THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you intend to stop it, you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880. NUMBER 12.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch,	3 times	$ 1.50
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☞*Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

ALL OUR

STYLISH OVERCOATS

—AND—

HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING!

STILL ON HAND

TO BE SOLD AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LARGE AND NEW STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!

IT WILL PAY YOU

TO GIVE US A CALL, AS THE GOODS NOW IN STORE WILL

POSITIVELY BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF THE ADVANCE IN PRICES,

Which are now at least 25 per cent. higher than last year.

SO TAKE OUR ADVICE, AND BUY YOUR CLOTHING NOW,

AND FROM US, AT THE

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

Feb. 6, 1880.-tf. ALTOONA, PA.

CHAS. SIMON

HAS JUST REMOVED TO THE

Large and Elegant Store Room

IN C. JAGGARD'S NEW BRICK BLOCK,

1306 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Between 13th and 14th Streets,

2 DOORS ABOVE EBERT'S MUSIC STORE, ALTOONA, PA.

WHERE HE IS NOW OPENING A SPLENDID LINE OF

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, &c.,

Which he guarantees to sell at the Lowest Prices known to the Retail Trade.

Being now in possession of the largest and handsomest Clothing Store in the City of Altoona, which will henceforth be known as the

KEYSTONE CLOTHING HALL!

And having filled it to repletion with new and seasonable goods, I have no hesitation in saying to my friends of Cambria county and elsewhere that when they visit Altoona it will be worth their while to give me a call, whether they wish to purchase or not, as I and my efficient salesmen will not only take pleasure in showing them around our handsome new store room and quoting the prices of our elegant stock of goods, but will also be gratified to furnish anything in our line at the lowest possible figures.

☞Thanking my many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, and hoping by honest and liberal dealing to merit a continuance of the same in the future, I remain,

Respectfully, &c.,

CHARLES SIMON,

[3-13.-1y.] ALTOONA, PA.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance that

GODFREY WOLF

HAS INAUGURATED AT HIS

"PALACE OF FASHION,"

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.,

A GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE

OF HIS ENTIRE STOCK—ABOUT $10,000 WORTH—OF

OVERCOATS AND WINTER CLOTHING

Generally, AT COST AND LESS THAN COST.

Call Early and Get First Choice and Best Bargains!

As the Goods will Positively be Sold at a Sacrifice.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

Wells, Richardson & Co's PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR

Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen use IT AS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the Interna'l Medal at S. V. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it, or write to ask what it is, what it costs, and who to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

PIANOS Steel, Cover and Book, $210 to $1,500. ORGANS, 18 Stops, 2 sets Reeds, 3 Knee Swells, Steel, Book, only $98. ☞Illustrated Catalogue Free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-6,'79.-1y.*]

SAVE MONEY

—BY—

INSURING YOUR LIFE

—IN THE—

OHIO VALLEY

MUTUAL PROTECTION

ASSOCIATION!

HOME OFFICE, GREENVILLE, O.

"Provide for those dependent upon you a shield that will protect them from the storms of life when you are gone."

OFFICERS:

HON. D. L. MEEKER, (Judge Common Pleas Court,)	President.
JAMES K RIFFLE,	Vice President.
M. F. MYERS,	Secretary.
Judge J. T. MEEKER,	Treasurer.
L. L. BELL, (Cashier Greenville Bank,)	Gen'l Sup't.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

This Association offer the following special features:

1st. Endowment Protection on the Mutual Assessment plan.

2d. Uniform Membership Fee of $10.00, for all ages and amounts.

3d. No Annual Dues, nor extra Charges whatever.

BENEFITS.

Persons between the ages of 16 and 64 years, who have a first-class health record, may hold either a Life Certificate or an Endowment Certificate, as they may desire.

ENDOWMENT PLAN.

16 to 23—$4000, payable at death or at expiration of 21 years.
24 to 45—$3000, payable at death or at expiration of 18 years.
46 to 55—$2500, payable at death or at expiration of 15 years.
56 to 64—$2000, payable at death or at expiration of 12 years.

LIFE PLAN.

