THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 30, 1875.

In reply to the assertion of the *Gazette* that Lawrence, the alleged smuggler of $3,000,000 worth of laces, is a Democrat, the Pittsburgh *Post* very aptly remarks that being a Democrat he ought to have conducted himself more properly, for although there is nothing strange in a Radical grabbing things, it does excite curiosity when a Democrat engages in such business. Consequently the *Post*, like ourself, is in favor of punishing Mr. Lawrence to the full extent of the law. No Democrat ought to smuggle laces; there are Radicals enough for that business.

At the centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Concord, on the 19th instant, a speech was delivered at the first mentioned place which has attracted very general notice and met with hearty commendation. General William F. Bartlett, of Massachusetts, an officer in the late civil war, where he lost both an arm and a leg, was the speaker. His speech was in reply to a toast, "The North and South." How pleasing is the contrast between the magnanimous sentiments of this crippled hero and the dismal croakings of amateur soldiers, now editors of radical newspapers, who are predicting the downfall of republican liberty in this country because the Southern people, instead of electing ignorant negroes and corrupt carpet-baggers to represent them in Congress, prefer to send men of culture and refinement like General Gordon, General Ransom, and Lamar, rebels though they were. Referring to Southern soldiers, General Bartlett, in concluding his address, said:

"As an American, I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's Division on our lines at Gettysburg as I am of the men who bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause, but when, having chosen that which their conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves; and the men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Gettysburg ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Oh, sir, as Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace, and she shall forever be first in the hearts of her countrymen."

"If we could appoint the Speaker from the whole body of American people, we would select Samuel J. Randall."

The forgoing elegant extract is taken from a gushing article in a paper published in the tar and turpentine State. It is praise indeed, and is the most extravagant compliment that we remember ever having seen bestowed on a member of Congress from this or any other State. Its editor was determined not to be outdone by his Democratic brethren in the Keystone State in the expression of his profound admiration for the brilliant Congressional achievements of Pennsylvania's *second* "favorite son," who unfortunately happens in this instance to have been one of the foremost champions of the back-pay swindle. To such base uses have we come at last. Let us suppose for a moment that this "rose and expectancy of the State" should shuffle off this mortal coil before the meeting of the next Congress. What then? Simply to do the next best thing, and that would be to elect his executor. There would be no other alternative, and besides this the recommendation has a precedent upon which to rest. When Henry Clay, in 1844, was defeated for the Presidency by James K. Polk, an enthusiastic but dusgusted admirer of the great Kentucky statesman asserted, in language more vigorous than polite, that it was the solemn duty of the Whig party to run Clay as its candidate every four years, and if he was unsuccessful, then after his death, as a mark of its undying devotion to him, to nominate and try its luck with one of his executors. His advice was not followed, but in Randall's case it might be adopted if the contingency above referred to should happen. It would simplify the matter wonderfully.

It is claimed by certain papers published west of the Allegheny mountains, that the next Democratic candidate for Governor ought as a matter of right to be taken from that section of the State. It is the same old parrot cry in favor of location or sectionalism, regardless of considerations of fitness for the office or strength with the people. Standing by itself, it is the assertion of a blind preference for a local candidate, to be followed perhaps by defeat, rather than success with a nominee from another section. Can any man satisfactorily explain why the western portion of the State is better entitled to the candidate than the eastern, northern, or southern? All other things being equal, such a demand would be entitled to respect, but of its mere self, it is false and absurd in national, State, or county politics. The only argument, if it could be called such, in favor of it would be the fact that since 1860 the west has not furnished a candidate. But even if it had, he would have been defeated just as Woodward, Clymer, Packer and Buckalew were. We cannot of course anticipate the action of the Erie convention, but we have a very decided notion that if the convention understands its business, as we think it will, it will not select a man simply because he resides and pays taxes in a particular part of the State. If the west can supply a candidate of admitted qualification and undoubted integrity—one who can not only poll the undivided vote of the Democratic party, but also the conservative Republican vote, because that will be necessary to insure success—it will be the plain duty of the convention to nominate him. If it cannot, it must look for such a man elsewhere.

The difficulty which is sometimes encountered in courts in getting a witness, even though he be Henry Ward Beecher himself, to give a direct answer to a plain question, was never more completely illustrated than in that portion of his cross-examination last week by Ex-Judge Fullerton, in reference to Mrs. Emma D. Moulton having kissed Beecher on a certain occasion in her own house, to which her attention had been called by Mr. Evarts, one of Beecher's counsel. In order to distinguish *that* particular kiss from his daily practical experience in the same line of amusement, Beecher, in his direct evidence, had poetically termed it a "kiss of inspiration." The following were the questions put by Fullerton and the answers given by Beecher:

Q.—When was it that Mrs. Moulton gave you this "kiss of inspiration" as you term it? A.—It was Saturday night, the 31st of May.

