

The Democrat.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

HISTORY shows that thirteen States responded at the first census, which was taken a hundred years ago, sixteen to the second, seventeen to the third, twenty-three to the fourth, twenty-four to the fifth, twenty-six to the sixth, thirty to the seventh, thirty-three to the eighth, thirty-seven to the ninth, thirty-eight to the tenth, and forty-two to the eleventh.

To Col. DONN PLATT belongs the credit of having started the crusade against "The Car-Hog." Five years ago he contributed an article to the American Press Association under this title. It had a wide circulation and it had a good effect in toning down the eccentricities of porcine travellers. But, as in the case of liberty, it requires eternal vigilance to reform the car-hog. There is a new crop every year.

EVIDENTLY the Philadelphia *Press* is getting anxious lest the Harrison boat go down. Recently it volunteered this refreshing bit of advice: "No Administration and no party can afford a deficit in any year, least of all a year like the next, whose deficit must be discussed and met just before a Presidential election. If neither the House nor the Senate will put the brakes on the passage of appropriation bills President Harrison must."

Mr. BLAINE wants commercial reciprocity with the Central and South American States in accordance with the terms as set forth in the following paragraph from his recent lengthy letter to the President on the work of the Pan-American Congress:

And the President of the United States is hereby authorized, without further legislation, to declare the ports of the United States free and open to all the products of any nation of the American hemisphere upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports, free of all national, provincial (state), municipal and other taxes, flour, cornmeal, and other breadstuffs, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cottonseed oil, rice and other provisions, including articles of food, lumber, furniture, and all other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, mining and mechanical machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars, refined petroleum, or such other products of the United States as may be agreed upon.

REPUBLICAN STATE POLITICS.

It should be understood that the man who now controls the destinies of the Republican party is Matthew Stanley Quay. Whoever is nominated at Harrisburg tomorrow will be nominated by the power of Quay. His man Delamater will not have enough delegates to nominate him on the first ballot, but he will need less than twenty votes, and if Quay wants him to be nominated the Crawford Senator will get them. If for the sake of peace in the Republican ranks a new man is taken up, it will be Quay's game none the less. If Delamater is side-tracked to make way for Hastings, he being the next in strength, the plan will be Quay's. If there is a stampede to Montooth or Stone the Quay men will be at the head. With his position in Washington, controlling the patronage of the national administration in this State, Quay can be relied on as having his own way. The power of making or unmaking in Pennsylvania State politics is his.

From the first he was claimed to be for Delamater, although he denied it. The Pittsburgh *Times* (Republican) says: "No man who saw county after county carried for Delamater by the work of the Federal officeholders and the party machine, which Senator Quay controls, could doubt it [Quay's] bargain with Delamater without confessing his own imbecility." Now Quay comes boldly to the front in the interests of his friend, and is traveling the State from eastern to western border putting things in order. The *Times* concludes its double-headed editorial thus:

In view of Senator Quay's purpose, now apparent, to force the nomination of the one candidate before the convention whose defeat is predicted, there is but one consolation visible, As the Republican party will have no responsibility for a candidate so forced upon its back, it will have no fears for his fate, whatever that may be. It will survive 1890 as it survived four years of Pattison and four years of Cleveland, with unbroken heart and undiminished vigor.

There is an unmistakable ring about the above utterance, which, coming from a staunch Republican paper, would be supposed to have some weight; and it would in ordinary times, but holding the grasp he does on state politics and being entrenched in high favor with the national administration, Mr. Quay will have his way.

FATAL WORK OF THE LIGHTNING ON SUNDAY EVENING.

A Woman Killed and a Young Man Probably Fatally Stunned in Upper Prospect During Last Sunday's Thunder Storm—Almost a Fire from the Lightning—A Cow Killed by the Same Stroke.

