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NO ESCAPING IT

"All Who Live Pay Directly or Indirectly Their Share of Rental Value."

HOW JOHNSTOWN WAS TAXED.

Speech of A. J. Moxham, Esq., at the Meeting of the Henry George Club Last Night—His Explanation of the Single Tax Theory—The Present Method of Taxation Wrong in Itself and Leading to Greater Wrong.

Pursuant to circulars sent to the members and notices in the papers, the Henry George Club assembled in its rooms in Bantiy's building Monday night at 8 p. m. The rooms were crowded every seat being occupied, among other distinguished persons present being Miss Clara Barton. Acting President Eyre, upon calling the club to order, stated that no meetings were held since the flood because of the disturbed condition of affairs; but now since matters are getting into their former state, it had been thought advisable to resume the holding of the weekly meetings. Mr. A. J. Moxham, the lecturer of the evening, was then introduced. He occupied one hour in speaking on the broader and more general principles of the Henry George theory. At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Eyre stated that it was customary to cross-examine the speaker by propounding to him questions on points concerning which there were doubt in the minds of those present, The question, "Upon what grounds do you deny the right of private ownership in land?" was asked, and in reply it was stated that it always worked injustice to some one; that a title to ownership in other things than land originated in their being produced by somebody's labor, but who made the land? Nobody can add to its amount, nor can anybody make any less of it. In response to the question, "How would the single tax equalize the opportunities afforded by land, and prevent a monopoly of the best opportunities as at present?" Mr. Moxham replied that it would do so in two ways, by making it unprofitable for anyone to hold more land than he could use productively, thus throwing all land not actually in use open to labor, and by making the holders of great natural opportunities pay the community whatever value that the community by its presence gave to those opportunities. It was also asked whether the taxing of land as proposed, would make it dearer, to which reply was made that it would not, but the effect would be to cheapen land and render it possible for many who are now unable to use land, owing to its high price, to obtain access to it. After a few concluding remarks the meeting adjourned.

The following is a synopsis of Mr. Moxham's remarks:

Though nearly four months have passed since the day of our sorrow, though the dreadful hush that preceded the coming of the wave crest and the deafening crash of its presence, are now part of the past; its memory lives with us as an echo and its echo is still vibrating in our midst, at least enough to have somewhat changed us all. Perhaps we cannot quite be what we were until time has bided with us long enough to lay the last small tremor of that echo in its grave of forgetfulness.

But the change need not harm us. It may do many things but among others it may, if we so will it, make us braver, stronger, and perhaps when all is over even happier, because better than we were before. For who is there to whom in sorrow such a page of Christlike love was ever opened before, who in this world that has experienced such full handed measure of gentle sympathy and tenderness.

It is no false pride that I say our people showed themselves worthy of this help. For the first gloomy day when we felt ourselves so far from the outside world, and perhaps cut off from help for many weeks, when we knew not who was living or who was dead, there was no craven yielding to despair. Help came with railroad speed, but quick as it was, when it did come it found Johnstown at work, at least trying to help themselves. When this grand chapter of a grea nation's help to a stricken portion of its comomunity is closed, and the figurers and the facts of what has been done are given to the world they will be radiant with the story of mankind's unselfishness.

As we glance at the dollars and cents of the final reports, the heart, forgetting figures, will throb with gratitude at the memory of men like Captain Jones, of Braddock, who almost persuaded his own people to starve a day or so in order to keep us from hunger, and who, after putting his own place of all it had in the shape of provender, came down here with an army of men, completely self provided, and was at work almost before we knew he was with us. Of men like J. V. Patton, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who thought the place to help us most was here in the midst of our trouble, and who, sitting on an embankment of his railroad track, in the pouring rain, with just one little telegraph instrument to work with, sent one appeal after the other for help, and alternated these instructions to his road that put every car at work bringing in what willing hearts had donated. When we glance at the totals of the reports and analyze results, big as they will be, somehow I think the mind won't dwell on the mere totals. It will wander to the memory of men and women again. Men like Pitcairn who put the Pennsylvania Railroad system virtually into the hands of the Pittsburgh Relief Committee for our good, and women like Clara Barton and her many aids, who came and settled amongst us with her tents like white winged angels of peace, and who have been ever since quietly carrying the sympathy and help of woman's loving heart wherever they can find the sorrow that most needs their tenderness.

Hastings, who forgot himself in working to heal our wounds, the whole Pittsburgh delegation who braved discomforts, and suffering, and while leaving a host of brainy men to direct operations at home, sent a small army of the bravest soldiers that history has ever known into the very thick of the fight here at Johnstown.

