

# How Noted Misers Live and Die

STARVED TO DEATH SURROUNDED BY BAGS OF GOLD—THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL CITES STRANGE CASES.

[London Saturday Journal.]

It is one of the laws governing the workings of poetic justice that a man wallowing in any one of the greater vices which beset humanity shall be allowed to work out his own destruction. And particularly noticeable is this in the case of the miser. He starts on his get-rich-at-any-cost path, denying himself the little luxuries of life, and ends, alas! in beggary, even the necessities. The one inevitable result is that in nine cases out of every ten he dies of starvation.

A striking example is the death a few weeks ago of a man at Hanwell. Once a compositor, the evidence at the inquest showed that since the death of his father (an ab propertor) he had lived an altogether eccentric life. He never spoke to his neighbors and refused to see his friends and acquaintances. Every day, wet or fine, he made a journey to the nearest baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. This, with a small quantity of milk, left regularly at his door, was his only food. Yet, on his death, brought about by starvation, gold and silver were found in his house to the extent of several pounds, while his bank book showed deposits amounting to nearly £500.

One of the most remarkable misers was a man named Daniel Dancer. He was a miser by heredity. Dancer was born at Harrow and inherited most of his father's savings. He lived in a house which stood amid eighty acres of rich meadow land, dotted by clusters of fine old oaks. But the soil was never tilled, just as the house was never mended or repaired; so that finally it fell into decay. As the years went on, the gates rotted from their hinges and the broken windowpanes were stuffed with filthy rags. About the house the untrimmed hedges grew and grew until they made the deeply shaded lawn a place of gloom. Dancer was so stingy that he seldom washed his hands and face; and when he did so he never used either soap or towels, but dabbed at the wrinkles with bits of rags. The tatters which he called clothes were held around his body by a band of hay and his legs likewise were swathed in hay and straw. At last he boarded up every door and window of his house, save one window on the upper story, which he used to enter by means of a ladder. Like a second Robinson Crusoe. Yet even Daniel Dancer had some virtues. He was honest in his dealings with others; and, as the event showed, he had a sense of gratitude. A neighbor of his, one Lady Tempest, had been kind to him during an illness, and had begged him to purchase some of the necessities of life. This he refused to do. He would not even give up the heap of sacks on which he had slept for years, and which had never been aired or washed. Lady Tempest, pitying the old man, sent him a decent bed. It made a great impression on his mind; so that when he was actually dying he sent for her and handed her a folded document. "Here is my will," said he. "I have left everything to you." Soon after he died; and when he had been buried a search was made both in his house and in the outbuildings. Under a heap of refuse the searchers found £30,000 in gold. In the stable an old jacket, which was nailed to the manger, had £25 in one of its pockets. In the house a teapot yielded up Bank of England notes to the value of £750. In many rooms there were cracked jugs filled with gold and silver. His chimney alone held £2,500.

A very different type of miser was John Elwes, who began his life as a spendthrift. He, too, inherited the

strain of avarice which finally appeared in his nature; for his uncle was a noted miser, and his mother starved herself to death, although she had £125,000 in her possession. She had, however, given her son an excellent education, and when he came of age he inherited from her and from his uncle sums of money amounting to £400,000. Elwes was peculiar in two respects. First, because he struggled and pinched to save pennies so far as his personal comfort was concerned, while at the same time he squandered thousands of pounds in gambling. He was a member of some of the most fashionable clubs in London, which, however, he frequented solely for the sake of gaming. He used to boast that few men played more recklessly than he. On one occasion he even sat at the gaming table for two whole days and nights with a duke; and when at last he reeled out of the room, exhausted, he was the loser of a small fortune. All this time his personal expenses were less than those of a poor clerk. When he went into the country he hired a room in a farmer's cottage, and dressed in the meanest possible clothing. He was fond of hunting, yet he tried to hunt at small expense. He made his huntsmen milk the cows and cook his meals. As he grew old he gave up hunting, and practiced a still more rigid economy. He owned many houses in London and would occupy whichever one of them happened to be empty. His sole furniture consisted of two beds and two chairs. His sole attendant was an old woman. He died at the home of his son, whimpering that he had lost a small money-bag, which he had brought with him, and which he declared, with tears, was all the money he had in the world. After his death, however, his estate was found to be worth nearly one million pounds.

