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A CLEVER SCOUNDREL

WHO COMPLETELY DUPED A FORMER JOHNSTOWN BOY.

A. Bently Worthington Was His Name when He Edited the "Christian Science Magazine," but He was Judge Crawford when He Duped Ed. Boggs, of Charleston, W. Va.

The New York World over a week ago exposed one of the most notorious confidence men known in the annals of crime. One day last February a stranger walked into the office of the Christian Science Magazine, and introduced himself as A. Bently Worthington. He was evidently a man of brilliant attainments, and was given a place at once on the editorial staff of the paper.

He fell desperately in love with Mrs. Plunkett, wife of the editor, and soon convinced the lady she was intended for him. Accordingly she left her husband and was married to Worthington according to Christian Science tenets.

When the World exposed him as a thief, forger, swindler and confidence man generally, and besides had eight living wives, he fled the city.

The following special from Richmond, Va., gives an account of his escapade in Charleston. As the old fellow said "it's mighty interesting" read it:

RICHMOND, Va., July 28.—Since the World has published so many chapters in the history of the man with so many aliases, known as Gen. A. B. Ward, Major Horace Oakley Wood, A. B. Worthington, A. B. Wardsworth, etc., a chapter of which your correspondent has personal knowledge will not be uninteresting.

In the Winter of 1884 there came to Charleston, Kanawha county, West Va., a man, tall, well proportioned, with thick dark hair, an auburn mustache, and dark gray eyes. He was faultlessly dressed and his personal appearance was that of a thorough gentleman. The few acquaintances he made were captivated by the elegance of his manner and the charm of his conversational powers. He rented a house from Dr. Lawrence Carr, giving his name as Judge J. Oakley Crawford, of New York, and saying he had been advised to try the air of the West Virginia mountains, on account of the lung trouble with which he was afflicted. He added that it was his desire to be as quiet as possible, hence he had rented a house some distance from the town.

He declined all social advances on the part of Dr. Carr, and for some time lived in seclusion. His lung troubles, however, forced him to leave his retreat, as it was necessary to have medicine. He accordingly visited the pharmacy of E. L. Boggs. The "doctor" is a thorough gentleman and a thorough Republican, and it was with great pleasure that he learned his handsome customer, besides being a brilliant conversationalist and a man of wide information, was also a Republican and one who had done noble work for the G. O. P. in the Blaine campaign of that year, and who was, above all, according to his own statement, an intimate friend of the "Plumed Knight" himself. After the "Judge" had imparted this information he relaxed so far as to bring for Dr. Boggs's perusal letters from numerous prominent Republicans throughout the country, and also copies of speeches which he had made during the Blaine campaign. When these speeches were examined they were found to be able efforts, which showed that Judge Crawford was one of the finest campaign orators in the country. So good a thing should not be kept, thought Dr. Boggs, so he called in other Republicans, kindred spirits, among whom were ex-Mayor Hulvey, Major Eugene Dana, Colonel E. L. Buttrick and the defeated Republican candidate for Congress from that district and others. They, too, were captivated by the Judge's many good points, and after much hesitancy, by the latter, he was induced to mingle more freely among the people of the city.

Living in the house with "Judge" Crawford were two women whom he represented as his sisters, but who kept much closer than the "Judge" had ever done. When the latter decided to leave his retirement his "sisters" returned to New York. After their departure Crawford made his home at Major Dana's house, who was only too glad to have so charming a guest under his roof-tree. While here the Judge received many social attentions from the ladies.

Year after year the Republicans of the Third Congressional District had nominated their candidate only to have him snowed under on election day. Just now the clouds were the blackest, and even the most sanguine had almost ceased to hope. But suddenly the clouds were dispelled, hope of victory arose, and the faithful became radiant with increased confidence. Judge Crawford was their mascot. He was to turn the tide of battle. No one could resist the persuasive eloquence of the personal friend of James G. Blaine; besides, J. G. Blaine himself might be relied on to aid materially where his friend, "Judge" Crawford, was the

candidate. So enthusiastic did the brethren become that Major Dana gave a dinner, which was ordered from Washington at a big cost, to which all the prominent Republicans of the Kanawha Valley were invited. They came. Champagne flowed freely, and when the praises of Judge Crawford had been sung into the ears of all present, one of the guests arose and reminded them of the clouds which overhung the political horizon, but told them "deliverance was at hand." At the time of their strongest opposition "the Moses" who was to lead them up out of political bondage had come," and with Judge Crawford for their standard-bearer they would redeem the Third District.