Q.—And where were you then? A.—In Mr. Moulton's study.

Q.—Did you lie down upon the sofa then? A.—No, sir; I was sitting at the table at the time.

Q.—But were you at any time during that evening lying upon the sofa? A.—No, sir; I know I was not.

Q.—Your recollection is postive upon that? A.—It is very positive.

Q.—You can distinguish between that visit and all the other visits? A.—That visit stamped itself very indelibly on my mind in regard to such features as I recollect.

Q.—Do you recollect that when Mrs. Moulton was on the stand she was asked the question by your counsel whether she kissed you on that occasion? A.—I heard but a part of her testimony.

Q.—Did you hear that? A.—I don't recollect whether I did or not, sir.

Q.—Was not Mrs. Moulton asked in your presence in regard to kissing you? A.—I cannot now say whether she was asked in my presence, and I learned it from hearing her, or whether I read it in the testimony and learned it so.

Q.—Didn't you suggest to your counsel to ask that question? A.—It may be that I did.

Q.—Don't you recollect that you did? A.—I think you are helping my memory a little; you and I together will get it out. I have an impression that I did ask my counsel, and therefore that I must have heard it.

Q.—Didn't you write it on a slip of paper and hand it to him? A.—Yes, sir, I think so. Whether I whispered it or wrote it upon a piece of paper I would not say now. My impression is that I did suggest it, and therefore I must have heard it.

Thus at last Fullerton succeeded in forcing an unwilling admission from Beecher that *he* had prompted his counsel to ask Mrs. Moulton about her angelic "kiss of inspiration."

Last week, George H. Williams, Grant's Attorney General, tendered his resignation, to take effect on the 15th of May. This retirement of Williams from the cabinet has given rise to a great deal of speculation touching its true cause. The reason which impelled him thus to take time by the forelock was doubtless a firm conviction that one of the very first acts of the next House of Representatives will be the appointment of a committee to make a full and thorough investigation of how and for what purposes Williams has disbursed the enormous appropriations made by Congress, at his request, to carry on the Department of Justice over which he presides. That it has been shamefully corrupt was plainly established before a committee at the recent session. Of course, Grant will furnish Williams with a certificate of good character. He did that for Tom Murphy when he was driven from the New York Custom House by the sheer force of public opinion, and did not hesitate to confer the same favor on Alexander R. Shepherd, the corrupt chief of the Washington Ring. It is his way of doing things, and it will not be withheld from Williams, who has been the head and front of Grant's repressive and vindictive policy towards Louisiana and other Southern States.

It was reported and believed, a few days ago, that Delano, snuffing the coming storm, was also about to lay down the cares of the Interior Department. He says, however, that he will not do so just now. No branch of the government is so rich in plunder and fraud as the Indian Department, which is managed and controlled by the Secretary of the Interior, and it is safe to predict that when Congress meets next December, Columbus Delano will be a private citizen of Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

The tenth section of the new license law provides that a person licensed to sell liquors shall give bonds in the sum of $2,000, with two sureties to be approved by the court, "conditioned to pay all damages which may be recovered in any action which may be instituted against him under the provisions of this act, and all costs, fines and penalties which may be imposed upon him in any indictment for violating this act, or any other law of this commonwealth relating to selling or furnishing intoxicating drinks."

If the terms of this law are properly observed and enforced by the courts of the commonwealth, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, it will have a powerful tendency to improve the condition of the liquor traffic by largely changing the *personnel* of dealers. The eleventh section of the law provides that "it shall not be lawful for any person, with or without license, to sell any person any intoxicating drink on any day on which elections are now, or hereafter may be required to be held, nor on Sunday, nor at any time to a minor, or to a person visibly affected by intoxicating drinks." It will be very difficult for persons of notoriously bad habits, under such restrictions, to find property holders who will be willing to run the gauntlet of surety against infractions of the liquor laws of the State, and we hope for the most salutary reform in consequence. There having been some question as to the requirements of the new law, in the case of keepers of restaurants and beer saloons applying for license under it, Judge Ross, of Montgomery county, has decided that they must give the same security as applicants for hotel license.

Three Steamboats Burned.

FIFTY LIVES SACRIFICED—DISTRESSING SCENES AMONG THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

A special to the New York *Herald* of Saturday gives the following particulars of the burning of the steamers Kyle, Exporter and Bodmann at New Orleans Friday afternoon:

This afternoon, at a quarter past four o'clock, a time when the levee is usually most crowded, a fire broke out in the blacksmith shop of the steamboat John Kyle, then lying at the foot of Gravier street, along with the steamers Charles Bodmann and Exporter in close juxtaposition. Almost before an alarm could be given the whole boat was in flames. Time was, however, afforded to rescue a few lady passengers and others before she was pulled out into the stream. The fire almost immediately caught the Bodmann, whose passengers and people on board nearly all escaped to the Exporter. As soon as the fire was discovered the lines of the boats were cast loose from the shore and a steam tug pulled them out into the stream. The day was unusually clear, with a strong north wind blowing. As soon as the boats cleared the eddy, about 200 yards from the shore, they were struck with the full force of the wind and were almost instantaneously wrapped in flames, driving the helpless passengers into the river. The scene from the crowded levee was heartrending in the extreme.