The millions of the total footings somehow will not speak to us of money, they will be but a feeble exponent of that great throb of love that swept over the whole nation, shared by city and hamlet alike. They will be but the ciphered factor of that great gulp in the throat by which the Nation's manhood kept back its sobs, to turn to active work and help.

I had intended using no names. We owe so much to Philadelphia, the city of Brotherly love; New York, who stopped its busy life to subscribe to our needs, Boston, Chicago, in fact to each and every part of the country, that it seems ungrateful to mention some and not all. But it is not ingratitude, we thank them all, but we are only human, and we cannot dwell upon the picture without at first thinking of those who came in person and worked in our midst, and even of those we cannot mention all.

But is there nothing to be learned from the horrors of the flood, and from the comfort of the nation's great help? I think there is at least to us, the followers of Henry George.

We all know that taxation is necessary, and we all believe in it. We all know that taxation can only be paid for out of the products of man's labor, and all, even our strongest opponents will agree with us that it should be shared by one and all not alike, but in proportion to the good it does the individual; so far our opponents go with us.

We think we have found a means of securing this result, and at this point we commence to differ. Our proposed means is to tax all land to its full rental value.

We know that rent is the exponent of the value that man puts upon the opportunities of giving by land over and above the cost of that living, and as man cannot altogether live in the air, nor in the sea, we think it a tolerably safe measure of that value.

All who live, pay directly or indirectly their share of rental value. There is no escaping it. Therefore if we tax rental values we tax all. Those who enjoy the greatest opportunities pay the highest rental value, therefore if we tax in proportion to rental values we tax in proportion to the opportunities of amassing wealth of each. As a method of taxation it is not to-day much disputed. But why do we want to take the whole rental value?

Because we hold that the labor of this world is far from being as productive as it should be, and that the cause is private ownership of land.

Because we hold that unproductive as that labor is it does not get its full share of its own produce and the cause is private ownership of land.

Because we believe that men and women cease to be God-like when they have to work every moment of their lives in order to live, when they become beasts of burden; and we hold that on the private pasture of land ownership has been bred the beast of burden. In the Cambria Iron Company's rolling mills you will find some engines with fly wheels of tremendous weight revolving at great speed. If you step up to the journals of one of these engines and drop on them a handful of emery dust, it will not be long before you notice a change. I cannot outline just what, but I can say that the speed will be less, the stops from heated bearing many, and the useful product of the mill greatly reduced. I can also say that the bearings, if not quickly attended to, may so cut the shaft as to entirely wear it through, and there may be a broken shaft, and burst fly-wheel and sad had havoc generally, and yet it was only a handful of gritty powder. So we hold that private ownership of land disturbs productive power to an extent far greater than its face value would indica e,

Let us see. To-day our tramps number hundreds of thousands, and our men and women who could work harder and do not because their heart is not in it, number millions. To-day our death rate is high because we crowd together in miserable tenement houses, or because we cannot afford that investment in sanitary works needed to keep the community health. To-day our cities are crowded, because if the poor man leaves the city he has got to go to the confines of civilization, away from fellow men, to better himself, and being man, he dies with his fellow beings around him rather than live away from them. One and all only need land, nothing else; and around one and all exists this land, and still more it exists vacant, unused, but it exists monopolized by the private land owner. It must be paid for, and the more it is needed, which is the same as saying the greater the suffering of those who need it, the more must be paid for it. It might as well not exist, for the good it does the many.

Now we hold that by taxing land to its full rental value, land only, not improvements which are the products of man's labor, no one would care to keep unused land; or if he choose to he could only do so by paying to the community in the shape of tax, the value that he kept them from reaping. We would not only open the door to every man now idle, but we would put the wages earned by man at its full productive value. A man who can secure land on which to earn his living need not work for anybody else at less than this living, and upon his own energy, thrift and brain power would depend the comfort and extent of the living he could control. All taxation on the product of labor we condemn. The more you tax a thing the less of that thing is produced. We believe it good to encourage wealth, not to tax it away.