The "Judge" modestly declined, saying he did not wish to usurp an honor belonging to those who had borne the brunt on so many fields. He was not listened to, and they parted with the understanding that Judge Crawford would be the next nominee of the party. Some of the gentlemen who have been mentioned were interested in land and coal speculation, and the Judge was given pointers in regard to a number of soft snags. He showed his legal acumen by discovering flaws in land titles which the shrewdest lawyers of the city had not discovered. These gentlemen knew of a very valuable piece of coal land on Gauley river which could be had cheap, and they only waited to be sure of finding a purchaser for it they had obtained it. This the Judge undertook to do. His expenses to New York were paid, and in a few days he returned, bringing papers from well known capitalists of that city in which they agreed to take the land at a largely increased amount over that to be paid by the Charleston gentlemen. Nothing remained but to secure the title to the land and to do this it was necessary to see one of the owners, who lived in Nebraska. He wanted \$8,000 for his share. This was raised, and as no one could so successfully deal with the question as Judge Crawford he was given the money and sent to Nebraska. He was expected back on a certain day. The day came, but the Judge did not. It is needless to say that he has not yet arrived. He was traced to Cincinnati, but there disappeared as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. He was not again heard of until he had finished another chapter in his history, that at Griffin, Ga.

Inquiries revealed the fact that the two women with him, who were known as his sisters, were not, but that one had a husband in Massachusetts and the other was without a husband whom the law recognized. Here Judge Crawford had said that he was a graduate of Columbia Law School, and a letter to the President brought the information that he was, but that he had several times been convicted of forgery. For a long time "Judge" Crawford was the theme of conversation in Charleston. The ladies mourned the loss of a social lion, the land syndicate mourned the loss of \$8,000, and the Republicans yet sigh for a political Moses in the Third Congressional District.

DEATH OF JOHN C. BARR.

One of the Best-Known Democratic Politicians in the State.

John C. Barr, brother of the late Colonel James P. Barr, editor and proprietor of the Pittsburgh Post, died very suddenly in that city Monday. He was attending to business Saturday, and the first announcement of his serious illness was made by Father Carroll, from St. August's Church. Even while the Reverend Father was requesting the prayers of the congregation for Mr. Barr, his life was ebbing out, and at 8 o'clock he died. The immediate cause of his death was a concussion of the brain. About five years ago he was sun struck and ever since his head has bothered him. On Saturday he went to Greensburg and drove out into the country five miles in a blazing sun. When he returned in the evening he complained, and when his physician was called, he at once pronounced the case hopeless.

Mr. Barr was a man of remarkable ability, being considered one of the best newspaper writers in the State. As a Democratic politician, he was noted for his sagacity and his fund of political information was inexhaustible. He was one of the managers of the campaign which made Robert E. Pattison Governor. Two brothers and four sisters survive him. D. O. Barr, Collector of the Port of Pittsburgh, is his twin brother, and another is Rev. Father Hugh Barr, a member of the Passionist Order.

A remarkable feature of the brothers was the fact the twin did not resemble Mr. Barr in the least while Father Hugh was often taken for him and vice versa. One of his sisters is the wife of Wm. Donnelly, Esq., of Millwood, Pa. His funeral takes place this morning, and it is likely his brother will preach the funeral sermon.

He is a Heavy-Weight.

The weight of every member of the President's family has been given to the public excepting that of Mr. Harrison himself. There are those who say he is not a heavy-weight.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

JOHN SNYDER ENDS HIS LIFE IN BANILEY & FRONHEISER'S STORE.

