

The Democracy of Cambria county has declared for Robert Emory Pattison for Governor.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER'S life and accident insurance now amounts to \$1,300,000, the largest insurance carried by any individual in the world.

An Ohio paper says that "Mr. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil Company, has an income of \$750 per hour, and is a very pious man." He ought to be. He can afford it at that price. Lots of men would try to be very pious on an income of a dollar a minute.

It is understood that some of the Western towns which have been sounding the hezag and calling attention to their tremendous population are awaiting the footing up of the census returns with a feeling akin to a fearful dread.

MAYER, Fitzharris, McMeelis, Dillon, Kirby, Berry, Hipps, and Miller. The free expression of the wishes of over 4,500 of the Democratic voters of Cambria county. The Crawford county system retained as the popular method of making nominations. The ticket nominated will prove too much for anything that can be fitted against it by the opposite party.

RECENT statistics in England seem to show a very marked decrease in crime in that country. In 1868 one person in every 406 of the population of the nation was either considered a criminal or under police surveillance. Twenty years later, in 1888, the proportion of the criminal population was only one in 871, while the number of indictable offenses reported by the police force was smaller by 25 per cent. than twenty years before.

C. A. PILLSBURY, the millionaire miller of Minneapolis, says that the price of wheat reached its bottom figure the last year. The increase of population in the United States and throughout the world, with the increased demand for wheat flour and the exhaustion of the surplus of former years, has made firmer prices possible. He believes that in the next five years the mills of Minneapolis will grind more flour at \$1 a bushel than under. "The advance in civilization," he said, "creates a greater demand for better food. Black bread gives away to wheat bread. This is the case the world over."

OBSERVES the New York Times: "The Maryland Legislature very nearly passed a bill to abolish the obsolete custom of kissing the Bible in taking an oath. The bill passed the Senate almost unanimously but failed in the House. This custom of kissing the Bible adds nothing to the binding force of the oath, and is usually a perfunctory act, and often an irreverent mockery. It was proposed to substitute for it the raising of the hand as a formal recognition of the solemnity of the oath, and to strike out the words 'so help me God,' as being an unnecessary imprecation and lacking in the reverence which should be paid to the Almighty name. The phraseology of the oath as it exists in this country is part of the machinery of medieval customs for investing all such acts with the utmost impressiveness. But in these times the original purpose is lost sight of, and the effect is too often a travesty upon sacred things. Judge Arnold, of Philadelphia, has substituted the raising of the hand for kissing the Bible, which is an enlightened innovation."

THE VALUE OF A TRADE. Of the 554 convicts received at the Eastern Penitentiary last year, according to the report of Inspector Vaux, now a member of Congress, but thirty-three had acquired trades by apprenticeship, and fifty seven learned trades by working at them, making only ninety who were in the possession of a trade. Such a disproportion exists among the old convicts in the penitentiary as well as at other penal institutions throughout the country. Commenting on these facts, the Eastern Express is evidently much impressed with a still other important fact, that a man who has a trade is less liable to theft than one who has none is easily apparent, the more so when it is remembered that most of the convicts are young men. The world is moving forward rapidly, and the young men are trying to keep up with it, in appearance, at least. To do this requires money. When a young man has a trade he is apt to have work, which not only enables him to meet his wants, but it will also serve as a wholesome restraint from evil. On the contrary, a young man who has no trade is less liable to have employment, though he will have the same need for money as has the other, and possibly for more, because of his idleness. And this money he will strive to secure, the means frequently being a matter of minor consideration. Then he falls. Manhood and morality strongly encourage the learning of a trade. Indolence militates against it; and so does a shallow sentiment among a certain class of people who have more regard for a coxcomb than a mechanic, and who esteem foppery a greater virtue than lusty manhood. A young man inclined to effeminacy is apt to be deluded by these silly notions, and, to ingratiate himself with this kind of people, will endeavor in lessening the good he might do to himself and the world. A young man who learns a trade has nothing to regret save he did not learn it better.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

RESULT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY ELECTION ON SATURDAY.

