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L. D. WOODRUFF, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY MARCH 28, 1890.

WHAT Johnstown needs at present is government aid to clean out and widen the streams at that city. Certainly it is as much entitled to this aid as dozens of places which have received substantial recognition.—Altoona Tribune.

WHILE in 1889 the number of homicides in the Eastern States did not exceed an annual average of one to every 150,000 of their population, in California there was one homicide to every 3,377 of the population. During the same year there was in San Francisco alone one homicide to every 6,881 of the population.

A NEW French law bestows certain advantages on fathers of more than seven children. The resulting inquiry shows that there are 2,000,000 households in France in which there has been no child; 2,500,000 with one; 2,300,000 with two children; 1,500,000 with three; about 1,000,000 with four; 550,000 with five; 320,000 with six; and 200,000 with seven or more.

LAWRENCE HUTTON will contribute to the number of Harper's Bazar to be published March 28th an article on "The First American Society Play," accompanied with a portrait of the dramatic author and distinguished actress of the period to which he refers, Anna Cora Ritchie Mowatt. The same number will contain a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, together with a sketch of her by R. D. Nald.

The Department of Agriculture reports that farmers have still in their hands 970,000 bushels of corn and 156,000,000 bushels of wheat—almost half the whole crop in the first instance and almost a third of it in the second. The stock of corn on hand is the largest ever reported in March of the largest crop after the mildest winter.

The average of eight annual returns is 677,000,000 bushels; that of last year 787,000,000 bushels. The estimated consumption to March 1st is 1,143,000,000 bushels, a figure exceeded only last year, and in 1886. The proportion of merchantable corn of crop of 1889 is \$5.7 per cent. exceeded in recent years only by those of 1884 and 1886. The average value of all corn on the 1st of December was 28.3 cents per bushel. The average on the 1st of March was 27.9 cents per bushel, making an aggregate of value \$35,000,000 less than the December estimate.

A POLITICAL CRIME.

The stealing of Cambria county from General D. H. Hastings and placing it in the hands of Dehanater, was a political crime unprecedented in the history of politics in the Northern States, and was only equalled by the many political crimes perpetrated in the South during the reconstruction period after the war. In reading the graphic and truthful details as published, after a thorough investigation by one of the editorial staff of the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, the average citizen is almost forced to say there can be no honor in politics, and the less good citizens have to do with party politics the better it will be for their reputations. Such at least would seem to be the case with Republican politics in Cambria county. Was there ever such an expose of corrupt and dishonorable, high handed and demoralizing, politics? Can such things be and not excite our wonder and indignation? Is it possible that fair minded people of any party will tamely and sulkily submit to this great wrong and political outrage? We know not.

ONE CLASS OF GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

Commenting on the new postal card and the method of letting the contract for the same the Pittsburgh Dispatch says: "The universal testimony, both of administration organs and of the opposition, is that the new postal cards are about the poorest specimens of their class ever furnished to the Government. If only the Democratic papers made the charge it might be regarded as libel by partisan prejudice. But when it is supported by so steady a Republican organ as the New York Press with a comparison of the cards to blotting paper, there is not much room for doubt that the work is decidedly inferior.

It is a cogent fact that the contract for the postal cards was awarded to a well-known New York politician, and there does not seem to be much concealment about the former fact that it was given as a reward for political services. Of course, in that case, the poor quality of the postal cards is inevitable. If Mr. Daggett should give the full worth of the money that he gets for his cards, in the quality of the cards, he could not obtain any profit for his political services. He would just get the ordinary profit that the non-political contractor does, and that any industrious and intelligent man can make in business. That would make the business of politics wholly unprofitable and sadly mar the working quality of party machines.

But the moral is not the less obvious for these controlling considerations. When Government work is awarded as a return for political services, the quality of the work done for the people is certain to suffer. And thus the interest of the brave, free, generous, and patriotic American people are cared for by one branch of the Government, under the management of a Sunday School Superintendent, who gives the public a blotter that a political debt may be paid.

INTERVIEWED MARY ANDERSON.

