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CONGRESS DOES HIM HONOR.

An Impressive Scene in the House—Resolutions to His Memory.

The body of Samuel J. Randall lies in the room in which he died Sunday morning. It will not be taken downstairs and placed in the casket until Thursday morning.

The proceedings in the House of Representatives Monday, while differing in no measure as to form from those enacted on similar occasions there, were yet eloquent in the profound feelings shown of the great loss both that body and the country have sustained in the death of Mr. Randall. The unusual spectacle of a full house at the offering of prayer was presented. The occasion stood confessed as palpably by the air of seriousness and sadness that pervaded the Chamber as by the black pall which overspread the deceased member's desk. The sad announcement was made to the House by Mr. Charles O'Neill, now the "Father" of that body. It was with great difficulty that he could command himself sufficiently to speak at all, and all who heard him shared in the feelings that moved him.

"I rise to announce the death of my colleague, the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, who died yesterday morning in this city in his own house at 5 o'clock," Mr. O'Neill said. "This announcement is exceedingly painful to me. He and I have been intimate, familiar friends. He started in life at twenty-one years of age a full man in every respect, intellectually and politically, and as one who had the element of supreme leadership, which, in his later years, was complete in the estimation of the State and country. About three months ago it came to my lot to announce the death of another colleague of many years' service, Judge Kelley, and it is a shock to my feelings which I can hardly repress when to-day I announce the death of this dear colleague. On the first Monday of December, 1863, we stood before the Speaker's desk and were sworn into office as members of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

"Politically we have differed, but personally there has been a depth of friendship in all these years which I cannot today express to this House. We have lost a distinguished man. To-day the city of Philadelphia grieves over his death as it has seldom been called to grieve over the death of a public man, and the whole State of Pennsylvania mourns his decease. A great man, a statesman, a pure man in life, with strong personal attachments. I noticed yesterday in this city that every flag on every public building was at half mast, and I see from the papers that the same was true of Philadelphia. Every kind of sadness was expressed there at his own home. I cannot say more to-day, but a few weeks from this we will have an opportunity to pronounce eulogies upon his life.

Mr. O'Neill then offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of nine members of the House, with such members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the House do now adjourn. Committee to attend the funeral. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Speaker appointed the following committee: Messrs. O'Neill, Carlisle, McKinley, Harmer, Holman, Cannon, Forney, Springer and Reilly.

A similar scene was enacted in the Senate. The Chaplain, the Rev. J. G. Butler, made a touching reference to the dead. When the message from the House was received announcing the appointment of a committee Mr. Cameron rose, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said:

"The announcement just made of the death of my distinguished colleague, Mr. Randall, will produce sincere sorrow in the heart of every member of this Senate. Irrespective of party, I offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Senate concurs in the resolution of the House of Representatives for the appointment of a committee to attend the funeral of the deceased, and that a committee of five on the part of the Senate be appointed by the Vice President.

The resolutions were agreed to, and Senators Quay, Allison, Dawes, Voorhees, and East were appointed the Committee on the part of the Senate.

As a further mark of respect to Mr. Randall's memory the Senate then adjourned till to-morrow.

The Pennsylvania delegation met after the House adjourned, and adopted appropriate resolutions.

There was a steady stream of visitors to Mr. Randall's residence all day. They were mainly prominent men from all sections of the country. Wm. W. McKean, of the Philadelphia Ledger, an intimate friend of the deceased, came on this morning. When shown up into the room where the dead Congressman lay he broke down and wept bitterly. It was

stated this afternoon that the funeral cortege will leave the house Thursday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock; thence it will proceed to the Presbyterian Church, corner of Fourth and B streets, southeast, where the public services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Chester, assisted by Chaplain Milburn, of the House. After the services the cortege will proceed to the B. & P. Railroad Depot, where a special train will be in readiness. The train will leave shortly after 11 o'clock and will be in charge of Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Thomas Cavanagh, of the House.

The body will be accompanied to the Quaker City by the Congressional delegation, honorary pall bearers and the members of the family. The honorary pall-bearers will be selected by Mrs. Randall. The active pall-bearers will be six or eight Capitol policemen. While this is the general plan decided on by the family, there is a strong feeling among members of the House that the funeral services should be held in the Hall of the House. They appreciate the distaste of the family for anything like ostentation, but they think that Mr. Randall's public character should be considered, and that the services should be conducted as a National funeral.

There is some hope that the consent of the family may be had to make the simple change of plan transferring the services from the church to the Capitol.

