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FRIDAY APRIL 25 1886.

VOLUME TWENTY EIGHT.

This number begins the Twenty-eighth Volume of the WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

A GOOD STORY ABOUT SENATOR STEWART.

It is asserted by friends of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, that if his absence of mind could be cut into strips and pasted together, end for end, it would reach twice around illimitable space and tie in a double bow knot.

"There, by thunder, I've left my watch under my pillow." "Let's go back and get it," said his friend.

"Hold on," replied the Senator, "I don't believe we'll have time, and he drew the watch from his pocket, looked carefully at the face of it, counted the moments, and added: "No, we won't have time," and pressed on toward the station, saying: "Oh, well, I guess I can get along for a day without a watch."

It is also related that Senator Stewart dressed himself at a hotel; one morning, putting his vest on wrong side out, and in a few moments presented himself at the office excitedly rubbing the places where the pockets ought to be and complaining that he had been robbed.

It might have been believed that these tales were works of imagination had not the Senator himself, one day this week, given testimony to their truth. The clerk of the Senate was monotonously calling the roll on some question in which Senator Stewart was not interested.

PAN-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

The Pan-American Congress, the importance of the labors of which was so much dwelt on before it met, has, after several months of debate, finally adjourned. It has discussed international coinage, tariff and free trade, and subsidies, and many other topics of interest and importance, but has arrived at few practical results.

But when he returned thence his brow was clouded and his eyes were angry, and as he reached his father's presence he stepped with a firm step. "So now, my son," said the king, "your canoe has met with a mischance and has been dashed against a rock."

"Not so," the young man replied. "My canoe is safe, oh, father." "I grieve, oh, my son," said the father, "that your safe departure has been opposed by the king of Vanua Levu, and that he has sought to make you a prisoner, for your vengeance will fall heavily on his people."

"Savensaka, king of Vanua Levu, has now impeded my departure from his island," said the youth, "nor has he known of my presence there."

"Then you have quarreled with the maiden?" said Tui Katubua. "No," said Ratu Tanito, "I am not a woman. I forbore to answer her and after she had spoken for a time, and had sworn she would marry no man who held himself her superior, I left her."

"The king commands," said Ratu Tanito. "But father, I no longer wish to marry the girl; and the gods forbid that she should come to harm at my hands!"

I leaned o'er a casket, small and white, Where a sweet child slept; And I sighed and wept As the music crept.

RATU TANITO'S WOOING.

Ratu Tanito, son of the great King Tui Katubua, dwelt in Viti Levu, which some call Fiji. He was in stature like to the tree mataka, and a light shone in his young eyes, so that his presence could be known at night.

"My son, shall my line end with you?" Ratu Tanito answered: "Not so, my father, for I will marry."

Then the king said: "Ratu Tanito, choose a wife, observing these three requirements: First, that she be young; second, that she be strong, and third, that she be obedient."

"Tui Viti," said Ratu Tanito, "I have chosen a wife. She is young, for she was born on the day I first stood erect. She is strong, for she can abide the grasp of my hand without flinching. She is obedient, for she has honored her parents. And she is beautiful as the day and lovely as the night. When I see her my heart is as a basin in which the springs surge hotly up and fall back in tumult."

"Who is the maiden?" said the king. "Her name is Ekesa," the youth replied. "She dwells in Vanua Levu, and is the daughter of Savensaka, its king."

"And again the king commanded him to abide for seven days, and returning to the maiden to speak with her concerning the gods. And it was done as he commanded."

Then said Tui Katubua, "Go now, my son, and speak with the maiden concerning the government of men." And Ratu Tanito departed and came to Vanua Levu.

"Not so," the young man replied. "My canoe is safe, oh, father." "I grieve, oh, my son," said the father, "that your safe departure has been opposed by the king of Vanua Levu, and that he has sought to make you a prisoner, for your vengeance will fall heavily on his people."

"Savensaka, king of Vanua Levu, has now impeded my departure from his island," said the youth, "nor has he known of my presence there."

"And yet anger sits above your eyes," said the old king.

"Then you have quarreled with the maiden?" said Tui Katubua. "No," said Ratu Tanito, "I am not a woman. I forbore to answer her and after she had spoken for a time, and had sworn she would marry no man who held himself her superior, I left her."

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his chiefs and priests. And seeing this array about her, as though to judge her, Ekesa's eye flashed and she looked defiantly at King Katubua. "Mighty monarch," she cried, "do not fear me; do not surround yourself with your chiefs. I mean you no harm, and indeed have come here against my will, being brought a prisoner by this youth, one of your people. Set me free, and chastise him, and my father, Savensaka, will thank you and be your brother."

"It is my son, Ratu Tanito, who brings you here," said Katubua. "Are you Ratu Tanito?" cried the princess, turning to the young man. And she exclaimed with double force: "Then you are the great traitor!"

