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Change for a Bank Note.

Archie Norton was a happy man that evening. He was paying his last visit to Marian Gilbert, who was to become Marian Norton tomorrow.

As the two sat together in the twilight, murmuring delicious words of joy and hope, they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the announcement that two gentlemen wished to see Mr. Norton immediately.

Tell them they must wait till another time, said Archie; that I am particularly engaged at present.

But I was to say, sir, if you please that the business is very pressing, and they must see you.

With an impatient gesture Archie followed the servants into the passage, where he found himself confronted by two rough looking men.

Mr. Norton, I suppose as one of them accosted him.

Archie bowed assent, adding, with a touch of haughtiness a request to be informed of the object of their visit.

It's along of that missing money, replied the man, curtly.

It is necessary to explain that a packet of bank notes, brought by a depositor a few days before to the bank, in which Archie Norton was a clerk, had disappeared mysteriously from the receiving teller's desk, and though the most thorough search had been made, no trace was found of the lost money.

Suspicion pointed naturally to some of the employees, but fastened upon no particular one. All that could be done under the circumstance was to procure a complete description of the notes from the depositor, who, fortunately, had preserved a memorandum of their denominations and numbers, and to keep strict watch through all available channels, with a view to discovering by whom any of them might be put in circulation.

The missing money! exclaimed Archie; has any clue been gained of it?

There has, the man answered, and you're wanted right away.

Archie had been among the most active in the effort to solve the mystery, and expressed his readiness to accompany the visitors at once, and render all the aid in his power, asking them to wait till he should step in and excuse his absence.

Quite impossible, said the spokesman of the two, in a low dejected tone, at the same time placing his hand on Archie's arm and leading him out of ear-shot. Can't suffer you out of our sight, you see.

Can't suffer me out of your sight? No; seein' as you're our prisoner.

Your prisoner! Archie answered, stupefied with amazement.

Yes; and unless you want to make a scene, rejoined the other; the best thing you can do is to come along quietly.

But what is the charge? asked Archie, surely I am not suspected.

We don't suspect nothing, interrupted the officer; which are all our business, which is only to take your bond.

Seeing further parley was useless, with what composure he could command, Archie, after bidding the servant to explain to Miss Gilbert that urgent business called him away, suddenly accompanied his custodians in silence.

At the police office he learned that a note which he paid out that evening had been identified as one of those stolen from the bank, which fact led to his arrest.

A search was then made of the prisoner, in whose pocketbook was found a number of bank notes, every one of which was proved, by its number and other distinctive features, to belong to the missing packet.

At this revelation Archie Norton stood overwhelmed and speechless.

The stunning force with which the blow had fallen bereft him of all power to make an explanation, if indeed, he had any to offer.

Next morning I received a summons from the prisoner, with whom I had been on terms of friendly intercourse, and one of whose wedding guests I was to be. I found him in his cell, in a half-dazed, bewildered state.

Surely, I said, you must be able to account for your possession of the notes found upon you.

Certainly I am, he answered; I got them yesterday from my uncle's executor, Mr. Gordon, in payment of a legacy. I was too much confused last night to mention that.

Mr. Gordon is a very methodical man of business, I replied, and may be able to identify the notes he paid you. In that case the affair will be easily cleared up; for no one will suspect Mr. Gordon,

and if he remembers from whom he received the notes, not only will the innocence be established, but a clue may be gained to the discovery of the real culprit.

By the way, I added, in whose company were you yesterday after receiving the money from Mr. Gordon?

In Ralph Grayson's, a little intoxicated; indeed! I said, a little intoxicated; for Ralph Grayson, a fellow clerk of Archie's, had been his rival suitor to the hand of Miss Gilbert, and their relation had been far from friendly.

Then you and she have become reconciled?

Oh, yes, he replied; he came home with me yesterday, and remained till I started on my visit to Marian.

Where was your pocketbook meantime?

Why, in my pocket, of course, said Archie, looking astonished at the question.