16 to 33—$4000, payable at death only.
24 to 45—$3000, " " "
46 to 55—$2500, " " "
56 to 64—$2000, " " "

For further particulars call on or address

R. O. OESCHGER,
Agent for Cambria County,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Or M. F. MYERS, Secretary, Greenville, Ohio.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

Coal Lands

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at **Lilly's Station, P. R. R.**, on

TUESDAY, April 20, 1880,

At 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., the following described real estate, of which WILLIAM TILEY, Sr., died seized, to wit:

NO. 1.

The Undivided 3d Part of a Tract of Land

known as the "Ross Property," situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of The Cambria Iron Company, Gardner & Morrow, Daniel J. Morrell, and others, containing **96 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 2.

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of The Cambria Iron Company, Heirs of James Conrad, and others, containing **35 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 3.

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Myers, R. B. Westbrook, and others, containing **52 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 4.

A LOT of GROUND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of William McCloskey, Thomas Howitt, and others, containing ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE.

NO. 5.

A LOT of GROUND

situate in the village of Hemlock, Washington township, Cambria county, bounded by the Old Portage Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, lands of John Hamilton and others, containing **2 Acres,** more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story FRAME HOUSE and FRAME STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH CRISTE, Trustee.

March 26, 1880.-3t.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned will offer at public sale, in the borough of Summitville, on

Tuesday, the 13th day of April, 1880,

at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, of which the Rev. John Hackett died seized:

No. 1.—A Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the township of Washington, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of James W. Condon, Francis Fruithoff, and others, containing **40 Acres,** more or less, all under fence and partly cleared. Mineral right reserved.

No. 2.—A Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the township and county aforesaid, adjoining the Old Portage Railroad, land of the estate of M. M. Adams, and others, containing **3 Acres** and **129 Perches,** all cleared and under fence.

☞Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS DAVIN, Executor.

Summitville, March 26, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., Assignee of E. J. Mills for the benefit of creditors, as shown by his account filed on Monday, March 8, 1880, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, April 20, 1880, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 26, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of F. J. Burgoon, Assignee of Joseph Burgoon as shown by his first and final account, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on Monday, April 19, 1880, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 26, 1880.-3t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned doing business as A. A. Barker & Son, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled business will be attended to by F. H. Barker, at the place of business of the late firm, in Ebensburg. All book accounts not closed by note or cash on or before May 1st, 1880, will be left with an officer for collection.

A. A. BARKER,
F. H. BARKER.

Ebensburg, March 12, 1880.-4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL BAGER, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Bager, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ARTHUR DEVLIN, Administrator.

Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880.-6t.

WE have already ordered on BOOTS and SHOES for the coming season, which will arrive during February and March, and in order to make room for our new stock, will offer the large assortment now on hand (notwithstanding the advance in such goods) at prices we defy any one to compete with V. S. BARKER & BRO.

WE have still on hand a small assortment of **LADIES' COATS**, which we are offering at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out our stock before Spring. Call early and get a bargain, as they will not last long at the prices we are asking for them.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two-horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Feb. 18, 1880.-tf.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S DEATH.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF THE MURDERER BY THE OFFICER IN COMMAND.

In a recent number of the New Orleans *Picayune* appears a statement purporting to come from Captain Edward P. Dorherty, now a street contractor in New Orleans, in which are detailed some of the incidents relative to the capture and killing of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. There are said to be so many glaring inaccuracies in the article, so many statements that are not substantiated by facts and by the records of the War Department, that a history of the exciting event has been obtained from the lips of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, now a clerk in the Auditor General's office, who had command of the party which captured the murderer.

