

SHADOWED FOR WEEKS.

A LITERARY MAN'S PECULIAR EXPERIENCE DURING HIS VACATION.

He Had Committed No Crime, but a Detective Followed Him All Around—He Didn't Know It Until Four Years Later—An Agreeable Companion.

"Were you ever shadowed?" inquired a prominent literary man of a friend at the Union League the other night.

"No, I never was 'shadowed,' as you call it. I've never done anything to get shadowed for. But what's the story? I'm sure there is one?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just saw in the paper where the detectives were shadowing a man, and it reminded me of an adventure, or rather an incident, of several years ago, when I was shadowed for a couple of weeks by the Pinkertons."

"You remember the Cummings express robbery of 1886, don't you? It created a great deal of excitement at the time, in St. Louis particularly. This fellow, whose name, by the way, wasn't Cummings at all, if you recollect, got into an express car with a messenger named Fotheringham on a forged order from the superintendent. After the train was well under way he put a pistol at the messenger's head, bound and gagged him, rifled the safe of \$75,000 in cash and a lot of other stuff, and made his escape. Fotheringham was accused of having robbed himself, was arrested and jailed, but meanwhile the detectives had been set to work, and, stimulated by a princely reward, were moving heaven and earth to get tangible proof of the messenger's guilt or the identity of the self-styled Jim Cummings."

SUCCESSIVE "SCOOPS."

"Well, at that time I was a sub-editor on one of the St. Louis morning papers, and was anxiously trying to get exclusive news bearing on the sensation of the day. The detectives were like clams. They wouldn't give up a word of what they had done, were doing or hoped to do, and were posing on the principle of the well known adage about keeping still and making people believe one knows something. One morning, however, a few days after the robbery, we received a letter which gave us a great 'scoop.' It was from 'Jim Cummings' himself. He said he had seen in our paper an account of the arrest of Fotheringham, and merely wrote to tell them that they weren't giving the messenger a square deal. That he was innocent and couldn't have helped being robbed. As a guarantee of his identity the writer inclosed a number of torn express money envelopes, with the request that we present them and his letter to the express people."

"Well, I had charge of the affair and did as the writer requested. Say, the express people threw up both hands. The envelopes were identified as having been among those stolen from the car. The next day I got another letter inclosing a lot of jewelry, receipts, etc., which the writer said he had no use for, and some information regarding the location of a cache where he had hidden some other stuff useless to him. Both proved welcome and everything turned out as represented. We were 'scooping' the country, the detectives were wild, and all was merry as a wedding bell. This correspondence kept up for a fortnight, the robber writing always to our paper. Once he sent a communication in reply to an incendiary letter from some crank roasting 'Jim Cummings.' Again he inclosed a clipping from another paper in which it was stated that a man from Texas had been engaged as an express messenger, but couldn't give bond."

"Tell them to give him the job," wrote our adacious correspondent; "I'll go his bond. Seventy-five thousand in cash ought to be good security?"

A UNIQUE VACATION TRIP.

"Well, the detectives by this time were hot in the region of the collar. They hadn't turned up a clue, and we wouldn't give up a scrap of writing or anything else; getting even on them, see? Things were at this stage when my annual vacation came around. I had arranged for a trip to Chicago, thence to Milwaukee, up around the great lakes and back. It was to take two weeks, and my wife accompanied me."

"Those detectives got on to my intended excursion and immediately the bright idea seized their minds that I was going to meet Jim Cummings somewhere to turn up some more romance of the robbery. My wife and I started and got as far as Chicago without incident. We were leaving there on the boat and I was leaning over the rail as we went out into the harbor, when a gentleman approached and entered into a casual conversation with me. He introduced himself as a Texan, then in the cotton brokerage business in New Orleans, bent upon a pleasure trip. He was pleasant, bright and companionable. We talked, exchanged cards and became friends. He said he believed he would take my route for his trip all through. We were pleased with each other's company and I gladly seconded his proposition. Well, sir, during that whole trip that man and myself were rarely far apart, now that I think of it. We stopped nearly always at the same hotel, and smoked our pipes on the decks of the steamers every night."