How a Reporter Played the Part of a Bell Boy and Scored a Beat.

Among the well known men about town in Brooklyn is Frank Cooper, who at one time promised to be Bartley Campbell's right bower. Mr. Cooper was formerly a Chicago newspaper reporter, and it was while acting in that capacity that he had a very singular adventure. At the time Mr. Cooper was very young and very ambitious to shine in his profession, and when Mary Anderson, who was then the craze of the theatrical world, reached town, he thought he saw his chance to ascend the first few rungs of the ladder of fame. He would interview the noted actress.

This decision was reached in an instant, but many days passed before the project was put into execution. Miss Anderson's stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, was keeping his precious charge far from the interviewer—in those days. Mr. Cooper finally decided to apply for the honorable position of bell boy in the hotel at which the Anderson party stopped. His youthful appearance helped him and he soon donned the appropriate uniform. Then he lay in wait for a ring from Miss Anderson's room. For over twelve hours he dashed about on errands and carried pitchers of ice water and glasses filled with something stronger before Miss Anderson made up her mind that she wanted anything. Then the little flap covering the number of her room dropped with a click. Cooper had his eye on it, and almost before the clerk could cry "Front!" he was at the desk.

"Number So and So!" said the clerk, "quick." The messenger needed no urging, but flew up the stairs. His magnet wanted a scuffle of coal and down Cooper rushed. The next minute he was knocking at Miss Anderson's door with one hand and holding the bucket with the other. Once inside he made for the open grate, but in his nervousness he spilled most of the coal on the carpet. Then he sat down in the midst of the ruin he had wrought and looking up found the actress standing over him.

"What do you think of the future of the stage?" burst from his lips.

Miss Anderson was impressed with the humorous side of the situation at once and began laughing. This reassured the disguised reporter, and in a few minutes he was carrying on a discussion with the actress on matters pertaining to her art. This lasted for some time, Miss Anderson expressing great surprise at the knowledge displayed by a bell boy, and Cooper got an interview that all the old hands in town had despaired of being able to procure. How he got out of the room, he says, he never knew, but when he reached the office he threw up his job and rushed for his desk in the city department of a local paper. The next day his interview and a description of the scene appeared. It was the talk of the hour. It was copied far and wide, and the author was assured that his future would be a bright one.

The next day he paid for his temerity. His chief, the late Samuel Medill, a brother of the present owner of the paper in question, was so tickled at the "beat" he had obtained that he insisted that Cooper should meet Dr. Griffin. So that night he took the youthful imposter down to the hotel, and, sending for Dr. Griffin, formally presented him. For a full minute Dr. Griffin looked the reporter straight in the eye, and then, drawing back his hand, struck him in the face. The blow was a hard one, and Cooper reeled and would have fallen to the floor had not Mr. Medill caught him. Before anything could be done Dr. Griffin had turned and left the room, and Mr. Cooper never saw him again.—New York Times.

The Weakness of Tall Men.

Tall men, as a rule, have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, smaller than they ought to be—with the natural result that they are unable to bear fatigue, or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men more harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march the tall men usually fall out first or succumb to campaigning, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between five feet five inches and five feet eight or nine inches is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of life.—New York Telegram.

Over \$300,000 for Postage Stamps.

The most valuable of all private collections belongs to M. Philippe de Ferrari, of the Galliera family, who regularly attends the Paris mart to enrich his album. This family souvenir has already cost more than three hundred thousand dollars, or a million and a half of francs. The acquisition of stamps seems to be the only object for which M. Ferrari considered his mother's millions good enough to be spent, for he has been known to pay from \$300 to \$500 for a collection from which he wanted only a single stamp.—Paris Letter.

A Sentence Containing the Alphabet.

Noticing in one of your recent issues a short paragraph relative to the shortest sentence in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet, I would like to submit the following:

J. F. Grave, pack with my box six dozen quills. The above sentence contains thirty-four letters and ten words only.—Cor. New York Evening Sun.