At the time when Booth shot President Lincoln—April 14th, 1865, in Ford's theatre—General L. C. Baker, chief of the detective force of the War Department, and Lieutenant L. B. Baker were in New York city looking for bounty jumpers. Secretary Stanton telegraphed these two officers to come to Washington immediately. They arrived in Washington the morning of the third day after the terrible deed was committed. Cavalry had scoured the country for miles around and telegrams were sent over all the lines. General Baker gained all the information he could in regard to the route Booth and his accomplices would probably take, and concluded that they would go down the Potomac, taking in Surrattsville, cross the river, and make their way to Richmond. He sent a telegraph operator and a detective down the river by boat to Port Tobacco and vicinity, with orders to tap the wires and let him know if there was any trace of the missing fugitives. Near Chappella Point the detectives found a negro whom they brought to Washington, and who stated that he was positive he saw both Booth and Harold, whom he knew well, crossing the river in a fishing boat. At first the General discredited his statement, but on showing him several likenesses of the assassins and others, the colored man pointed out Booth and Harold as the men whom he saw. An escort of twenty-five cavalrymen, under Captain Dorherty, were placed at Lieutenant Baker's command, who had orders to "bring Booth, dead or a live." At the request of Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant Colonel E. J. Conger, a brother of Congressman Conger, an experienced cavalry officer who had just been mustered out of the United States service, was added to the party. Colonel Conger had raided the country in every direction, and was valuable on account of familiarity with the roads and for his undaunted courage and bravery. The party went on board the John S. Ide, and steamed down to Belle Plain, near the mouth of Aquia Creek. They landed about ten o'clock at night, and commenced the search.

The dash was made through the lane in short order, and the house surrounded. Lieutenant Baker dismounted, went on to the piazza and thundered at the door. The old man Garrett threw up a window near and asked in a frightened tone, "What is the matter?" Lieutenant Baker seized him by the arm, and ordered him to unfasten the door and strike a light. This he did and the Lieutenant entered the hall. Mr. Garrett soon appeared with a tallow candle. The Lieutenant took the candle and asked: "Where are the men who are stopping with you?" The old man was very much excited, and he stammered out that "they went to the woods when the cavalry went by." The Lieutenant said: "Don't you tell me that again, they are here." The sight of the pistol brought young Garrett to the front, who said: "Don't injure father, and I will tell you all about it; they are in the barn."

About this time Colonel Conger came into the hall. Lieutenant Baker took young Garret by the collar and led him out on the piazza, while Conger formed the men to surround the barn. The Lieutenant then ordered Garret to lead the way. Before reaching the barn Garrett said: "I have forgotten the key, but my brother has it, who is sleeping in the corn crib We would not let those men sleep in the house, and were afraid they would steal the horses and get away." The brother soon appeared with the key and delivered it to Lieutenant Baker. The barn was then surrounded, and Lieutenant Baker unlocked the door, Up to this time Booth and Harold seemed to be asleep. Colonel Conger came up, a rustling was heard inside the building, as if the inmates were rousing up from sleep. Lieutenant Baker said to Conger, "Garret must go in, demand their surrender, and bring out their arms." To this Conger assented, but Garrett was reluctant to obey, saying "they are desperate fellows and armed to the teeth." Lieutenant Baker seized him, opened the door and shoved him in, and then closed the door. The Lieutenant hailed the assassins, and said: "We send you this young man, in whose custody we find you, and you must surrender your arms to him, or we will set fire to the barn and have a bonfire and a shooting match." A low conversation took place inside the building, and Booth was heard to say to Garrett; "D—n you! You have betrayed me; get out of here or I will shoot you!"

Garret came to the back door, and said: "Let me out, Captain. I will do anything for you, but I can't risk my life here." The door was opened, Garrett came out with a bound, and the door was again closed. Lieutenant Baker had the light in his hand, and young Garrett said: "If you don't put that light out he will shoot every one of you." The light was placed a short distance from the door, but so as to light the whole front of the building, which had been once used as a tobacco house. The light was necessary in case the assassins should make a break for the door and get out. The soldiers were dismounted, but refused to stand in the fight and they were allowed to seek a safe position. Lieutenant Baker again demanded their surrender. Booth replied in a clear, ringing tone, "Captain, there is a man in here who wishes to surrender very much." At the same time a conversation took place within, and Booth was heard to say to Harold, "D—n you, leave me, will you? Go, I don't wish you to stay," and in a few minutes Harold rapped at the door, saying, "Let me out; I know nothing of this man." Lieutenant Baker said: "Bring out the arms and you can come." He replied, "I have no arms?" The Lieutenant said: "You have a carbine and pistol, bring them, and we will let you out." Booth then said: "He has no arms; they are mine and I will keep them."