"He left us at Chicago on the return trip and I went back to St. Louis. I never saw him again. But about a year ago I was in Pinkerton's office on some business when one of the men, looking at me sharply, said: 'Isn't your name —?' I said it was."

"From St. Louis?"

"Formerly; left there three years ago."

"Well," he replied, smiling, "here's something that might interest you. It proved a great disappointment to us, however, and he drew out a package of documents. They were reports of a detective to his chief, and they conveyed an infinitesimally perfect account of my trip around the lakes four years before."

"And it was my friend, the cotton broker from New Orleans, whom I had met on the steamship. He did the job so well that I was in the most sublime ignorance of being an object of police surveillance at all. They caught 'Cummings' without my assistance. 'My shadowing' was all in vain."—Chicago Mail.

JACK, THE BOY MISSIONARY.

A Baby Who Survived the Perils of Central Africa to Die at Last in London.

A tablet to the memory of Little Jack, the boy missionary, as he was called, erected by Sunday school children, was unveiled over his grave in London. Little Jack was only 7 years old when he died. Though he was born in England, nearly all his brief life was spent in Central Africa. He was famous as the only white baby ever seen in the region of the great lakes; and after passing unscathed through all the dangers of Equatorial Africa, he fell a victim at last to measles in his native land.

Jack was the son of the well known missionary, Capt. Hore, who has given us the best map of Lake Tanganyika that has yet been made. He started for Africa with his parents when he was only 11 weeks old, and the story of the baby's trip to Lake Tanganyika, which was written by his mother, made Jack very well known. When the party started inland from Zanzibar they trundled Jack in a wheelbarrow. The softest possible bed was made for him in a wicker basket, whose sides were padded so that he could not hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame, and in this conveyance Jack made a very comfortable journey to Mambaia, a hundred miles inland. There were reasons, however, why it was not thought best for Jack and his mother to go any further that year, and so the baby was wheeled back to the coast again, and he returned to England none the worse for his novel journey.

The year following Jack and his mother started for Africa once more, and his father rigged up another sort of conveyance for the baby passenger. This time bamboo poles were fastened to the sides of the basket and four porters were detailed to carry Jack. As they swung along the path the supple poles gave to the basket a springy motion which was very pleasing to the little fellow. Along the bamboos was stretched a canvas awning, impervious alike to sun or rain, with movable sides, that could be fastened up or down at pleasure. His mother was carried in a bath chair rigged up in a similar fashion.

After Jack had been carried far inland African fever tackled the little fellow, and then he insisted much of the time upon being carried in his mother's lap, but happily he did not suffer long from the formidable foe of white men in Africa. When the caravan halted for the noonday lunch, the first duty of the men was to pitch a tent to shelter Jack and his mother from the scorching sun.

One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing nearly all of Jack's wardrobe. The calamity, however, was easily remedied, for Mr. Hore had a lot of cotton cloth to pay his way through the country, and Jack soon had a new wardrobe. Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hore wrote that she and Jack often presented a very dragged appearance when the halt was made for the day.

The journey lasted ninety days. At last Jack and his parents embarked on the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika, and negro boatmen, singing at their paddles, took them to the island of Kavala, which was Jack's home during all his babyhood in Central Africa. Friends in England sent him many playthings, which he shared with his Wagania playmates, and he never knew that Equatorial Africa was not the pleasantest place in the world for a white boy to grow up in.—New York Sun.

Does It Hurt Him?