He Lost His Wife and Children in the Flood and Became Temporarily Insane—Four Shots Fired, Only One of Which Takes Effect.

John Snyder aged about thirty-five years, son of Joseph Snyder, Sr., of Conemaugh borough, suicided at noon Saturday, in the hardware store of Baniley & Fronheiser, on Clinton street. He went into the store and purchased a 38-caliber revolver from one of the clerks, who loaned it for him. There were quite a number of people in the store at the time, and after a short conversation with Mr. Ed. Fronheiser and Mr. J. L. Foust, the clerk who sold him the revolver, he turned as if to leave the store, and no further attention was paid him. In a moment after he left the counter a shot was heard, and everyone turning around saw Snyder with the smoking revolver in his hand. He instantly fired three more shots, the last one taking effect in the right temple.

The people gathered round the prostrate form but life was already extinct.

Mr. Snyder lost his wife and four children in the flood, and did not recover from the excitement sustained by his great loss.

He obtained work after the flood at Moxham, and attended to his duties for several weeks, but ultimately left and went to Ohio. He returned about a week ago, but still mourned for his wife and children. No cause is assigned for the rash act, other than temporary insanity.

The body was removed to the home of his parents in Conemaugh borough, and Coroner Evans was notified. The coroner, however, decided an inquest unnecessary, as the case was one of plain suicide.

The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the old American House in Conemaugh, where his parents live, and was private.

The deceased was a wire drawer by trade, and worked in the Gantier works. He was also a member of the Conemaugh borough Fire Company. He was much esteemed by all who knew him, and great regret is expressed that he should so suddenly end his life.

ABOUT THE HORNERS.

An Old Gentleman Wants to Know Something About Their Descendants.

Our postmaster received a letter some days ago from Albion, without giving the name of the State, but it is probably in Ohio, wanting information of John and Isaac Horner. The writer says he is eighty-two years old, and gives the name of John McMeans.

The old gentleman is not very clear in the genealogy of the Horners, but as near as we can get at his meaning, it is as follows:

He wants to know whether there are any descendants of John or Isaac Horner, sons of Christian Horner, who was born about 1785, living in this vicinity. The one he is anxious to hear about married Catharine Shively, daughter of Isaac Shively, of near Conemaugh.

He saw John Horner near Dayton, O., a good many years ago, but has not seen him since.

He is anxious to know whether any of the Horners perished in the flood, and if this should meet the eye of anyone by that name, probably they can trace a relationship to Mr. McMeans.

A Mother's Apt Answer.

Blairsville Enterprise.

A lady traveling from the East with her little daughter a few days ago occupied a sleeper on the Pennsylvania Railroad and requested the porter to waken her when Johnstown was reached. The porter obeyed. The little girl was the first to get a glimpse of the ruined city, and she exclaimed: "Mamma, didn't you tell me that God says in the Bible that He would never again visit this earth by a rain flood?" The woman replied: "Yes, darling; but this rain was caused by a dam flood."

A Story of Two Puppies.

Robert Carney, of 147 Iron street, Minessville, has two very fine thoroughbred silver-haired skye terrier puppies that he prizes very highly. And well he may. They have a history. The puppies were born on the day of the flood, and with their mother were in a box. The box was washed away, and while on its way lodged against a tree. The old dog jumped out on the debris and caught hold of the side and held on for all it was worth. They were rescued shortly after, and Mr. Carney has named them Flood and Wreck.

The Mansion House.

This well known hotel has been opened for some days, and under the management of James J. Milligan, is as popular a hostelry as in the days before the flood. Large numbers of people dine there every day, and the table is supplied abundantly with the best the market affords. Mr. Milligan knows how to keep a hotel. Go and see him.

CUTTING AFFRAY ON VINE STREET

Adolph Graff Stabs Adam Bohn, of Peelorville.

Monday morning about 11:30 o'clock Adolph Graff, who came here from Newark, N. J., and secured employment with Mr. Swank, the painter, got into an altercation with Adam Bohn, of Peelorville, at the house of Josiah T. Evans, on Vine street. The result was that Bohn had to be taken to Dr. Sheridan's office to have two very ugly gashes in his back stitched up, which Graff had inflicted on him with a putty knife.