The honorary pall-bearers were announced to-night as follows: George W. Childs, A. J. Drexel, Col. Alex. K. McClure and Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia; ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Chas. A. Dana, of New York; Senator A. P. Gorman, of Maryland; ex-Congressman Wm. H. Sowden, of Pennsylvania; Representative James H. Blount, of Georgia; Senator John S. Barbour, of Virginia, and Dallas Sanders, of Pennsylvania.

Railroad Train Conductors.

There was a time when the stage driver was an important personage in association with the traveling public, but the handler of a four-horse team dragging a lumbering coach filled with from eight to twelve passengers, with a boot load of baggage and the U. S. Mail under his feet, seldom had occasion to speak to a passenger unless he sat on the box beside him. The stage driver was a class of our own, brown-faced, keen-eyed, steady and taciturn, filling a place in public observation, full of credit, and at times full of danger.

After the stage driver, says the Harrisburg Independent, has come another class of men, as distinct in their relations to the public as any other man pursuing a peculiar path of service. People who see a conductor pass through a car gathering and punching tickets, imagine that is the sum and substance of his work, but it is a mere incident of what he has to do. His eyes, ears and memory are never closed or at rest. He is on the lookout and the look in all the while his train runs and his bell rope is within his reach for instant grasp. Every sound of the whirling wheels is known to him, as indicative that the running gears are in order, and his quick ear instantly detects a loss in that sound which indicates disorder. He times the running of his train to reach given points on the minute, and when it is necessary to make up lost time he never does it at his own risk, but proceeds on order. Constantly in communication with the train runner of the division to which he belongs, he knows what is ahead as well as behind him. No matter what his perplexities may be at the moment, he answers all inquiries from passengers, however absurd they may be, politely. His authority is absolute on the train. He must deal with the passengers in his charge at all times like a gentleman. His every movement is under orders. He is governed by a policy of a superior officer, and that it may be known how he acts under these printed orders he must meet his superior at stated times to show whether or not he is obeying orders, and give proof of his judgment in train running under certain presumed or imagined conditions.

It can be seen at a glance that the conductor of a railroad train is not a mere ticket puncher. He must have judgment, discretion, vigilance and courage. His own life's safety, and that of hundreds of others, flies with lightning velocity on the revolutions of the wheels beneath his feet, and he stands face to face with death on the wheels. Is he not, then, a subject worthy of study, a worker who deserves the respect, confidence and admiration of the public?

It is said that a railroad is to be built from Jerusalem to a point on the coast of Palestine. Hitherto it has been impossible to secure any concession for such a project from the Sultan, and it is a mystery how permission to build should at length have been obtained. Few historic places still remain that have not been supplied with modern improvements, yet the advent of the locomotive in Palestine would be likely to evoke protestations from more than one quarter. It will sound sort of queer to hear the conductors shouting out "all aboard for Jerusalem," and "tickets, please from Palestine." Still we must get use to these strange innovations.

ROMANTIC SIDE OF CRIME.

Story of a Grand Bank-Robbing Combination.

Chicago Tribune.

Until recently there was stored in the big vault of a Dearborn Street Safe and Lock Company a set of burglar tools that figured in one of the boldest attempts at a bank robbery that has been recorded in a many a year. About ten years ago fifteen expert safe burglars conceived the grand plan of robbing the Louisville National Bank at Louisville, Ky., and getting away with about \$1,000,000 in cold cash stored away in the bank's vaults. They went about the hazardous undertaking systematically and carefully. They had a leader, a trained safe-blower, who had cracked dozens of safes, and he occupied a full month in laying plans, perfecting means of escape and preparing his tools with which to open the avenues to the golden treasure. Although there were fifteen men in the gigantic conspiracy, but five were to do the actual work, the balance were to be on watch at different points. The orders were to silence all passers-by or watchmen who discovered anything, but to do the work with as little noise as possible, using revolvers only as a last resort. The burglars got to work about 11 o'clock in the night, having captured two watchmen, chloroformed them and stowed them quietly away in a rear alley, where two confederates watched over them. It took two precious hours before the daring men got into the building, they being compelled to saw through some immense window bars. About 1:30 in the morning they got at the doors of the big vault, where paper money, gold and specie to the value of over \$1,000,000 were stored. There were about four inches of solid chilled-steel to bore into before a charge of powder could be successfully inserted and touched off; but these men accomplished all this, and at about 4 o'clock in the morning there was a dull roar, the building shook and a heavy piece of the vault door flew off and crashed to the floor. A golden stream flowed out of the orifice, and the thieves crept back to where the treasure was, and began filling the heavy canvas bags they had brought with them. They secured in all about \$200,000, this being all the money within reach, the hole in the vault door not being large enough to admit a man. When they had gathered all that they could the intruders started out. They were met at the point where they entered by a half-dozen detectives, who captured the whole lot. At the trial it developed that one of the burglars was a detective, who had learned of the gang's robbing scheme, and had ingratiated himself with them, finally becoming one of the crowd. The company that furnished the vault that was blown open secured the tools, the burglars did their work with, and exhibited them as an advertisement in their business, the claim being made that with the charge of powder the burglars used half the building ought to have been torn down, while in reality but a comparatively small piece of the vault door was wrecked.