Senator Vance says a constituent of his in a pine woods district of North Carolina, to whom he sent a copy of one of the patent office annual reports, spoke to him of the occurrence in this way: "General, I got them speeches o' yours, but I couldn't read 'em through. Thar war a leetle too much Whig doctrin' into 'em."

A bad habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralizing effect than public ones.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ENGLISH.

Suggestions About Words That May Be Improved by Simpler Spelling.

We need not go the length of the fanatics of phoneticism (who would spell wife yf, knee nee, and write eye in the same manner as the personal pronoun I) to desire a change in the spelling of many English words which are a stumbling block to foreigners as well as to natives. The instances of "plough," "though," "enough," "borough," "cough," "dough," "ought," in which seven words the letters ought to have seven different sounds, are more than sufficient to prove that a reformation in spelling is highly desirable, and that plough out to be written and printed plow; through, thru or throo; enough, enuf; borough, burrow or burro; cough, cawf; dough, doe, and ought, aut or ort with the r quiescent.

In like manner the verb "to do" ought to be written "to du" or "to doo," and the past tense of "to read" ought not to be spelled in exactly the same manner as the present tense of the same verb; but I did red (pronounced I redd) should be written phonetically; and I did eat (pronounced I ett, or I ate) should follow the same rule. Why the double I should necessarily be employed in the words spell, well, bell, smell, fell, and many others, while one I is considered sufficient in rebel, propel, excel, rebel, expel, etc., is not apparent to ordinary intelligence, or explicable by any philological and etymological reasons.

Why English writers, talkers and printers should persist in ignoring the past tenses of so many verbs in daily use passes comprehension, so needless and so anomalous is the lazy and incorrect habit into which some good writers, as well as the vulgar, have permitted themselves to fall. "I bid him do it now," is correct, but "I bid him do it yesterday," in which the present tense is used instead of bade in the past, is an indefensible corruption. Among the verbs which have been deprived of their past tenses and their preterites may be specified to bet, to beat, to let, to spread, to shed, to cut, to put and to shut.

There are no grammatical or any other reasons why they should not have been among the verbs which have inflections in other languages, but never had in English, though they ought to have had if intelligent grammarians had had the original ordering of the language. "Can" and "must" have not even the infinitive "to can" and "to must." "Can" has a past tense ("could"), but no future, which can only be rendered by the paraphrase "I shall be able" or "it will be in my power." "Must" has neither a past nor a future—"I must do it today" has to be put into the past tense by the roundabout locution, "I was obliged to do it," or "It was necessary that I should do it," while the future of the verb fallow, which, in the corresponding case, in the more precise language of the French, is in fact, becoming il faudra in the future, is in English only to be expressed by a paraphrase, expressive both of compulsion and obligation in futurity.—Nineteenth Century.

Mr. Hutchinson's Photograph.

The cuts printed in some of the newspapers and labeled "B. P. Hutchinson" were made from sketches taken on the run. Not one of them does him justice, while some of them are little less than caricatures. The sketches, I dare say, were made when he was hurrying in his business or when he was annoyed. Mr. Hutchinson has no photograph of himself. Whether he ever had one made or not I do not know. But I have it from his own lips that he hasn't a photograph, or a painting, or a picture of any kind of himself in existence. A gentleman asked him one day when they were at lunch if he had never had a picture taken when he was a boy. Mr. Hutchinson's reply was: "When I was a boy I had no time for any foolishness of that sort."—Chicago Times.

Love and Transfusion of Blood.

Four years ago Frederick Ayres, of Racine, Wis., became infatuated with the lady who is now his wife, but she preferred some one else. He made way for her more favored suitor. A few days after her engagement she became ill and grew worse rapidly. It was finally decided that the only thing that could save her was the transfusion of blood. Her favored suitor was sorry, but he thought he needed all the blood he had in his system. Ayres offered himself, and the operation was performed with successful results. The engagement was broken, and six months afterward Ayres married the woman.—Chicago Times.

A New White Pitch.