While this parleying was going on Colonel Conger was doing all in his power to keep the men aroused and on the alert, for they had become so exhausted with their ride of two days and two nights, without rest and with but one meal, that it was almost impossible to keep them awake. Strict orders were given not to fire, as it would endanger the lives of the men who were surrounding the building. Harold begged and entreated in the most piteous manner to be let out, and the Lieutenant ordered him to put his hands out of the door, which was partly ajar. He stuck his hands out, the Lieutenant caught hold of them, pulled him out and immediately closed the door. Harold was then turned over to two soldiers. He kept making assertions that he knew nothing about Booth, and Colonel Conger threatened to tie him and gag him if he did not stop his noise. This had a quieting effect. It had been decided to fire the building, so that Booth would be driven to the small door, where it was thought he could be easily captured.

Another parley ensued. Lieutenant Baker again made the demand for his surrender. Booth said, "Who are you, and what do you want of me? It may be that I am being taken by my friends." The Lieutenant said: "That makes no difference; we know who you are, and want you. We have fifty men armed with carbines and pistols around the barn, and you cannot escape." After a pause he said, "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Give a lame man a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from the door, and I will fight your whole command?" The Lieutenant replied, "I did not come to fight, but came to take you; have got you, and you had better surrender." Booth replied: "Give me a little time to consider." The Lieutenant said: "Very well, take time. You can have five minutes." He was heard to come forward to the door, or near the door. As he came he said: "Captain, I believe you are a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen opportunities to shoot you, and have a bead drawn on you now, but don't want to do it. Withdraw your forces a hundred yards from the door and I will come out. Give me a chance for my life, Captain, for I will not be taken alive." Lieutenant Baker said: "We have waited long enough. Now come out or we will fire the barn." Col. Conger then said: "We had better fire the barn;" and to this Lieutenant Baker gave his consent. Booth said, in his peculiar stage tone, "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me, then." After a pause of about half a minute, he was heard to say: "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Just as he ceased speaking Colonel Conger applied a match to some hay which he drew through a crevice, and in an instant the inside of the building was a blaze of light.—The Lieutenant then opened the door to give him a chance to come out, and from his position on the outside could see every movement made by Booth. He seemed to be leaning against the haymow, supported by his crutches, with his carbine in his hand. He sprang forward toward the fire, with the seeming intention of shooting the man who touched the match. But the intense light inside the building prevented him from seeing objects in the darkness without. He then turned and, with the aid of one crutch, came rapidly in the direction of the door, but halted about the centre of the floor. Here he drew himself to his full height, and seemed to take a survey of the terrible situation. He looked first at the roaring flames, and then his glaring eyes rested upon the open door. He resembled an infuriated wild beast at bay. A cloud of smoke rolled to the roof, swept across the room, then came down to the floor on the other side, and he appeared to be standing in an arch of fire and smoke. He remained but an instant in this position, and then dropping his remaining crutch, with his carbine in one hand and a pistol in the other, he dashed for the door. When within about ten feet of the opening the crack of a pistol was heard from the rear of the barn. Booth reeled forward, threw up one hand, dropped his carbine, and fell face downward on some hay which was scattered on the floor.

Lieutenant Baker rushed in, followed by Colonel Conger and young Garrett. The Lieutenant, not knowing how fatal the shot, seized him by the arms, intending to secure him in case he had only been stunned. On turning Booth over, Lieutenant Baker found a pistol in his left hand, which he still held with a vice-like grip, and it required great strength to wrench it from him. A leather belt was around his body, with a bowie knife and another revolver in it. Lieutenant Baker then accused Colonel Conger of shooting him, which the Colonel denied, and said "Booth shot himself." This the Lieutenant claimed was impossible, as he saw him every moment from the time the hay was fired until he fell. Colonel Conger said: "The man who did shoot him shall go back to Washington under arrest." Upon further inquiry it was found that Sergeant Boston Corbett had fired the shot from a navy revolver through a crevice in the rear of the barn. This was a most difficult feat to perform, for the ball struck Booth on the side of the neck, a little back of the centre, and passed entirely through, breaking the spinal column. The fire was making such progress that Booth was taken out of the building and carried a short distance and placed under a tree. He began to show signs of life. Water was dashed in his face and a little poured in his mouth. His lips began to move, and he faintly whispered, "Tell mother—tell mother." He seemed to gain further strength, and then in a more distinct voice, said, "Tell mother I died for my country."