"Maiden," said King Katubua, "be assured. No harm shall befall you. Yet it has come to our ears that in Vanua Levu the women are the equals of the men, and as this seems a strange thing to us we have desired to see it tested, and especially to inquire whether the women of Vanua Levu are the equals of the men in Viti Levu. For that reason we have sent to bring you here. And if you propose to you three tests which, if you answer rightly and justly, you will offer you gifts; and, moreover, you shall lead my son home with you to be your slave, as a reparation for the wrong done you. This I swear to you, and he shall compete with you in the tests."

"Whereat the princess cried out. "He is ignorant what they are to be," said the king. "This a fair match. Behold, he is as much surprised as you are."

"And if—if I lose?" said Ekesa. "You shall marry him," said the king. Then the king said: "Princess, are you ready for the first test?"

"But," said Ekesa, "I have not yet accepted your conditions." "Ratu Tanito," said the king, "behold your wife."

"Nay," cried the princess. "I am in your power. Propose to me your tests and let your son prepare for a life of slavery."

Katubua thereupon caused two turtle's eggs to be laid before the princess and said: "Maiden, of these two eggs which will bring forth a male turtle and which a female? This is the first test that we propose to you."

At this the princess crossed her arms upon her breast and laughed scornfully. "This is a test of folly, not of wisdom," she said. "Not all the men in the world could declare of which of these two eggs should be born a male turtle and which a female."

But Ratu Tanito stepped forward quickly and took the eggs into his hand and crushed them. "Of neither," he said.

Then Katubua said: "Maiden, though in truth the question seemed idle, yet the youth is right, for a man must know when to act."

Next there were brought forth two bowls, each covered with a mat of woven grass. And Katubua said: "This is the second test. Of these two bowls choose that which is full of water."

Ekesa trembled, but quickly stretched out her hand and laid it on the nearest bowl, saying, "This is it."

"Choose you, now," said the king to Ratu Tanito.

It was just after New Year's day, about twenty-four years ago, and New York city was then full of seafaring men, who had served in the volunteer navy, and many of whom had even carried muskets in the army.

American shipping had been, so to speak, run off the high seas, and even the packet ships—that is, many of them—flew the English flag, although they were owned in New York as much as in Liverpool.

Sailor Town, as the Fourth and part of the Seventh wards of New York were styled then, was full of sailors' boarding houses, many of them places of dreadful repute, wherein Jack was taken to live on his return from sea, fleeced and shanghaied—that is, placed insensible on board of an outward bound ship, without any money and with very little wardrobe in his canvas bag.

There were a few, a very few, reputable sailors' boarding houses there, and the safest place for a mariner ashore was assuredly the Sailors' Home, at No. 190 Cherry street, which had been conducted on the most excellent plan, under the admirable guidance of Capt. Walford and Richardson, who were connected with the directorate of the Seaman's Savings bank.

The "Home" at the time of which I speak was full of sailors, some of whom were in arrears in their board and most of whom were down to their last dollar.

Nevertheless they were well treated, for they were, as a rule, sober men, desirous of seeking employment and willing to go to sea if they could get a ship.

Among the boarders were three men, Isaac Reed, an elderly Englishman who had fought the Merrimac in the first Monitor; Harry Elliott, a curly headed lad from Newburyport, Mass., who had just felt that he could "ship" as an able seaman, for he had turned 21, and had seven years a mariner; and the third was a Spaniard named Antonio, who had sailed out of the United States so long that he was very jealous of his citizenship and took great care of an old American "protection"—a document similar to that with which all foreign-born seamen in American vessels were furnished to protect them from being held for military or naval service in their own countries in Europe when they went thither from American ports.

These three men were types of the seamen of that day. They had been filled with the importance of the victories gained by Farragut, and as they hailed from the "States" themselves, were very anxious to obtain berths together, on board of an American ship if possible, or an English one if it must be.

Day after day they had struggled from shipping office to shipping office along South street in quest of employment. And day after day they returned to the Sailors' Home at No. 190 dejected and disappointed.

They had been ashore for more than three months, all their money was gone and they were gradually getting deeper and deeper in debt to the managers of the Home, who, it must be noted, were very lenient with worthy men.

Night after night the three poor fellows sat together in the smoking room conversing in low tones about their wanderings and the morrow's prospects, and night after night they went into prayers and listened to the sweet voices of the young ladies of the managers' families singing the good old fashioned penny-royal tunes that Downcasters loved to hear.

At last, about the latter end of January, the three sailors sallied forth one morning determined to take anything that might present itself, and they crossed over to Brooklyn, where a lot of English vessels were moored, almost ready for sea, in the Atlantic dock basin.