Graff was arrested and taken to the lock-up. In an interview he claimed that Bohn had accused him of stealing a knife, and knocked him down two or three times. Graff said he got tired of that kind of fun and to protect himself, drew the knife and stabbed his assailant.

Mr. Bohn was removed to his home and as his wounds are not dangerous, he will soon be about.

Our Bridges.

In the multiplicity of matters claiming and receiving attention to get the town into shape for business and rebuilding, it would be well not to overlook the necessity for a speedy replacement of the temporary structure across the Stonycreek from Franklin to Morris street by a permanent bridge—one that would offer some resistance to the next freshet. We speak of the present hastily built one as a temporary structure, from the fact that instead of resting upon substantial piers, its spider-like supports consist of a numerous succession of wooden trestles. When it is remembered that the whole length of the bridge is only about 175 feet, it is not difficult to see that its thirteen trestle supports would fall easy preys to the large logs lying in the river above it. A log of twelve to fifteen feet in length coming down sideways would necessarily become the nucleus of a gorge, which would destroy the slender trestle work and with it the bridge itself.

In asking for a Congressional appropriation to dredge and widen the river beds, bridges ought to be made one of the leading features of the plea. As already stated in the DEMOCRAT the town cannot be rebuilt, with street railway facilities, without permanent bridges at the upper and lower ends of Woodvale, at the lower end of Washington street, across to Campbell City, and from Franklin to Morris street. We fear that this matter is being overlooked, and that the usual fall freshets may leave the several boroughs without means of communication—that is, for traffic by wagons, etc.

Red Cross Hospital.

There was admitted to the Red Cross Hospital Saturday and Sunday seven patients. Two being cases of pernicious malaria, one of fractured ribs, one injury of chest, one gunshot wound of hand and leg—the result of a loaded rifle, one of cholera morbus, and one of nervous prostration. Mr. and Mrs. S., of Keraville, were found suffering for the want of proper attention, and since removed to the Hospital, have improved rapidly, although upon removal they were dangerously ill from malarial poisoning and overwork.

Mrs. D. was reported by Dr. Wagoner, and was found in an uninhabitable house alone and without attention of any kind. Dr. H. A. Starkey, surgeon in charge of the Hospital, says that there are undoubtedly many cases of sickness and want in the city which should be sent to the Hospital where they could have good nursing and medical attention. No worthy cases are refused admittance, and the doctor said: "There is always room for one more."

Fish Stories About the Flood.

A good many wild stories are being printed just now about valuables and money found and kept by parties finding them. Some of these stories are partially true but the majority have no foundation in fact. Here are two specimens that it would take a good sized field glass to find one little grain of truth:

A relic of the Johnstown flood in the shape of a roll of money to the amount of \$1,160 was recently found in a roll of carpet in Richland township. The finder promptly turned it over to the Johnstown Committee on valuables.

A prominent Johnstown doctor says that a relative of his at Nineveh saw a young man with a box containing \$10,000 in gold which he had found on the river bank after the flood. Another prominent resident of that city said that for five per cent. of all he would recover he could unearth \$40,000 worth of stolen valuables. The statement has been made that parties living along the river in Indiana and Westmoreland counties have their houses full of stolen goods.

Johnstown Lumber Company.

The Johnstown Lumber Company is doing a business of considerable magnitude, employing quite a number of men, will in a short time remove their plant, at present located in Mendowale, up the Stonycreek to the mouth of Shade where they have an excellent location for their business, and where the "log boom" will no more menace the people of this city. Just at this juncture it is to be regretted that an industry of such proportions should withdraw itself from Johnstown.

SURRENDERED.

MURDERERS, TROOPS AND LYNCHERS MOVING BRISKLY IN ALABAMA.