A Very Large Vote Polled-The Nominations-The Delegates to the State Convention Instructed for Pattison-Ex-Sheriff Gray Retained as Chairman of the County Committee.

The return judges of the Democratic primary election met in the Opera House at Ebensburg yesterday afternoon. County-Chairman Gray presided. George A. Mears and Thos. J. Itell were chosen secretaries. W. A. B. Little acted as reading secretary.

The sealed returns from the several districts were then opened and the vote counted with the results as shown in the following tables:

Table with columns for ASSEMBLY, DISTRICTS, and names of candidates like Adams, Allegheny, Ashville, etc.

TREASURER.

Table listing names of candidates for Treasurer.

DISTRICTS.

Table with columns for DISTRICTS and names of candidates for various wards.

The Baby Market.

"Girl babies are in demand," said the matron of a foundlings' home yesterday. "If you want to place a child for adoption you will have no trouble as long as the child is—a girl." "Have boys gone out of fashion?" "Oh, no. Boys will be boys you know. But then somehow the popular fancy seems to run towards a girl." "But a girl is more expensive to raise." "Not at all. Another popular fallacy." "But girls squall more and are a greater nuisance generally; and when they grow up—"

FOR COMMISSIONER.

Table with columns for names of candidates for Commissioner and their respective district votes.

AUDITOR. P. H. D. C. OFS.

Table with columns for names of candidates for Auditor and their respective district votes.

DISTRICT.

Table with columns for names of candidates for various districts.

Thomas H. Greevy received 4,217 votes for Congress, there being no opposition.

The names of the Committee-elect from the different districts were also announced, but for the present, owing to want of room, they are omitted.

After the calling of the vote a recess was taken, during which time the result was footed up.

Upon re-assembling, the new committee was organized by the unanimous reelection of ex-Sheriff Joseph A. Gray as Chairman for the ensuing year.

Business began by the announcement that the election of delegates to the State Convention to be held at Scranton, July 2d, was in order. Nominations came faster than the clerks could record them. Col. John P. Linton, Herman Baumer, H. A. Engelhart, F. J. O'Connor, H. A. Shoemaker, Wm. H. Thomas, Geo. W. Waggoner, F. P. Martin, Richard Bowen, Carron Leahy, P. J. Dietrick, C. N. Crouse, and A. J. Christy were placed in nomination.

A resolution was offered by Capt. John Downey, substitute committeeman from the Fourth ward, Johnstown, declaring the first five of the above named gentlemen the representatives of Cambria county in the coming State Convention. In a moment a dozen delegates were on their feet. Gen. Joseph McDonald declared against the wholesale business, as he called it. The proposition was so vehemently opposed that it was withdrawn. This took place before all the names for delegates had been placed in nomination.

To this there was much opposition, resulting in considerable confusion. At times half a dozen members were on their feet at one time.

Order was eventually restored and the voting for delegates proceeded, the committeemen in most cases not knowing the preferences of the men for whom they voted for delegates. The voting resulted as follows: Linton 26, Baumer 16, Engelhart 26, O'Connor 17, Shoemaker 27, Thomas 35, Waggoner 15, Martin 11, Bowen 33, Leahy 14, Dietrick 36, Crouse 5, and Christy 7. Messrs Linton, Dietrick, Bowen, Engelhart, and Shoemaker were therefore declared elected.

Mr. Chas. M. Swank, of the Sixth ward, Johnstown, then moved that the delegates be instructed to vote for Robert E. Pattison for Governor. Capt. Downey moved to amend by substituting the name of Wm. A. Wallace. Again a dozen men were demanding recognition of the chair. Finally a motion to call the roll, and have each delegate express his preference as to whom the delegate should be instructed to prevail. The vote was accordingly taken with the result of nineteen for Wallace and thirty-six for Pattison, five districts having no committeeman present. The Pattison men were jubilant over their victory.