THE SCENE ON THE BODMANN

From the Bodmann men, women and children, shrieking and crying for help, were seen to jump into the river and drown, while the spectators on shore were powerless to help them. The Exporter did not catch fire until out in the river, and her forecastle was at the time crowded with people, the number being estimated by witnesses of the catastrophe at from 100 to 150. As the huge sheet of flame swept down upon them they were seen to jump overboard like a startled flock of sheep, when a number were rescued by skiffs and tugs, which had put out to their assistance; but the great majority were drowned.

THIRTY WOMEN AND CHILDREN LOST.

Albert Mynck, the watchman of the Bodmann, who was saved with its captain, reports about twenty-five or thirty women and children as lost upon that boat, and the same proportion was estimated by spectators to have been among the frantic crowd upon the Exporter's forecastle. In thirty minutes after the fire broke out the Kyle was floating down stream burned to the water's edge, and the wrecks of the hulls of the other two boats had drifted over to the Algiers shore, where they stil smoulder.

THE RESCUE.

About twenty of the rescued, among whom are several ladies, were provided for upon the steamboat Louisville, and just as your correspondent left the levee two more ladies were landed from a skiff. Some of the rescued are badly burned. Both the Bodmann and Exporter only arrived last night, the latter with an excursion party on board, among which was the family of her owner, Captain Reese, of Pittsburgh.

Fortunately most of the passengers were up in town when the fire occurred, but Mrs. Reese and her daughter, with another lady, remained on board. Of these two were saved by a skiff, but Miss Reese is supposed to have been lost. Captain Shinkle, of the Bodmann, also lost his son, fourteen years of age.

THE LOST.

It will be very difficult to ascertain the names of all the lost. Among them were many spectators from the shore, who went aboard the burning boats to assist in putting out the fire. Ere they could return they found themselves out in the stream, enveloped in flame. One case of heroism is reported. Two women who sprung overboard succeeded in grasping a ringbolt upon the hull of the Exporter, where, partly sheltered by the guards of the boat, they clung for about fifteen minutes in full view of all on shore. In the mentime three skiffs made repeated but ineffectual attempts to reach them, being each time driven back by the intense heat of the flames. Just as the hundreds of breathless spectators were upon the point of abandoning hope, a long lead colored skiff with a single rower approached and dashed in to their side. In a few minutes it emerged in safety, having succeeded in rescuing both from watery graves. This gallant action was rewarded with a spontaneous cheer from the crowd lining the river bank. The latest estimates reduce the loss to about fifty souls. The burning hull of the Exporter is now being towed down the river by a tugboat.

Captain Hutchinson, of the Kyle, reports all saved upon his boat, through himself, the clerk and one or two others are somewhat badly burned. He says that in less than three minutes from the time of discovering the fire that his boat was one sheet of flame from stem to stern. To adopt an expression used by an old darkey witness of the sad affair "They all burned like broom corn."

BURNING OF THREE BOATS.

It now appears that all the three boats were tied to the same ringbolt upon the levee, and that on endeavoring to cut the Kyle's moorings all three were unfortunately severed at the same time. The river makes a rapid eddy at that spot, and they at once drifted out together, thus communicating the fire to each other. The tugboats, Ella Wood, Nellie and Done, and another were in the immediate neighborhood. The two former, it is said, lost both time and opportunity for saving life in a vain endeavor to extinguish the fires by throwing water upon the burning boats.

STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Another eye-witness to the catastrophe, an old merchant, says he arrived on the levee just as the boats drifted out. The forecastles of the Bodmann and Exporter were then crowded with people, who just at that moment seemed for the time to realize their danger and became panic stricken. In a short time, he said, he saw over a hundred people struggling in the water. Some jumped over with their trunks, others with barrels and pieces of freight. The skiffs, of which some half dozen had been attracted to the spot, immediately dashed in and commenced rescuing these people. Some were saved in this manner, others swam to floating spars and logs, but he saw, he thinks, upward of forty or fifty, among whom he distinctly recollects two women, who were drowned. There was a lamentable want of order in managing the tugboats, otherwise, in his opinion, many more might have been saved. The scene he describes as most horrible in the extreme, both by its suddenness and its terrible nature.

OIL ON BOARD.

