

Saint Mary's Beacon.
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At Leonardtown, Md.,
By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING,
A Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Each subsequent insertion 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.
A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886.

NO. 306.

Saint Mary's Beacon.
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,
BOOKS COMMON
RESPECTED FOR NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.
Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

PROFESSIONAL.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, ENOCH B. ABELL,
THE undersigned, Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1886, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of
CAMALIER & ABELL.
They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties. Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims. Address,
CAMALIER & ABELL, Leonardtown, Md.
B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
ENOCH B. ABELL,
Jan 8, 1886—17

DANIEL C. HAMMETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Having removed his law office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call.
All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.
Jan 8, 1886

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
April 1, 1886—17

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Has associated himself with Messrs. CAMALIER & ABELL of Leonardtown, Md., for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County.
OFFICE AND ADDRESS,
Annapolis, Md.
Apr 5 83

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Special attention given to collection of claims.
Sept 20, 85—y

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
Jan 1, 85—17

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.
June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1873—17

R. C. COMBS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.
Aug. 12—17

H. G. DUDLEY, J. W. CARPENTER, W. J. EDLEN, DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No. 57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.
Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.
Jan 8, 85—y

FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS
Quality kept up to full Standard.
We sell our fertilizers to responsible buyers on crop time at same prices as heretofore, but now without interest, a saving of six per cent. to farmers. A liberal discount for cash.

For Tobacco buy our Victor.
It has stood the test of 7 years trial, and has the deserved reputation of making the finest quality and as much tobacco as any fertilizer in the market. It does not fire but keeps the tobacco growing until ripe and curing nicely. A special tobacco and wheat fertilizer—good for all crops.
OZEE WAZELLE, Jr. specialty for Wheat, and Wheat and Corn Fertilizer have proven their value for these and other crops.
Our fertilizers are rich in the best crop producing elements—in the most perfect combination—and we confidently offer them to farmers for good crops, fine clover fields and permanent improvement of their lands.
Orders solicited.

THOMAS C. PRICE & CO,
Commission Merchants
56 S. Ches. St., Baltimore,
FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN, WOOL and all country produce.

LEO H. HAYDEN, former Tobacco Inspector, gives his personal attention to this branch.
Consignments solicited.
March 26, 85—17

For Ice Cold Beer and good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to
E. WALTER MATTINGLY,
Mechanic,
St. Mary's county, Md.
Aug. 27, 1885—3m.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
DEALER IN
Lumber, Shingles, Laths,
NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED
PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.
MANUFACTURER OF
FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
RAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,
BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF
WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.
March 18, 1886—y.

SPRING

Finds me with the largest and most complete stock I have ever had of
COACH FINDINGS,
BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES,
and HEAVY HARDWARE.
Comprising an immense assortment of
Wheels, Wheel Stock, Axles and Springs,
Carriage Cloths, Carpets, Lamps, &c.,
Horse Shoe, Nails and Shoes, Bar
Iron and Steel, etc., etc., etc.

—AGENT FOR—
"GASTORINE," The Great Axle Oil.
Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Universally pronounced the best.
RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; plums, 30 cents; quarts, 50 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

'GAUTIER' Barb Fence Wire,
BEST AND CHEAPEST.
Steel Harrow Teeth.
ALL SIZES.
Carriage and Wagon Builders will find it to their interest to correspond with me before placing orders elsewhere.

J. B. KENDALL,
618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED—To correspond with saw mill owners having facilities for furnishing Oak, Sawed Fellos, Cart Shafts, Sills, etc., in large lots for cash.
Respectfully,
J. B. KENDALL.
April 1, 86—y

MOORE'S HOTEL
AND
Summer Resort.
I take pleasure in informing my customers and the traveling public that I have thoroughly renovated my house, improved and refitted the same and am fully prepared to accommodate both
Permanent and Transient Boarders.
The BAR, in every particular, complete. My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-class condition for accommodation of horses and the storage of all kinds of vehicles. Call and see for yourself.
HERBERT F. MOORE, Proprietor.
June 25, 85—17

G. W. CARROLL, J. W. BRADLEY, CARROLL & BRADLEY,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:
Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.;
Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.;
T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
Hurst, Furnell & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.;
Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. Market, Md.;
Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md.
Oct 18, 1885—y

BURCH & MONTGOMERY,
GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
639 La. Ave. and 10th St., Washington, D.
Particular attention paid to the sale of cattle, sheep, poultry, eggs, &c.
Nov. 19, 1885—17

FOR SHERIFF.
Leonardtown, April 5, '86.
Messrs. Editors—You will please announce Mr. J. L. CONNELLY as a candidate for the sheriffalty at the next election and say that he will be cordially supported by the public generally.
April 8, '86—17

There is no rest.
There is no rest! the mills of change
Grind on—the gods are at the wheels!
The same fierce impulse, swift and strange,
We feel that every planet feels.

There is no rest! not even sleep
Is shorn of its mobility—
The red floods through the body sweep
Forever, like a tided sea.

There is no rest! even Love hath wings
That wearilessly fan the air,
In his leaf-bearded wanderings,
So fetterless, so free from care.

