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FRIDAY MAY 2 1890.

Mrs. CAROLINE B. ALEXANDER and Mrs. Annie E. Gill have been nominated by the Governor of New Jersey as Managers of the Home for Feeble-minded Women at Vineland.

Mrs. Wanamaker, it is stated, has introduced a new fad in Washington, and has a class of young ladies meet at her residence twice a week, where a professor of physical grace from abroad teaches them how to walk, to go up and down stairs, to bow, to smile, to make eyes and to dispose of the hands.

The New York World of Monday contained serious charges on Senator Delamater. This is what it says: "Delamater bought his way into office, bribed enemies not to expose dark chapters in his life, foreshadowed himself when he took the oath of office, tried to defraud the people of his State in the interest of a monopoly and committed forgery as a crowning act of villainy."

CONGRESSMAN ALLEN, of Mississippi made a personal explanation in the House on Saturday. He had not characterized "Senator Quay as a thief," as some reckless papers stated, but in reply to Mr. Cannon, Republican, who had arraigned the Democratic party because it had defaulted State Treasurers, he had simply said that "the Democratic party had never elected them to the United States Senate or made them chairmen of its national committee." The explanation was satisfactory all around.

WM. F. HARRITY, Esq., ex-postmaster of Philadelphia, has announced himself in favor of ex-Governor Pattison for the Democratic nomination for Governor. He substantially says: "I am for ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison for Governor. Why? Well, because I now candidly believe him to be the strongest man we could possibly nominate. The man who can again wrest the control of this State out of the hands of a political ring, as valiantly as he did in that year of tidal waves, 1882. His strong and clean administration is a platform of itself."

The President is reported to be alarmed at the amount of money voted for public buildings. The bills that have passed both branches of Congress carry \$1,165,000; bills carrying \$16,500,000 have passed the Senate, and another million is pending on the Senate calendar. Bills appropriating \$4,000,000 have passed the House, and bills appropriating \$7,500,000 have been favorably reported to the House. One hundred and forty-five public building bills, have become laws, or passed one or both Houses of Congress, or been favorably reported from the committees.

The Altoona Times advises its readers to be on the lookout for the latest dangerous article now being sold from house to house by agents, for it is a rival of the kerosene can. It is a liquid stove polish, concocted after the receipts of some malignantly ingenious individual, and being a mixture composed largely of naphtha—a more dangerous explosive than gunpowder, of which it is an ingredient—the result of applying it to a stove while hot, or even warm, may well be imagined. Already we have read of several explosions, accompanied by severe burning, as a result of the use of the deadly compound. We have never seen the name of this particular brand of death-dealing stove polish, but the best safeguard would be to eschew all liquid preparations with which to blacken stoves, and thus be on the safe side.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The general executive board of the American Federation of Labor issued a manifesto on Monday night addressed to the toiling masses. This is in part as follows: "The executive council of the American Federation of Labor having selected the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America to make the demand for the enforcement of the eight-hour work day, I ask you to refrain from any sympathetic strikes. Rather remain at your work and aid the carpenters and joiners to win in the contest. To the carpenters and joiners my advice is to demand and insist upon the enforcement of the eight-hour day. In the demonstration to be held May 1, turn out in vast numbers and by your presence manifest your unalterable determination to have the eight-hour work day enforced, though by one trade at a time, yet for all as the ultimate result. Allow no one to provoke you to a breach of the peace. Maintain order, refrain from all violence, engage in no riots, let the watchword be the enforcement of the eight-hour work day; firm, peaceable and positive, with stout hearts and clear heads, let us concentrate all efforts for victory on the carpenters and joiners. Men of labor, steady along the line to the achievement of the eight-hour work day."

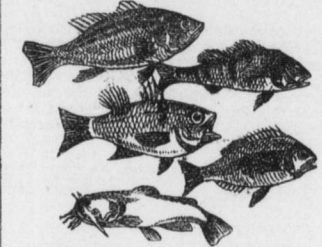
THE OLD TIME ANGLERS.

COUNTRY FISHING WHILE YET THE FOREST LINED THE STREAMS.