A new white pitch for shipbuilders has been introduced, which, it is claimed, supersedes the present laborious, expensive and inefficient method of white deck seams by working putty into the seams with a knife. The peculiarity of the white pitch is that it is the only material hitherto introduced of a white color that can be run into deck seams in a hot state like ordinary pitch. The material is especially suitable for hot climates, as it will stand a sun heat which would cause ordinary pitch to melt out of the seams.—Philadelphia Record.

Art Notes.

Some of the pot boilers to be seen in our art stores and in private collections show so plainly why they were painted that one cannot help thinking a kitchen stove should go with every specimen.

Pictures are improving in Pittsburg. So are frames, and if the artists do not take care, the carver and gilder will soon be in a position to demand that pictures shall be painted to suit their frames, instead of the other way.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country seat, was invaded one day by a little olive colored man, making many gestures and talking a strange jargon; so the servants arrested him as a maniac and possible assassin. Mr. Gladstone was summoned to see the wretch, who turned out to be a Greek professor, speaking no English, who had come all the way from Athens to congratulate the British statesman on knowing Homer's "Iliad" by heart.

Theatrical Superstition.

The superstition of actors and actresses extends to all the smallest minutiae of their business, and one peculiar fact with many of them is to seek out some little, insignificant shop in some unfrequented locality where they can buy their wigs, their footwear, their powder and paint, and so on. Happy is he or she who can discover some such place that has been little known before, for is it not an augury of good fortune? Many theatrical people abjure entirely the large and well known establishments that deal in the theatrical supplies and give their patronage to less pretentious places down town.

There is a sort of Freemasonry in the profession by which the news of the finding of these small shops is passed from ear to ear, so that a considerable patronage in time accrues to the lucky proprietor. On the other hand, there are those who are more selfishly inclined and keep their lucky "finds" to themselves as far as possible, believing that the "spell" will be broken if they say much about it or advertise it even to their friends.—New York Star.

The Charm of Music.

A new mode of calming the nerves was one resorted to by a little girl who had to have two large teeth extracted. The dentist who was to pull the teeth has a piano in his reception room. His patient came and brought a little friend. Instead of proceeding to the chair, however, she paused at the piano. "Would you like me to play for you, doctor?" said she. On receiving an affirmative answer she executed a gay waltz, and then said: "Perhaps you would like to hear both of us play. Shall we try a duet?" This accomplished, the young diplomat offered to sing, and the doctor expressing great delight at the prospect she did so; then the two little girls sang together, and then, having either gained courage enough or recognizing that the evil hour could not be further delayed, she arose from the piano, walked composedly to the chair and stood the tooth pulling without a murmur.—Detroit Free Press.

To Free His Mind.

Grim Stanton, his secretary, never quite knew how to take Lincoln. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now, while you have it in your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone cruncher that he read to the president. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Where Pumice Stone is Found.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after the eruption of a volcano, that pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situated in the Tyrrhenian sea. The island is mountainous in character and consists of tufts and lavas and of highly siliceous volcanic products. The district where the stone is found is called Campo Bianco or Monte Petalo (1,500 feet above the level of the sea).—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Co-operative Cooking.

In both New York and Boston there have been formed during the last few years "cooked food supply companies," which have served families over a wide area with perfectly well cooked food, in large variety, hot or otherwise, according to order. Some families who have patronized the New York company accord it the highest praise, not alone for the excellence of the food, but for the reduced cost as compared with the expense of the home cooked food. And in Boston I know the company has furnished meals to its patrons at greatly reduced expense in as perfect a state as at the best managed hotels.—Miller's Journal.

American Chewing Gum in London.

Gum chewing is an American vice exclusively, and it is very likely to remain so. There are several American candy shops in London, but they are veritable robbers' roosts. In America a small package of Yucatan chewing gum costs five cents; here the exorbitant sum of sixpence (twelve cents) is demanded for the same size of package and kind of goods. We cannot hope to introduce the vice into England so long as we accompany the vice with such flagrant extortion.—Eugene Fields' London Letter.

Conveniences for House Hunters.