In the matter of choosing congressional conferees Mr. Greevy, having received the vote of the county, was voted the privilege of naming his own men.

The meeting of the committee having finished its work adjourned, it being after 6 o'clock. A special train leaving Ebensburg at 7:15 conveyed the crowd to Cresson, where they took their respective routes for home by the night trains.

Death of Nicholas F. Carroll.

Yesterday morning Mr. M. J. Carroll, of this place, received a message that his brother Nicholas, of Salina, Kas., could not possibly live and on the early afternoon train he left for that place. Later in the evening his brother John received another message, stating that he had died at 12:35.

Mr. Carroll was well known in this place and was a son of Patrick Carroll, late of Conemaugh borough. His mother and one brother, Thomas B., and sister Rose were drowned in the flood. Mary, who survived the flood, went to Salina last summer, and Michael J. and John have been living here. Nicholas had formerly been in business here, and for some years kept a dry goods store in the old Merchants' Hotel building. About nineteen years ago he moved to Salina, where he engaged in the real estate business and also conducted a mercantile business. He was prosperous in his new home and was appointed postmaster at Salina by President Cleveland, which position he held at the time of his death.

FOR GOVERNOR AND PRESIDENT.

Pattison and Delamater for the Former Place, and Cleveland and Quay for the Latter.

Coming down to Cresson from Ebensburg on Monday evening, in one of the cars of the special train, was a crowd, not all of whom were Democrats, although the majority were committed on their return home. A straw vote was taken on Pattison and Wallace as the choice for Democratic nominee for governor, with the result of 33 for Pattison and 3 for Wallace. A vote on Hastings and Delamater as the choice for the Republican nominee was then taken. The result was 80 for Delamater and 6 for Hastings. The vote on Hill and Cleveland as Democratic nominee in 1892 resulted in 30 for Cleveland and 4 for Hill, and the choice between Blaine and Quay as the Republican nominee fell to the latter by a vote of 32 to 1. No doubt the several gentlemen whose fate thus determined will be interested to hear of the result.

THE PHYSICIANS.

Meeting of the State Medical Association in Pittsburgh—Paper by Dr. Geo. W. Waggoner.

At the session of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh yesterday Dr. Waggoner, of Johnstown, read a paper that proved to be interesting throughout, and, at some passages, thrilling and moving.

Dr. Waggoner, the reader, himself, lost his sister and parents in the Johnstown disaster, and many an eye was tearful when he referred to that incident. He paid a glowing tribute to the Pittsburgh physicians to the Allegheny County Society, the Red Cross Society, the State officials, and all who aided the sufferers. He spoke of the six physicians who found their death in the flood, described the work of those who treated the wounded under such awful circumstances, and grew eloquent in the sincerity of the thanks he rendered to them all.

Jokers' Revels.

Terre Haute Express: You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.

Somerville Journal: The vain man never can see any excuse for vanity in the men he knows.

Chicago Times: "I hear that your picnic was a swell affair." "It was. We all got stung by hornets"

Pittsburgh Chronicle: If words always meant what they said, articles would be deer when trade is stagnant.

Boston Bulletin: Strange to say very few fans are pawed, although it is very easy to "raise the wind" with them.

Washington Post: In the bright lexicon of youth there may be no such word as fail, but it's very different with Bradstreet's.

"JIM."

The Inscription Over a Johnstown Grave, and the Story that Goes With It. New York Sun, June 8.