All the time, he answered—that is, all except a few minutes that I was in my bedroom changing my dress. I had taken out my pocketbook just before to consult a paper, and laid it on my sitting-room table.

And Grayson was in the sitting-room. Certainly, but why do you ask? You do not think, surely?

I think nothing at present, I replied, and encouraging my friend to hope for the best, took my leave.

My first step was to ascertain the numbers and description of the notes found in Archie's possession; the next to call on Mr. Gordon.

You paid Mr. Norton some money yesterday, I began.

I did was the answer.

Did you keep a memorandum of the numbers and denominations of the notes?

It is my invariable custom, said Mr. Gordon, and I followed it in this instance.

Then you will be able to tell whether this is a correct list and description of them, I continued, handing Mr. Gordon a memorandum of the notes found on Archie.

After consulting his book, he shook his head.

No; these are not the notes.

My first hope was dashed, but I had still another.

Will you suffer me to take a copy of the description of the notes you did pay Mr. Norton? I asked.

The permission was given and the copy made.

Now for hope number two.

That evening found me in social companionship with Ralph Grayson. We had not been intimate hitherto; for Ralph was of a disposition too secretive and selfish to admit of such cordiality between us. For once, however, we got along famously. Ralph was in a gleeful mood, notwithstanding his friend's trouble.

Poor Archie! he said, it's a very ugly case they have against him.

Very ugly, I assented.

I'm afraid he's guilty, continued Ralph.

It certainly looks so at present, I answered. By the way, I added, carelessly, could you oblige me with change for the twenty-dollar bill, Mr. Grayson?

Mr. Grayson could and did, in the shape of four fives. I excused myself to my companion, and took my leave as soon as I could without rudeness.

On examining the four bills received from Grayson, I found them to correspond exactly with four of those described in Mr. Gordon's memorandum of the notes paid to Archie. Hope number two was realized, and the problem solved!

I had previously learned from Archie that he had paid out no money between the time of receiving the sum from Mr. Gordon, and that at which he separated from Grayson; and the note which led to his arrest he had paid at a jeweler's, while on his way to visit Marian, for a ring which was to figure in the coming ceremony. It was clear now that Ralph Grayson had embraced the opportunity offered him of replacing the contents of Archie's pocket-book with an equal amount of the stolen money, without reflecting that means might exist of tracing and identifying the former.

Acting on this conviction, I lost no time in procuring a warrant for Grayson's apprehension, in whose possession most of the purloined notes were found; and, within a brief space, he was in Archie's cell, and the latter was at Marian's side, consoling her for the hours of bitter suffering she had passed on his account.

A BRIEF EDITORIAL.—The shortest editorial I ever remember to have seen in any journal, says the London Correspondent of the New York World, was written by an eccentric old editor, named Laing, in a paper called the *Mofussille*, at one time well known in India. The celebrated Gorham case had been going on for months, filling all the newspapers and weighing down all the mails. When the English journals were eagerly opened for news from home, nothing appeared but column after column about the Gorham case. It was upon this that Laing wrote the editorial I have mentioned, and I have often thought that it combined many of the greatest merits an editorial can possess—for it was short, could be understood by everybody, and it faithfully reflected public opinion. This was all, just as it stood, headline and all:

THE GORHAM CASE.

D—A the Gorham case.

And everybody was thinking that, and when they read it, there was a great shout of approbation.

When shall we meet again, my dear Archie? The story seems to be winding in the city. This morning I was out for a walk. The north wind made me feel chilly; where shall we meet! On such a splendid day it is crowded city streets or country lanes. On such a beautiful day, where shall we meet? In a quiet chamber? Shall we meet again? On any spot of old familiar ground. Our children's haunts? Or in far off lands? Ah! what if on earth no spot be found for long eyes to meet and clasping hands! What then? If angry fate should lead us to a better meeting place beyond the grave.

What shall we meet with? Shall we meet with a sword? Or shall we meet with a bow? To-day? Tomorrow? Or will years take flight? Before our yearning hearts and welcome sweet? When shall we meet? While summer roses bedeck our path and rustle overhead? Or later, when a leader's winter sky? Load coldly on the empty garden bed? While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours? Or only when our hair is turning gray? Ah! we may have done with earthly hours before it comes to us, that happy day! What then? Let life's long path be lamplight tread, And where or when we meet we leave to God.