There is no rest! the feet of Pain
Are shod with motion—Pleasure's eyes
Pale faster than the sun-kissed rain,
Swung arching in the mid-May skies.

There is no rest! Religion shakes
Her stainless robes, and skyward lifts
Her tremulous white palms, and takes
Faith's priceless and eternal gifts.

There is no rest! the long gray caves
Of death are rife with force and heat;
Nor fancy pauses till she paves
The floors of heaven with flying feet.
—J. N. Matthews.

IN A GARRET.
When old Squire Marcy died, having lived twenty years beyond his allotted time, the neighbors were very curious as to the existence of a will. For if there were none "the girls" would have to give up their home and "do something for a living." The little farm, which had yielded a comfortable living for three persons, when sold and its proceeds divided among them would give but a pittance to each. It was generally conceded that "it would come hard on the girls."

"Squire Marcy was always a good provider," said Mrs. Denison to her husband, who hoped to "administer" the estate if no will was found. "Sabra nor Cynthia, neither of 'em have ever been stinied. They'll feel it drestfully if they've got to give up their comfortable home and come down to earning their own bread and cheese."

"I shall advise these girls to bring in a bill," said Mr. Denison "a bill for their services. The probate court will allow it quicker'n lightning."

"The girls won't bring in no bill," said his wife; "Sabra told me that if her father didn't set enough by them to provide for them, she should not make any claim on the estate."

"That's just like a woman," said Mr. Denison, testily.
But no will, and no evidence that the old gentleman had ever contemplated one, could be found. Mr. Denison received the coveted appointment, and the settlement of the estate by law went forward.

Cynthia and Sabra were the children of their father's third wife. A delicate creature she had been, who accepted Squire Marcy's offer because, homeless and friendless, the prospect of a home tempted her. But her home was made wretched by eight children, sons and daughters of her predecessors, some of them nearly as old as herself, coarsely organized, quarrelsome, but agreeing upon one point—to make life as intolerable for their young step-mother as possible. She could not bear up under their petty persecutions. In a few years she was laid to rest with the other wives, leaving her two little girls to fight their way the best they could. It had been a hard life for the children at first, but one by one the older ones had drifted away, and finally the Western fever seized upon them all, and they went, one after another, to make homes on the broad, fertile prairies. So for many years the sisters had lived happy, peaceful lives in the old homestead of their father.

They were quiet, gentle women, inheriting a poetic temperament from their mother. They loved the old house and the woods about it. They knew where the earliest spring flowers grew, and where to find the brightest autumn leaves. They would not have dared to let their neighbors, who disapproved openly of their "traipsing about all over the woods," know what treasures of pressed leaves they had carefully put away. Not for worlds would Miss Cynthia have told of the timid attempts at flower-painting she sometimes made, in the solitude of her own room. They had not felt much in sympathy with their neighbors heretofore, but now that real trouble had come upon them, every one was kind, and the sisters found they had many warm friends where they least expected to find them. They were middle-aged women now, well advanced in their fifth decade. Of their half-brothers and sisters they knew but little, but it was certain there would be no mercy for them. They would

grudge the sisters the "bill" they had had, and each one would claim every penny due, eagerly. Just Mr. Denison ventured to suggest the idea of a "bill," but an ominous gleam in Miss Sabra's eye warned him, and he left his sentence unfinished.

"Cynthia," said Miss Sabra, one bright September morning, "Mr. Denison said last night that he thought brother James would be here pretty soon. Don't you think we'd better look over the things in the garret before he comes? I don't see as if I could have any one but ourselves touch mother's things."

"Just as you think best, sister Sabra," answered Miss Cynthia, meekly. The coming change was an even greater grief to her than to her elder sister. She loved her old home with an almost passionate tenderness, and it seemed to her sometimes that leaving it would almost break her heart.

The two sisters finished their morning tasks in silence, and then without a word climbed the narrow stairs that led to the old garret. Such a treasure house of family relics as it was! Not a child of the ten whose development could not be traced in the cast-off clothing and the old school books. There were boxes and trunks carefully packed, standing primly against the wall. Old garments, dating back to old Squire Marcy's first wedding coat, hung above them. Near a window was a broken looking-glass, with a gilt and ebony frame, the upper part filled with a gay flower-piece, and Miss Cynthia, in a subdued tone, asked Miss Sabra if she didn't remember "hearing tell how sister Jemima broke that glass just before mother died?"

Timbers of the old roof were enormous, suggesting an abundance of lumber to which we, in these modern times are strangers. Many pegs and nails were driven into them, from which swung paper bags filled with dried herbs, spearmint, horehound, pennyroyal, an aromatic pleasant odor through the garret, which Miss Cynthia thought more agreeable than the huge bowls full of steaming hot herb tea which Miss Sabra always made her swallow, her feet in a pail of hot water meanwhile, whenever she took cold.

Two large wooden chests stood far back under the eaves, so large that they could never have been built where they stood. In them were piles of old papers, years upon years of Springfield Republicans and Massachusetts Ploeghmen, Old Farmers' Almanacs for more than half a century, and there were carefully cherished a pile of "Journal of the House," containing the doings of the Legislature when Squire Marcy "represented the town."

