

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR ENGLISH.

A Career in Which Wealth and Political Preference Were Acquired.

The death of ex-Governor James Edward English, of Connecticut, at New Haven recently, removes from the scene of worldly activity a prominent figure in political contests of former years. He was reputed to be the wealthiest man in Connecticut. At the time of his death Mr. English was 78 years old, having been born in New Haven March 13, 1812. He began life as a carpenter and builder, but laid the foundations of his large fortune in the lumber trade. He first appeared in politics as a member of the New Haven com-



EX-GOVERNOR ENGLISH mon council. Then he went to the assembly, to the state senate, and, in war times, to congress, where, although a Democrat, he supported the policy of President Lincoln. In 1867 he became governor of Connecticut, and was re-elected the succeeding year, and again in 1870. In 1871 the gubernatorial contest was very close, so close, in fact, that Mr. English refused to take the seat, saying, "No man can afford to hold an office the title to which is in the slightest degree tainted with fraud." In 1875 he was appointed to fill the vacancy in the United States senate caused by the death of Mr. O. S. Ferry. After the expiration of his term he lived the life of a wealthy man of leisure and affairs. He leaves a widow and one son.

MUMMY CATS SOLD AT AUCTION.

The Novel Business in Which a Liverpool Merchant Has Engaged.

Mark Twain once asserted that on the railway to Cairo mummies were used for fuel, and that an engineer had been heard



A SCENE AT THE CAT SALE.

to say to his fireman: "These durned plebeians don't burn worth a cent; pass out a king." This flight of imagination has almost been equalled by actual fact, for recently a Liverpool merchant created some excitement and a great deal of amusement by offering for sale at auction an assorted cargo of 180,000 mummified cats, imported from Beni Hassan to England. The sale called out a large attendance.

One specimen, of which the auctioneer declared that its head was a perfect study for a sweet face, realized 3s. 3d. Of another it was asserted that, though not handsome, it was better than beautiful; it was good. This animal went for 4s. 6d. Mummified cats bring about \$20 a ton in the country where they are found, and are used as a fertilizer. The Liverpool merchant netted a large profit by his curious venture, and no English home hereafter, no matter how humble, need be without an Egyptian cat of perfectly quiet habits.

Benzon the "Plunger" in Prison.

"Coal Oil Johnny" was thought until recently to be the type and exemplar of reckless extravagance, but "Coal Oil Johnny" was an economical and prudent man as compared with Benzon, the English "plunger," who is now in legal and financial difficulties. Three years ago Benzon attained his majority, and came into a fortune of \$1,500,000, accumulated by his father, a colonial capitalist. It was his jubilee year, the queen of England's jubilee, and Benzon soon wore the title of "Jubilee Juggins." He threw away his money in every conceivable extravagance of vice. Then he published a book detailing the way in which he had squandered his inheritance, and thereby realized a small fortune, which supplied his wants for just ten days. Now he is undergoing three months' imprisonment for forgery, the sentence being mild because of the court's belief that Benzon is weak minded. The young fellow is not destitute, however, for \$250,000 of his capital, of which he can only handle the interest, is held by trustees. It is not often one learns of such a shameful and wicked misuse of wealth as that for which Benzon is responsible.

Clandestine Marriage of Legal Infants.

The clandestine marriage at Milwaukee of Charles Hamilton Eliot, aged 15, and Lizzie Nugent, aged 16, would seem again to bring into prominence the necessity for some legal regulation that will serve to prevent those armed with the authority from uniting the lives of children solely for the sake of the fee attendant on performing the ceremony. The Milwaukee bride and groom are mere school children, dependent on their parents for support, and the discovery of their foolish exploit has brought sorrow to two homes, and given the husband and wife a good deal of unpleasant notoriety.

The Decline of the Circus Clown.

Dan Rice, famous twenty years ago as a circus clown, is living now in retirement at Long Branch. He is a hale, hearty old man who delights to talk about the palmy era of his "business." He attributes the decadence of the clown to the fact that the "funny work" of today is monopolized by the professional humorist and newspaper paragraher.

NOVEL CLUB SPLENDORS.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB TAKES THE FAMOUS STEWART MANSION.

Its Marble Columns, lofty Ceiling, Self Supporting Staircase and Magnificent Rooms—"Gen. Grant's Room"—How A. T. Stewart Designed and Built the Mansion.