The records of avarice now and then show gleams of humor. They appear in the case of an English lady, Miss Elizabeth Bolaine, of Canterbury, who had been well brought up, and was a sister-in-law of a countess. Miss Bolaine was a born miser. Personally, she was attractive and received a good many offers of marriage, but she always jilted any one in favor of another who had a little more money. Finally, suitors became scarce; and finally one was suggested that no man should propose to her unless she would give a bond of two thousand pounds, to be forfeited if she failed to marry. At last she accepted a man who was much older than herself, but who appealed to her fancy because he could wash and iron clothes and keep the house clean, and thus save her the expense of a servant maid. Also, he was an obliging creature as to his food, for he would eat anything from moldy crusts to tainted meat. This strange couple set up a carriage, such as it was. It was drawn by two clumsy farm horses. The coachman's livery was a moth-eaten military uniform. When he drove out for any distance, the top of the carriage was covered with a host of pickle jars, garden tools, and a warning pan. It happened finally that, during an excursion, one of the horses dropped dead from starvation. Immediately Miss Bolaine—for so she called herself even after her marriage—descended from her coach, auctioned off the animal to a seller of meat, who happened to be passing, sold her carriage to another person, and then finished her journey on foot. When she died she provided in her will for a most gorgeous funeral, and directed that a costly monument should be reared over her remains. Perhaps the meanest and most

contemptible miser who ever lived was an Englishman named Thomas Cooke. His wealth and his shameful penury made him known all over Great Britain. When a boy, Cooke was employed in a factory, but later obtained a small position in the excise, coming to London with 5 shillings in his pocket. He formed the acquaintance of a brewer, into whose good graces he wormed his way, until he learned all the details of the business. At the brewer's death Cooke told the widow that the business could be carried on profitably only if she married him, since he alone knew all the secrets of the trade. This he persuaded her to do, and thus Cooke found himself possessed of a comfortable fortune. Money begets the love of money, so that Cooke now showed his miserly instincts to the full. He dispensed with all servants, cut down the food of his household to the starvation point, and deprived his wife of so many necessities that before long she died. Cooke, indeed, attempted to feed himself without paying anything for it. He used to make visits to persons whom he knew, timing his calls so as to be asked to dinner or to supper. Then he would throw out hints to the effect that he had just made his will, and that he had not forgotten his entertainers. He pretended to be very anxious to get the exact names of the children, which he would then write down in a memorandum book. Naturally he was very well fed on such occasions. At other times he would pretend to fall down in a fit at the home of some handsome house, into which he would be carried and kindly treated. On the following day he used to call and thank his benefactors for their benevolence, declaring that they had saved his life, and that some day they would receive a rich reward. When he died he was 86 years of age, and though he had practically done no work, he was found to have £175,000.

## THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF OLD LONDON

OASES THAT FLOURISH IN THE MIDST OF THE BUSY CITY.

Not for many years has the foliage of London trees been so beautiful as this summer. Weeks of sunshine have brought it to a luxuriance and richness of color it seldom attains.

No matter how hot and dry the summer days may be here, Londoners have one great advantage over dwellers in most other cities. They can always find, even in the very heart of their metropolis, cool, shady spots like bits of the country, with magnificent trees, tiny streams of grass and perhaps a sun dial, a fountain or an old oaken bench. These are oases which have been preserved by some happy chance. Very few persons realize how many trees there are in the square mile that goes to make up that part of London known as the city. Here in this most populous, busy part of town there are some 1,200 well-established trees.

Among the 1,200, however, there is not a single specimen of the English national tree, the oak. Though there is a beech street there are no beeches. But there is plenty of variety in those trees that do grow and thrive in the heart of the city. There are 28 elms, 8 ash trees, 8 sycamores, 11 elms, 2 rowans, 3 figs, 6 wych elms, 7 mulberry trees, 2 birches, 21 weeping ashes, 3 willows, 3 service trees and 1 solitary pear tree, which grows in the Master of the Temple's garden.

The most frequently seen tree in the city is the plane. It is to London what the maple is to many Canadian cities. It seems to enjoy the dirt and smoke of central London, for it flourishes and grows in the face of dirt that would daunt most of the trees.