Day was breaking, and the heat from the burning barn was so intense that the wounded man was removed to the piazza of the house. The young ladies brought out a narrow straw bed, and on this Booth was laid. A cloth soaked in ice water and whisky was placed in his mouth, which revived him. He opened his eyes, seemed to take in the situation at once, and said: "Kill me! Oh, kill me quick!" The Lieutenant said: "No, Booth, we do not want to kill you, and hope you will recover. You were shot against orders." He then was unconscious for several minutes, when he again revived. His chest heaved, his chin dropped; he put out his tongue and seemed to wish to know if there was blood in his mouth. He was assured there was none, and then said: "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought best." He showed no signs of life in his body below the wound, with the exception of the action of the lungs. He said: "My hands," when one of his hands was raised so he could see it, and it was bathed in ice cold water. His hand was placed by his side, and he said: "Useless, useless!" which were the last words of the dying assassin.

Colonel Conger gave Sergeant Corbett a stinging reprimand and said to him: "Why did you shoot without orders?" The Sergeant took the position of a soldier, saluted the Colonel, and with right hand pointing upward said: "God Almighty ordered me to shoot." At this reply the Colonel mellowed in his manner, and said: "I guess he did," and then dropped the subject. Colonel Conger immediately started for Washington to apprise the authorities of Booth's capture, and Lieutenant Baker and escort remained to bring the body as soon as life was extinct. A neighboring physician was called, who gave it as his opinion that Booth could not survive much longer. Colonel Conger started for Washington a little after he left. The body was sewed up in a saddle blanket, placed in a one-horse wagon, driven by a negro, and taken across the country to Belle Plain, where the party arrived about dark. The tug Idle was waiting, the body put on board, and she then steamed up the river for Washington. The capital was reached about daylight in the morning, and the body delivered to Secretary Stanton, who ordered it to be placed in the Navy Yard. Here it was kept one day for identification, and the evidence of various parties taken.

PARSIMONIOUS PEOPLE.

It is a duty of every one to be thrifty; but it should be kept in mind there is a difference between thrift and mean parsimony. Some people who are at ease in their circumstances make themselves ridiculous by shabby attempts at saving. We once knew an old Scotch lady who, though she had a considerable sum of money left her, was parsimonious to an extraordinary extent. As she grew old, she grew more miserly, until she would not allow herself milk for her tea or meat for dinner. Bent double with rheumatism in her old age, she would not pay any one to wash or clean her house, but with infinite labor accomplished these tasks for herself. She never would send for a doctor, for she pithily remarked, "They cost a power o' siller, and did no good." On bitter winter days we often found her shivering over a single handful of fire; a small piece of hard cheese and a cup of tea with mouldy bread her only dinner. When she died, she left about eight hundred pounds, besides various moneys in silver, copper, and bank-notes, which she had stuffed into drawers and various secret recesses. All her money went to a couple of nephews, who never paid her the least respect, and who even grudged the necessary outlay for her funeral.

An old clergyman of very mean habits got married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had married entirely from motives of economy. The lady of his choice was the widow of a respectable school master, who after her husband's decease was in the habit of lending him the clothes of the defunct; so, thinking that marriage would put him in the remainder of the said garments, he proposed, and was accepted. His stipend was, with glebe and other things, about two hundred pounds per annum, yet by dint of sheer niggardliness he died leaving many thousands. He made a point of picking up and taking home anything he could find—a piece of coal fallen from a passing cart, an old lucifer match box, pieces of stick from a neighboring wood—anything to save outlay in his own house. He never wrote on a sheet of paper, always using blank pages of other people's letters, and turned all envelopes outside in, so as to make them available for his own use. After his death, a drawer full of turned envelopes, gummed together in a very ingenious way, was found. On one occasion he gave a dinner, which consisted of a sheep's head minus the trotters, which were to be kept for next day's dinner.

