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THE SUPPOSED DEAD ALIVE.

Mourning for Three Years, and an Insurance on His Life Paid.

The following strange story is telegraphed from Waterbury, Connecticut: E. M. Andrews, a wealthy architect and builder was reported murdered in Florida by angry blacks, on January 1, 1886, and his supposed widow, a resident of Naugatuck, collected part of the insurance on his life. There is positive evidence now that Andrews is alive and well, and will soon return to his friends in Connecticut. Mrs. Andrews, who is now in Ridgefield, has gladly consented to doff the weeds of mourning, and to welcome back her wandering husband, and he is said to be waiting only for a satisfactory arrangement with the Masonic fraternity, whereby the insurance money paid by them to his wife shall be refunded, when he will step out of his hiding-place. On the authority of H. C. Baldwin, of Naugatuck, it is asserted that Andrews is in Portland, Oregon, where, when a young man, he lived for a time, and was getting along prosperously.

The history of Mr. Andrews from Jan. 1, 1886, to the present time is involved in mystery. Some darkly hint at a Southern romance, a romance of mental aberration, from which he has only just recovered. E. M. Andrews came to Naugatuck with his wife in 1881. He had been a resident of Plainfield, Conn., and it was in the village of Moosun, in the township of Plainfield, that he met Mrs. Andrews, then a Miss Hill. He had served in the war of the rebellion, and had been wounded in the arm. This wound resulted in the drawing up of two of the fingers of his left hand, and he received a pension from the Government up to the time of his disappearance. He was a graduate of Sheffield Scientific School and of Yale College. Mr. Andrews had obtained the contract for the erection of the Town Hall in Naugatuck, and it was for the purpose of being near the work that he took up his residence there. This is one of the handsomest structures in the town, but is said to have been built insecurely, the rear resting on sandy and sinking ground. Mr. Andrews' profits from the contract are estimated at \$15,000. At Waterbury he designed and constructed the church edifice on Grand street, the most modern house of worship in the valley.

While erecting these buildings Mr. Andrews made hosts of friends, among them such men of influence as E. L. Riggs, of Seymour, C. E. Maltby, of New Haven, and N. A. Abbott of Bristol. These men he induced to enter into several money-making schemes with him. In 1885 Mr. Andrews got the Florida fever and went to see the famous Deland, who has made a fortune colonizing the flowery State. He became enthusiastic on the money to be made in Florida lumber, and came North. Mr. Maltby put \$2,000 into the venture. Messrs. Riggs and Alvord went South with him when he returned to Florida. He went in a sealer fitted out expensively at New Haven, and landed at Palatka. Thence he went up the river to Deland, and thence four miles further into the swamps and forests of Highland Park, where he established the second largest sawmill in that State on the land of Major Norris, who advanced some money to get the enterprise located there. He obtained one big railroad contract, but after that he failed disastrously, lumber going down to eight dollars and ten dollars. Still he worked hard and tried to pull through. It is said he treated his black help like a slave driver, and many threats were made against his life by them. His wife went to Florida that winter and stayed with him.

The following summer Mr. Andrews was troubled with malarial fever, and at times, it is said, showed symptoms of insanity. He got behind in business and became very discouraged. He raised all he could on his Naugatuck property, and got the advances from his father-in-law, A. R. Hill, of Moosun. The next heard of him was the rumor that he had disappeared mysteriously. His brother-in-law, W. R. Young, had gone down to see him on January 3, and learned that nothing had been heard of him for a week or more. A reward of \$500 was offered for any news of him, dead or alive, and a placard containing this announcement, with his picture and a full description of him, was scattered all over the State. Attorney Baldwin of Naugatuck was employed by the distressed wife to go to Florida and make a search for him. He had been seen at Deland on December 28, 1885, and on January 1, 1886, he was seen in Wightman & Christopher's store on Bay street, Jacksonville. That was the last heard of him as far as known. His partners subsequently attempted to carry on the business without him, but the year following the whole establishment burned down without insurance.