On the Verge of Death.

I had among my fellow students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind, all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character.

When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in Western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position carrying his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent piece this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star-gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent church square, on which one hundred and twenty, or thereabouts, the people crept about like ants.

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting ledge about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm chair without legs.

Standing on the stone caves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in the fantastic arm-chair.

Without hesitating a moment I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid-air over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprung safely into my resting place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of the evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of

one or two stars twinkling in the sky. It was not long, however, before a crowd of people gathered around me to enjoy the sight. "Halloo!" thought I, "I am, and then I have a very pretty coup in the place." I suddenly became aware that I was not so easy as I had thought to get up. My feet were as stiff as iron, and I could not rise in my own power. There was no high that I could get no hold. And there was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself up, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolute fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation the less it pleased me, and there I sat, smiling feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, situated to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "it is here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters.—Up, then! I will close my eyes and act as if I was performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my toes and stretch out my arms convulsively, it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly an agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silberman!" I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me! It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!"

"My good man you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle tomorrow immediately, when this stupid story becomes known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down, unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both hands, by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid-air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks and was drawn up about half a foot but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze may I never in my life see again. It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Let go!" he cried. Curses upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces below!"

He wailed like a child at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silberman!" I said. "Listen to me and cease this unreasonable clamor.—I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bowed him carefully through the trap door to the vestry, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church roof.

As for myself, three months passed before I again trod this almost fatal

path. I was witness to a curious scene in the House of Lords on the 25th of April of last year, and as a very imperfect account of it is given in Hansard, I offer my version. The debate was on the Clergy reserves in the Canada Bill. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, in making some quotations, smiled.—This gave offense to Lord Derby. The Bishop admitted the smile, but denied any intention thereby of imputing anything offensive. Lord Derby—I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the Right Reverend Prelate, but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence, from a well known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him:

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain."

Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder)—"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Lord Derby—What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation? Lord Clarendon—I am that peer, and protest against any noble Lord applying, even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any member in the House, most of all the use of such an expression by a lay peer toward a Right Reverend Prelate. Peace-makers rose on both sides of the house. The reports had left the gallery, the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water and called out across the table, "Your good health, Clarendon," and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from "Hamlet" had, more than fifty years before, produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert A. J. T. who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously upon which Tierney said: "The Right Honorable gentleman smiles, but need I remind him that a man may smile and smile—here he paused. "Take the fellow a message from me," cried Pitt to one of his followers, but before the bearer of the hostile mission could reach the opposition benches, Tierney added, "I will be a Minister." So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a duel.—Lord Alhermar's Recollections.

WHY TIDES OCCUR LATER EACH DAY.—As the moon revolves around the earth from west to east; says Professor Randolph, she advances eastward in her orbit about thirteen degrees every twenty-four hours. Hence, when any part of the earth in its revolution comes under a part of the heavens where the moon was the evening before, the moon is not there, but has gone eastward thirteen degrees, and therefore the earth must turn on its axis as much longer as is necessary to bring that part again under the moon, which requires generally, not always, about fifty minutes.—The same thing occurs the next evening and the evening after, and thus the moon rises most of the year about fifty minutes later each day. Now, as the tides are produced mainly by the moon, it will at once be seen from this eastward movement and this later rising each day, why they must occur about fifty minutes later each succeeding day. While the lunar tide is thus daily lagging, the solar tide occurs at the same time. Hence these two tides always begin to separate after new moon, being further apart each day until, they again coincide at full moon, when there is, as already stated, a higher tide than usual, called spring tide. Then again they separate, until new moon occurs, when they once more unite, producing another spring tide. It must not be supposed that the whole body of the ocean to its profoundest depth is equally moved by the tides. The tides are mainly superficial, and, except where the water is of moderate depth, the lowest parts are only slightly disturbed, but to what depth the tidal current extends can never, perhaps be satisfactorily determined. The Gulf Stream is about 3,000 feet deep, having for its bottom a bed of colder water of various depths, but as the stream is the result of other causes than those which produce the tides, it is not safe to estimate the depths of the tidal currents by its own.