FRIGHTFULLY ROASTED.

A Cobble-Picker's Clothing Burned Off and He, Body Burned in a Horrible Manner.

Tuesday morning Annie Bainer, a cobble-picker, met with a horrible, if not fatal accident, while at work in Frog Hollow, between Rosedale and the Fourteenth ward. The accident took place about 8:30 o'clock. She was at her work, when a car load of hot cinder was dumped near where she was. Anxious to have first choice of cobbles, she jumped upon the mass. Her clothing took fire, and instantly she was enveloped in flames. Her companions sprang to her assistance as soon as they could recover themselves, but before they could render her any assistance she had fallen partly on the hot cinder. She was dragged off and taken to her home on Connelly avenue, where she was attended by Dr. W. B. Lowman, who was hastily summoned. She suffered intensely until her arrival. Her father is dead but she has a step-father named Rager. Her mother is almost wild with grief at her daughter's terrible misfortune. Miss Bainer is about twenty years of age. From her feet to her waist her flesh is literally roasted, while she is also burned in other parts. Her condition is critical.

THE REMAINS IDENTIFIED.

The Body Found at Nineveh Last Week Recognized as the Late William Steigerwald, Esq.

The body found last week at Nineveh has been identified as that of the late William Steigerwald, who at the time of the flood was Burgess of Conemaugh borough. The identification was made by Mr. E. Zang and Mr. Fred Franke who recognized the shoes Mr. Franke having made them while working for Mr. Zang. The underclothing was also recognized.

The time of the funeral has not been announced, but it will probably be to-morrow morning from St. Joseph's Church. Mrs. Steigerwald's body is still missing.

ESTEEMED BY COLLEAGUES.

The Leading Men of Both Parties Praise His Many Admirable Qualities—Opinions of Mills, Reed, Carlisle, McKinley and Others.

Representative Roger Q. Mills had not heard of Mr. Randall's death when an Associated Press reporter called at 4 o'clock and asked his opinion of Mr. Randall. Mr. Mills spoke feelingly and earnestly: "He was a very great man," said he, "a man of unimpeachable integrity and a natural-born leader of men. He had more of the elements of leadership than any man I have come in contact with since I have been in public life. Nothing but his views of the tariff could have prevented him from being the leader of the Democratic party. If it had not been for that he would have been nominated for President in 1876, and," said Mr. Mills with emphasis, "he would have been elected and seated, for he would have asserted his rights. But when he believed his opinions were right he would never change them no matter what might happen."

HIS GREAT DETERMINATION.

"I never saw such remarkable determination. When he set his lips and brought down that great jaw of his, nothing could change him. Why, when our tariff bill was up I pleaded with him, urged and begged him to make some concessions and compromise, but he believed he was right and could not be moved. When all of his party except Sowden and one or two others had come over, he still held out and could not be moved. That was the only thing on which we differed. There is nothing good and great you cannot say for me about Randall. I esteemed him highly, my feelings toward him were of the kindest and I had great admiration and personal attachment for him."

SPEAKER REED'S EULOGY.

Speaker Reed said: "It would be useless to try to express in a few words the sense of great loss which we all feel in Mr. Randall's death. My esteem for him was very great, and I have always had and expressed the highest admiration for his steadfastness and courage. He was a good friend, a brave man and a statesman beyond reproach."

Mr. Carlisle, who was just returning from a visit to the Randall residence, said: "My personal acquaintance with Mr. Randall began when I entered the Forty-fifth Congress in October 1877. Ever since then our relations have been not only friendly but quite intimate. Although we differed widely upon some very important subjects, we never allowed these differences to interfere with our friendship. I have always regarded him as an honest man in public life, and I was undoubtedly a man who had strong convictions and the courage to stand by them. I think his death is a great loss to his party and to the country, and that he deserves to be remembered for a great many important public services."

A TRULY GREAT MAN.