The evidence that Andrews had been murdered by some one of his help was thought to be so conclusive by the Masonic fraternity, so which Andrews belonged, that the \$2,000 insurance he had in their association was paid over to Mrs. Andrews, and she, in turn, paid Mr. Maltby the money he had lent her hus-

band. The man's property, valued at nearly \$40,000, was heavily mortgaged, and the Naugatuck Bank foreclosed, and for a while carried the estate, until the father of Mrs. Andrews, who had a second mortgage, purchased it for his daughter to help her along. She tried to collect a \$10,000 policy on his life held by a Hartford company but they refused to pay, supposing him alive, and the woman, rather than bother with a lawsuit, let the matter drop. Since his departure the estate became somewhat complicated, and now that he is proved alive many suits are apt to follow. When he returns, as is expected in a few days, there will be much interest in the tale of his ramblings for the past three years.

Andrews was of more than medium height, with sandy beard and dark eyes. As a business man he was shrewd and capable, and he was an interesting talker on familiar subjects.

How We Look to Strangers.

A citizen of Chester county visited this city a few days ago, and gives to the West Chester *Jeffersonian* his impressions. He says that although the debris occasioned by the flood has been largely removed, the place is still a scene of desolation and distress. To one unaccustomed to the sight it produces a feeling of gloom and depression, and unless a person's presence is required in affording relief to sufferers or in assisting to rebuild the waste places the desolate spot is left behind with a feeling of satisfaction such as would be experienced if some great sense of depression had been removed. The evidences of the terribly destructive effects of the raging torrent continue to be visible on every side, although not so striking as they were weeks ago. The odor is very offensive, and cannot fail to pollute the atmosphere and render the locality unhealthy. He conversed with several intelligent sufferers whose appearance indicated that the great calamity had impressed upon them an air of extreme dejection. They returned to the distribution of the immense fund that had been so liberally contributed for helping the people as proceeding with apparent delay, which to some appeared unnecessary; but not a single intimation was made that the money was not being used in a strictly honorable manner. Mr. James McMillen, the chief official of the distributing committee, said that any sums which had not been forwarded would be gladly received and employed for the purpose designed with as much promptitude as is consistent with the exercise of sound discretion. A considerable amount is yet required to relieve immediate wants. Of course, the just and proper disbursement of so large a fund demands the utmost care and judgment. He further said that if those entrusted with the amount raised in West Chester, or other places, preferred to attend to its distribution personally on the ground they would be kindly received by the committee, and any information desired would be cheerfully given them. If sent to the Finance Committee it would be handled to the best possible advantage, and they would be pleased if it would be forwarded at an early day.

Killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. William Hurley has been taking contracts for the cleaning out of cellars, and boarded with Mrs. O'Neal at No. 6 Center street, Prospect. On his way to his boarding house shortly after noon on Saturday, in crossing the P. R. R. tracks he crawled under a stationary freight train which moved before he could get out and fatally crushed him, injuring him in the breast and mangling one leg. Mr. Gibson, of the Cambria Hospital, bound up the wound as best he could, and a stretcher being procured the wounded man was taken to the P. R. R. station to await the arrival of a doctor, who came but did not at once attend him, and he was taken to the Red Cross Hospital. After his removal there he was cared for by Drs. H. F. Beam and J. C. Sheridan, but their work was in vain. A messenger went for a priest of St. John's Church, but both were sick, and before Father Alto, of the German Catholic Church, arrived the man was dead. The remains were taken to Henderson Morgue, where they now are, and prepared for burial, which will be in Lower Yoder cemetery. The home of Mr. Hurley, was in Brooklyn, where he was employed as a clerk in the postoffice. His father is David Hurley, a cooper by trade, who has three other sons and one daughter. For some time the unfortunate young man has been employed at Little Washington, at a good salary, leaving on hearing of our disaster he came here several days after and took charge of a gang of men under Mr. McKnight. Mr. Harrigan, who is married to a cousin, came yesterday from New York to perfect arrangements for the funeral, which will take place to-day from St. John's Church and to see after his effects. He was twenty-seven years of age.

Almost Completed.

The first floor of the M. E. Church, on Franklin street, was completed on Saturday evening, and it will be but a short time until the congregation can hold their regular services where they did before the flood.