It was Leigh Hunt who boasted that in London one could never be out of sight of a tree, and thanks to the hardy plane even nowadays this is very nearly true. There are in the city alone 520 plane trees, and it would be difficult to estimate the number in all London together.

Next to the plane in popularity comes the fragrant lime, of which there are 200 trees, and then, 3 poplars, of which only 8 are the tall Lombardy poplars landscape painters love. The thorns, hawthorn and blackthorn, number 61 and laburnums are only 40.

Many of the city's trees are famous in verse and song. There is the plane tree at the corner of Cheapside and Wood street, which owes its immortality to Wordsworth. Now it is no longer an inspiring sight, as it has been cut and lopped until it is little more than a mere bunch. Then there were the two famous limes that grew in Crosby Square. They have gone with the palace itself.

Some very beautiful plane trees are those along the north side of St. Paul's churchyard. They are 70 feet in height and command the gaze of every one passing the cathedral on that side. Still another well-known plane tree, though it has not been immortalized by any poet, is the one which stands in the houses in Stationers' Hall court. It fills the dingy court with its presence and roofs it over with leaves.

It gets almost no sunshine and has a daily shower of soot from nearby chimneys, yet for ages it has grown and flourished to the admiration and gratitude of all who work or live in that dreary neighborhood. Presumably once it was in a beautiful garden which has now become the crowded Stationers' Hall court.

The lime tree in the garden of the Bank of England is undoubtedly the chief of all the city trees. It is a magnificent specimen and dominates the little garden plot. It is older even than the bank itself and at one time, no doubt, it was growing in the churchyard of St. Christopher's, the vanished church of one of the three old parishes on which the bank is built. It is as healthy as any tree with- in miles of London and in the summer evenings sends forth an exquisite perfume. This year a pair of wood pigeons nested in its branches.

The Temple Gardens and Finsbury Circus are the chief paradises of trees in the city. Fountain court, in the Temple, has a venerable elm and plenty of plane and mulberry trees. Finsbury Circus has fourteen plane trees, twenty-five mulberries, twenty limes, two fine weeping ashes and an elm. The old city churchyards are also repositories of London's greenery. One can turn off from the rush and noise of a busy street and sit in the shade of ancient trees in a quiet ancient churchyard and forget the modern world's existence, so far away seems all bustle and hurry.

The lime and plane avenue of Christ Church is worth seeing and the music of the birds at Cripplegate makes one sure one is in the depths of the country. The trees at Cripplegate have always been the homes of countless birds. Milton used to sit and listen to them when he was a parishioner at the church, and though many of the trees are not the same he walked among, yet the birds of Cripplegate are still famous in the annals of city history.

At St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, there is a poplar with a twisted, wrinkled, knotted black trunk with a seat around it that looks as if it had once been the centre of a village green.

Another peaceful little old world



TEACHER—Johnnie, what does this represent?

JOHNNIE—Perrin's School Biscuits.

TEACHER—What do you know about them?

JOHNNIE—They are good to eat. Mother says they are the best biscuits made for hungry boys and girls.

TEACHER—Correct, Johnnie, your Mother is right. I also use them and find them exceedingly good.

## DIARRHOEA

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

### Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success. PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

corner is just off Finchchurch street and can only be approached on either hand by a covered lane called Star alley, where once stood the church of Allhallows Staining. Now only the tower of the church remains embowered in the trees among which is a fine hardy fig tree covering with its green leaves the desolate old tower.

Londoners love these quaint old spots in their rapidly changing city, and there is always much lamentation and many petitions when it is learned that one of the oases is to be swept away by relentless progress and model buildings or ugly warehouses or treacherous offices are to rise in its place. But lamentations and petitions are fruitless, and the day is not far distant when all these charming places will have disappeared.

### MRS. OLIPHANT'S SAD STORY

A GIFTED AUTHORESS PURSUED BY MISFORTUNE.