During the prevalence of the thunder storm on Sunday evening the lightning struck a house in Upper Prospect, instantly killing one of its occupants and perhaps fatally injuring a young man who was at the house, just across the street from his home. The particulars, as near as can be learned, are about as follows:

Patrick Stanton lives in Upper Prospect. During the thunderstorm yesterday evening he noticed a blinding flash of lightning followed almost the same instant by a terrific peal of thunder. He knew that it had struck not far distant. Looking out he saw something was wrong at a house nearly across the street from his. He at once ran over and found the woman who lived there—Mrs. Stanley—lying just outside the door. Smoke was issuing from the open door. The woman was picked up, but was found to be lifeless. The men then turned to look to the fire. On entering the room they stumbled over another body, which proved to be John, the eighteen-year-old son of Mr. Stanton. When he was dragged out he seemed to be dead, but after being in the fresh air a short time he partly revived and was carried home. Medical aid was summoned, but not much relief could be afforded him. He was very nervous and much agitated, his limbs contracting and trembling like a person severely afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. The flesh on his right side was all raw from his arm to the thigh, and his left foot about the instep was in a like condition. His left shoe was also torn. It is thought he will recover.

At the time of the stroke Stanton and the woman were standing in the door of her home. He had gone home from work shortly before, and was out watching the approaching storm. When it came on he stepped into Mrs. Stanley's. Both were knocked down, she falling out and he in. The bolt passed down through the open cellar under the house in which stood a cow. She also was killed.

A Stunning Blow at Corporations, Trusts and Monopolies.

LILLY, PA., June 23, 1890.

To the Editor of the *Johnstown Democrat*,

For the first time in three years the writer has heard golden words from the pen of the Hon. T. V. Powderly, who has struck upon the keynote that has agitated the public mind for the past years. His article on the subjects—too lengthy to copy—but the writer hopes that the principles enunciated will find their way to the hearths of every American citizen, and I earnestly hope the grand old Democratic party will avail itself of the opportunity to consider at length and adopt in its platform the principles set forth by one who believes in a Democrat devoted to the aims and best interests of Nation, State and people. If properly supported they will be a great factor in the coming contest to redeem the grand old Keystone to the place it once occupied when it was a Simon pure government of the people, by the people and for the people—when corporate bodies were as individuals, compelled to live subservient to the law. Corporations now control the law-making power and smile at the constitution that once all men defended and obeyed. The writer will have more to say on these subjects as time rolls on, if space is afforded and able advocates come to the front.

VIGILANT.

Glasow—Lorentz.

Thursday evening the 19th inst., Rev. Paul Glasow and Miss Johanna Lorentz were united in marriage in the temporary German Lutheran Church on Bedford street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Muensch, of Pittsburgh, who came here for that purpose yesterday morning. The bridegroom is pastor of the German Lutheran Church in this city, which position he has filled since shortly after the flood. He has shown himself to be a man of superior ability in his line of work. He has reorganized and gathered together his scattered congregation since the flood. The schools under his charge were about the first to open after that disaster. The bride is a sister of the well-known shoe dealer, Mr. Ed. C. Lorentz. She was, prior to the flood, saleslady in a prominent business establishment. Since then she has been assisting her brother in his store. She has many friends who wish her and her husband a long and happy life.

Editor's Annual Excursion.

The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association have almost completed arrangements for the annual excursion of that body to Washington, D. C. It is probable that arrangements will be made by which members of the Association west and north of Harrisburg, will assemble in that city on Monday, July 14, and leave for Washington by special train on Tuesday morning, July 15, and those at Philadelphia and vicinity will assemble in that city on the same date, and also leave for Washington on the morning of July 15. The principal points of interest will be visited in the national capital, a trip down the Potomac river to Mt. Vernon, thence to Old Point Comfort and other Virginia resorts, after which they return to Washington on Friday and take trains for home on Friday night.

J. L. Smith, of Johnstown, Pa., who came here this week to attend the funeral of Thos. Smith, was one of the unfortunate in the famous Johnstown flood a year ago, having lost his wife and three children, and himself having a narrow escape. His home and property were also destroyed.—*Prospect (O.) Advance*.

GLEANINGS FROM EVERYWHERE.

If you can count three slowly—that is, one count to the second—between the flash of lightning and the peal of thunder, you may know that destruction has not been wrought in your own locality. The flash and the crash are really simultaneous, only the light of the former travels much more swiftly than the sound of the latter. If it takes three seconds for the noise of the thunder to reach you, then the storm is 3,270 feet—two-thirds of a mile—away. But when the flash and the peal come close together, then shake yourself to see if you are hit.

Drinking water is carried through all passenger trains in some of the States at brief intervals and passengers find it a convenience. The trip to the water cooler in a rapidly moving train and the gymnastic skill required to preserve one's balance while taking a draught in full view of admiring fellow-passengers should be unnecessary. A water boy is an improvement on the candy boy. Small attentions of this sort reduce the discomforts of long trips by rail. The custom began on a Connecticut railroad during the war when water was carried through the cars to sick and wounded soldiers returning from the front. A law was passed in 1864 making the service obligatory and extending it to all passengers.