Civilization Too Hard on the Boys—The Crystal Streams of Other Days—"Diggin' Worms"—Minnows for Bait—Also Toads and Grasshoppers.

Yet I will look upon thy face again, My own romantic stream, and it will be a face more pleasant than the face of men. Thy waves are old companions; I shall see A well remembered form in each old tree And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.

These lines of Drake express the longing of the country born who now toils in the city. But it cannot be. The stream is changed. So let me, at least, revisit it in memory and picture the scenes of boyhood's angling.



THE FISH OF WESTERN WATERS.

Time: A bright Saturday morning. Era: In the early '50's. Place: The border of a creek in the middle section of the Wabash valley—the region where that stream, having long run southwest and "across the geological formation," as they now say, has turned at last into the carboniferous region and flows tranquilly through broad and fertile "bottom" lands, which end at lofty bluffs from half a mile to two miles away. Directly on the river one does not see that riparian scenery which charms the traveler about Logansport and thence to Lafayette and below; the banks are high and thence there is a slope towards the bluffs, near which are the black and stagnant bays which offend the eye (and too often the nose) of the voyager on the Wabash and Erie canal, and in which the snaky, slimy looking "pond fish" have their sluggish and worthless existence.

But the bluffs once passed, a lovely, high and rolling, heavily timbered region extends to Wabash Mill creek, which, like all the other affluents of the Wabash, flows at a very acute angle to the river. Not then as now. Cultivation had not broken the natural surface of the riparian glades and left them so that every rain turned the crystal stream into a torrent of muddy water. Heavy timber still lined the creek for the most part—the cultivated tracts were further back—and the roots, reaching far down into the water, created a whirl and hence a deep pool, where the silvery bass and the bright perch and still brighter sunfish loved to lie in cool and cloudy weather, coming out upon the ripples chiefly when the sky was clear and the south wind blew softly.

The "dead water" about the great drifts was the favorite haunt of catfish, but they were not esteemed like the bass and panfish. In fact, the old settlers had a prejudice against any fish that did not prefer running water. After the Wabash and Erie canal became the best fishing ground, it took them some time to get reconciled even to the products of that; and as to eating fish from a regular pond, a regular water pen made for breeding fish, the suggestion would have disgusted them. Going up any stream from the Wabash, soon after passing the "bottoms" one would find it of crystal clearness, with long, deep pools here and there, separated by short ripples rolling over clean, gravelly bottoms. Often the trees hung so far over the stream that opposite boughs intermingled, and in the growing season a faint but exquisitely delicate perfume floated down to the happy boy on the green bank, whose every sense was keen and all his being in harmony with nature.



FLINGING OUT HIS FIRST FISH.

What a blessed fact it is that almost every sound the country boy hears is a natural rhythm, almost every sight he sees is restful to the eye. No carts rattling over stony pavements, no screaming of steam whistles, no whir of machinery, no roar of crowded streets; but instead the lowing of cattle, the twitter of birds, the ripple of brooks, the soft sighing of the wind in the tall trees. Sociologists tell us that after a few generations of continuous life in cities all the perceptive faculties become extremely dull; children are born near sighted, deficient in hearing, color blind and sadly devoid of the natural sense of harmony—and no wonder. As the little fisherman watches his cork the hum of insects about the buds on the overhanging trees is borne to his ears. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind scatters buds and insects down upon the water, and then the speckled and silver sided beauties dart hither and yon for the first snap at the dainty food. The total outfit of the boy of 1850, or thereabouts, might fetch ten cents in a "balled market." There is no jointed rod, no reel, no fancy cork, no artificial fly. The rod he cut as he came through

the woods—a limber ash or water beech sprout. The hook is the simplest of old fashioned bars; the fishing line a very small and tightly woven cord, which cost him five cents at the country store. The cork (he never heard of a "bob") is a real cork, originally from Kentucky, or "somewhere down below," and imported in the grand old big belled demijohn which contained the strong water of Bourbon county. Through it he punches a small hole and is careful to double his line in it while fastening, in such a way that he can easily readjust it to various depths of water. The "sinker" is made of two or three bullets hammered into a mass. His bait—well, it is various.