All taxation on the opportunities of labor we uphold, because it cannot reduce those opportunities of labor. There is but one thing that cannot be reduced by taxation and that is land. There is but one thing that must and will be increased by taxation of the full rental value of land, that is the amount of land put to productive purpose, because the advantage of keeping it idle will have gone, and the more land that is put to productive use, the greater the wealth of the community. Still further, the more man centralizes and lives together, up to the point of overcrowding, the more efficient his labor. Ten thousand human beings living within a healthy measurable distance of each other would be wealthier as a community, and happier as individuals, than eight thousand living crowded like animals in tenement houses, and two thousand isolated on the confines of civilization. It needs no abstract political economy to emphasize this; common sense suffices. The former is the improvement on civilization that we are working for; the latter civilization as it exists to-day.

All of this means that we hold our present method of taxation wrong in itself and leading to greater wrong than its face value can measure.

Do you doubt it? Stop and think. On the 31st of May Johnstown was taxed and aunnterd was the tax gatherer she was quicker than man. She taxed us in fifteen minutes, instead of operating by man's homeopathic methods. Taxes of to-day reduce improvements. So did the flood, and as nature is very thorough, she made a clean sweep. What was it she took? Only improvements, only the product of labor, houses, streets, factories, bridges and goods that we had made. She took of them, all that she thought would suffice to pay her tax, and it was heavy.

But she did not tax the land. It is still here and the opportunities to labor are just as good as they ever were. Land in Johnstown to-day is fully as high, perhaps a little higher than before the flood.

I am told that since the flood, capitalists wanted to put up a fine hotel here, but were driven away because land was too high. Would it not be a good thing to have that hotel here, to have a number of men busily employed in its building? I am told that the Pennsylvania Railroad wanted to bring some of its improvements into Woodvale, which was swept as bare as this floor, but did not do it because land was too high, and that while a majority of the people wanted it, one or two landholders stopped it by demanding too much for their special piece of land. Would these improvements not have been a good thing for Woodvale?

The flood like our present system of taxation also discriminated in its tax gathering. Took all but their lives from many, left everything to others. Look around you and see how many millions in this country have only their lives, nothing else, as the result of their work. Aye, have even to work hard to keep want and hunger from the door, and look around and see how many have something more.

The flood did one thing more. It took from us men, women and children. It hushed forever the prattle of little bades, and silenced the voices of those full grown. It took from our own small circle, Eldridge, whom we mourn as one who loved his fellow men so well that he would plead with them to listen to our doctrines, only because he believed it would make them happier; and later, Coffin, dear to our small band as one of the first to have the courage of his convictions, a man who knew not self.

Sex nor age was spared, and we mourn our loss deep in our hearts doing what we can not to say too much. But men of Johnstown, do you not know that if we take only this country, which is a small part of the whole world, every few days as many lives are cut short by the tax gatherers of the world, and as many sad and weary hearts left to mourn their loss. How the tax gatherers? Because there is but one thing that can be rightly and justly taxed, which is the full rental value of all land, and the failure to do this leaves existent, private ownership of land, and because this while keeping wealth down, so divides what wealth there is as to make the hundreds of rich so rich that they do not need their wealth, and the millions of poor so poor that they die too fast by having to hover dangerously near that dreadful precipice which is the limit of life, viz: earnings too small to maintain the family.

The world does not realize it because it goes on so gradually and constantly that men have time to be born and to grow up to manhood with these surroundings, but we here in Johnstown, have had it all revealed to us by the master hand of nature in a few fearful blood curdling moments. You have thought many things of the flood. When you leave us, think about this and come back if you will and tell up wherein the flood, in its fifteen minutes havoc did one single thing, which our present method of taxation and private ownership of land from which it springs, does not. do by slower degrees.

To those who profess themselves followers of religion, be the denomination what it will, we say that our doctrizes teach us that the Godhead is too perfect to have so bungled in His creation of this world, as to make it a natural thing to suffer want and misery here.

We hold it to be the rankest sort of blasphemy to say as Malthus and current political economists say, that God first makes too many men, and then has to make good this bungling by sending fire, famine and pestilence to thin them out again. We can at least give them strong reasons worthy of their attention, for believing that the want and misery of this world belong to man's ignorance and injustice, and not to God's laws. We hold that there is no flaw in what is done by the Godhead. We believe that we can show them political economy reconciled with the "God of Love."

And we believe that we can prove that for what we take away from the land holder, we return to him in other ways, more, much more than we take. That even from a money standpoint, with very few exception, he will be absolutely the gainer. We hold that we can show our remedy to be one that is just beyond question, and instead being radical, it is a remedy eminently conservative in its methods.