Does a dismembered limb retain sensitiveness? Many persons hold firmly that it does. Their belief is apparently sustained by those strange and vivid imaginings of persons who have lost a hand or foot, and declare positively that they have feelings in the fingers or toes of the lost member. The phenomenon, however, has been explained in a scientific way. Such cases are frequent, and Edgar Bergen, a 12-year-old boy who lives at 240 West Michigan street, is an example. He was taking a ride on the cars in the Big Four yards, when he slipped. He was dragged some distance, but could not maintain a safe position, and his left foot was cut off above the ankle, remaining in the shoe. The boy was taken home, and his leg was amputated just below the knee. The foot was taken to Crown Hill and buried in a lot near his mother's grave. The little fellow bore his pains bravely and never lost consciousness, but he complains frequently that the toes of his dismembered foot are cramped, and the foot seems still to be in position. The foot was placed in a cramped position in the box in which it was buried, and a member of the household declares that this accounts for the boy's sensations, and recalls cases which she thinks confirm this view.—Indianapolis News.

The Novel of the Future.

Edmund Gosse, the English critic, gives his reasons in The Forum for believing that the novel of the future will not be "realistic." He gives the school of Zola credit for having killed forever the excesses of the old fashioned story, but the realists, he contends, have reached the limit of their development. On one side they have become gross, as the French and Russian novelists, and on the other side they have become insipid. The novel of the future will pay more heed to "the human instinct for mystery and beauty." Mr. Gosse writes an analysis of Zolaism, making an estimate of Zola, whom he calls the Vulcan among our later gods; and he has a pleasant word for our American realists, Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

Bismarck's Autograph on a Door.

The Museum of Antiquities at Göttingen has made a remarkable addition to its treasures. It consists in nothing less than the battered door of the university prison, on which is cut in bold characters the name of "Bismarck." It seems that the ex-chancellor, in his law student days, suffered a brief period of detention there for some trifling breach of discipline, and amused himself by carving his patronymic with unmistakable clearness on the door of the cell.—London World.

SILK FROM THE SPIDER.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF PRODUCING QUANTITIES.

The Method of an Englishman Named Stillbers Compared with the Researches of Noted Frenchmen—Success with American and African Insects.

M. Emile Gautier, a French writer, discussed in an article the history of spiders from the consoler of the prisoner Pellison down to the nutritive spider in whom the geometrician Laplace found the flavor of a nut.

There are also, it appears, spinning spiders, whose web can be used to weave serviceable stuffs, and according to old documents dealing with the subject, M. Bon, president of the court of accounts of Montpellier, sent, as early as 1709, mittens and stockings made of spiders' web to the Academy of Sciences.

He set to work in the following manner: Having collected a large number of spiders' cocoons he beat them so as to expel all dust. Then he washed them carefully in warm water and allowed them to boil for three hours in a pot containing water, soap, saltwater and a little gum arabic. The cocoons, after being washed and carefully dried, were at last carded with extremely fine combs.

This was, of course, a very primitive proceeding. M. Bon obtained a gray thread with which he was able to make the articles before mentioned. The pamphlet which he published regarding his experiment obtained considerable success, and was translated into several languages.

FRENCH EXPERIMENTS.

Fifty years later, in 1762, the Abbe Raymond de Ternerme made experiments in America, in Spain, and in Italy. He worked on the living spiders, whose web he wound on a bobbin as fast as it came out. This abbe was remarkably patient and tenacious, for he carried on this operation uninterruptedly for thirty-four years (from 1762 to 1796), but apparently all his labor was in vain, for he only succeeded in obtaining 673 grammes of cobweb as a result of his thirty-four years' work.

The question, however, seemed sufficiently interesting to the Academy of Sciences of Paris to induce them to charge the celebrated Reaumur with the drawing up of a report on the invention of M. Bon.

Reaumur arrived at conclusions very unfavorable to the development of a cobweb industry. Stuff, he said, made of so called spiders' silk could not be employed in the manufacture of any useful article, on account of its fragility.