Now is the time to give the victuallers needed respite by a general reduction in the amount of meat consumption. Vegetables are plentiful and cheaper and more wholesome than meat; fruits are becoming more abundant, and they are not only healthful, but in a large degree nutritious as well.

Those who eat least during such intensely hot weather as that of the past week are the ones who sleep best, also those who drink as little ice water as possible. If you will drink it take it in moderate draughts. There is a constant temptation in hot weather to drink freely of ice water. It tastes good, very good, and it requires a considerable amount of moral courage to abstain from gulping down a large gobletful of it at once, instead of consuming five or ten minutes before he was able to speak.

James was a young man about twenty-two years of age, and lived with his uncle on Quarry street, Twelfth ward.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Mr. Patrick Stanton, father of the young man who was so badly stunned by lightning on Sunday evening in Upper Prospect, was interviewed by a representative of the *DEMOCRAT* yesterday, and gave the following as his experience in the matter:

"I was in my house when the clasp of thunder came along, and I thought it had set my house on fire. I said to my wife, That has done damage somewhere convenient to here." She told me to come inside. At that moment a woman carrying a child, and crying 'murder' at the top of her voice. Four children were following her. She hollered to me that Mulda Madden and my son Thomas were killed, and with that I ran to the place, when I saw the house was on fire. I called 'fire!' at the top of my voice. It was so rough that nobody came. When I got to the house, I found the woman lying dead outside the door. I took her and put her in a reclining position against the side of the house. By that Anthony Frankauser came to my assistance. He took a large basin to throw water on the fire. I asked him to see if there were more bodies there before he put water on that. There was so much smoke and gas that you couldn't see anything. He called to me that he thought there was a body lying inside the door. I dropped the woman, who showed not the least signs of life, and went for the man. I caught him by the feet and dragged him out on his back, when I saw the man, I hollered to Frankauser, 'My God, this is my son Tom!' With that I told him to come to my assistance. We put my son up by a stone fence with his face to the rain and wind. He was there ten or fifteen minutes before I could discern any life in him. I noticed him gasping for breath. When he was able to breath a little stronger and faster, I told Frankauser to put out the fire, which he did. I then told him to go to my house and tell my son to get a horse and go for a doctor in all haste. By that time a neighbor, Pat Mahaney, came to my aid. The fire caught again and Mahaney threw out the clothing that was on fire, and in throwing water on the bed he heard the screams of a baby. By that time two more men came and took the baby away. Thomas was now considerably better, but he still acted queer. We got a door and carried him home, the rain still falling. Dr. Porch soon arrived and dressed my son's burns. This morning he seems to be coming around pretty well."

Underground Heroes.

The grimy fellows who have been toiling for days to rescue the entombed miners at Dunbar, Pa., are fit companions for those who lead forlorn hopes in war.

Indeed, their heroism is of a nobler sort than any that war can show, for their deeds of daring and endurance are done for sheer love of their fellow-men without the compulsion of discipline, the inspiration of enthusiasm or the hopes of applause or reward.

Unseen of men, there in the bowels of the earth, these men have wrought with pick and shovel till they fell insensible from exhaustion. They have put their own lives in instant and imminent peril by pushing their tunnel forward without pausing to construct proper supports, lest death to reach the end should prove fatal to the men they hope to rescue.

These are true heroes of courage and endurance, and it is a reproach to our civilization that it has devised no means of fully recognizing such self-sacrifices as theirs, but preserves in this industrial age the false traditions inherited from a military epoch, and reserves its highest admiration for deeds of daring in the destruction rather than in the salvation of human life.

Death of a Noted Colored Minister.

Word was received here by telegraph last Monday announcing the death of Rev. James A. Mulligan, of Bedford, at that place yesterday morning. He was one of the most noted colored preachers of the A. M. E. Zion Church in this country, and was Grand Secretary of the colored Masonic fraternity in the United States.

THE FATAL BLUE HOLE SCORES ANOTHER VICTIM.

Harry James, of the Twelfth Ward, drowned and George Stickler, of the Seventh Ward, nearly drowned on Sunday afternoon in the "Blue Hole," Above Moxham.