The finest club house on the American continent, perhaps the finest in the world, is that now occupied and enjoyed by the Manhattan club of New York city. The lowest estimated cost of the bare construction is \$1,000,000. But this does not include the wonderful inlaid work, the mosaics and scroll fixtures, or even the finest set of steps, which are reported to have cost \$100,000. Verily club life is looking up when an association of private gentlemen can afford to maintain such an establishment as this, merely for their leisure hours.

However, they did not build the house. It is the once noted Stewart mansion and possesses all the historic interest attached to the Stewart estate and its semi-tragic, but altogether romantic, history. In it the visitor is shown the curious apartment the merchant prince designed for



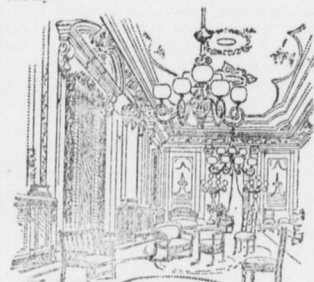
GEN. GRANT'S ROOM.

himself, the modest room in which his quiet and almost unknown widow died, and the truly royal apartments which Mr. Stewart had constructed and finished expressly for the entertainment of President and Gen. Grant.

The favored few who have been invited to see it say that it is a long and not very easy day's work to take even a general view of the mansion, and that a week would be scant time to study it. The floors, except in the top story, are laid in marble. Polished gray marble everywhere lines the walls, and were it not for the luxurious furnishings and elaborate carvings, fretted work and other reliefs, the effect would be chilling, but the building is now furnished in the most elaborate and luxurious style.

For three years after the death of Mrs. Stewart the mansion remained shut, and not even a curtained window was opened, and even while Mr. Stewart was alive and while he opened his picture gallery to visitors the rest of the mansion was seen by but very few. No one knows just what the mansion cost him, but the lowest estimate of architects is above \$1,000,000. Every door frame and every window recess is of polished Italian marble, and towering columns of it support the ceiling. Seven years were consumed in building the house, as the workmen on several occasions had to wait some weeks for the arrival of pieces from Italy. There is no strict adherence to one style of architecture; constant changes were directed by Mr. Stewart as the building progressed, and as a result the structure presents very different appearances on its several floors.

The grand entrance is on Thirty-fourth street, and the noble flight of steps there is considered the finest thing of that kind in the city. Each step is thirty feet long, but the size of the whole building and the proportion make them look smaller. At the foot of these stairs begins the inclosure about the grounds; this, a mere "yard fence," so to speak, is a work of art in itself, and cost \$50,000. The great white slab at the foot of the stairs is the largest single piece of marble ever quarried and is the result of the third attempt. Two slabs of the same size were broken by the workmen before they acquired the skill to set such a mass safely.



RECEPTION ROOM.

Ascending these steps and passing the elaborate doors one finds himself in the main hall, of which the ceiling is twenty feet high, with curiously ornamented beams, supported by six pillars of the largest size. In the intervals between the pillars are four notable statues. At the back of the hall is what architects consider the masterpiece of the building, the "self supporting stairway," of polished gray marble. It winds along the wall of a rotunda (which is lighted by a dome) to the third floor, and with some thirty steps to each story. Before this stairway was accepted from the contractor 100 tons of iron were piled on the steps to test it. Its cost was \$90,000.

The two rooms, however, which attract most interest are the one in which Mr. Stewart best loved to stay—the family room—and that in which Mrs. Stewart died, "Grant's room," so called, occupies the entire fifth avenue front of the third floor; but Gen. Grant himself never occupied it. The Manhattan club, as is well known, is a "swell" organization, with a fixed income of over \$100,000 a year, owning considerable real property and other investments.

The one cent stamp in the new United States postal series is the object of much artistic criticism. It is said that Franklin's profile portrait on the stamp is a "pretty faced personification of senility," and a libel on the good old printer whose memory all Americans delight to honor.

RUSH AT SPECIAL SALES.

The Way New York Merchants Draw a Crowd of Enthusiastic Shoppers.

"Special sales" are a feature of New York commercial life in the retail line, and they contribute more to woman's pleasure and caprice than any other phase of shopping experience. Those who have never been to one have missed a heap of fun. In one of the large uptown stores recently there was a "run" on gloves. They were of a superior quality, and sold for forty-five cents.

The sale started at 9 in the morning, and directly there was a spirited scene around that counter. Women rudely pushed one another away in their wild endeavor to get a pair of gloves. One gave a \$5 bill and clamored for her change. Another held a pair over the heads of the crowd and endeavored to give her money to one of the salesgirls. This woman, after patiently waiting for a time and seeing no chance of getting up to the girl, quietly put the gloves in her muff and sauntered off. She had a bargain.