The strength of the silk thread was ninety times greater than that of the other, and it required 18,000 threads of spiders' web to furnish solidity equal to that of one silken thread. The learned entomologist demonstrated further that twice as many spiders as silkworms were needed to produce the same quantity of thread, so that to provide one pound of spiders' silk 28,000 spiders would have to spin. To obtain such a number of cocoons a much larger number of spiders would have to be kept, for only the females spin web round eggs. Then, again, the product of the spider had less luster than that of the silk worm. Reaumur added, however, that although there was no future for the spiders of France, except to catch blue-bottles and flies, the exotic kinds might repay the labor of study.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SUCCESS.

The idea has recently been taken up by an Englishman named Stillbers, who has made cloth of spider's web which has been employed for the purposes of surgery. He only uses tropical spiders, from which, thanks to a scientific culture, he has obtained a much greater return than was foreseen by Reaumur.

The spiders which he uses are big ones from America and Africa. They are placed in octagonal cases, where a sufficiency of insects is served to them every day. In the room where the cases are kept a constant temperature of 60 deg. (Fahrenheit) is maintained, and a liquid composed of chloroform, ether and fusel oil is allowed slowly to evaporate. That is to say, spiders spin best when they are drunk.

Mr. Stillbers keeps 5,000 of these cases in a room forty meters long by twenty wide and five high. The spiders lay eggs of various colors, covered with cocoons. These are gathered up and prepared by the same mechanical and chemical operations as the cocoon of the bombyx.

One cocoon yields 120 to 150 meters of thread. The weaving process is kept absolutely secret.

The stuff obtained is of a texture resembling ordinary silk, but thick, stiff, and of a dirty gray color. It is all the more necessary to bleach it because the color is by no means uniform. It is bleached by treatment with oxygenized water. Then it is tanned and softened. It assumes a pretty yellow tint, and becomes brilliant and smooth.

To make a thread 3,250 kilometers in length 25,000 cocoons are requisite. This is a great advance on Reaumur's calculations. But still 25,000 cocoons only supply a thread of 800 French leagues in length. The stuff obtained must be sold at a very high price in order to obtain the merest compensation for all this trouble and expense. Proprietors of mulberry trees and silkworms need not be afraid of the competition of the spider yet awhile.—New York Evening Sun.

Its Virtues as a Soporific.

"Grindstone, have you ever tried a raw onion as a remedy for sleeplessness?"

"Tried it once, Kiljordan."

"How did it work?"

"Had to go to sleep to get rid of the taste."—Chicago Tribune.

A Wise Man.

Mr. A.—Mr. Charles is a very wise man.

Mr. B.—Why do you think so?

Mr. A.—I heard him in an argument with another and he let the other fellow do all the talking.—West Shore.

AN INTERESTING CLOCK.

Its Maker Is Proud of It, but He Has No Wish to Make Another.

In the window of a German jeweler on Court street, Brooklyn, there stands a brass clock not more than ten inches high. The passerby who looks through the window sees under the clock, which is supported by four polished columns, a small brass platform, balanced to a nicety on two pivots in the middle, like an ordinary seesaw. A groove cut into the surface of the brass runs zigzag from one end to the other, and on the path so made a brightly polished steel ball, no larger than a bullet, runs unceasingly. When the ball has traveled from one end of the platform to the other, zigzagging from side to side, it strikes a thin steel wire which hangs from above, and in an instant the platform is tilted up at that end and the little ball, impelled by the force of gravity, starts back again. At the other end it comes into contact with another wire, and up goes the platform once more. Sometimes a big crowd stand around the window intent on the little sphere, the mystery of which they find it hard to solve.

F. T. Kraft, who runs the store, has followed his trade for many years. One day six years ago Kraft was walking down Broadway when he saw a clock in a jeweler's window with the same device. He stood for an hour in front of the glass watching it and trying to solve the problem of its construction. The proprietor of the store told him the clock had been made in England twenty-five years before, and was the only one of its kind in existence. Mr. Kraft's request to have a look at the mechanism was met with a refusal, and he went off with the determination to study it out for himself. He worked at it six months during his odd hours and finally triumphed. Then he was surprised to find how simple the idea was after all, although he found the greatest delicacy necessary in carrying it out.