When Longfellow, the poet, was introduced to Mr. Longworth, some one noticed the similarity of the first syllable of the names. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply. 'Worth makes the man the want of it the fellow.'"

Ho subsists himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be seen in a fit of passion.

She looked over the bridge and showed her head above the water.

"Like lightning she darted forward and seized the fastening which held it, tugging with all her strength to unloose it."

"And at that same time she was seized by a pair of strong arms from behind, and she felt the hot breath of Carl Deutzal, foul with fumes of brandy on her cheek."

"Swear to be mine," he said, "and I will clear the draw and let that cursed lawyer of yours pass over alive! Refuse, and I will shoot you dead where you stand."

"He pressed her back until her body lay along the iron rail, and close at hand thundering on like fate, came the snorting Dunderburg."

"She broke from him, and with one mad effort she tore the fastenings of the bridge, and it fell with a dull thud that shook the whole affair to its foundation."

"The track was safe!"

"Deutzal leaped upon her like a tiger."

"Thus I end it all!" he screamed.

"And, with her in his arms, he plunged in front of the locomotive!"

"She put out her helpless hands towards Charley, and he saw it all at a glance."

"Judge if you can, of his feelings."

"The Dunderburg was stopped on the other side of the bridge, and Charley came back and gathered what he had loved up in his arms."

"He was sick for two months after that—in fact he was never exactly himself afterwards."

"Deutzal? Oh, no; he wasn't killed! Certainly not. Killing would have been too good for him."

"His legs and arms were crushed so that the doctors cut them off, but his body and his big head were left."

"Not many engines could pass over a head like that and keep the track."

"Charley would have killed him, but when he saw how the curse of heaven was upon him he let him alone."

"There, gentleman, I see I have made you sad, so I will go."

"Now you know how Helen died."

EFFECT OF WEBSTER'S GAZE.—Reminiscences of Webster abound now. Among them is the following: On Sunday a student from Andover occupied the pulpit, my father not intending to take any part in the exercises.—The young minister got along well with the opening prayer, and the Scripture lesson, but when he had read only a verse or two of the hymn he became confused, stammered, and at last his voice failed him entirely. As he seemed to be taken suddenly ill, my father finished the service, preaching an extemporaneous discourse. On the way home in the carriage, the young man, who by that time, had quite revived, being pressed for an explanation of his conduct, finally confessed: "Well, sir, it was merely unaccountable nervousness. Just as I was reading the second stanza of the hymn a gentleman came into the church and set down in a broad aisle near directly before me. Fixing such a glare of black eyes upon me that I was frightened out of my wits!"

Until he was then told he did not know that Daniel Webster was a member of the congregation or an inhabitant of the town.

Prof. Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes avoid rubbing, dash cold water in them; remove cinders etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put an instrument into the ear. If any artery be cut, compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress it below. If choked, go upon all fours and cough.—For slight burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin be destroyed, cover with varnish. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for faintness, lay the person flat.

The senior Bennett was a very peculiar man, and was little understood outside of his own editorial rooms.—He was very timid and constitutionally shy of the public. He never attended any festive occasion, and never made a speech, even in reply to a toast, for he avoided all such occasions. As an editor, he kept himself in his little office. He rarely appeared in the street, coming and going in his carriage, and never went to church. His only place of public resort was the theatre. In later years he abandoned this habit, and became a very close recluse.

Among other suggestions to enable a person to avoid the cholera, are the following: Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dealings.—Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you."

Suitors—"Well, may I hope, then, that at some future time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?"

Charmer—"Yes, I hope so. I'm sure, for I'm getting real tired of seeing fellows for breach of promise."

An old sailor boastingly said, "I began the world with no other, and I have held my own ever since."