CLARA BARTON.

How This Distinguished Lady Has Been Received at Milwaukee—Showed With Merited Honors.

The following is a part of a letter received by the editor of this paper, from a lady in Milwaukee who has noticed the way Miss Clara Barton has been received in that city at the meeting of the Women's Relief Corps and by the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. The letter was not intended for publication, but it contains so much that will be of interest to our readers, that we publish a part of it:

PLANKINGTON HOUSE, MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 29.

Mr. Woodruff.

Feeling sure you will be interested in Miss Barton's days away from your city, I shall try to give you a brief outline of some of her days. Arriving Tuesday before the parade, she very naturally was put into the first carriage and to her own amazement she found herself heading the procession. Not being present, you know from papers more than I, as I've not read them. Wednesday we started for the National Convention of Women's Relief. I inclose a short account of the proceedings. Miss Barton's speech was the speech of the morning, and anyone hearing her quiet voice in the four walls of the little office in Johnstown, can have no conception of the full, clear, beautifully modulated voice that filled from floor to ceiling every bit of space in the large room. It was a surprise to me. How I wish I had time and space to tell you of the ovation. As she stepped from the carriage how the women from every State came to pay their respects. How she had sent this one the first news of her husband's safety, how she had given this one aid in great financial distress, how this one she wrote for, and another released from prison; each and all had something to remember and for which to be thankful and bless her for. It was beautiful to me to witness the women of America doing homage to the one woman who has done more to bless her race than any other.

A reception followed the Convention; then another tendered her by the Potomac Post. One feature of the evening was the coming of "The Old Guard" to do her honor. After this reception she went to "The Red Cross, of Milwaukee," the tents of which are pitched on the beautiful lake, and it was a fitting climax to a wonderful day.

To-day, Thursday, she holds a public reception at the Plankington, where her headquarters are. One of the gentlemen of the city, Major Rogers, gives her his beautiful office at the Plankington, and we steal away at night to Mr. Spencer's home on the lake, where the beauty and stillness are perfect rest.

The stream of veterans that have streamed in since early morning, still pour in, and we have to just leave all for a cup of tea. Mrs. Logan now sends word she will be in to pay her respects, and so the days and nights are full of incidents never to be forgotten. Milwaukee is so beautiful. Our host, Mr. R. C. Spencer, lives on Prospect avenue, right on the Lake, so in going to headquarters, at the Plankington we see much of the city, and the magnificent decorations. General Sherman and Mrs. Logan and Miss Barton share the honors of the day, and it is a constant stream, their rooms are all in the same corridor, and the number that come is innumerable. We go now to the public drawing room where Miss Barton and Mrs. Logan received together from 3 to 6.

We can scarcely realize, in this beautiful, festal city, with its thousands of people, all on for a holiday, that we have just come out from all the shadow and sorrow of your own home. You may be sure all the nation is interested in you, and are glad and anxious to hear any thing we may have to tell of you. Miss Barton never fails to tell how bravely and well you bear your awful calamity. Hoping soon to be with you. * * * * *

Caressing the Lucky Johnstown Baby.

Bill Nye in his European notes of Sunday has the following: "The Johnstown baby, whose name is Moses Williams, came over on a recent trip of the City of Chicago, according to Surgeon Peter McSweeney. The Johnstown baby was named Moses because he was found on the flood, not exactly among the bull-rushes, but born on the bosom of the terrible deluge, while his mother's house was floating down to death and destruction. It is not necessary to say that Moses owned the ship. He got about \$75 from enthusiastic Americans on board and practically was monarch of all he surveyed. He was lucky to put off his birthday till the time of the terrible flood, for Pharaoh's daughter in the shape of American generosity has rescued him from obscurity and poverty, and hereafter when he says, "My name is Moses Williams, I was born on the breast of that terrible torrent in Johnstown," the ready wallet will come forth and Moses will be on deck if the light goeth out."

Accident at Steel Works.

Mr. John Link, of Rosedale, while at work last week in the Steel Works, severely crushed his hand. He will be laid up for a week or so.

FATAL BURNING.

Agnes Fitzgerald the Victim of a Can of Kerosene Exploding.