Mr. Kraft took the clock from his shelf in the window to explain its mechanism to the reporter. The two mysterious wires which the ball strikes against at the end of each trip are fastened above to a long rod. From the upper side of this rod runs a strip of steel, which rests against one of four pins on an escape-wheel in the works. When the ball strikes the wire it releases this wheel, which makes a quarter revolution to the next pin. On the same axis is a cog wheel whose teeth fit into those of another of half the circumference. The smaller wheel makes a half revolution while the other is making a quarter. To the axis of this wheel is fastened a rod, which is attached at its other end to the platform, which is pulled up or down according to the wire which the ball strikes.

It was in the manufacture of the ball itself that Mr. Kraft had the most difficulty. It had to be a perfect sphere to work properly, and it was turned down bit by bit to the proper size. A little guard rail is placed at each angle of the groove, so that the ball will not jump off. It takes the ball just five seconds to make the trip, a half second for each section of the groove. The platform acts as a pendulum with a five second swing. The device is only interesting as a novelty, as it is more susceptible to changes in the weather than the pendulum clock, and has to be regulated frequently.

It is interesting to figure out the distance which the industrious little ball travels from day to day. Every second it runs 4 2/3 inches, or 29 feet a minute. This is a quarter of a mile an hour, or 6 miles a day, or 180 miles a month, or 21,790 miles a year, over 11,000,000 feet. Since the clock was first started the ball has traveled a distance equal to nearly three-fourths of the way around the globe. In that time it has not been worn to any perceptible degree, although the brass surface on which it runs has been ground off considerably.

"I have had lots of offers for this clock," said the old jeweler, as he put it back on its shelf, "but I wouldn't sell it for any price. It was a pleasure to work out the principle of the thing, but you couldn't get me to make another one of them for a good deal."—New York Sun.

Dispatch.

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call indigestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of disease. Therefore measure not dispatch by time of sitting, but by the advancement of the business, and as in races it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed, so in business the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procures dispatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of dispatch; but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off, and business so handled at several sittings or meetings grows commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. We knew a wise man that had for a byword, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion: "Stay a little, that we may end the sooner."—New York Ledger.

Absent Minded Indeed.

One of our good farmers, living not a thousand miles distant, thought he would plant twenty acres of ground in corn, and, taking the sack which contained his seed corn, went into the field, put his corn planter into operation and pretty soon had the required number of acres planted, so he thought, with seed corn. But upon finishing his job, what was his consternation and amazement to find his sack of corn untouched. He had simply forgotten to put the corn in the planter, and was forced to do his whole work over again.—Lexington (Mo.) Letter.

A Difference and a Distinction.

Caller—Is the proprietor in?

Wit Clerk—Yes, sir.

Caller—Are you the gentleman?

Wit Clerk—Yes, sir; but the proprietor is in the art room. I'll call him.—Exchange.

Thrashing in Syria.

On the outskirts of each village is a level space of ground of sufficient size to answer the requirements of the village which is known by the name of the haydar, or threshing floor. Each farmer and peasant has his own particular portion marked off by a row of stones, and this portion is religiously handed down from father to son and jealously guarded from encroachment. Hither the various crops are borne on the backs of camels or donkeys as soon as they are reaped in the fields, and they are there piled up into separate sacks to be threshed out in turns.

The threshing is a long and tedious process, occupying several months. It commences about the beginning of June and often is not completed till the end of September or even in some cases till the middle of October. During all this time the threshing floor presents a lively, busy and most picturesque scene. The process is a very primitive one, being identical with that which was in vogue in the times of Old Testament history. Nay, the hieroglyphic representations on Egyptian monuments show that the same method was adopted by the farmers of Egypt at least five thousand years ago.