There was a Thomas Pett who died in Clifford's Passage, London, in 1803. He was a native of Warwickshire. He came to London at the age of ten, with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies for a morsel of bread till he could procure himself employment. Some time after, he was engaged as errand-boy by a tallow-chandler, Mrs. Dip—the chandler's wife—being "a lady of London mould," could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait; so she sent him off one bitter winter's night, with the remark, "Your master hired you in *my* absence, and I'll turn you off in *his*." The good husband did not desert Tom, however; he found him out, and sent him as apprentice to a butcher in Southwark. For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing and washing. For the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second-hand. Nor was he choice in the color or quality, sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that according to Solomon there was nothing new under the sun, and that as to color, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was one expense, however, that weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that one day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half a pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these he sold them for waste-paper. When he heard an accidental rumor that the bank in which his money was had failed, he shook from head to foot, and took his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room or go to bed by candle light. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. "Every man," said he, "should eat when he can; an empty sack cannot stand." Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw the key out of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds; who for forty-two years lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up by coal or candle light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman, or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never eat a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket-handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish who did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The list of his wearing-apparel taken by a wag in the neighborhood, ran thus: "An old bald wig. A hat as soft as a pancake. Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets. A pair of stockings darned with every color. A pair of old sandals. A bedstead. A toothless comb. A very old almanac. One old chair and wretched table. A small looking-glass. And a leathern bag with one guinea in it."

A miser of even more penurious habits than Mr. Pett was Mr. Daniel Dancer, who was born in 1716, and was the eldest of four children. His father lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, which his son Daniel, by a most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upward of three thousand per annum. The childhood of Daniel Dancer passed without anything remarkable. It was only when he had attained his majority that he began to display a "saving knowledge" perfectly incredible. He had a sister whose disposition agreed perfectly with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and would furnish the most melancholy instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

Mr. Dancer's wardrobe might justly boast more colors, textures, and substances than the garments of a company of strolling players, and yet notwithstanding his curious patching, his garments often failed to cover his skin, though he strove to keep all together by a strong hay cord around his waist. Linen was a luxury to which, in spite of his avarice, he was not wholly a stranger; for at an early period of his life he used to buy two shirts every year; but for some time before his death he never allowed himself more than one. After this shirt got into his possession it was doomed to hang upon his back till it fell off in rags, never being either washed or mended. After his sister's death, a pair of sheets as black as soot-bags were discovered upon the beds, but these Mr. Dancer would never suffer to be removed; and when they were at length worn out, they were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in. He never would allow any one to make his bed and at the time of his death it was observed to be filled with sticks which he had stolen from different hedges. His room was not swept for many years.

Mr. Dancer's ingenuity in concealing his money was most wonderful. His bank notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were laid among the cobwebs in the cow house, and his guineas were placed in holes in the chimney and about the fireplace. The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which after his death Captain Holmes succeeded to, was a miserable decayed building, dreadful in its external appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in outward appearance, the ruinous fabric was rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its contents. One of the richest escritoires was found to be a dung-heap in the cow-house, from which a sum little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was disinterred; and in an old jacket, carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger, were found in bank-notes and gold five hundred pounds more. Several large bowls filled with guineas, half guineas, and quantities of silver were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of bank notes stuffed into old cushions and chairs. In the stable Captain Holmes found some jugs of silver money. The chimney was not left unsearched, and well repaid the trouble, for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting to more than two hundred pounds. And to finish up with, six hundred pounds in bank notes was found in an old tea-pot. Thus living wretchedly, and dying with not one vestige of comfort, Daniel Dancer and his miserly sister furnish to all future generations an illustration of the extreme of penuriousness.