One of the boats had on board a quantity of oil, which floated in flames upon the surface of the water around the struggling victims, and thus added tenfold to the horror of the scene. Many of the rescued are severely burned about the head, and no doubt it precipitated the drowning of many.

Miss Ida Greeley, daughter of the late Horace Greeley, is engaged to be married to Colonel N. Smith of Kentucky. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, it is said, will perform the ceremony, which is to take place in the Fall, when Miss Greeley returns from her contemplated European tour.

America's Cardinal.

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY RECEIVES THE BERRETTA.

Thousands of spectators gathered at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Tuesday A. M., to witness the ceremony of conferring the Berretta on Cardinal McCloskey. There had been an enormous demand for tickets, and a number of those who had them found difficulty in gaining entrance through the crowd. The streets in the immediate neighborhood were packed with human beings, all anxious to even get a chance of seeing the portals of the church. Great interest was manifested.

Representatives from every part of the Union were present. A number of front seats were reserved for the invited guests, and among those seated in them were Chief-Justice Daly, Judge Donohue, District-Attorney Phelps, Sinclair Tousey, Collector Arthur, Hon. Thos. Murphy, and many other well-known citizens. At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock the head of the procession emerged from the vestry, the acolytes leading, bearing in the procession the cross and tall tapers; then followed long lines of clergymen, who, after making genufluxious before the high altar, passed down the centre aisle, which was soon packed.

When the surpliced priests had all taken their places the representatives of the various religious orders in the diocese began to emerge from the vestry in their picturesque habits. When the procession had all been arranged in proper place, there was an interval of ten minutes, during which the church was filled with joyous music from the choir. The procession of prelates at length emerged from the vestry with slow, measured tread. The audience rose as the magnificent spectacle began to unfold itself. The scene was one which New York will probably never again witness. Boys with pictures, robe and swinging censors, and dignitaries in dark purple preceded the Archbishops and Bishops.

The procession was closed by the celebrants of mass, Bishop Laughlin, of Brooklyn. Rev. Dr. McGlynn, assistant; Rev. Father McGan, deacon, and Father Kean, sub deacon, then Cardinal McCloskey, the Papal Envoys, Dr. Ubaldi, Monsignor Roncetti, and lastly the tall figure of Count Marafacai, of the Pope's noble guard, in his dazzling uniform. Cardinal McCloskey wearing his rochet, purple cassock and mantelletta, knelt at the epistle side of the altar.

The Archbishop of Baltimore sat on his throne on the same side. The officiating bishop and clergymen stood at the altar steps, and mass was commenced at the confiteor. The Cardinal stood up and proceeded to his throne at the gospel side, he alone, of all the prelates present, having a pastorial staff, which was carried by an assistant officiating Bishop. After incensing the altar three times he sat down with the deacon and sub-deacon.

Bishop Laughlin read the *Introit*, recited the *Kyrie*, and intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which was afterward sung by the choir. Collects were read by the celebrant and the Epistle by the sub-deacon, while Bishop Laughlin read the Gospel, the entire congregation rising to their feet. He then chanted the words "*Credo in Unum Deum*" in a low voice, and recited the remainder of the Nicene Creed. When it was concluded the celebrant, together with the assistant deacon and sub-deacon, sat down until the choir had finished. Bishop Laughlin returned to the altar, where, after the customary *Dominus Vobiscum* and *Oremus*, he proceeded to read the prayers at the offertory.

The deacon and sub-deacon, then prepared the sacred vessels and bread and wine. *Mercandants Quam Dilesta* was sung during this period, the acolytes again advanced with censors and the altar was incensed by the celebrant, the Archbishops and Bishops rising and removing their mitres; the priests and the entire congregation also rising. At this time the church was a level sea of heads from right and left, from the sanctury to the doors. The right, left and centre aisles of the church were packed as full as they could hold with people who were glad to have standing room.

When the bell tingled to announce the opening of the canon or solemn part of the ceremony, the people standing made an attempt to kneel, but were unable to do so, being massed so tightly together, and a very unusual spectacle was witnessed of hundreds standing up during the consecration. Towards the end of the mass was introduced the curious ceremony of giving the "pax," or kiss of peace. It is not exactly a kiss, but an inclination of the heads together, with hands resting on each other's arms. The pax was given from one to the other, until it passed along to the right and left all through the crowded sanctuary. When mass was finished, the interesting part of the ceremonies commenced. Cardinal McCloskey rose and knelt at the left-hand side of the altar. The Archbishop of Baltimore stepped down from his throne and knelt at the epistle side. The audience rose with perceptible excitement, and some had the bad taste to crowd up amongst the clergymen in the sanctury.