Previous to the flood a family named Fitzgerald, consisting of five children and the mother, lived on Iron street. The mother was drowned and her home washed away by the waters. The children remaining were Mary, Maggie, John, Stephen and Agnes aged about twelve.

The boys work for the Cambria Iron Company. Agnes had lately returned from an eight weeks' visit to Cleveland, and was staying a few days with Mrs. Wm. Rogers, on Coal street, Prospect.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Rogers left the house, telling Agnes to take a can of kerosene oil, sitting on the porch and put it out of the reach of the ten months old baby. The child set it on the rear of a large range and continued her work of ironing. As she was standing before the stove the can exploded enveloping her in a sheet of flame. She ran into the arms of a neighbor Mrs. Dice. A Mr. Riley attempted to subdue the flames by dashing water on the suffering girl, but they were only smothered when a blanket was thrown around her by two men, Messrs. Walker and Delaney. Mrs. Jerome and Doctor Matthews soon arrived and did all they could to alleviate her suffering. Although she was perfectly conscious and talked to her friends, she was beyond human aid, having inhaled some of the flame, and shortly after 11 o'clock on Saturday night expired. The baby, which was in one corner of the ten by twelve foot kitchen, escaped unharmed. The funeral will take place from the residence of her uncle, Mr. A. Conway, on Fairfield avenue, Morrellville. No definite time has yet been set. On the 26th of October she would have been twelve years of age.

Memorial Service of Knights of Pythias.

The impressive memorial services of the Knights of Pythias, were Sunday observed in Alma Hall. They were opened by a hymn by the choir "I Would Not Live Alway," followed by an eloquent address by Col. Linton. After another hymn a procession was formed headed by the Hussar Band and seventy-two Uniformed Knights, accompanied the hearse bearing the remains of one of their number, Mr. Elmer J. Brinkey, to the plot of ground in Grand View belonging to the organization. Several carriages also were in the procession conveying friends, among them Mr. Staler, of Stoyestown, who had been as a father to both Elmer and his brother Dr. Brinkey, and Mr. Zimmerman. At the grave the exercises of the Order for such an occasion were performed. The band played the beautiful hymn "Nearer My God to Thee." The ceremony was concluded by a short exercise called "taps" by Messrs. Shellenberger and Snyder, cornetists. Many a tear unrestrained fell from the eyes of the assembled multitude, for, so many, this was again the re-burying of their friends, whom they laid away when there was no time for tears. Few more solemn funerals have here ever occurred. In addition to the Uniformed Knights were fifty-four members in line. The following are the names of members lost on May 31st, and the wives of members. Including the oldest member, Mr. C. P. Little, and also the one last admitted: Mineral Lodge, No. 89, Messrs Godfrey Hoffman, C. T. Shubert, Alex. Recke, Charles Hatten; Johnstown Lodge, No. 17, Messrs Frank P. Bowman, Arthur Till, E. J. Brinkey, L. Benford. Visiting Knights, Samuel Hennecamp, of Lonaconing, Maryland, and Charles B. DeWald, of Reading, and unknown Knight. Wives of members were: Mrs. F. P. Bowman, G. Hoffman, A. Recke, W. A. Craft, J. P. Williams, S. Single, J. W. Reese, J. C. Duncan, E. Brennan, Emil C. Roth, M. Woolf, S. E. Hennecamp, H. T. DeFrance, C. Hoffman. The graves of all their deceased brothers were beautifully decorated. The officers were: Chancellor Commander, L. Erisman; V. C. C., J. Hancock; P. L. E. C. Collier; M. at A., C. H. Price; M. of F., J. J. Humphrey; M. of E., M. A. Brown.

The Welsh Congregational Church.

Rev. T. W. Jones, of Philadelphia, Superintendent of the Congregational Church of Pennsylvania and six other States, yesterday addressed the congregation of that denomination here in the Franklin street M. E. Church. Heretofore the services had been in the Welsh language. Believing this to be less used yearly, Rev. Jones promised all the aid in his power, and gave every assurance that a new church would be built, and the scattered congregation collected, provided the services should consist of one sermon in English and one in Welsh. He says the younger members can not be reached when Welsh is the only language used in church service.