Major McKinley said: "The death of Samuel J. Randall takes out of public life one of the ablest and purest of our statesmen. He was a great man, and for twenty-five years has been a positive force in National affairs. During all of his long service in the House, amid the fiercest conflicts, when passion ruled, Mr. Randall was always true to his country, to his convictions and his constituents, making everything yield to his convictions of public duty. He was a national leader of men. No man could have been a greater one. He will be missed in the Nation's Councils. Few men have filled a larger space than he."

"Before disease had taken hold of him he was a majestic figure in the House. As a speaker he seemed fitted for the post—always firm and resolute in party contests, yet fair and courteous to his opponents. In the great contest of 1876 no man can tell what might have happened but for his strong hand and clear head. I shall feel his death a personal loss. Not the least of Mr. Randall's qualities were his integrity and rugged honesty."

GREATEST OF HIS TIME.

Representative Holman, who served with Mr. Randall on the Appropriations Committee for many years, said Mr. Randall was one of the greatest men of his time and that, during the years he was in Congress, Mr. Randall had done more to shape legislation, and had impressed his views more clearly upon the State's books than any other man in either House. He was a man of unswerving integrity, and would never support any measure which involved useless or extravagant expenditure, even if it was to be spent in his own district; but if, on the other hand, the bill was for the good of the country, it found in him an earnest advocate. "Mr. Randall," added Mr. Holman, "was by long odds the ablest man in the House and was one of its most loved and respected members."

Representative Cannon said: "I served with Mr. Randall in the House of Representatives for more than sixteen years. He was one of the people, loved them and believed in them. His knowledge of them coupled with his courage and ability made him a leader of his party—a real force in the nation. There are few men in public life who more

strongly affected legislation and public life than he. He was the best of friends and the best of enemies. In his death the country suffers a great loss."

OBITUARY.

JACOB KIMMEL COFFROTH, ESQ.

Seldom, if ever, has Somerset experienced a sadder and more unlooked for shock than it did at 1 o'clock p. m., on Friday the 11th inst., when the news of the death of this well-known citizen spread throughout the town. No one of the town had more acquaintances, nor was any other one more highly esteemed than the genial, generous, kind-hearted "Jack" Coffroth, as he was familiarly called by everybody. As Postmaster for the past five years he had won golden opinions for the faithful and cheerful manner in which he had discharged all the varied duties of the office; and had it not been for the inexorable law of political policy, Republicans would have joined hands with the Democrats in asking for his re-appointment.

"Jack" was the second son of General A. H. Coffroth, who, in his deep affliction has the heart-felt sympathy of this entire community. The death of this favorite son being so sudden and so unexpected has fallen upon the General and his wife with a crushing weight; and has entirely prostrated the stricken widow, who with two small children mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father. Though "Jack" had been considerably "under the weather" for the past few weeks, no one had the remotest idea that he was nearing the narrow stream that divides the unknown world from ours. Possessing so fine a physique, and an apparently robust constitution, he had the promise of many more years on earth; but, alas, his finely developed physical constitution concealed from all, but his medical advisor, the latent elements of a trouble, whose insidious inroads were slowly but surely working the work of death. Hence, heart-failure suddenly released him from all further earthly sorrows.

With sorrowing hearts we will follow his lifeless remains to the cemetery on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Good bye, noble hearted, generous minded, dear "Jack."

Somerset, Pa., April 12, 1890.

JOHN T. JENKINS.

Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock Mr. John T. Jenkins, died at his residence, No. 37 Iron street, Thirteenth ward, after an illness of two days' duration. His death was caused by heart troubles.

Mr. Jenkins was born in Llangadog, South Wales, in 1839, and came to this country in 1868. His family followed him to this country a year later. He first went to Cincinnati, but soon settled in Johnstown. He had ever since coming here been employed in the foundry department of the Cambria Iron Company.

The deceased was for many years a director of Johnstown Building and Loan Association, and was a member of Alma Lodge I. O. O. F. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of all his acquaintances, and was very much attached to his two daughters, to whom he was all that a father could be.

The deceased is survived by two daughters, his wife having died in 1884. A sister of his lives in London. The daughters are Miss Mary, who is well known in this city as one of our foremost public school teachers, and Mrs. Kate D. Bowman, wife of Mr. H. L. Bowman, of East Liberty, who until her marriage was also prominently connected with educational affairs in this community.

At the time of the flood Mary was teaching at Braddock, and Kate was at home with her father. They went down to the bridge with their house. Miss Jenkins was mentioned as one of the first to emerge from the wreckage. Of course their home with all the fruits of years of labor was a total loss. Mr. Jenkins never fully recovered from the shock, and it no doubt hastened his death.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The lodge to which the deceased belonged will attend the funeral.