Ablegate Rouetta stood beside Archbishop Bayley, and in a loud, clear voice, read the message in Latin from Pius Papa to his *Venerablist Frater*, Archbishop of Baltimore, giving the reasons which induced him to confer the Cardinalate on Archbishop McCloskey, and at the close handed him the brief authorizing him to confer the Berretta on this newly appointed prince of the church.

The Archbishop, having replied in Latin, passed the brief over to Father McLean, deacon of the Mass, who then read it. Count Marafacai then surrendered the Berretta to Monsigeor Ronetta, who handed it to Archbishop Bayley, who then walked over to the Cardinal and placed the cap on his head, at the same time addressing him in Latin as *Emenentia Tua*.

The Cardinal made also a suitable reply in Latin, and, after intoning the *Te Deum*, retired to the vestry and put on the crimson robes of his office, and returned to the altar, while the choir sang the *Te Deum*. At the close of the hymn the Cardinal gave the pontifical benediction, the ceremonies were ended, and the vast congregation passed out of the Cathedral.

The Letter Boss Grant Should Write.—Loud calls for remarks from Grant on the Third Term subject are beginning to come from unexpected quarters. The Boston *Journal* and Providence *Journal* would like to have him say just a word—one little "no," or something to that effect. Perhaps he will decide to gratify them; and then if he should finally decide to become a candidate next year, he could write a letter to his friends, running something like this:

Wearied by importunities and weakened by the result of the Connecticut election, I gave a letter relinquishing the Third Term under assurance that it would remove all difficulties between me and my party. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to do it, almost forced, when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret and recall its statements. U. S. G.

—*Worcester Press.*

Iron City Commercial College is the only institution of the kind in this city—*Pittsburgh*—that we recommend to the public patronage.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A Quadruple Tragedy.

TERRIBLE STORY OF LOVE, ROBBERY AND MURDER—THREE VICTIMS TO AVARICE, JEALOUSY AND REVENGE—SUICIDE OF THE MURERERER.

On Wednesday afternoon the town of Cuba, New York, was thrown into great excitement by a man from New Hudson dashing into town on horseback after a doctor, and announcing that James Lafferty, a somewhat notorious character in that part of the country, had murdered his grandmother, an aged lady with whom he lived, shot the wife and daughter of a farmer named George Vannoy and then killed himself. A physician and a number of citizens accompanied the messenger back to Vannoy's, who lives about five miles from Cuba, near the road leading to Rockville. Arriving there, a sickening sight was presented. In the door yard, near the house, lay the dead body of a man about twenty years of age. His face was turned upward, and from a wound on the side of the head his brain was oozing out. This was the body of Lafferty. By his side, and near his hand, lay a revolver. In the house, on a bed, with blood pouring from wounds on their faces, lay Mrs. Vannoy, a fine looking woman of thirty-five or forty, and her daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen. They were both conscious, but very weak from loss of blood. The physician, Dr. Carper, examined the wounds, and succeeded in extracting a pistol ball from Mrs. Vannoy. It had entered her head near the temple and lodged back of the ear. Miss Vannoy was shot in the right cheek, the ball passing through and lodging in the back part of her head. The surgeon was unable to extract the ball. Although in a very critical condition, the young girl related

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE SHOOTING.

Lafferty came to the house in the afternoon. Mr. Vannoy was in the barn at work, and Mrs. Vannoy was in the kitchen. Lafferty entered the room and commenced talking with the young lady. He had formerly worked for her father, and had for a year professed to be in love with her and wanted her to marry him. She had invariably refused his offer, and had told him several times that he must not speak to her further on the matter. He had often talked of committing suicide, or of doing something else terrible, but she had always laughed at him. When he came on Wednesday, he renewed his proposal, saying that his grandmother had given him a lot of money, and he would give it all to Miss Vannoy if she would marry him. She told him that she did not wish to have any association with him, as his character was not what it should be. He said he would be a better man if she were his wife. She then rose to leave the room, when he handed her a newspaper and told her to read a paragraph he pointed out. It was headed "Murdered for Love." She had turned her face away from him in looking at the paper, and had just glanced at the heading of the article, when he drew a revolver and fired. She ran, shrieking and bleeding, toward the door, when her mother rushed into the room. Lafferty then shot her, and ran hurriedly out of the house. Mr. Vannoy, hearing the firing, left the barn, and was hastening to the house when he saw Lafferty leaving, with his pistol in his hand and a wild look in his face. The farmer shouted to him and asked him, "What, in the name of God, is the matter?" Lafferty wheeled and fired at the farmer, but missed him. Without waiting to see the effect of his last shot, he placed the revolver against his own head and

BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS.

Mr. Vannoy entered the house and found his wife and daughter lying on the floor weltering in their blood. He lifted them to the bed and was about to dash on his horse to Cuba for a surgeon, when a man rode up to the house evidently in great excitement.