Just So.

The baggage smasher merrily Now tosses traveler's trunks; He cauchinates with ghoulish glee, And breaks them into chunks. But some fine morn this soulless need, Will skyward take his flight, For he will monkey with a trunk That's filled with dynamite.

OVER \$60,000 CONTRIBUTED.

This is the Amount Masons Gave Their Johnstown Brethren.

Col. T. J. Hudson, Treasurer of the Masonic Relief Committee of Pittsburgh, for the Johnstown flood sufferers, is preparing his report of moneys received and disbursed, and will present it to the Committee within a week or ten days. In cash contributions the Committee raised nearly \$6,500, which was outside of various gifts of clothing and provisions. After the first few weeks at Johnstown the disbursement of money was confided to a Committee of Johnstown Masons, which has since had exclusive control of Masonic donations.

A check of \$2,300 was sent to the Johnstown Committee last Tuesday, clearing up the amount of money still remaining in the Pittsburgh Committee's hands, with the exception of \$500, which will be used in aiding several women who are now in this city under maintenance.

In speaking yesterday of the contributions of the Grand Lodge of this State, Mr. James S. McKean said that the Treasurer of the Grand Lodge would make his report next Wednesday at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in Philadelphia. The amount given to Johnstown Masons by the State Grand Lodge will aggregate over \$60,000, which, considering the limited membership of the fraternity in the ill-fated city, shows that the aid extended has been adequate to relieve distress.

ROUGHS ON A TRAIN.

A Terrific Fight on the Johnstown Accommodation Last Evening.

The Johnstown Accommodation which is due here at 7:05 p. m., was boarded last Monday at Donahoe, a little station west of Latrobe, by four roughs who were determined to have a fight and clean out the train. Corporal George Buntin, of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, N. G. P., who is on duty at Camp Hamilton, was on the train and in the car where the roughs entered. He says the names of two of the roughs were Jones and McCormick, and that Jones on coming into the car exclaimed with an oath, that he could "lick any person in the car." A passenger replied "can you," when Jones immediately brutally assaulted him. Then the fighting commenced, and pandemonium reigned for about thirty-five minutes. The roughs engaged in the beastly affray were beaten and kicked, and blood was spattered all through the car. Packages were thrown through the windows, boots and shoes were taken off and used as weapons, men were knocked down and trampled upon, and it seemed as if a lot of wild animals had taken possession of the car. The conductor and brakemen were powerless. It was the most terrific fight ever witnessed in a railroad car. The train was stopped for quite a time, while the fight was in progress. At Latrobe the roughs got out, and we were unable to learn whether they were arrested.

Orphans Playing a New Tune.

Neither a Union soldier nor a colored man was allowed on the Virginia Republican ticket. From Mahone down every nominee was a Confederate soldier, nominated on his war record. The band played "Dixie" when the nominations were announced, and the platform declared that help should be given to poor ex-Confederates and their widows and orphans. But instead of making the welkin ring with warlike cries that the Confederate Brigadiers are again in the saddle and marching on Washington the Republican organs are all joining in the "Dixie" chorus and practicing the old rebel yell.

Marriage of Miss Kate D. Jenkins.

Sunday morning at Lancaster, in the Episcopal Church, its beautiful and impressive marriage service made one Miss Kate D. Jenkins, of Johnstown, and H. L. Bowman. They go at once to their new home in East Liberty. In Miss Jenkins, Johnstown will lose one of its brightest and most talented young ladies, who will add to any circle she may enter. Her voice will be missed equally in the rendition of both classic song and poetry, for in addition to her power in song, Miss Jenkins was an elocutionist of splendid ability. We are sorry to lose one of our singers, but congratulate the fortunate city which receive such an addition to its musical circles.

Body of a Child Found Yesterday.

Several persons find employment on Sundays looking for whatsoever they may find in our streams. Yesterday evening attention was attracted to a foot exposed above the sand, and investigation disclosed the body of a child, aged about six years. It wore button shoes. The body was removed to Henderson's Morgue.

Hon. Welty McCullough Dead.

