

# IN DEATH

## "Bony Miser" Retains One Friend At Least.

### BODY TO BE DISINTERRED

AND PLACED AT REST IN EASTERN CEMETERY.

### SECRETS OF STRANGE LIFE.

"Bony Miser's" body is not destined to occupy a pauper's grave. Kind friends have determined to remove the remains of the eccentric old mendicant to a resting place among those more fortunate in life. Mrs. T. G. Carter, who was his best friend in life, has announced that she will see to it that ere the fall season arrives the body will be interred in Eastern cemetery.

"Bony Miser," whose proper name was Charles Walters, was born ninety-two years ago in Buffalo, and there he continued to reside until family quarrels drove him to the Ohio river to ply his craft. In early life he married and to the union were born two children, Frank and Edith. His eccentric habits finally became unbearable, and his wife obtained a divorce. Then as in later years he was a veritable maniac for collecting tin cans, old bottles, rags and such things, which he persisted in storing in his home and rarely attempted to sell. He could not be induced to part with his treasures, nor to find a less offensive mode of storing them. He clung to them even when a family rupture was threatened, and it was there that caused the quarrel which ended in divorce proceedings, and the disruption of his family. All members of his family opposed him in his plan of hoarding up such "treasures," and all the family at last left him, both children choosing to go with the mother. This was the greatest blow the old man ever had to stand, and he at sometimes was heard to remark that the ingratitude of his children had saddened his life ever afterward.

#### Refuge In Louisville.

Seeking for some refuge where he could have a home after his own heart and never more see the scenes that had witnessed his early sorrows, he came to Louisville and took possession of a small tract of land, at that time far beyond the city's limits, at Nineteenth and Bank streets. There he constructed himself a hut, where he could live among his pots and pans, with only his dogs as companions, and unmolested by human presence. The hut he built was scarcely high enough to allow him to stand upright, contained but one room, and in its construction the fences on either side of his small lot were utilized, while the roof was covered with his own dearly beloved tin cans. Piled high in this were the rags, kettles, old iron and refuse stuffs of various kinds he had collected. He was supremely happy. Here it was that he saw for the last time a member of his family. His son came from Buffalo to visit him in the hope of a reconciliation between him and the rest of the family, but the visit was a failure and their separation was marked by even greater bitterness.

He continued his trade while here, working upon the river as a deckhand, receiving promotions until he at last became a mate. He was injured by a large stick of stove wood which was run into his abdomen in loading some wood upon the boat. When he recovered partly from this he became practically a mendicant, as he was never afterward able to do any heavy labor. He did light jobs around stores and shops, but this was not lucrative. During part of the time that he was on the river he was under Capt. J. K. Westfall, at present warden of the Almshouse.

#### Twenty-five Years Ago.

It was twenty-five years ago that he went to the lot at Nineteenth and Bank streets. Five years since he was evicted by the courts, after a bitter fight, and then he built himself a similar hovel on a lot at Twenty-first and Duncan streets, this time employing two lard cans to support the roof. It was only large enough to permit of his lying within it. He was lured from there by the promise of a room at the home of Henry Buchmiller, at 422 West Twenty-first street. It was the first time he had consented for twenty-three years to live in a house.

However, he and his philanthropic landlord did not get along well together. The latter had serious objections to harboring "Bony's" plunder, and "Bony" would not have any slurs cast upon it. After many altercations Mr. Buchmiller determined to have "Bony" ejected, but "Bony" would not go. A little while previous to this he had at length been persuaded to sell his rags and old iron, but the junk dealer and "Bony" could not agree, and in the fight that resulted "Bony" was badly beaten up, and the dealer got the junk. This time another fight took place, and the police were summoned. "Bony" then spent some few days in jail, when he was taken to the Almshouse as a vagrant. There he died Wednesday afternoon.

#### Died Without Money.

"Bony" had been considered a troublesome old creature, and the impression was current that he was wealthy. But the few friends he had say that he had not enough to run him from one day to another, and that frequently when he was given little sums by kind people he would be imposed upon by unscrupulous persons and all his little dimes taken from him. Mrs. Carter had for the last five years really kept him in food and clothing. She supplied him at various times with bed clothing, a cot, stove, medicines and other necessities, besides sending him regularly every few days food enough to last him until the next trip. He was a frequent caller at her home, and he never went away empty-handed. This had continued even since he had been at the Almshouse, where she had visited him regularly and taken him dainties and more substantial food and clothing.

Frank Walters, his son, is still in Buffalo and in prosperous circumstances. "Bony's" wife is said to be in Louisville, and with her is her daughter, who is still unmarried.