"Have you seen anything of Jim Lafferty?" he asked, as Vannoy started on a run to the barn. "His old grandmother has been found dead in her bed at Rockville, and has been strangled and beaten to death. The house has been ransacked, and as Jim has had plenty of money lately the folks think he killed the old woman and I'm looking for him with a warrant."

In a very short space of time the officer was made acquainted with the details of the tragedy at the farmhouse, and he galloped to Cuba, got a physician and gave the alarm.

Coroner Young was notified of the quadruple tragedy, and took charge of the bodies of the murderer and his grandmother. The former was buried in a pasture lot not far from Vannoy's. At

AN INQUEST

held on the body of Mrs. Lafferty it was elicited that her grandson had been seen lounging around the house on Saturday, and had not been there for some time before. He was seen to leave on Saturday night, which was the last seen of him until he appeared at Vannoy's. The deceased old lady was known to have about $150 in her house, which she had saved from her earnings, and which she had laid by for her funeral expenses. None of this money could be found at the house, but nothing which could be identified was discovered on the body of James Lafferty.

Mrs. Vannoy and her daughter are quite comfortable, and the doctor thinks they may both recover. The family is a highly respectable one, and Lafferty, it seems, had presumed upon their kindness and generous treatment of him while in their employ in making his overtures to Miss Vannoy, who ridiculed his pretensions. He was an Irishman, and had long borne a hard name in the community. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mr. Vannoy and his family throughout the neighborhood.

—To prevent numerous accidents to which railroad trains are liable from one car jumping the track, it is proposed to apply to cars a kind of shoe, consisting of a clamp-like arrangement which is affixed between the wheels of each truck. This runs about two inches above the rail, and if anything happens to throw the wheels from the track the clamp at once grasps the rails, holds the car on the track, and brings the train to a speedy halt. Such a shoe will, it is claimed, prove a great saving of railroad rolling stock, and will add one-third to the strength of the truck, it being constructed of iron and weighing about five hundred pounds. It is found, by experiments made with cars provided with this device, that the arrangement insures perfect security against the class of accidents it is designed to meet; and it is also estimated that, on account of the additional strength which such an attachment must necessarily supply, a car must last twice as long, on an average, with as without it.

—Eleven years ago, says an exchange, Mr. Chauncey Lewis, of Union, Erie county, lost his pocket book containing $1,360 in notes and currency. Two years afterward he received a letter enclosing him the notes and securities amounting to nearly $1,000. Last week Father Lonergan, of Corry, sent for him and handed him $360 in currency, the same identical money that was in his pocket book at the time he lost it. The pocket book had been picked up by a man in his employ, a Catholic, whom he did not suspect of dishonesty, and for eleven years the unhappy thief wrestled with his conscience until he could keep his guilty secret no longer, and confessed it to Father Lonergen.

News and Political Items.

—"Boston" Corbett, who killed John Wilkes Booth, is at present a hat-maker in a Cleveland manufactory.

—St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, San Jose, Cal., was burned on Friday. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $17,000.

—Mrs. Mabel Hubbard, of Carthage, N. Y., says that she is now 103 years of age and the mother of eighteen children.

—A man in Utica, New York, has a genuine Welsh harp, ordered by the Prince Consort for the World's Fair in 1851.

—A large number of fish have been frozen to death in the canal, two miles east of New London, Oneida county, New York.

—Winneshiek county, Iowa, has never known such a smell as that caused by the recent burning of its only Limburger cheese factory.

—A burglar in North Carolina was found, upon being shot by a farmer into whose house he had broken, to be a woman in man's dress.

—A Republican jury in Carlisle acquitted two negroes of the theft of a watch after having confessed their guilt both outside and in open court.

—They had a Welsh spelling match in Utica last week, and here are some of the words they spelled; Ddimal, goch, cywfan, nwfus, huddygl, amryliw, cyflafareddiad.

—The police authorities of Posen have notified all the Ursuline Sisters in that district who are not natives of Germany that they must leave the country within two months.

—An account of the snowfall in inches in Clinton county since the year 1856 ranges from 30½ in 1862 to 102 in 1865 and 107 in 1875, with two more snows to hear from this year.

—J. R. Keen of California has sold to C. W. Kellogg, the San Francisco millionaire, the trotting stallion Sam Purdy for $50,000. This is the highest figure ever paid for a trotting stallion.

—A desperate fight occurred on Thursday last between a band of rading Cheyennes and two companies of the Sixth United States Cavalry, in which twenty-seven Indians were killed.

—A printer in Philadelphia is father to twenty-six children, ranging from antique daughters to full-face bourgeois boys, and nonpareil babies in small caps. He ought to start a family paper.

—A curious incident happened at Hartford last Wednesday night. Rats invaded the warerooms of a commission merchant and devoured forty canaries out of a stock received on consignment.