Hon. Welty McCullough, late member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, and a prominent member of the Westmoreland county Bar, died at 1:30 o'clock, Saturday, aged about forty-two years. The funeral took place from his late residence on West Ottoman street, Greensburg, yesterday at 4 p. m.

THAT JOHNSTOWN

Mr. McCreery Makes Another Caution About the Money Expended.

William McCreery, President of the Pittsburgh Relief Committee for the Johnstown flood sufferers, said in a report Tuesday:

"I desire to correct some misapprehensions that exist regarding the money loaned by our Committee to the State. In the first place there never was a dollar loaned. The question between the State arose as follows: When we reached the bridge at Johnstown the first day after the disaster, we realized that it was the spot where lives and property were being consumed, and we started vigorously at work. This work lasted until the next Sunday week, and to show the wisdom of it, six days after the fatal Friday we recovered a living woman from the wreck.

"A week after the disaster the Relief Committee came on from Chicago to investigate the situation, and the first action they took was against the Pittsburgh Committee clearing up the streets when it was strictly the duty of the State, and we agreed with them. As a proof of their endorsement of our Committee's action they have turned over to me a large amount of money they had brought with them, but insisting at the same time that we should demand of the Governor that he repay the amount expended on that work, and assume in the future the clearing up of the debris. The Committee from Chicago went with us to Johnstown and on Sunday thoroughly inspected the work, writing home to their people and fully approving of all the Relief Committee had done, but several reflecting on the State Government for its tardiness. We then notified the Governor that on Sunday evening our force would stop work and hand it over to him. His reply was that it would be impossible for General Hastings to take charge of it for two more days, and asked us as a special favor that we continue the work until the next Tuesday night, when an inventory should be made of all the work done, machinery on hand, etc., and that he would repay us out of the State funds for our services. This he has not done. That's all."

JOHN COFFIN.

His Death at Mahone Tuesday at 11:30 O'clock.

Mr. John Coffin, the Superintendent of the Draughting Department of the Cambria Iron Company, died Tuesday about half-past 11 o'clock at Mahone. He will be regretted by all our citizens who had the privilege of enjoying his acquaintance. He was a gentleman of many attainments, and conversed with ability on many subjects. He was a mechanic of experience and ability, and was one of the most valuable men in the employ of the Cambria Iron Company.

Mr. Coffin was filled with ability several important positions in the Cambria Iron Company, and only a short time ago, since the flood, was appointed to the place he filled at the time of his death as the successor of Mr. C. H. Harwood, who was drowned in the same marked duty was wrought out by the same management the same works here, and had he lived to do so higher and more important trusts awaited him.

He leaves a wife and one child.

Struck by Lightning.

During yesterday afternoon's thunder storm a man named Loucker, from Barry Station, Huntingdon county, was on his way to Brownstown, and took shelter under a large oak tree, where he was struck dead by lightning. Two friends were with him and one at once hurried to Henderson's Morgue. The remains were confined and sent on the Mail Express shortly after 4 o'clock to his home. The unfortunate man was nearly six feet in height, with light hair and mustaches, neatly dressed and carried a silver watch and chain. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age. No marks of the stroke were visible. His value is still at the station the check for it was sent with the remains, which were taken in charge of and accompanied by a friend.

The Remains Identified.

The remains found on Friday in the cellar of Mrs. Fitzgerald, on Iron street, proved to be those of Mr. James Muller, from near the Scott Mines. They were yesterday taken to Wilmore and there interred in the afternoon. On the fatal Friday Mr. Muller was in Johnstown attending the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. McNaley, the mother of Patrick McNaley, of Prospect, who was himself to be buried near the American House in Greensburg.

An Honest Conductor's Act.

Pittsburgh Post. While coming from Greensburg to Braddock on the Younglougheny express Pennsylvania Railroad, last Friday, Thomas Moore, the McKeesport distiller, dropped a pocketbook containing \$530, and valuable papers. It was picked up by Conductor John Kennedy, who saw Mr. Moore's name on it and took it to his office in this city, where Mr. Moore, got it Saturday, and rewarded the honest conductor for the kindness.