A flat board something like the bottom of a sleigh, with small sharp pieces of basalt firmly let into its under sides, is driven round and round upon the surface of the corn, which is spread out in a circle of from six to twenty yards in diameter, according to the quantity to be threshed. A boy rides on the board and drives the horse or oxen as the case may be. Meanwhile one or two men stand in the middle, and with three pronged wooden forks turn the corn over so as to expose all portions equally to the action of the threshing board.—Blackwoods.

Tin Producing in Malacca.

It did not take long to witness the extremely simple process by which the ore is extracted. After clearing off the ground, the surface and subsoil are removed for one, two or three meters, till the mineral, tin bearing bed is exposed; this is sometimes several meters thick. The mineral is carried in baskets, as we have seen, up the cocoa trunk ladders, to a wooden flume which is washed by a current of water. As the mine grows deeper this labor, with the rudimentary means at the disposition of the Chinese, is made extremely difficult by the inflow of water. The washing of the tin bearing earth is done by coolies, who, with a rake, remove the stones and work up the material in such a way as to eliminate the light sand that are mixed with oxide of tin, till only 25 or 35 per cent. of foreign matter is left.

The mineral thus enriched is melted in little brick furnaces, with the aid of a bellows of bamboo, which is worked by a coolie as if it were a syringe. The white metal as it runs out is cast into the well known cubic ingots with one side flaring over the edges, so as to give them a pair of ears by which they can be more easily handled. A great deal of metal is certainly wasted in this process; and a second washing of the refuse would probably be very remunerative. The Chinese and Malays call this lost metal young tin, which is returned to the earth to stay, because it is not yet old enough to ripen in their primitive machines. It is only now, after no one can tell how many centuries since tin has been known and worked in the peninsula, that a rational system of operating the mines is about to be adopted.—M. Braun de Saint Pol Lias in Popular Science Monthly.

About Chloroforming.

The statement that when a handkerchief is thrown over a man's head he immediately goes into a trance is interesting and raises a curious point. There are many lawyers who are wont to declare that the evidence given from time to time at criminal trials leaves no doubt that there exists some drug which, when spread upon a cloth and placed over the nose and mouth, immediately produces unconsciousness. On the other hand, chemists assert that the thing is an impossibility, and that no such compound has ever been discovered.

Chloroform and the other recognized anesthetics require at least three distinct inhalations to produce the loss of sensation. To reconcile this conflict of testimony seems impossible, unless, indeed, we adopt the sensational theory that some camorra among the criminal classes is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science. Probably, however, this notion is too fantastic, and we should rather incline to the supposition that the immediate loss of consciousness is due to something comparable to mesmeric action.—Spectator.

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can save a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—Lewiston Journal.

A Modern Creator.

"Times have changed, old boy!" remarked Griggs, "since you and I were young."

"True for you, old fellow," returned Brown. "In these days the tailor not only makes the man but the woman."—Drake's Magazine.

He Was Tired of Advice.

Willis—Hello, Bingham? So your uncle left you \$10,000, did he? What will you do with it?

Bingham (sarcastically)—Going to turn it over to my friends. They all know better than I what should be done with it!—Racket.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, May 31, 1890.

ASSETS.	Book Value.	Market Value.
Loans on real estate.....	\$ 273,739 83	\$ 273,739 83
Cash in banks.....	227,575 90	227,575 90
Cash on hand.....	14,088 24	14,088 24
U. S. 4-per-cent. bonds.....	199,000 00	240,750 00
Johnstown Water Co. bonds.....	115,000 00	115,000 00
Westmoreland & Cambria Natural Gas Co. bonds.....	50,000 00	50,000 00
Pittsburgh 7-per-cent. bonds.....	10,000 00	11,500 00
Coopersdale school bonds.....	50 00	50 00
East Chenequa school bonds.....	2,400 00	2,400 00
Lower Yoder school bonds.....	1,700 00	1,700 00
Somerset county bonds.....	25,500 00	25,500 00
Cambria county bonds.....	50,000 00	50,000 00
Somerset & Cambria R. R. bonds.....	135,000 00	135,000 00
Cometnaugh bor. bonds.....	300 00	300 00
Premium account.....	8,222 95	
Real estate, safe, and furniture.....	15,000 00	15,000 00
Totals.....	\$1,125,126 70	\$1,125,126 70

LIABILITIES.