To the poor we say we come with no wondrous specific, which will take mysterious hordes of wealth and divide it among poor laborers to make them rich. We merely say to them that if there exists work for 1,000 men, and there are 1,000 men who need it, that the one solitary extra man by his competition can put down the wages of the whole 1,000 who would otherwise earn their just due; and that the way to solve this problem is to create by natura means, work for 1,001 men where 1,001 men need that work. We offer them nothing but the opportunity to make an unrestricted living, the making of it rests with themselves. Nay, we even warn them in advance that our scheme has no place for "charity," because we think what men need is opportunity and justice, not charity.

You will say we are claiming much for so simple a measure. Yes, but do not forget what the one extra man can do to the 1,000, or what the handful of emery dust can do to the engine. We only want to put that one man at work, and to use that emery dust to make a rough surface smooth, instead of a smooth one rough.

If we are claiming to much, come and help us out of our delusion. Previous to the flood we had outlined a course of study of this problem, that was to occupy one evening in each month, and was to take only six evenings in all. And we propose resuming this plan. We will take it step by step, and as we dwell on each phase, give those who want to know, an opportunity to learn with us, or those who do know that we are wrong, an opportunity to convert us from the error of our ways. To both we extend a cordial invitation to take part in our debates.

Under a law approved and signed by Governor Beaver on the 7th day of May last, the compensation of County Commissioners in the several counties of this Commonwealth was increased from three dollars per diem to three dollars and fifty cents. This pay is only allowed, however, for each day actually and necessarily engaged in the duties of their office, and they are required to submit annually to the County Auditors a full and itemized statement of the days and nature of the business in which they were employed.

AN ECHO FROM THE FLOOD.

The Horrors of That Awful Night—Graphic Story of the Experiences of a Family—Mrs. Samuel B. Henrie's Thrilling Account.

Mrs. Samuel B. Henrie, who has charge of the Red Cross House on Locust street, from an interview relates substantially the following as her experience in the flood:

"Our home was No. 114 Market street, near the market-house. All the morning we had been closely watching the water as it approached our house, for many houses on the level already had several feet of water in them. Before noon it began to come in, so we took up our carpets and set up our piano. My husband and myself, with our widowed daughter, her little son, and a Miss Green, comprised the household. As the water rose higher and higher, we were forced to go up stairs. Expecting that the water would soon lower, and with the excitement and fatigue, we did not think to take with us anything to eat. After a time we thought of this, and then my daughter waded in waist deep and got a loaf of bread. This proved a wise forethought, for it was all we had until the next day, not being able to get downstairs again. We were watching and waiting for the water to lower, when, about 3 o'clock, Miss Green walked to the window and said: 'Mrs. Henrie, come to the window; I think the water is falling. I looked, and I thought it had fallen about three inches; but, before I had turned away from the window, I heard the roar and crash, and Miss Green said: "My God, Mrs. Henrie, what is that?" I cried: "Close the window; it is the reservoir!" I knew instantly what it was. Then we both fell on our knees and asked God to tell us what to do. This took only a moment, when we rushed to the sewing-room where we found my husband, daughter Maggie and grandson, standing. At that moment the compressed air knocked the top off the the market house, it falling on our house and crushing it and everything down around us and at that corner of the street. Then we ran for the hall, my daughter and myself being much bruised. Miss Green and Maggie sprang to a table which stood near, and, with their fists and feet, knocked out the window. By that time the debris was piled nearly to the second story window, and they climbed out upon it and pulled me through after them. My daughter called to her father to come, but he said he could not for he had his little grandson in his arms. Then the house tilted, and he was pushed and crowded, and he hardly knows how, but he got out and landed on the wreckage around us. It was only a step to the roof of our house then, and I was almost helpless with terror. Maggie tried to help me on the roof, but I slipped and went down in the water to my neck. Her courage and strength seemed superhuman, and she pulled me out and pushed me on the roof of the house, I helping myself but little. In her efforts to help me she sank in the water to her arms; but she said there seemed to be some force under her which raised her to the surface again. I fear that but for this brave girl we would all have been drowned or killed. Of course we were all greatly excited, scarcely knowing what we were doing. Only those who saw that on-coming mountainous terror can know what destruction and death it meant; but no one had long to dread it, so quickly was it upon us, grinding, crushing and crumbling everything in its pat

