Taft, who has been appointed solicitor general of the United States, vies Orlow Chapman, deceased, is a very young man for so important a position, being but 30 years of age. He is the son of Alphonso Taft, who was United States minister to Russia and Austria, and had been Attorney General under President Grant and for a time Secretary of War.

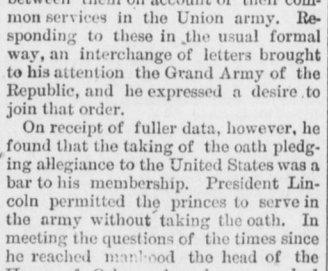
The son, William H. Taft, was graduated at Yale, and studied law. He soon became assistant prosecutor of Hamilton county, Ohio, and was appointed to this office to be internal revenue collector by President Arthur. Mr. Taft preferred the law, and resigned the office to become assistant county solicitor. When Judge Harman resigned from the superior bench young Taft was appointed for the unexpired term, and then elected to the office. He is a hard worker, a brilliant man, and is of fine physique.



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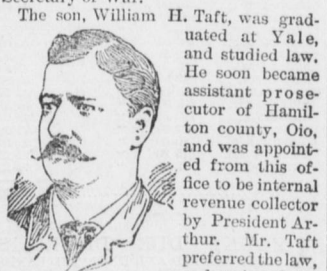
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WILLIAM H. TAFT.

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 a goodly medicine for a while, thinking this would be the best. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed, and health was restored. It returned." —J. J. Armstrong, Dallas, Texas. "I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable medicine for all kinds of blood diseases. I have used it and it does the work every time." —L. Pator, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas. "We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." —W. T. McLean, Druggist, August, 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! or 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 vexed 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 off 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."

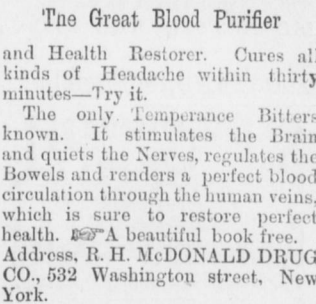
"Well, that doesn't concern us. Who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes when they were only bilious? No matter! I was only going to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body out of order;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

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of biliousness, 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 pay 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.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES

One of the BEST FREE escapes in a lifetime. The world is full of people who are not satisfied with their lot, and who are looking for a better one. They are not satisfied with their lot, and who are looking for a better one. They are not satisfied with their lot, and who are looking for a better one.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Conrad Baker, deceased. Letters of Administration of the estate of Conrad Baker, late of Johnstown borough, county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all those knowing themselves indebted to said estate to present their claims to the undersigned, and those having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement to CATHARINE BAKER, Administrator, Horner street, City.