Amount due depositors.....	\$1,079,867 54
June dividend.....	14,088 24
Contingent.....	31,170 92
Total.....	\$1,125,126 70

State of Pennsylvania,)
) ss.
) I, W. C. LEWIS, Treasurer of the Johnstown Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above report is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
) W. C. LEWIS,
) sworn and subscribed before me this 31st day of June, 1890.
) JOHN S. TITTLE,
) Notary Public.

The undersigned Auditing Committee respectfully report that they have carefully inspected the foregoing Treasurer's report for the six months ending May 31, 1890, and have examined the Assets of the Bank, consisting of bonds, mortgages, and judgment liens, liens on real estate, cash on hand and in banks, and find the same correct.

PEARSON FISHER,
D. B. LOWMAN,
JAMES QUINN,
Auditing Committee.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having

by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county had recommended to me for further consideration my report as Auditor to take testimony and report a decree in the matter of the taxation of territory to the borough of Johnstown from Upper Yoder township ascertaining the amount of indebtedness of said township and in what proportions the same shall be paid. Notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of my said appointment at my office in the City of Johnstown, Pa., on Friday, the Thirtieth day of May, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear.

W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.
Johnstown, Pa., May, 1890.

B. & B. LOW PRICES

Generally speaking are incompatible with high qualities. To this rule, fortunately, as well as to all others, there are exceptions. We here call attention to a few notable exceptions, which have been caused by over-productions, excessive importations, etc.; cases where we are able to offer staple goods at half price. Make a note of these items:

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

At 25 cents—a 50 cent quality of 3/4 inch Mohair Stripes in all the best colors—very stylish and effective, and best value in this line yet seen. 50 cents for 25.

A superior line of 50 inch Colored Striped Mohairs at 50 cents a yard—goods which cost the importer \$1.05 to 1.25. Not our loss.

42 inch Beige Suitings with Cian Borders in 12 to 15 best colorings, at \$1.00. These cost \$1.60 to 1.80.

100 pieces of 32 inch (strict measure) Fancy Plaids—half wool—very neat broken plaid in all the light spring colors, elegant and effective, at 25 cents. Exceptional value.

IN SILKS.

New India Silks 25 cents.
"Best" " " 40 " " 75 "

The letter \$1.25 quality.
19 inch Colored Surahs 50 cents—heavy weight solid fabric, of domestic manufacture, and not the flimsy imported article usually sold at this price. All best colors.

20 inch Colored and Black Regence Silks 70 cents.

20 inch Colored and Black Arrure Silks 75 cents. Best silk values in America.

45 inch All-Silk plain and Jolka Dot Fish Nets at 60 cents—dollar goods.

1,000 other equally large values in these stores.

Correspond with our Mail Order Department for particulars, and write for Catalogue.

Every trade, perfect satisfaction to the customer or money refunded.

ROGGS & BUHL,

115 to 121 Federal St., ALLEGHENY, PA.

CARPETS!

—AN IMMENSE STOCK OF—

Body Brussels.

From \$1.00 to \$1.25.

AN OVER STOCK OF

—TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,—

At 45c, 60c, 75c, and 85c

A VERY LARGE AND VARIED LINE OF

INGRAINS

At 40c, 50c, 60c, and 75c

Our Curtain Department is the largest in the city, in every grade of Lace and heavy Curtains. Floor Cloths and Mattings in all widths and Qualities

BOVAR, ROSE & CO.,
NO.