It was a coincidence that I should have been reading a story of Mrs. Oliphant just at the moment when I learned that a monument was being raised to her in her native land; and with her distinguished countryman and fellow novelist, Mr. J. M. Barrie, taking the chief part in its inauguration. I know few stories in literary history more pathetic than that of Mrs. Oliphant. At her best she is the equal of any novelist of her time; but Mrs. Oliphant is seldom for long at her highest. Her novels, beginning with some good idea or single purpose, gradually become discursive, involved, disproportionate; until the main theme is swallowed up and subordinated beneath another and a secondary theme; and until her world becomes so crowded with figures that you have a sense of confusion and blur. Nobody felt these defects of her books more keenly than she did. She put it in the tragic phrase that not a line of hers would live. The explanation is as tragic as the expression. All her life-long she worked too hard; she wrote too much. One book was scarcely finished when the other had to be begun. It is clear to anybody accustomed to appraise literary work that often she began her story without any clear idea in her mind of the plot, the characters, the ultimate purpose; that she allowed her pen—often weary—to divagate according to its own sweet will; and that as she had no time to prepare, so also she had no time to blot. Writing for bread, she could not stop to think of style, or art, or posthumous fame. And this tragedy of a genius diverted from its highest possibilities is deepened by what I believe to be the fact—that this incessant and killing drudgery was undertaken largely for worthless people, and because Mrs. Oliphant was one of those lofty and generous spirits to whom self-sacrifice comes too easily, and who, being willing to be sacrificed, are, after the manner of this world, sacrificed; the worthy paying the penalties, and the innocent atoning for the sins of the worthless and the guilty. A member of Parliament—now dead for some years—who was a solicitor, lifted the veil on one of the

## Money to Loan

on Mortgages of Real Estate at Current Rates

All Business Strictly Confidential

Liberal Terms of Repayment

Loans Completed Quickly

Expenses Moderate

Full information gladly given

## Huron & Erie

Loan and Savings Co., London, Ont.

## NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all phlegms, blotches and ulcers heal up; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, shakiness and dizziness disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and mental systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. FREE OF CHARGE. DON'T USE WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Peter F. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indigestion and excesses in early youth. I became very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me guessed my secret. I imagined dreams at night, I imagined me—my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose, memory poor, etc. Numbers in the fingers set in and the doctor told me he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, wrote an electric belt for three months, went to Mt. Clemens for baths, but received little benefit. While at Mt. Clemens I was induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor going through the nerves. I was cured mentally and physically. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. We treat and cure VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES and Diseases peculiar to Men. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY**  
Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

## Aluminum, All Grades, Lowest Prices

THE CANADA METAL CO., LIMITED, WILLIAM ST., TORONTO

tragic episodes of this kind in the life of Mrs. Oliphant. She came to see him once; and her husband was to announce that she would pay the bills, which a relative had forged, and she sat down to write and write and write until the forgeries were met, and the relative saved from destruction. And finally, the last child left to her—a boy who was the very apple of her eyes—died before she did. I know few pages of family history—I know no story of

## A MESSAGE FOR PILE SUFFERERS

From One Who Has Been Cured of an Unusually Severe Case by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Never give up hope until Dr. Chase's Ointment has been tried, even if your case is extremely severe. We welcome the severest cases because more credit is reflected on the preparation when cured, and Dr. Chase's Ointment can cure piles of every description. Not only do the thousands of testimonials printed from time to time witness its virtue, but also the years of success it has had since being on the market. The sale has increased by leaps and bounds; if it couldn't cure you can rest assured that the story of

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

wouldn't be one of success. That it is the most effective and satisfactory treatment for piles ever recommended is now generally conceded, the proof of which is added to almost every day by unsolicited letters telling of cases where persons have suffered for periods of ten, twenty and thirty years only to be cured at last by this ointment.

Surgical operations are past, because they are expensive, dangerous and not entirely satisfactory. Dr. Chase's Ointment came, it stayed, and will remain, because, as well as being cheap, it cures and isn't in any way dangerous.

### SUFFERING CANNOT BE DESCRIBED.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Russell Co., Ont., writes:—"Eleven years ago I began to suffer from piles, and as they caused keen distress and became worse I doctored for them, but with little or no avail. They were bleeding, itching and protruding, and, oh, the torture I suffered at times can never be described. It was with suffering that the bowels moved, and as nothing brought relief I could only endure the misery with an aching heart and without hope of cure."

"Finally a lady told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment curing piles, and, to my surprise I felt relief at once on using this ointment; the little tumors soon disappeared, the ulcers healed, and the bowels became regular. That was five years ago, and I have never been troubled with this terrible ailment since, a thousand thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for irregular kidneys and torpid liver; one pill a dose, one cent a dose.