On Sunday about 3 o'clock a young man named Harry James was drowned in the Stonycreek river at the place known as the "Blue Hole," above the Johnson Foundry, Moxham, a short distance outside the city limits.

As he left his office one day last week he was accosted by a rough-looking raggedly dressed man who requested the gift of fifty cents with which to purchase a dinner.

"Why should I give you fifty cents for your dinner?" asked young Mr. B.

"What claim have you upon me?"

"None," said the beggar. "That is, no more than the hungry and penniless always have upon those who have something to spare."

"Do I look as if I had something to spare?"

"You are a broker," returned the alms-seeker. "I never knew a broker who had nothing to spare to a hungry man."

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I may have to if you decline to assist me."

"That is strange. What is your work?"

"I'll tell you. I am a pickpocket, and I have just this afternoon been discharged from prison. I have no money, no friends. I am, as I have said, hungry. You see what I am brought to—starvation or crime. If I can get a good dinner I may be able to stave off the other alternative for awhile."

Young Mr. de B. was impressed—naturally so, I think. Putting his hand into his trouser pocket, he drew forth a half-dollar and handed it to the ex-convict.

"There," he said, "there's your dinner. I shall be glad if I can save you from crime, even for a little while."

At this young Mr. de B. started on his way, but the beggar was at his elbow.

"I say, my friend," said he.

"Well?"

"Would you mind telling me the time?"

"There is the clock in Trinity steeple."

"I know that—but your time. What is it?"

Impatiently Mr. de B. felt for his watch. It was gone.

"I have been robbed," he cried.

"Precisely," said the ex-convict. "And here is the watch," taking it from the pocket of his greasy coat. "I took it while you were hesitating about giving me the half dollar. The Lord helps them that help themselves, but He also helps them as helpers others. Take your watch. I don't need it. You got it cheap."

And so saying, the beggar turned and walked down the street, and was soon lost to view.

Then young Mr. de B., replacing his timepiece in his pocket, sauntered homeward, thinking deeply all the while, and thanking his stars that being a broker he was, like most men in his walk of life, generously disposed.

TIMELY PENNSYLVANIA TREASON.

From the Philadelphia American (Rep.)

Treason overshadows the coming Convention, represented by the so-called "Chairman" of the State Committee, who has betrayed the party trust and has devoted to private and factional ends the power which was given him for the common good. It is represented by an aspirant for Governor whose candidacy hangs like a pall over the hopes of the Republicans, because it is founded on political bargaining, is upheld by dangerous corporate alliances, is clouded with undenied charges of dishonesty, and must be devoted if successful, to the service of a boss-ship which, having passed through every stage of offense, has reached now that in which it degrades the manhood of the party and has become intolerable. Such is the treason to real Republicanism which obtrudes its evil presence in the Convention. The insolent intrigues of Chairman Andrews to forestall the party's choice, the audacious and unworthy candidacy of Mr. Delemaier for the Governorship and the degrading control which Mr. Quay has exercised over the party's actions, all tend to destroy the Republican party of Pennsylvania and to make the meeting of its Convention in 1890 a milestone on the road to National disaster.

IS IT EXPEDIENT?

New York World.

The passage of the proposed Federal Election law would plainly be wrong. But those who are bent upon passing it refuse to consider questions of right and wrong.

It may be worth their while, however, to consider the question of expediency. The Southern States, at which the bill is aimed, have grown peaceful and prosperous since the policy of letting them alone was adopted in 1877. Northern men of all parties have invested money in Southern enterprises, until now whatever affects the peace and prosperity of that region is of vital concern in the north as in the south.

Is it good policy to set the south in a ferment again? Apart from all questions of right, is it expedient to pass annoying, nagging, irritating statutes of a partisan character which cannot fail to work detriment to trade and industry at the south, with consequences which will be equally felt at the north? Is it expedient for the Republican party to proclaim its implacable hostility to a peaceful south in which northern interests are so closely bound up? Is it wise to unsettle the industries of half the people for the sake of a small and unfair partisan advantage?

Perhaps the Senate will think on these things.

Razzle—How much did you pay for that dress suit you had the other evening?

Dazzle—Fifty cents an hour.—Furnisher.

CHARITY THAT PAID.

This Narrative is Vouched for as Being a True Story of Gotham.

From Chatter.

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