An extraordinary character lived some twenty years ago in a small Scotch town on the Firth of Forth. His name was Joe Taylor. He occupied a miserable hovel, and wandered abroad over the country buying rags, old bones, etc., bundles of which were carried by a poor starved ass, the sole living creature belonging to him. The only food he allowed this wretched quadruped was the grass that grew at the side of the roads in their many wanderings, or a bundle of forage abstracted from some farm-place. Taylor's food consisted of whatever he could beg, borrow or steal—a few turnips lifted from the fields, some mussels or other shell-fish laboriously gathered on the shore, broken victuals from the houses of the rich, old cabbage stalks—anything, in short, that would stop the cravings of a naturally healthy appetite. Living near the shore, Joe made a point of watching for wreckage of any sort, and it was a happy day for him when any floating cargo made its appearance on the beach. One day great excitement prevailed among the fisher people. The surface of the waves was covered for some distance with quantities of apples, probably part of some wreck. The inhabitants plunged into the sea, securing as many as they could, but were outdone by Joe, who with greedy eagerness managed to clutch a peck or two, which he sold next day in the town. After his death, which was hastened by a violent cold caught in an unusually long ramble, his hut was searched, and in various holes and corners money to a considerable amount was found—not less than eighty pounds in all. In a corner of the hovel, under a stone of the uneven and broken floor, were found no fewer than three dozen silver spoons of all sorts and sizes, discolored with damp and marked with various initials. It was tho't that Joe in the course of his many years depredations, must have carried off a stray spoon every now and then, and so accumulated these, of which he never made any use, and which he was probably afraid to sell. It was quite possible that in Joe's visits to the kitchens of the neighborhood he might have helped himself to what he saw lying about, while the cook brought her dish of broken scraps from some back kitchen or cupboard. Hence the mystery of the spoons.

A CONVICT'S GENEROSITY.

A PRISONER IN THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY SENDS FIVE DOLLARS TO IRELAND'S POOR.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that Warden Townsend, of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, was asked a curious request some few weeks ago by a prisoner under his charge. Learning of the terrible sufferings of the poor in Ireland, prisoner "No. 94," as he is known to the officials, inquired of the warden as to the sum that stood to his credit on the prison books for extra work. He was told that a little over $5 was the amount, and he requested of the warden to obtain for him a draft on Ireland for £1 payable to the order of Sister Mary Frances Clare, the Nun of Kenmare. This was done, and in a letter written by the donor the charitable gift was enclosed and mailed to the country in which the poor fellow was born. A few weeks elapsed and the Nun of Kenmare's answer was received, which is as follows:

CONVENT OF POOR CLARES, KENMARE, County Kerry, March 3, 1880.

My Dear Poor Fellow: For a long time I did not receive a letter that affected me so deeply as yours, written as it was from your prison cell, and from there thinking of the sufferings of others, forgetful of your own, and sending the sum of £1 from your own hard earnings to relieve the distress of others. All I can say is, that the head and heart that has done this generous act cannot be a bad one, and whatever act you have committed to oblige the law to punish you must indeed have been done in a *thoughtless hour*. May our good and merciful God look down upon you this day with the eyes of mercy and compassion, comfort and console you, and give you the great grace of resignation to His most holy will.

I wish you would write again and tell me all about yourself, and thank the good kind warden who has allowed you to write.

I am sending you a little book by this post. Read a page of it every day, and we will not forget you in our prayers.

SR. M. F. CLARE.

Warden Townsend opened and read the letter and then delivered it to "No. 94," "for," said he, "when once the iron doors of this place are opened to receive a convict, the name by which he is known in the outside world is left behind him, and with the clanking of the prison gates all memory of his former position in life is forgotten and the number of the cell in which he is incarcerated is used to designate both the man and the occupant. When the generous fellow was handed the kind letter from the famine-stricken country, he burst into tears as soon as he had finished reading the missive. The man has been in prison now for about eighteen months and he has two months more to serve before his time is up. Since his imprisonment he has conducted himself with more than usual good behavior. He was convicted of burglary, committed in the southern portion of this city. I know it was not his fault, as he was led into it by evil associations, for he is a young man, unmarried, and about thirty years of age, and as he says himself he dates his downfall from acquaintances picked up in bar-rooms. The way he obtained the money which he sent to Ireland was by working extra, in making shoes at night, while many of the other prisoners pass their spare time, from 6:30 to 9 p. m., in reading or idling. It takes a long while for a man to earn $5 by extra work, as the State only allows him from five to ten cents for the extra task which he is willing to perform, and half of this goes to the county as a sort of recompense, so the poor fellow has had to work hard for his gift. "No. 94" is a man I'm sure will never return to this place, and since he has been here he has won the confidence and merited the respect of all the keepers, for he is polite and obedient at all times, and does not belong to that criminal class which necessitate the keeping of such an institution as the Eastern Penitentiary."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.—"He's been in the