The house hunter must have observed that within a few years the real estate agents of the city have shown a tendency toward the adoption of trade marks or distinguishing emblems on their "for rent" signs. For a long time these placards were all of uniform design. One firm adopted the plan of covering hair of the placard surface with red paint or ink. Such a placard could be readily identified a block distant. The idea caught on, and now there are stars, anchors, shields and cross bars, white letters on a black ground, clubs and disks on red, white and blue; crosses, diamonds, triangles—in fact every form of simple design and outline. Another reform that is much appreciated by house hunters has been introduced by enterprising agents, and that is to have at the office photographs of the exterior of the buildings for rent and a floor plan of the house, showing the location of the closets and stairways, the size of the rooms, etc. A lady can tell by a single glance at the plan whether the house will suit her or not, and it saves her the labor of running all over the city on an errand that is full of disappointments.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The meekest man in Maine lives near Lewiston.

He had an only son, who was drafted and killed in the war. The father now says: "I was short sighted in not paying \$400 for a substitute, for I have been forced to hire a man ever since to help carry on the farm, and it has cost me thousands above the price of a substitute. Besides, he was a master hand to work and the smallest eater I ever saw."

ABOUT CLOTHES PINS.

Some Talk with a Dealer in These Adjuncts of a High Civilization.

"The longer you live," as a philosophic German once remarked, "the more you find, by chiminedly, out!" During a desultory walk about the city the other day the writer was more than ever struck with this triple shod truth.

For instance, there's the common, everyday clothes pin—the reliable old bisected clothes pin of our mothers, which no man has ever been able to improve on any more than he has improved upon the wheelbarrow or the old fashioned wooden rolling pin. Who would imagine that there was anything about the clothes pin that was worth finding out? Nobody! But there is.

In his walk the writer was passing a little grocery, where a box of clothes pins was among the things displayed outside.

"How much for clothes pins today?" he asked of the grocer.

"Four cents," was the reply.

"Four cents apiece?"

"A piece! Great Hickory! no. Four cents a dozen!"

"Ah-h-h! Are you a good judge of clothes pins?"

"Should say so! I've made more than a million of 'em!" replied the storekeeper.

"I've followed the clothes pin, sir, in all the processes of its evolution, from the growing tree to the polishing box. Say!" exclaimed the dealer, in a sudden burst of confidence and picking up a clothes pin. "To look at that pin you'd scarcely believe that the manufacturer could make and sell twelve of them for a cent, and have profit of more than 50 per cent. on them at that; now, would you?"

"Not to look at it, I wouldn't."

"But he can do it, sir," exclaimed the grocer. "He can do it. He can whittle out clothes pins at the rate of eighty a minute. How? Easy enough. All he's got to do is to take his maple or birch log and go to work. Say his log is ten feet long and a foot through. He won't have to pay more than \$2 for it. If he pays any more than that he don't know his business. That log will whittle up into 12,000 clothes pins as certain as the tree the log came from grew. It will take the man two hours and a half to chew that log up into clothes pins, which is at the rate of 4,800 an hour. But when they are all cut out they are worth \$96.40 to the maker. He will work ten hours a day, if he is smart, and will get away with four of those logs. It's easy figuring to find out that he will then have on hand 48,000 clothes pins, worth \$385.60 if they're worth a cent.

"The lumber for those pins has cost only \$8, providing the man wasn't stuck in buying it. Now, if that was all the expense, a man with a clothes pin factory would be a blazed sight better off than if he owned a coal mine. But those logs have to run the gauntlet of a good deal of machinery before they are full fledged clothes pins. A saw separates the log into lengths of sixteen inches; another one saws these blocks into boards three-quarters of an inch thick; a third saw reduces the boards to strips three-quarters of an inch square. These little strips are pushed to a big wheel, which hurries them to a gang of other saws, where they are chopped into clothes pin lengths quicker than a sausage machine can chop up a pound of beef.

"These lengths are carried by a swift moving belt to a machine that grabs them and sets them in a lathe. The lathe gives them their shape in the twinkling of an eye and throws them to the man, who feeds them to still another saw, which moves backward and forward as if it were madder than a snake. This saw chews out the slot that the washerwoman is to shove down over the clothes on the line one of these days, and the clothes pin is ready, all but kiln drying and polishing. Kiln drying knocks the sap out of the wood, and the polishing is done by letting the clothes pins rub against themselves in a revolving iron cylinder.