MRS. ELLEN BURKE.

On Saturday Mrs. Ellen Burke of Portage, died at her residence in that place. She was aged about seventy-five years, being one of the oldest persons of that community. She was the widow of Edward Burke, who died shortly after being pressed into service as a Union soldier at the last draft of the late war.

Abbreviated Philosophy.

Pride is wise when it goeth before a fall. If it waited until afterward it could not go at all.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Temptation, like death, knocks at the palaces of the rich as well as at the hovels of the poor.—*Baltimore American.*

It has been observed in the churches that short sermons always seem to give the best satisfaction.—*Texas Siftings.*

The world doesn't care how you got beat; anybody can do that. It wants to know how you got there.—*Ashland Press.*

The first condition of human goodness is something to love, the second something to reverence.—*Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.*

CHARACTER OF THE MAN.

His Courage Never Excelled and a More Striking Individuality Never Displayed—An Incident of One of His Speakership Contests.

Samuel J. Randall was one of the men whose character and abilities are best measured after death, for then prejudice will bow to justice. No man of his nature could avoid exciting antagonism and antipathies, only to be still when the object of them has passed away. Therefore, now the estimate can be formed of him which is his due. In all respects he was one of the most remarkable men of his times. In the long period of his twenty-eight years of service in the House of Representatives there was no man in either branch of Congress who displayed such striking individuality, or whose hand was more firmly felt in all the councils in which he participated. His moral and his physical courage reached a standard which has never been excelled by mortal man.

It was impossible for one to look in his piercing black eyes and not feel that there was a man to whom fear was unknown, at whose glance corruption would wither, and whose foot would never swerve one inch from the path in which he set it. He never argued. He would define his own position, state his recollection of a circumstance or his understanding of a fact. If disputed he made no reply. When resolved upon a course neither supplication nor imprecation could move him. In the minds of those who knew him well there exists no doubt that in his whole public career his action was prompted by motives which he believed to be right.

A GRAND WEAKNESS.

The weakness of a character so grand in many respects lay in his bitter prejudices, his implacable resentments, his inability to see any but his own side of a question, and his arbitrary crushing, whenever he had the power, of opposition or dissent. Mr. Reed has been called a czar, but no man ever sat in the speaker's chair who put the iron heel of power on men and measures personally distasteful to him with more vehemence and less remorse than Samuel J. Randall. He treated appeal or remonstrance with a lofty disdain which alike excited wrath and compelled admiration. His iron will never bent before any storm. Mr. Reed carried through his recent programme by the force of will. When he first suggested it there were men of his own party who distrusted his ability to succeed. He was victorious because there was no man in the opposition whose will was equal to his. There are many who are strongly of the opinion had Randall been on the floor the result would have been different.

FIGHTING THE FORCE BILL.

There never has been a more exciting and desperate parliamentary battle than that waged over the force bill in the winter of 1874-75. There was a field for the courage, the determination, the aggressiveness that inhered in Randall. Day after day and week after week, leading the Democratic minority, he was the ideal chieftain—masterly in plan, daring in attack, cautious in retreat, wary and watchful of every weak point of the enemy; marvelous in endurance, unflinching in spirit. When the moment came that Phryic victory sat in the enemy's camp his unvanquished hand still shook defiance.

No party leader in legislative halls ever had a more devoted and trustworthy following than he had in all the years of strife from 1865 to 1875. It was not because he was loved, for he was not given to contracting friendship, and his cold and repellent manner chilled affection. But the fearless man, the resolute man, the man who has confidence in himself always inspires confidence in others. Naturally, therefore, and without question the Democratic minority in those days gathered about Mr. Randall and followed his lead with abiding faith. When a lion heart is joined to commanding intellect there will be found the essential elements of leadership.

A STAINLESS CAREER.

Mr. Randall's public career can truthfully be termed a stainless one. There have been times when his friends trembled lest he should stumble, and when enemies chuckled over his inevitable downfall, but he passed through it all without a stain upon his personal integrity. He never accumulated a fortune, and a movement several months ago to raise a fund for his family was given up because of his well-known aversion to receiving gifts.

An incident of his canvass for the speakership in 1876 shows the character of the man—a character that distinguished all his public career. A railway magnate said to him: "Mr. Randall, you want to be speaker. It is in my power to elect whom I please, and you know it. Allow me to name a majority of the Pacific Railroad committee and you shall be the man. Will you do it?"

"No."

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then you will not be speaker."

But he was, all the same.