After a while the change from \$5 was brought back. The salesgirl had by this time become rattled with the confusion and rapidly with which the gloves were being bought, and handed the money to the wrong woman, who put it in her purse and walked away. The lady to whom the money belonged, getting uneasy at the long delay, finally elbowed her way through the crowd, demanding her change, and creating no little excitement. The rush was so great that the girls behind the counter grew frantic, and began to cry. The floor-walker ordered the sale closed for three hours, announcing the time of reopening. Then a scene of wild confusion was dispensed, and the glove purchasers dispersed themselves over the store and were soon busied with other purchases.

Three hours later the glove sale began again, only to find even a greater crowd clamoring for covering for their hands than in the morning. It continued only thirty minutes when it was again stopped because the clerks could not wait on the anxious customers. It was never reopened, but the establishment, all the same, got a first class advertisement out of the attempt to sell dollar and a half gloves for forty-five cents.—New York Star.

Locked Antlers.

"Locked horns are becoming quite a fad with some of the swells at the metropolis," said a gentleman the other day, "and some of the Adirondack hunters and guides are making nice little sums by occasional sales of the curiosity that is demanded. You see, the old story about the bucks that fall to fighting, and in some manner get their horns locked so they can't get apart and then starve to death, has taken a strong hold upon the romantic natures of many people and if they can only get a set of locked horns mounted they are happy."

"So the hunters select nice horns that correspond as to size, and by the use of a twisted cord and case spring them together as if locked in their death embrace by the maddened thrusts of fighting bucks. Then, on account of their great rarity and the difficulty of finding them, they are sold to the rich curiosity hunter for a big price. His friends look in wonder and envy at them, while he recounts the story told him by the guide who found their skeletons held together by the horns and the earth all trodden down around the place so solidly that vegetation had not grown there in years, etc., and the guide goes back to the woods and fixes up another pair for the next curiosity seeker."—Utica Observer.

The Longevity of Birds.

The swan is the longest lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 163 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterwards, in 1819; a white headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Parrots and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity, and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.—Detroit Free Press.

Who Patronize Savings Banks.

Mechanics and storekeepers have the largest savings bank accounts. Naturally we do not have many professional men as customers, but among the comparatively few that patronize savings banks doctors seem to lay up the most money. Lawyers generally keep their money in national banks, as the nature of their profession requires them to have their funds where they can draw checks upon them. Many professional men, though, keep money in a savings bank as a side investment, upon which they can draw for a rainy day. Some classes of men, from the nature of their employment, are unable to accumulate much money. Painters, for instance, and actors, usually live through the summer upon their winter's earnings.—Interview in Brooklyn Eagle.

Treatment of Stutterers.

It is said that stammerers rarely if ever show any impediment to speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated by Dr. Coen, which is as follows: In the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary stage of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.—New York Telegram.

TALE OF THE LOST EXTRA.

A SUSPICIOUS YARN OF RAILROADING IN THE NORTHWEST.

An Operator Received Orders to Look Out for an "Extra" That Never Arrived—An Old Farmer Furnishes a Clue, but It Was Never Fully Worked Out.

"Yes, that's considerable of a story, if it's true; but you can calculate with a wonderful degree of accuracy that anything a printer says is considerably warped. Now I think I can see you and go you a few better in the story line, and what I am going to tell you is absolutely true."

It was a picturesque group of old timers The Hawkeye reporter had stumbled on in the course of a news gathering ramble down in the "Q" yards. They were seated about an old stove in the round house, and had been swapping various railroad experiences. The conversation had drifted around to snow blockades in the west. The reporter had just finished an elaborate account of his experiences in a blockade on the Rockies which called forth the above remarks from one of the old engineers whom we will call Higbie, out of respect to his feelings.

The reporter hastily sharpened a fresh lead pencil and selected a fresh spot on his cuff. Higbie knocked the ashes from his cigar and continued:

THE "EXTRA" ANNOUNCED.