—A train of one hundred wagons, with six hundred persons, a herd of milch cows and the usual assortment of babies and yellow dogs, bound for California, left Kansas City a few days ago.

—A loving Berks county young man, healthy, strong and well-to-do in a worldly way, turned his mother, a woman seventy-eight years, out of doors, the other day, with a warning not to return.

—The champion string of kittens is reported from the famious stock growing region of Kentucky. It consisted of six, united by a ligament like the Siamese twins. Bourbon county has the honor.

—Brooklyn has been outdone. The Clinton *Democrat* gives an account of a trial in which one of the plaintiffs is now on the witness stand, it being his seventeenth day, with an average of seven hours each day.

—Brigham Young has been summoned before Chief Justise Lowe for contempt of Court for not paying Ann Eliza some $9,500 alimony. The case has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

—Six and a half feet of a bride stood before the altar in a Paris church the other day and promised to love, cherish and obey three feet and a quarter of bridegroom; and that is the long and short of it.

—Mary E. Boyer, a sixteen year old girl living with her parents near Plymouth, Ashtabula county, Ohio, recently committed suicide by taking corrosive sublimate. Impediment in her speech was the supposed cause.

—Last Saturday a heart masher from Mansfield, Ohio, went to Tiffin to wed a young woman with whom he had been corresponding; but, much to his disgust, he found that his supposed lady correspondent was a man.

—The refusal of State Treasuer Mackey to allow a legislative committee to examine his books causes great excitement in Philadelphia. It is thought that Mr. Mackey's action will injure the republicans in the approaching State election.

—Pennsylvania, in 1874, produced twenty-one million six hundred and sixty-seven thousand tons of anthracite coal, and yet all this digging made a hole in her coal deposits no more appreciable than a bucket of water taken out of a lake.

—There is a negro in Guilford, Conn., who has predicted all the bad weather the past winter. He says there will be another snow storm next Tuesday, but some of the people down there say that if it comes they will have that nigger's head.

—A mob of "respectable ladies," in Wilton, Iowa, tarred and feathered a young girl because they suspected her of not being "respectable." Why send missionaries to the cannibals, Hottentots, or any such folk, when we have a Wilton among us?

—The Detroit *Free Press* libels Pennsylvania when it says "Pennsylvania has $1.65 in the state treasury, and the question is who shall grab it." That balance is $1.76. It is such reckless disregard of the odd cents that has brought us so low.

—The experiment of transfusing blood has just been applied to General Frank Blair, who has for some time been prostrated with paralysis at his home in St. Louis. Six ounces of blood were injected into his veins, and the result is said to be favorable.

—Attorney-General Williams has tendered his resignation, to take effect on the 15th of May. This is regarded in Washington as a prelude to a general break-up of the Cabinet, and Secretaries Belknap and Robeson are expected to resign shortly.

—Colonel Blanton Duncan has commenced suit in the United States Court against the Louisville lottery. The suit seems wholly a matter of private philanthropy, but there will be many unfortunate ticket holders ready to rise up and call him blessed.

—A Newfoundland dog, going to one of the wharves in Portland, Me., and perceiving that a vessel he expected to find there had sailed, jumped overboard and swam after it. He had gone a long distance down the harbor, when he was picked up nearly exhausted.

—The Armstrong *Republican* says:—Farmers who, on opening their potato hills find them frozen, should bear in mind that by covering them up again in the hills and permitting them to remain until the frost is entirely out of the earth enclosing them they will be left perfectly sound.

—The latest discovery in France is that the numerous Gypsy bands scouring that country are entirely under marching orders and military discipline from Berlin. They are wont to pick out their camping grounds fifty miles ahead, and know in advance the name of the man owning that ground as well as he knows it himself. Just as the Uhlans did.

—A woman in Wilkes county, North Carolina, has given birth to triplets five times in succession. The children of each birth have been raised, and the whole number are now alive. No two of the children resemble each other in any marked degree, except the color of the hair. In the sex the female predominates largely. The children are all well developed, and without the least malformation.

—The York *Telegram* says that on a farm of Israel Loucks, two and miles northwest of York, is covered pine shingles thirty-six inches long were split and shaved according to ancient custom, and placed on the barn the year 1804. They are therefore four years old, and are still in good condition.

—All hopes of the recovery of little ley Ross have now been almost abandoned. It is reported that Westerveldt, brother-in-law, is now locked up in amensing prison awaiting trial charge of being concerned in and a guilty knowledge of the abduction boy. The charge is based on marks that accidentally fell from veldt's lips a short time ago in New

—Fifty-seven years ago on Saturday Ebenezer Everett, of Neversink county, N. Y., was left a widower age of 15 years, having been married months. That short experience in life sufficed him until the fifty-seventh niversary of the death of his wife, was again married at the age of 72 Elizabeth Decker, of Neversink, just the age that Ebenezer was when first wife died.