"Diggin' worms" was probably his last occupation the night before his holiday, for "fishin' worms" were thought to improve a little by being kept in a box of loose earth for a night. For the canal and river, minnows seized from the branch were thought the best bait. For catfish, live frogs or toads were occasionally used, the hook being very lightly inserted in the loose skin along the back. But it was reprobated. Indeed, it was a subject at times of heated discussion, and many a tough old fisherman has wasted valuable time trying to convince a tender hearted boy that it did not hurt the frog. Maybe it didn't, but the frog squirmed around all the same and imitated a hurt creature remarkably well.

And now all is set, silence is enjoined—"Don't swear or you won't catch a dashed fish"—and there is eager rivalry for the first fish. The morning sun shining through the trees casts great feather edged scollops of light and shade upon the water; the wind is from the south, and just strong enough to make the fish bite well. The worm is impaled, the line is thrown, the cork spins around a few times and floats on the placid pool. All at once it bobs and the eager boy leans forward with delighted eye and dilated nostril. Once, twice, three times it bobs. "A nibble, a nibble," he whispers in a hiss that might be heard twenty yards. "First nibble for me!" Once or twice more perhaps it bobs. "Gosh dang it, he's tuck my bait!" No, the cork bobs but once more and then takes a dive. The fish is hooked. With more than



"WILL THE FISH BITE TODAY?" boyish strength the rod is whirled upward and backward, the line flies out to its greatest length and the fish is thrown, perhaps into a bush or tree in the rear, while the exultant boy, all injunctions to silence ignored, yells in a tone that echoes far along the stream: "First fish for me!"

"Shut up, gosh blame ye," is the only response, "you'll skeer all the fish out of the creek." And it does look like it, for there is generally a long wait after the first fish. But it's a good day, and soon the sport is on the full tide of success. It is wonderful how rapidly fish were taken in those times when conditions were favorable. "Twenty-four line bass in two hours" was the best record I ever saw made by one person; but of course I have reliable testimony (that of fishermen) to much more lively sport. This abundance of fish food was a great advantage to the early settlers. The country boy, as aforesaid, had none of the modern conveniences; but he had what was far better—a sense of the right time to go fishing, which was a science in itself.

If he was too young to have acquired it, his father or the hired man had it. One hired man we had was a prodigy in this and similar lines of wood craft. He had a keenness of perception as to nature's doings that amounted to a sixth sense. Often I have walked through the deep woods with him and seen him pause and raise his gun, and then squirrels or birds that I could not see would come tumbling from the tops of the tallest trees—and the squirrels in most cases were shot in the head. He could examine the night sky and note the evening air and tell almost to a certainty whether fish would bite the next day. If the morning left it still in doubt he would blow up a little tobacco smoke and watch its drift and gradual dissipation, and rarely indeed did he fail in this test. My reverence for him was unbounded until one day, when I was about 9 years old, I handed him a copy of The Indiana State Journal to read something that had amused me, and discovered that he could not read. It was quite a shock. Down to that time I had thought he knew everything.

If the fish bit very well at any time they did not usually keep it up long. Three hours was a long season of good fishing; then the wind changed, or the sky was overcast, or, as we used to think, we had caught all the fish in that part of the creek, though the real reason probably was that it was a good day for their feeding and they had got enough and "gone up under the roots." After the fishing came the fun, if we were not too anxious to hurry home and show our spoils.

Now, alas, all the broad and fertile tracts along the creeks are cleared of timber; no lofty trees, or very few, hang over the stream, and in places the banks have to be "rocked up" to prevent destructive washing. There are no more floating logs and no drifts, and with very rare exceptions, no deep holes for fishing or swimming. Many of the creeks are of one uniform depth, or rather shallow, from source to mouth, and few indeed are the places where the boys of 1850 can renew their youth with hook, line and rod. J. H. BEADLE.

THE FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A Monument to Perpetuate the Name and Fame of Daguerre.