They boarded a brig called the Elliott, because the name attracted Harry Elliott's attention, and he said: "Men, this looks like luck. She's a juicer, but that makes no difference. Her name's the same as mine. Who knows but there may be a berth for one or more of us on her?"

Over the side went the three sailors, and they spoke to the mate, a Scotchman, and learned from him that the captain was going to ship a crew for the very next day, as the brig was ready for sea. While the lads were conversing with the mate, the captain came down the quay and over the gangway. The work of introduction and explanation did not take long, and the captain being pleased that these sailors boarded at the "Home" and could not therefore be "packet rats"—a class of voyager much feared by all reputable skipper because of their habits and lack of seamanship—bade them come up to the British consul, No. 15 Broadway, the next day and sign articles.

Before she reached Fort Wadsworth the crew were able to make sail, which they did not do until the vessel got over the bar and just outside the "station boat," as the pilot boat which waits to receive pilots from outward bound vessels is called.

The tugboat had left, sail had been made on the brig, and she began to gather way under a heavy northerly breeze.

The weather at this time, about 4 p. m., looked very unpropitious and lowering, and the brig had to veer to the yawl from the station boat to take the pilot off when, as the main topsail was flat back against the mast, the forward yards braced the other way, a squall from north-northeast struck the vessel and nearly threw her on her beam ends.

There was no time to be lost. She was rapidly gathering sternway, and was in imminent danger.

The pilot forgot his station boat in the immediate peril, shouted to the man at the wheel to shift his helm so as to bring the brig around on her keel, and then gave the orders to swing the mainyard, lower the topsail yards down on the caps, haul out the reef tackles, to haul up the mainsail and foresail, run down the jib and clew down the head of the spanker so as to get the brig under easy working sail.

She careened over until her lee scuppers were under water, and the wind blew so hard that the topsails would not run down, nor the jib obey the force upon the downhaul.

In a few minutes the whole face of nature had changed. A blinding snow storm obscured the Jersey shore outside the Hook as completely as a fog, and vessels to windward were only dimly outlined through the biting flakes.

Where had the pilot boat gone? Nobody on board the brig had stopped to ask, for night was setting down rapidly on the waters and the storm was raging with all its might, the wind veering and varying every half hour between north and east-northeast, so that the brig, which had not got into "ship-shape," with its spare spars, water casks and chain cable loose on deck, adding to the difficulties of the situation and the momentarily increasing dangers, was almost unmanageable.

The crew, though good seamen, no doubt, with the exception of the three men from the Sailors' Home, did not know each other, and, naturally, did not work well together, and the officers had no knowledge of the capacities of their men, so that they could not order them about with surety.

"Lay aloft and double reef the foretop-sail," shouted the Scotch captain, acting as first officer for the pilot, who had now taken the wheel, fearful lest the brig should go on the shore under her lee, over which the rollers were thundering and leaping scarcely a cable's length away.

As this order was given another squall struck the brig, and she heeled over as if she would certainly capsize. But the pilot swept her to windward, shivered her foreyard and brought her up shuddering and trembling like a scared bird in the trough of the sea, while all hands, cook, captain, boys and steward, tried to clew down the topsail yards, haul out the reef tackles, and spill the wind out of the sails by hauling taut the buntlines.

"Up, now, men," shouted the captain, "and reef the maintop-sail. You can manage that easiest. Goosewing the foretop-sail while it is aback," he shouted to the second mate, "and haul the head of the spanker out to keep her steady." Efforts, with more or less success, were made to obey all these orders. But the foretop-sail split as soon as the sheet was started, and the jib, which could not be pulled down the stay, was in ribbons.

Still the foretopmast staysail, the spanker and the maintop-sail held on, while the brig plunged and labored and snorted in the sea like a terrified horse. The men mounted to the topsail yard. The first man outside the lift to the "weather reef earing was Antonio. "Luff up, and shake her! Light out to windward!" he shouted to the deck and to the men inside him on the yard. Even as he spoke the brig "branched to," the heavy sail flapped, and, as it filled forward again with the gale, it tore Antonio from the yard as he held on to the leach and hurled him far ahead into the sea. He disappeared forever.

His requiem was the faint alarm, "Man overboard!" unheard on deck, and the thunderous explosion of the topsail itself, which was blown clean out of the bolt ropes by another squall which struck the now seemingly doomed vessel.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of F. E. Custer, Administrator of the estate of Wm. H. Richards, deceased. Having been appointed Auditor by the court to report distribution of the funds in the hands of said accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office corner of Franklin and Stonecreek street, in the city of Johnstown, county of Cambria, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of May, 1886, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of my said appointment, when and where all persons interested shall attend or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

W. BOHACE ROSE, Auditor. Johnstown, April 17 1886. APR 17-1886