—A cable special to the New *Herald* of Saturday says: Pope Pius is but a wreck of his former self, magnificent wreck, nevertheless. be unjust to myself were I to describe not according to the impression left me in my brief interview. Some day in all probability not long hence Pius IX. will take to his bed never raise from it again. But God grant day may be still far away.

—The Uniontown *Genius of Liberty* that a United States detective in company of an old man has made his appearance in that town in search of hidden by the famious Dr. Braddee was tried in 1841 for robbery of the States mail, convicted on the testimony his accomplices, and sentenced to imprisonment. Braddee is said to made a confession before his death United States district attorney.

—A Jefferson county lumberman days ago had been to Pittsburgh, received a large sum of money from by whom he was employed during the year. He placed it in his pocket-book started on his way home. When to pay some bills he felt for the book to find that it was gone. He was never expecting to see the hard wages of a year again, when the a package arrived at the bank in ville containing his lost pocket-book contents untouched.

—Paroxysmal, paternal, sisterly, ciliatory, and inspirational kisses to be as familiar to Mr. Beecher as hold words. The honorable defendant according to his own account, has great deal of kissing. He has kissed Tilton (sisterly), Mrs. Moulton (inspirationally), Mr. Moulton (experimentally), Oliver Johnson (unwillingly), Sam son (unavoidably), Mr. Evarts (professionally), Mr. Shearman (indignantly), Turner (fatherly), and Theodore (reconciliatory).

—Felix McDermott, whose time in the Western penitentiary the other was taken from there to the workhouse serve out another sentence which fect when his time expired in the penitentiary. As soon as the doors of the closed upon him at the workhouse called back and presented with a pardon from the governor. Felix was sentenced four years in October 1871, but had ened his term by uniform good conduct and faithful service in attending when the pestilence was raging in the stitution. He was convicted of entering building with felonious intent.

—The N. Y. *World* says that Prince Bismarck carries his war on Catholics to the length of expelling Ursuline Sisters from Germany he does only a very unwise but a very dangerous thing. We have heard of no charge against these very worthy persons is difficult to imagine how they can fere with Prince Bismarck's political It is known to all the world that same nuns did good and noble work ing the Franco-Prussian war, and fears of another coming contest in should prove well-grounded Bismarck have cause to regret the loss of their vices.

—A rather unique sort of a miser died week or two ago in Hudson, N. Y. was an Episcopal minister who served a missionary for his church in Greene ty, receiving a salary of $200 and numerous donations. He lived in extreme poverty and when he died a subscription was up to pay the funeral expenses. After funeral his rooms were examined will found, together with a package taining $94,000 in government bonds a bank book showing a deposit of $ in a bank in New York City. The gave half of his property to his relatives and the rest to St. Luke's Hospital churches in which he had preached. clergyman's name was Clark, and he to Greene county from Halifax, N. S.

—A Catholic statistican claims that of the 40,000,000 of souls in the United States, 5,761,242 are Roman Catholics. They occupy 6,920 stations, chapels churches; they have the service of priests, six apostolic vicars, forty bishops, nine archbishops, and one cardinal. That they are increasing rapidly quite obvious. They already have eighteen theological schools, or seminaries, nearly 1,500 students; over 2,000 schools of all grades and more than 300 asylums and hospitals. The jurisdiction of prelates has a very wide range, from souls in the diocese of Little Rock, to 3,000 in that of Chicago, and from archbishopric of Oregon, comprising to that of New York, rated at 700,000

—A remarkable case of somnambulism says the Weldon (N. C.) *Sentinel*, occurred at Murfreesboro, a few evenings since. of the young lady students of the College during the night got up from bed, threw over herself a loose wrapper and started down town. She went Colonel Vaughan's residence, and room and laid on a lounge. It greatly surprised and frightened the Colonel, he knew something was wrong, and not molest the "sleeping beauty." Rev. W. G. Starr was informed where girl was and went after her. He took back to the college and carried her bed-room and ensconced her in bed left the room. The young lady, on awaking next morning, knew nothing of she had perambulated, or anything her nocturnal visit.

—Among the novelties in the penitentiary at Shelby county, Tennessee been a dumb convict who, to the of dumbness, added that of idiocy. a curiosity was this man Wylie, and offering much entertainment to every for his crazy freaks of singing and and making faces were funny in the treme. So harmless was he thought he was allowed to polish the boots of officers of the prison, going outside walls every morning to perform his A few Sundays ago came the opportunity the dumb man had been waiting for stole two coats and a pair of pants and all the money he could, and was The country was scoured and Wylie captured again, but he wasn't the Wylie in most respects. He was dressed, fluent of speech, and but idiotic. He was taken back, doesn't attract much sympathy as a harmless lunatic now