Fifty years ago last summer Louis Jaques Mande Daguerre gave to the world the discovery which was to be the forerunner of the photograph of today. He received in return from the government of France a life pension of \$1,200 a year, and now that a half century has



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.

gone by the photographers of America, very properly, have decided to erect a monument to the man who may well be called the father of an art. The memorial project was set on foot last fall at a convention in Washington. It was decided to honor the memory of Daguerre with some lasting tribute to his genius, and when details came to be discussed the principal points settled upon were: The memorial should be a monument; it should stand in front of the Smithsonian institution, and the limit of cost should be \$10,000.

J. S. Hartley, of New York, is the sculptor. He is now making a model in clay of his design. The monument will show Daguerre crowned by Fame with the laurel which reaches around the globe, emblematic of the world wide benefit which photography has been to mankind. The monument proper will stand 11 feet high. The pedestal and globe will be in granite, the head of Daguerre in bronze.

Cornelles, a little town near Paris, was the birthplace of Daguerre, and he first saw the light in 1787. In early life he was a scene painter, and in 1822 opened a diorama in Paris, for which he painted pictures on an enormous scale.

He frequently employed the camera obscura in the sketches which he made from nature, and the idea occurred to him that some means might be discovered by which these camera obscura pictures might be permanently retained. About 1824 he began his experiments, and toiled incessantly for years. Accident brought his experiments to a triumphant issue. He found that iodide of silver on a polished copper plate was sensitive to light, and when exposed in a camera faint images were impressed, which would gradually fade away, and could not be retained.

"One day," says a recent writer, "Daguerre removed from his camera a plate which, either from the shortness of exposure to the light or the darkness of the day, showed no sign of an image. He laid this plate aside in a cupboard, intending to clean the surface and use it some time again. What was his surprise on taking out the same plate the next morning to find upon its surface a distinct and perfect picture! Another plate was quickly exposed for an equally short time in the camera, and again placed in the magic cupboard to remain over night; and on going to it the second morning he discovered another beautiful picture.



L. J. M. DAGUERRE.

"The question now was which of the numerous chemicals stored in this cupboard produced the marvelous effect. He finally learned, by taking out one chemical each day, that it was a dish of mercury whose vapors produced the magical result, and he at once proceeded to apply the discovery practically." To "fix" the developed images Daguerre employed hyposulphite of soda, and one day the "mad inventor" introduced his new process to the Parisian world. He created a sensation, gained honor and renown and will live in history as the founder of an art that is year by year approaching nearer to perfection.

An English Lad's Novel Mount.

The most enterprising sportsman in England is believed to be the youth who rode a bull for an hour the other day with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds. While



RIDING A BULL TO HOUNDS.

the pack were in full cry, running past a farm near Wyche, the field were astonished to see a lad mounted on a bull join the hunt and take fences in fine style. The bull was not saddled or bridled, and the rider sat him with as much grace as possible when the width of the bull's back is considered. The rider and his steed were, of course, the heroes of the day.

Ho Brushed a Live Dummy.

One evening I was out with a party of young friends. It had been trying to snow all afternoon and had cleared off cold. As we passed a ready made clothing store we noticed a couple of dummies out in front covered with snow. One of these two particular dummies was looking in the window, probably watching the cashier inside, while the other was faced toward the street, possibly to draw trade. On the breast of his long, snow laden ulster he wore a banner with the strange device, "Buy me, only \$7.33." Just as we were passing we saw a young clerk approaching the door, whisk broom in hand, to brush the snow from the dummies. One of my friends, who knew the clerk, said, "Imitation of a dummy," and he jumped into a rigid position between the papier mache men. We ran across the street to watch things. Out came the clerk and brushed the snow from the nearest figure, turning it around on its well greased standard as he did so. Then he reached for our friend, who stood stiff and still. He carefully brushed the snow from the back of his long ulster, and then took hold of his arm to turn him around. As he felt flesh and blood he dropped his whisk, uttered a horrible yell and disappeared behind a pile of coats in the store.—Chicago Herald.

Horace Greeley's Favorite Cut.