After the toasts at the dinner of the Johnstown correspondents at the Fellowship Club on Saturday night, and when reminiscences were in order, some chance remark brought out from General D. H. Hastings, who, having been the benefactor of the newspaper men at Johnstown, had become their guest in New York, a story of the flood, which, though it has waited a full year for the telling, has the freshness and delicacy of a newly-plucked flower, and the always new odor of heroism inseparable from a tale of noble actions, even though the hero be but a tramp. This is the way the General told it:

"It was the night after the flood, and I had arrived on the spot only a short time before, after driving sixty miles over the mountains. You know what a horrible thing darkness was in Johnstown, anyhow, and that was the first night, and the worst. A few of us were standing on the bank overlooking the plain and the smouldering debris at the bridge, saying nothing and trying not to think. Presently some one pulled a few pieces of wreck together and built a fire. We could see each other then, and one of the toughest looking men I ever saw in my life, and it took a pretty ragged and dirty and miserable man to attract attention at Johnstown then, hunted around until he found a battered old can, and in it he made coffee over the fire and handed it around to us. I said, when he handed me mine:

"I suppose you've lost everything?" "We always made some remark like that to a stranger then; it seemed about the only natural thing to say." "No, said he, 'didn't lose anything.' "You belong here?" said I. "No," said he. "Got friends here?" "No." "Look here," said I, "who are you anyhow?"

"Well," he sort of muttered, "I'm what they call a tramp." "Then he seemed to brighten up and said:

"I'll tell ye. I ain't done a stroke o' work in more'n four year, but I just happened to come along here, an' I tell you, it just knocked me out. I seen all these people with nothin' left an' nobody to help 'em, an' I just pitched in fore I knew it. I ain't much good, but I done all I could, an' I'm goin' to stay here now as long as I kin be of any help."

"I sort of took an interest in the fellow at that, and told him who I was, and that if he'd come around to headquarters next day I'd give him some work to do. He was on hand early next morning, and said he didn't mind what we did, so we tied a white piece of cotton about his hat, marked 'Morgue' on it in big letters, and told him to go help handle the dead.

You know what awful work that was, but he looked like a gnom, anyhow, and he didn't kick at no assignment. After a day or two we noticed that he was one of the best men we had. He was patient, industrious, and kindly, and as faithful as a woman. He never struck a task, no matter how hard, and he never stopped as long as there was work to do, day or night. When we were ordered a regular force I wanted to put him on the payroll, and asked him:

"What's your name?" "Oh, just put me down, 'Jim,'" he said, "that'll do."

"So as Jim he went down on the roll, and that was the only name we ever knew him by. We kept him at work about headquarters most of the time, and for forty five of the forty seven days I was in Johnstown I had no more steady, hard-working, faithful, and honest man among all the thousands that were there. He did everything he was set to do patiently, intelligently, and uncomplainingly, and we all got to think a good deal of him. He remained in appearance, a very tough looking citizen, but as he worked among the sick and suffering and miserable, a good deal of his toughness wore off. He got more refined, somehow, although we didn't think much about it till after ward."

"One day the last of the men were paid off, and he drew the first money he had since he began to work. "What are you going to do now, Jim?" I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You know I ain't always been a tramp; I used to have a nice home in Massachusetts and a wife and children, but five years ago I had some trouble with my wife, and I went away, and—well, I ain't been good for nothing much since."

"Now, Jim, look here, said I, "what you want to do is to go right back to Massachusetts and see if your wife's alive and look up your children and live like a man again."

"General," he said, "that's just what I was comin' to. You see, I ain't been caring much what became of me since I got to trampin' around, but seem' all these people so miserable an' workin', you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could, it kind o' changed me, somehow, an' I want to see if I can't be somebody myself. So I've got some money now, an' I'll go back an' hunt up my folks, an' I know I can get work, an' maybe I'll get along all right again."

"Jim, you're just right," I said. "How much money have you got?" "Sixty-eight dollars, General." "Now, I'll tell you what you do; we're all going away in a day or two, you know, and you go down to the Commissary Department and tell 'em to give you a suit of clothes, and fix yourself up some, and

when I go home I'll take you with me, and you can stay a day or two with me, and then go on to Massachusetts."

"He seemed very grateful. I asked him: "What will you do when you get there?"

"Oh, I'll get work again." "Well, all right; now you go off and get a new suit, and I'll take you home with me when I go," I said, and Jim hurried off toward the Commissary Department."