"It happened this way. I was doing night duty for Bob Carew at Little Jimville, fifty miles west of Limestone, on the Northwestern. It was during the winter of 1878-79, and of all the dreary places Jimville was the dreariest in winter time. It had been raining and snowing and sleeting all that week, and the ground was covered with a sheet of ice. Night operating is nothing to passionately long for. I prefer hod carrying. I sat in the desolate box of a depot, the cold winter wind howled around the corners with a dreariness and rattled and slammed the shutters in a way that would give some people a fit of the blue shivers. But I had got used to that, so didn't mind it much. I had stirred up the fire, for it was bitterly cold outside, with the frost an inch thick on the windows, and sat watching the flames flash and roar up the chimney. I must have fallen asleep, for soon I began to hear the most infernal racket, like death dancing a double shuffle on the roof, and I started up with a jerk that nearly dislocated my backbone, to find the train dispatcher calling me. I answered and received the following order: "Hold No. 3 till extra passes you." "Just then I heard the whistle of the passenger. It was 10:30 when I sidetracked here. At 10:45 I received a dispatch from Bunker Hill saying that the extra had just pulled out. It would probably take her thirty minutes to make the run from Bunker Hill. I waited—11:30, no extra; 12, no extra. What could it mean? I telegraphed to Bunker Hill and received the following: "Extra left here at 10:42 O. K." "The train could be heard from nowhere else along the line. I awoke the section hands and sent them over the track to Bunker Hill to see if they could find anything of the extra. At 2:30 I received a dispatch from them at Bunker Hill: "Track clear. No trace of extra." "Before I could express my astonishment I was joined by the conductor of No. 3, who was swearing fluently. "What does it mean, Higbie?" he asked. "I was nonplussed, but finally told him to pull cautiously down to Bunker Hill, and if he saw nothing to go on as usual, and make up as much time as possible. At 3:40 I received the following from the conductor at Bunker Hill: "Just arrived. Could find nothing of extra."

"I ordered a track walker to search closely between Jimville and Bunker Hill. He found nothing except what looked like traces of the train having jumped the track. But nothing further. THE FARMER'S STORY. "Days passed into weeks, until the weary months dragged their slow lengths along, leaving the tantalizing mystery wrapped in still more impenetrable gloom, until one day an old farmer drifted into the depot and asked if I had been losing any trains lately. 'For,' the old man chuckled, 'I saw one runnin' round loose last winter. It ran up to my farm yard and the engineer axed me if he might fill his bilertank at my well. I said he might and got him a bucket. After he had filled up he axed me the road to the nearest town, borried a chaw o' tobacco and lit out. I never seed him sence,' and the honest farmer shuffled away.

"Well, that was three years ago. I have not seen the lost extra, but I have heard from it several times. It was seen by a belated hunter one stormy night, when it rushed by him like the wind, its headlight gleaming like the evil eye of some demon. Others have heard its unearthly shriek mingling with the howling storm. Sometimes it startled the lonely farmer in the dead of night, when the engineer will ask permission to take water, and inquire the direction to the nearest town. It is seldom seen by railroad men, who call it the Flying Dutchman of the plains, and consider it an evil omen when seen by one of them. It is said that poor Billy Yates saw the specter train coming down the track just before he struck the broken rail that hurled him and two others into eternity."

Higbie threw the stub of his cigar into the stove and ceased talking. There was a dreary silence for a few moments, and then a tall, gaunt figure arose out of the shadow in the corner and remarked in a sepulchral voice:

"I believe that's a prevarication."—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Michigan postmaster has been so pestered by young men gossiping with his pretty female clerks that he has placed over each delivery window a printed card which reads: "This window for P. O. business only! Not for visiting."

Thrown from an Iceboat.

I remember the first time I ever climbed into an iceboat. It was near Saugerties, on the Hudson, about thirty years ago. Three other passengers were there, too, but I was the only novice. I was horribly afraid of air holes, for I had heard a great deal about them. Seeing one about fifty yards in front of us, and directly in our track, I nervously drew the steersman's attention to it.

"Do you think I am blind?" he replied, angrily, for I had bothered him that way once or twice before. A second later he shouted, "Hold on, all!" and I, who had not held on fast enough, as the boat spun away on another course, was shot out of the craft and went sliding along over the ice at a wonderful rate of speed. There was a splash, and I felt the water close over my head. I thought we were all lost, for, in my fright and confusion, I had not noticed that I had left the iceboat, but when I rose, spluttering, to the surface, I saw my companions 200 feet away, and quite safe. It was I who was in the air hole, and I was there alone.

It was a quarter of an hour before I was fished out, half drowned and two-thirds frozen. Since that day I have never attempted to offer suggestions to the steersman, but have devoted my attention exclusively to my own business, and chiefly to holding on when he tells me.—New York Sun.