"When we were on the roof we looked and saw that all Market street had gone; but our house, a little out of the current, still stood on one side crushed, but in its place. Directly the wire-mill came dashing down toward us. When my husband said it was only part of it I could not believe it, it looked so immense as it jammed in just above us and crowded us out into the current; and away we went almost to the arch bridge. Here the jam was so great that the force of the current was checked, and the back water sent us out along the Kernville hill. In this short time the horrible scenes we witnessed were unspeakable. At one moment we would see maybe a mother and children clinging to each other on a log, or roof, or house, when something would strike it, giving it a roll in the water which would send them under. Possibly one might rise to the surface, but more probably the mass of wreckage would close over them all forever. The next moment a monstrous tree, driven through the waters, would dash against another group, crushing them all. In passing along through this death and destruction, we looked across Napoleon street and saw our other daughter, Mrs. Kate Clawson, who lived in Kernville, sitting with her three children on a part of the roof to their house, the kitchen and dining-room having been swept away. We soon lost sight of them as we floated about a square above, and drifted in near Morris street. As near as we could tell, the distance we were whirled was more than a mile. Here we seemed to stop; but the water was not quiet enough for us to attempt to get off until about 7 o'clock. Then we climbed over house-tops, logs, broken cars, and almost everything, some men holding boards for us to walk on, and landed in Dean Canan's attic, getting in through the narrow window. Here we found eighty-two persons who had gotten there before us. The water was not quite to the third story in this house, and all night we expected every moment that it, too, would go; but, it being a large, substantial building, and not having been struck by any heavy body, the force of the backwater did not move it from its foundation. In all our perilous ride to this place there was not a scream from one of us, nor a loud word spoken, nor a tear shed—in fact there have been no tears of any account shed since. It was too great a terror and shock for tears!

"After the agony we had passed through, we hoped we were safe in this attic; but then the fire broke out, and so fierce was it that by its light we could see and know one another's faces, and suffered from the added fear that it might spread over the entire town, not knowing who of our neighbors and friends were being consumed in its angry flames. Of course I had my absent daughter and her children constantly in mind, and everybody was in a state of feverish excitement, aggravated by fatigue and want of food, for no one had had any supper, and no one thought of it until near midnight, when the children cried for bread. Our little boy cried so piteously that we told him if he would go to sleep when he awakened there would be something for him to eat—not knowing how it would come or that it would come. At last the poor child fell asleep, but for the rest of us it was a long, sleepless night.

"When daylight began to dawn, Mr. Henrie looked out for some way to get us to the hills, and he saw on the wreckage at some distance a man with a loaf of bread which he said was for an aged lady; but when he was told that she had already gone to the hills, and Mr. Henrie asked him for the bread, he put it on the end of a long pole and reached it to him. This bread was broaken into small bits and given to the people. When a small piece was handed to my daughter and me, remembering what we had told our little boy, we could not eat it, but kept it until he should waken.

"For all the blessings of a lifetime I was never so thankful as when we got into that attic.

"About 9 o'clock we endeavored to get out of this crowded place, and a plank was reached across from our window to the window of the large building next to us, and we walked over the plank, through houses and over houses, until we got to the hill, when we went to the house of acquaintances of Dean Canan, a German family by the name of Whal. Here food was offered us, but I had no appetite, thinking that my daughter and her children were drowned after we saw them sitting on the roof the night before. But very soon word came to us that they had been rescued, and were near us on the hill. I started to run down to find them, but fell from exhaustion, and could get no further for some time. But Maggie, delighted to hear that her sister was alive, ran on, and, when she embraced Kate and told her that we were all living, Kate sank in a dead faint, and it was hours before we could restore her to consciousness. This meeting was near a Mrs. Rose's, and she called them in and showed every kindness, bringing the best she had in the house to put on Kate, who had lost everything but the wet clothes she had on. From fright, exposure and cold her jaws were set, and for a long time she could not apeak understandingly, even now, she has not regained her strength.

"After my little grandson heard me pray that night, he said: 'Grand-mother, don't be afraid, we won't be drowned.' I did not reply to the child at the time, but a few days afterward I asked him why he thought we would not be drowned when we were so near it, and he said: 'You always told me if I said my prayers I would be saved,' not understanding that I meant his soul instead of his body. Perhaps such faith as that saved us.