Rube Burrows in His Fortress—The Train Robber and Assassin, Being Defended by a Desperate Gang, Bids Defiance to the Sheriff.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 31.—The posse from this city, having come back last evening, discouraged from its pursuit of Rube Burrows, the train robber and murderer, the Birmingham Rifles have been sent to assist the Lamar county authorities in capturing the desperado. Burrows is reported to be defended by armed friends in the backwoods and has threatened that he will not be taken alive. The Mississippi authorities are guarding the State line. Six thousand dollars is offered for the capture of the criminal. Seven detectives accompany the military.

Three years ago Burrows robbed a train in Arkansas with the assistance of his brother, and the two got \$13,000. They escaped to their home in Lamar county, in this State, where they were arrested and thence carried to Montgomery. Rube escaped by shooting two of the jailors. His brother was taken back to Arkansas and hanged. Rube was not heard of again until last January, when he robbed the express car of an Illinois Central train in Mississippi. A few weeks ago he shot to death Postmaster Graves, of Guinn, Alabama. Graves had known him from boyhood and recognized him. Hence the murder.

It was generally supposed yesterday that Rube Burrows had again been captured and was in jail at Vernon, the county seat of Lamar county, but the latest advices describe the situation thus: Last Friday Allen Burrows, father of Rube; John Burrows, a brother and James Cash, a brother-in-law, were arrested charged with harboring the murderer. They were all lodged in jail at Vernon. Rube is hiding with a band of well armed desperados in a natural fortress about seven miles from Vernon. His citadel is of great strength and difficult of approach, and ten men can defend against a thousand. That part of the State is as wild and uncivilized as the Rocky Mountain region; the settlers are of the old school and very ignorant. Vernon is ten miles from a railroad and surrounded by a wilderness. The Burrows family were among the first settlers, and although the Burrowses are all desperados they are loved and revered by the ignorant settlers of the county. They will assist Burrows and he knows it.

When Rube heard that his father and brothers had been arrested he sent word to the Sheriff to release them or expect dire penalties. Although Rube's gang number less than forty men, the Sheriff knew what kind of a crowd it was and telegraphed for troops. Before the rifle company reached the scene a courier announced that a mob was forming to take the prisoners out and hang them for the murder of Postmaster Graves two weeks ago. The Sheriff was between two fires until the infantry arrived, with forty guns. As it is, there is great danger of the mountaineers fighting among themselves. The two Burrowses under arrest and James Cash will be tried tomorrow, if Rube and his gang don't free them tonight.

The 1864 Dollar.

"There is something curious about the American silver dollar and half dollar of 1864," said a numismatist to a Philadelphia Press reporter. "There were about 20,000 of the dollars coined, but not one of them ever got into circulation. Two of them are in well known coin collections to-day, however, and they are the most valuable of all American coins. Why the dollar of 1864 was never seen in circulation after having left the mint is one of the unsolved government mysteries."

"It is asserted on good authority that the two 1864 dollars now in existence, while having been made from the original die, were in reality not coined for many years after that year, when they were surreptitiously struck, and it is supposed, issued to a person high in authority, from whom they subsequently passed into the collections referred to."

"The half dollar of 1864 is surrounded by a mystery equally profound. There were over 150,000 of these coins, but not one of these were ever known to be in circulation. On the other hand, but 700 quarter dollars were coined in that year, and specimens of these are in every collection and numismatist's shop."

Johnstown Fund Contributions.

The following additions to the Johnstown Relief Fund were received by Treasurer Wm. R. Thompson yesterday: Citizens of Chicago, \$25,000, making in all for citizens of Chicago \$105,000, exclusive of Board of Trade, which contributed \$16,012.01, and of the banks, which sent in \$7,250; old soldiers of Bradford, Pa., \$100; Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, (additional) \$5; citizens of Youngstown, O., (additional) \$1,216.83.

DR. BEALE AND THE MORGUES.

His Energetic and Faithful Work Sufficient Answer to All Carping Criticism.