An Observant Boy.

The boy of whom I write is never at a loss to find something to observe. Last year a heavy shower caught him while he was fishing. From his retreat he kept an eye out to see whatever there was to be seen, and shortly after observed the dragon flies, great and little, settling in the tall brook grass for shelter from rain. Before the shower was fairly over he saw the cedar birds come and drive the dragon flies from their covert, hunting them down in all their lace winged finery. The great three inch dragon flies, pointed with black and yellow, were too strong for the birds, but the little slender fellows, done up in fancy colors—brown, green, blue and dusky—became meat for the hunters.

Some time ago I remonstrated with him for throwing stones at a king bird, but I was told that he was doing it only to please the bird. True enough, it did please the bird. From his perch on a high tree the king bird calculated the curve of each stone, chattering defiance as the missile whizzed by, rising a few feet when it came too near, only to settle again in the same place.

As it amused both bird and boy, for several days the king bird returned daily to enjoy the sport.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Will the Earth Fall to Pieces?

Professor Jones, the English scientist and other "F. R. S.'s," "L. B. A.'s" and "B. C. D.'s" are discussing the dangers our American gas well drillers are subjecting the whole population of the world to by tapping nature's great gas reservoirs. Jones thinks the earth a gigantic balloon, held up, in part at least, by internal heat and gases, and believes that a continual drain on nature's great gas main will eventually exhaust the supply and cause the earth's crust to break in and perhaps fall into millions of pieces as it collapses prior to falling through space everlasting. It is reasonable to suppose that there is some foundation for the alarm this prophet has been sounding for the past two years. The steady belching forth of millions of feet of gas every hour in the day is surely causing a great vacuum somewhere not far beneath the surface. That the comparative thin archway over this fast emptying cavern is more than likely to break and cause great havoc on the surface there is but little doubt.—St. Louis Republic.

Pineapples in Brazil.

The most delicious fruit to be found in Brazil is the pineapple. Northerners who eat this fruit never after it has been picked in its green state have only a faint idea of its sweetness, lusciousness and delicious flavor. Here the pineapple is picked when the tropical sun has perfected its chemical work and the fruit is ready to melt in the mouth. It would be an affront to nature to sprinkle sugar upon it when sliced. It is mellow, over-ripening with juice, and of incomparable flavor. The finest pineapples are those found in Pernambuco, but the fruit grows almost everywhere in Brazil. There are other fruits, such as alligator pears, melons, chirimoyas and sapotes, and a great variety of tropical nuts. Fruit is cheap here, the finest pineapples being sold for three or four cents to the experienced native, and for ten cents to the unwary traveler.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A Vexing Question.

There can be only so many drivers, so many clerks, so many salesmen, so many young ladies in offices. The end of that employment tether is very soon reached, and the rest, what are they to do? and what are we, their guardians and their teachers, to do for them? Nothing is more wearing upon a thoughtful nature than the recognition of its inability to answer with common sense the question, "What would you advise me to do?" It occurs and recurs daily, and daily the heavy foot of disappointment descends the stairs, walks upon the hardened pavements, whose stones are less hard than the hearts of ordinary men toward their fellows.—Howard in New York Press.

A Whaling Experience.

Some of the experiences of whaling are not pleasant to remember. One especially is impressed upon my memory: I was bow oarsman in a boat fastened to a big sperm whale. The line was going out so fast that the harpooner was pouring water on it, and he turned to me and handed me the cup, saying, "give me some water." I dipped it overboard and turned to give it to him. To my horror, he was gone; not a man saw him go over, and not a sound did he make. The rope in some way took a turn about his leg, and he was jerked over so quick that he no doubt never knew what hurt him.—Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

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for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Lethbridge, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician."—H. Voulliéme, Hotel Voulliéme, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa. the matter of the first and final account of Andrew Yeagley, Assignee of Hugh Greenwood and wife. And now to wit, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1880, on motion of Jacob Zimmerman Esq., James M. Walters, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Accountant as shown by said account, to and amongst the parties entitled thereto. Extract from the Record of said court:

Having been appointed Auditor by said Court to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the above named Accountant, Notice is hereby given, that I will sit for the purpose of the said appointment, at my office No. 2 Alma Hall, Main street, in the City of Johnstown, County of Cambria, on Wednesday the 15th day of May, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested shall attend or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

JAMES M. WALTERS, Auditor. April 16, 1880. ap16-16-1880