"Before noon Mr. Clawson's brother, from East Liberty, found us. Fortunately, he came searching over the Kernville hill. Had he gone around on the other side of the river, no one can tell how long before he could have reached us, there being no way of crossing the river, only away below, and, consequently, all communication with the other side was cut off. There was no choice as to what was best to be done with daughter Kate and her children as there being no place for them to stay; so the next morning Mr. Clawson started with them and Miss Green for East Liberty. The nearest point where they could take the train was Sang Hollow, seven miles distant, all the track this side having been washed away. They found a man who would let them ride with him as far as Morrellville, where he was going, nearly crazy with grief, having been told that his wife and six children were lying dead. My daughter said that was the most frightfully mad ried that could be imagined. The man drove as fast as he could go over almost everything, frightening them terribly. Several times, when they could endure it no longer, they spoke to him, and each time he said he was not driving very fast. In his sorrow he could think of nothing but eagerness to reach the scene of his former home; and on they dashed. When they reached Morrellville, more dead than alive, sure as fate! he found that the dread report was true. There were his wife and children, lying side by side.

"From Morrellville these girls had to walk in the rain and mud the remaining four miles to get the train which was so crowded with dazed and half-crazed people that they were forced to be helped in through the window, men actually climbing on top of the cars. More excitement and confusion and sorrow could not be thought of. The girls did no know they were without hats until they left the car, 40 miles from home. It would have made no difference if they had, there were no hats for them.

"After Kate and her children left us we went back to Mrs. Wahl's and remained for two days. At that house they fed hundreds of people every day, going miles around in the country for food. They were constantly cooking; and, as far as I know, it was the same in every house that was left standing. Such kindness and willingness to feed everybody was never known before; and the generosity displayed by those who had dry clothing in giving to those who came out of the waters destitute and barely alive, soon reduced their wardrobes to what they had on, and established in the hearts of all an abiding faith in the goodness of humanity.

WHAT BECAME OF MARY ZERN.

She Could Haved Save Herself But Failed to Do So.

Saturday last we published an item from the Ebensburg *Freeman*, stating it was belived Miss Mary Zern, of Carroll township, was lost in the flood. The article stated that she was seen about a week before the flood by an acquaintance, at a house that was washed away, and the entire family lost.

The facts are, sad to relate, only too true. Miss Zern perished in that terrible disaster of May 31st. But she could have saved hereself if she had had her presence of mind, or as it looks from the story related by one of the survivors, if she had so desired.

Miss Zern, when not otherwise engaged made her home with her friend Mrs. F. P. Brown, who resided at the time of the disaster, at No. 60 Conemaugh street, Second ward, near the Point.

On the fatal afternoon when the dam burst, Mrs. Brown's house was submerged by water from the Conemaugh river, and the lady became greatly alarmed. When the terrible wave swept over the town, it lifted Mrs. Brown's house, in which, beside herself, were her sister and husband and Mary Zern, and floated it off. The house fortunately floated near the residence of Mr. Keagy, and Mrs. Brown, her sister and husband succeeded in making their escape.

Mrs. Brown, in relating her experience, said that Miss Zern could have easily escaped, but she made no effort. She simply sat down, and folding her hands, remarked. "If I die to-night I will be in Heaven to-morrow."

Shortly after the house went to pieces and Miss Zern was drowned. She was about forty-four years of age, and a very devout Christian, being a member of the Catholic Church.

Youthful Soldier Boys.

Washington Letter.

Congressman McKinley, of Ohio, was a stripling of seventeen when he enlisted as a private. He was mustered out a brevet major. Representative Boothman, of the same State, was but a year older when he shouldered his musket. Thompson, of Ohio, was the same age, as was Moffit, of New York; Clark, of Wisconsin; Peters, of Kansas; Goff, of West Virginia; Nelson, of Minnesota, and others. Thomas, of Illinois, went in at fifteen; Struble, of Iowa, at seventeen; Conger and Holmes, of the same State, at nineteen. Laird, of Nebraska, now dead, was one of the youngest soldiers in the war. He put on the blue when he was a lad of thirteen. Nearly one-half of the Southern soldier statesmen enlisted as mere boys. Catchings and Allen, of Mississippi, were only fourteen; and two Senators from West Virginia, Kenna and Faulkner were fifteen, Berry, of Mississippi, was but sixteen, as were Breckenridge, of Arkansas, Crisp and Grimes, of Georgia, and Lanham, of Texas. Senator Riddleberger, of Virgina, went in at seventeen, and Senator Daniel at nineteen; Browne, of Virginia, was seventeen, Hopkins, eighteen, as were Wilson, of West Virginia, Howland and Henderson, of North Carolina, Bankhead, of Alabama, Lubboon, of Kentucky, and Anderson, of Mississippi.

A Tramp Killed.

A man supposed to be a tramp, was struck by a train near Latrobe Monday evening and cut to pieces. He was taken to Derry, where he was buried yesterday.

The Weather.

Indications for to-day is warmer, low temperature.