Rev. D. J. Beale, D. D., has, in our opinion, taken the trouble to answer some uncalled for and unnecessary criticism of his able, efficient, and faithful management of the morgues published in the Tribune on Saturday last. Mr. Beale's work in the morgues, and all through the fearful disaster we are passing, justly won for him golden opinions from all good people, and he voice the sentiment of the citizens of Johnstown when we say that his whole time and energies were freely given to make things as pleasant for the distressed and bereaved as it was possible for any one to do. No care and no inconvenience has prevented him from giving all who called upon him for any information he possessed; and his encouraging words and cheerful association among our people all the time has given courage and hope to many who were despondent. The following is Mr. Beale's letter to the Tribune last evening:

To the Editor of the Johnstown Tribune.

Sir: On my return from Pittsburgh today I had the first intimation regarding those remarkable statements made in your issue of Saturday respecting the morgue records. The whole matter, as far as the member of the Board of Inquiry is concerned, is a misunderstanding. He ought to discriminate between the carefully-prepared book containing many notes added after great research and considerable expense by my clerks, Mr. Ritter of Philadelphia, and Mr. Sample of the Black Hills, and the meagre original data gained in the morgues themselves.

To the latter books, as far as I could procure them myself, every one had access; but with regard to the former book, which is my own private property, I preferred it should not go out of our hands until it was completed; but I have always directed that persons who have a right to know its contents should be offered the opportunity.

In regard to the unkind and unjust intimation of "the Member of the Board of Inquiry," who sees fit to withhold his name, that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church is a selfish man and wants to make money out of the misfortunes of his fellow citizens, I need only appeal to those who know me for its refutation. It may not be indelicate for me to state, when under "a grave charge," that I have not sought, and have not received, and do not expect to receive, one penny for all my difficult and sorrowful services, which, with some degree of fidelity and success, I have rendered to my fellow-citizens. And I may make bold to express the conviction that the writer voices the sentiment of this community when he declares that it is in very bad taste for any anonymous writer, himself making money out of the misfortunes of his fellow-citizens, to reflect upon one who has, without charge, performed a most delicate and difficult task.

I honor Mr. Louis Baumer, whose name is subscribed to his questions which appear so reasonable. I had some opportunity of witnessing his coolness, his courage and efficiency for a season in the Fourth Ward Morgue at a time and in a place that tried the brethren's souls and men's bodies. But his article in your paper, self named I am sure, is very misleading. It implies that people who seek for the morgue books do not find them. But my assistants and myself show these records to many persons daily. It implies that the Millville Morgue is a more convenient, pleasant, and appropriate place to examine records than the depository of the books at No. 165 Lincoln street. I believe Dr. Baumer to be in error on these points.

DAVID J. BEALE.

Johnstown, July 30, 1889.

The New Suburban Towns.

It is astonishing how rapidly towns are springing up all around us. Peelorville hill will soon be covered all over with buildings; Moxham is assuming proportions equalling a good-sized city; and Tip-Top (save the name!) back of Kernville, will soon rival the Johnstown of the flood. That is to say, they each are all are such towns on paper, in which particular they remind one of a good many cities and towns we read of away out in new territories.

That some of them may ultimately become such as they now appear on paper is probable; but that all Johnstowners will let their eligible lots lie vacant, and buy lots and put up buildings away from the business center of our once prosperous, and in the near future more prosperous, town is not at all among the probable things. With all that is now said in favor of high points for building purposes, we very much doubt whether they offer any superior advantages over the Johnstown site. With deeper and wider river beds, and the removal of bridge obstructions, no apprehension of another disastrous flood need be entertained. And with such a fear no longer a probability, few, we think, would be willing to exchange the conveniences of a residence in Johnstown for one in any of the outlying towns.

While we have no particular objections to the creation of a dozen or two of suburban villages, we would look upon the abandonment of Johnstown lots for hill ones as a very serious mistake, and one that would be followed by regrets by all making the hasty exchange. Barring the flood disasters, no pleasanter or healthier location for a town is to be found anywhere than our good old Johnstown. With this one drawback (danger of overflows from the river) removed, as it will be, give us Johnstown first, last and all the time as a place for good, quiet, comfortable living.