"All these processes cost money, and when the manufacturer comes to put up his goods for sale he finds that his profit on the 48,000 pins, or a day's hard work, is only about \$193. I pay the manufacturer 1 cent a dozen, or about 84 cents a thousand, and, really, sir, I am compelled in these tight times to sell them for 4 cents a dozen, or \$3.36 a thousand, which wouldn't be so bad if I sold a thousand every hour or so. But, with care, a thousand clothes pins will stay by me for a month or two, and I have even had them with me a whole year. Chinese cheap labor is pelting the life out of the clothes pin trade, for Ling Sing and Wun Lung don't use clothes pins in their laundries, and they're washing about all the clothes that are washed, it seems to me, nowadays. How many dozen shall I do you up, sir?"

"Half a dozen'll do," said the reporter, and the man looked disappointed as he counted them out.—New York Sun.

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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 overabundance, but to impurity of the blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Recommended above all other medicines for the cure of all diseases of the blood, and for the removal of all humors from the system.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier in the world. It is recommended by the best medical authorities, and is the standard remedy in its class of all countries. It is sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Professional Cards.

HENRY H. KUHN, Attorney-at-Law. Office opposite First National Bank No. 138 Locust street, Johnstown, Pa.

JAMES M. WALTERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office No. 2, Alma Hall, Main street, Johnstown, Pa. All business given faithful and prompt attention. J. B. O'CONNOR.

O'CONNOR BROTHERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office on Franklin street, over Petrick & Miller's store, opposite Postoffice, Johnstown, Pa. mar3

JOHN S. TITTLE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office corner Market and Locust streets, Johnstown, Pa. mar3

IRVIN RUTLEDGE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office on River street, near the Keraville Bridge in the Fifth ward, Johnstown, Pa. collections and all other business promptly attended to. mar3

A. N. WAKEFIELD, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office No. 43 Morris street, Johnstown, Pa.

A. YEAGLEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office No. 21 Locust street, Johnstown, Pa.

JOHN DOWNEY, CIVIL ENGINEER. Office on Stonycreek street, Johnstown, Pa.

S. A. PEBEN, SURGEON DENTIST. T. T. TIST, office in Border's new building, on Franklin street. All kinds of Dental work solicited. nov14

J. P. THOMPSON, M. D., SURGEON DENTIST, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Has had a professional experience of over 26 years. Filling Teeth a specialty. Office Rooms, No. 114 Napoleon street.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

NO. 192 MAIN STREET.

DEPOSITS received of one dollar and upward, no deposits exceeding a total of \$2,000 will be received from any one person. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.

Money loaned on Real Estate. Preference with liberal rates and long time given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired; also, moderate loans made on town property where ample security is offered. Good reference, perfect titles, etc., required.

This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discount made. No loans on personal security. Bank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws, and special orders of the Legislature relating to deposits of married women and minors can be obtained at the Bank. Trustees—Herman Baumer, E. L. Yeagley, John Hannan, John Thomas, C. B. Ellis, Pearson Fisher, James J. Fronheiser, John Lowman, W. B. Lowman, James McMillen, James Quinn, Howard J. Roberts, Wm. A. Stewart, Geo. T. Swank, Jacob Swank, W. W. Walters, James McMillen, President; John Lowman, Herman Baumer, Geo. T. Swank, Vice Presidents; W. C. Lewis, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor in law. J. D. EDWARDS, mar14

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between JOHN D. EDWARDS and A. ADAIR under the firm name of J. D. EDWARDS & CO., was dissolved on the 26th day of February, 1890, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid and those due from the same will be discharged by John D. Edwards. Business will be continued by the said John D. Edwards. J. D. EDWARDS, mar14

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ES-TATE OF JANE H. HESS, DECEASED.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Jane H. Hess, late of Connersdale, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement to me. D. R. HESS, Executor. 109 Seventeenth st., South Side, Pittsburgh