Hall, the chief messenger at the custom house, cultivated his suave manner when he was the head waiter at the Astor house. Nothing pleases him more than to recall the days when he served Horace Greeley, who dined for years at the Astor house. Dinner there at that time was served on the American plan and was from 12 m. until 3 p. m. "I used to carve," said Hall, "and when I had reached the twenty-four or twenty-fifth cut in a rib of roast beef I knew that it was time for Mr. Greeley to come in. He liked the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth cut because, I suppose, the meat in that part of the roast was done exactly to suit his taste. When I had got to Mr. Greeley's cut I used to run my knife around the rim of it and remove all the overdone edge or fat, which he did not like. We heaped up the plate with potatoes, green peas and beans—Mr. Greeley was a great hand for green peas—and sent it in to him."—New York Tribune.

Buttered Toast for Potatoes.

M. Taine, the eminent French litterateur, was recently at Oxford and he ordered plain roast beef and potatoes for dinner. The waiter brought M. Taine roast beef and buttered toast. M. Taine exclaims, "Waiter, some potatoes." The waiter brought more buttered toast. M. Taine, in pronouncing "potatoes," laid stress on the last syllable of potatoes and gave the "s" more sibilation than was necessary, so to the waiter's English ear he was asking with tolerable clearness for buttered toast. When fresh lots of buttered toast began to appear, M. Taine blandly demanded "some potatoes," with the result that his table was literally covered with plates of buttered toast; however, a well known Oxford professor happened to enter the room at this juncture and succeeded in clearing up matters.—London Cor. of New Orleans Picayune.

Hospitable.

"Good morning. I should like to ask for a little information, if you please." The speaker was a northern tourist in the Ozark mountains of southwestern Missouri. He had halted near a small, windowless cabin, in front of which a sallow, shrewd native sat smoking a cob pipe.

"Wulle" came the slow reply. The man did not move nor did he take his pipe from his mouth or his hands from his pockets as he surveyed the elegant young man in corduroys.

"I should like to inquire," said the tourist, "if this isn't the region where the clay enters live? I was told I should reach it about noon."

The Missourian rose slowly, and, advancing his lank figure, a gleam of fun in his eye, asked in his turn: "Clay? Be you hungry for some, young feller?"—Youth's Companion.

Wind Motors for Electrical Purposes.

The use of wind power for producing the electric light possesses the recommendation that it is cheap. A wind motor has been in successful operation for some time at the northernmost lighthouse at Cape de la Hague, where it drives two dynamo supplying accumulators. The windmill rests upon a timber framing, and transmits motion by means of a vertical shaft and two pairs of conical cog wheels to a horizontal shaft. Pulleys are fixed to the latter, which drive the dynamo by means of belting. The windmill works automatically, both during light winds and gales.—Electrician.

BONE MEAL FOR POULTRY.

Crushed oyster shells, fish and beef scraps. Send for new price list. YORK CHEMICAL WORKS, YORK, PA.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale on

Wednesday, May 14, 1890, AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

On the premises, all that certain lot of ground situate in the Fifteenth ward of the City of Johnstown, (Cambria borough) fronting thirty-seven feet (37) on Front street, and extending back at an average depth of one hundred and forty-three feet (143) to an alley, bounded on the one side by lot No. 11, on the other side by lot of P. J. McLaughlin.

Also, All the remaining piece of ground at the rear of P. J. McLaughlin, and joining said McLaughlin on the north by an alley, and on the rear by an alley, on the south by the above described lot. TERMS OF SALE: Ten percent, on day of sale, one-third on confirmation; balance in six months with interest, secured by judgment note or mortgage. The purchaser to have the privilege of paying all at confirmation. F. P. MAITIN, Administrator of Catherine Keelan, deceased. 419-8-31

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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills!'"

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Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La. C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Thomas McCabe, deceased. Ed. T. McNeils, Administrator, do hereby notice. And now, March 3, 1890, on motion of Ed. T. McNeils, Esq., M. B. Stephens, Esq., appointed Auditor to distribute the funds in hand of Administrator. PER CURIAM. Notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of said appointment, at my office, in the City of Johnstown, on Friday, the 3rd day of May, 1890, at 10 o'clock of said day, where all parties interested may attend if they see proper, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. M. B. STEPHENS. 419-8-31