"Later in the day he came back. You wouldn't have known him. Of course the suit wasn't much, but it was neat and clean, and he'd got his hair cut and his beard shaved off, and he had on a boiled shirt and a necktie. He was a big, stalwart fellow, with a handsome, waving moustache, and he looked really handsome, but there was something the matter with him, and in a minute I knew what had spoiled Jim's life."

"Jim," I said, "you've been drinking." "Well, General," he said, "you know I'm through work now, an' I hadn't tasted a drop ever since I was here, so I thought I'd just get a quart of whiskey while I was down there, and—and I guess I've drunk a pint or so of it, but I ain't drunk."

"Now see here, Jim," said I, "this ain't right; you'll never get back to your wife and children if you start in this way. Quit it right where you are, and don't spoil everything just as you are ready to begin over again."

"He sort of half promised and went on down the road, but I noticed that he met some friends and that there was a deal of tilting of elbows. I watched him until he met another party of friends and saw the elbows go up again, and then Jim went on out of sight."

"Some time afterward one of my aides came to the tent, looking very queer, and said:

"General, there's an accident happened to Jim, and I guess you'd better come."

"I hurried off after him, and away up the rail-road track I came to a little group of men, and in the midst of them poor Jim lying on the ground. He had got in the way of the freight train somehow, and both his legs were cut off above the knee. We poked him up and carried him to the hospital. We did what we could for him but it wasn't much. Two or three of us sat by his bedside all night, and when day he broke died. We poked out the finest coffin we had for Jim; we dug his grave in the prettiest spot there was left in the cemetery, and he had the biggest funeral that there had been in Johnstown at all. And the day we let we took a board and set it up at the head of his grave, and all we put on it was one word, Jim."

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. EDWARD H. SITER.

He Went to Bed Well on Saturday Evening and Dropped Dead at 2:30 O'clock Yesterday Morning.

On Sunday morning at 2:30 o'clock Mr. Edward H. Siter, a well-known and esteemed citizen of the Sixth ward, died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence, No. 151 Morris street, South Side. He went to bed in his usual health on Saturday evening and rested well until shortly before the hour named, when he awoke, feeling unwell. He died almost instantly.

Mr. Siter was born at Chester, Delaware county, March 29, 1831. In 1854 he was married and removed with his family to Johnstown in 1857. He obtained employment with the Cambria Iron Company, in whose service he was engaged, excepting at short intervals, until his death.

At his country's call for volunteers in April, 1861, when Fort Sumpter was on fire, Mr. Siter responded. His term of enlistment was for three months. Returning home at the expiration of that time, he continued at his work. But when another call was made later in the same year he enrolled himself in the nine months' service. He again returned to his work at the mills here, but removed to Bethlehem, Pa., remaining there only ten months, where he again took up his residence in Johnstown.

While in his country needed able-bodied men in the field, Mr. Siter could not content himself at home. He enlisted a third time and remained in the service until the end of the war. Since the organization of the G. A. R. in Johnstown he has been a prominent member.

The deceased has been employed at the Bessemer Steel Department of the Cambria Iron Company's works since it was started, having been a foreman in that department since 1876.

At the time of the flood Mr. Siter dwelt at No. 161 Vine street. His residence was swept away. He then removed to the house where he died. For some time past he had not been quite as well as usual, although he lost no time from work. He was at work on Thursday night, returning about 1 o'clock at the end of his turn. On Friday he went to Pittsburgh, returning Saturday evening.

The deceased is survived by his wife and two children—a son and a daughter. The daughter is the wife of Mr. James P. Thomas, of the firm of John Thomas & Sons. The son, William, is at Chattanooga, Tenn. Another daughter, now deceased, was the first wife of the late Thomas Kirlin, and one died at home several years ago.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday, but the hour has not yet been determined. The Y. W. C. T. U., of Morrellville, gave a reception at the home of Miss Lizzie Hill, Tuesday evening, June 3d. About ninety young ladies and gentlemen were present, and a most delightful time is reported. Quite a number of new members were added to the society.