Miss Cynthia gave a pitiful look into a chest, and then sat down in a basket of neatly-sewn carpet rags and began to cry. "Oh, Sabra," she sobbed, "I've been used to seeing these things all my life. Seems as if it would break my heart to part with them. I've a great mind to bring in a bill."

"Cynthia," said Miss Sabra, "this is foolishness. There's no use in givin' way so. We can't help ourselves."

"Well," said Miss Cynthia, extricating herself from the carpet-rags and wiping her eyes, "what shall we do first?"

An old spinning-wheel, which had stood for years in its own nook, resting after long service in spinning yarn for blankets and stockings to keep the Marcys warm, quivered a little, as if with grief at the coming change and the cradle, wherein all the little Marcys had been rocked, rocked gently once more, in a deprecatory way, as the sisters turned toward the closet, where one or two trunks, more precious than the rest, were kept.

"I thought we'd better look over mother's things first," said Miss Sabra, opening the shutters and letting in a flood of autumn sunshine. A faint odor of camphor and cedar and pungent spices filled the closet, for this was the storeroom for winter clothing and wraps in summer. The sisters' cloaks and woolen dresses hung on the wall. Broad shawls, piled with homemade blankets and patch work quilts and comfortable, filled one side of the little apartment, and in a band-box in one corner, carefully wrapped in linen and packed away in red pepper and camphor, were the sisters' furs, the one spontaneous gift their father had ever given them. For Miss Sabra's and Miss Cynthia's apparel usually represented sundry sacrifices of eggs and poultry and fresh butter, exchanged at the village store for some-

thing to wear. But once when the old gentleman had made an exceptionally good sale of his fat cattle, he opened his heart and pursed-strings and presented his daughters each with a set of gray squirrel furs, more precious in their eyes than seal skin or sable.

"Well, Cynthia," said Miss Sabra, "this is the trunk of mother's things. We'd better open it to make sure there's nothing else in it, and then we'll take it down stairs and look the things over. I guess they're all right, but it's three years come October since we went through them."

Miss Sabra knelt down before the little hair trunk, studded with brass nails, fitted the key in the rusty lock and with some difficulty turned it and raised the lid. The clothing, yellow with age, lay neatly folded, with leaves of "Sweet Mary" scattered through it, to give it a pleasant odor. But upon the top lay a folded paper, long and blue, with a formidable air of business about it.

"Why, sister," said Miss Cynthia, "what is that?"

"I don't know," said Miss Sabra, under her breath; "I never put it there. I'm most afraid to touch it."

But Cynthia, more impulsive than Sabra, had already seized and opened it. She whitened to her lips.

"Sabra," she whispered, "it's a will!"

"Then," said Miss Sabra, "we mustn't look at it. We must go and give it to Mr. Denison right away and let him read it first. If we go right off, now, we can get there in time to see him when he comes home to dinner."

So the sisters put on their sunbonnets and went "cross lots" through the fields to Mr. Denison's house, climbing fences and opening heavy gates, taking with them the mysterious document which was of such terrible moment to them. It was duly delivered to Mr. Denison and the story of its discovery told. "And whatever could have possessed father to put it there, is more than I could tell," added Miss Sabra.

But Mr. Denison was already absorbed in reading the will, and hardly listened to Miss Sabra's story. They waited, breathlessly, trembling in every limb, wondering what was coming to them, fearing the worst, not daring to hope for good fortune. But presently Mr. Denison turned on them a beaming face, saying:

"This is all right. It is duly signed and witnessed and I am the executor. You are given the use of the real estate for your lives, or until you marry."—Miss Cynthia blushed—"and the stock and furniture and farming utensils are given to you outright. Now we'll have it probated right away. Just as it should be."

Miss Cynthia broke down and cried like a baby, and Miss Sabra's eyes were full of tears as she said: "Now, Cynthia, ain't you glad we didn't bring in a bill?"—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A BAROMETER—A kiss is an unfeeling barometer. The initiated can tell "the signs of the times" invariably. It is a sure indication of a cold wave if the young lady's best beau tells her her kisses are ever so much sweeter than the girl's across the way.

There is sure to be a storm if the young woman's father catches him in the act.

There will be heavy clouds in the sky, if when he is just about to kiss her, he stops short and asks her "how is her mother?" The rule is just as sure when the girl has been eating onions.

If he puts his arm around her like a bear and almost smother her when he kisses her, they are not married. If he comes up with his hands in his pockets and gives her a tasteless smack, the probabilities are that they are.

After all, what would a girl be without lips? She might be bald, and yet wear some other woman's hair. But if she had no lips, life would be a desert drear.

Ah, it is woman's lips that brighten men's souls.

A great benefit has been secured to the poor by the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; for it now only takes 25 cents to cure a cough, or cold.

Anybody troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff neck, or any pain or ache should procure a bottle of Salvation Oil at once. Price 25 cents.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher, "but I'd rather hab de rheumatism in one leg den hab it in bof."

COL. BILL'S ROMANCE.

The talk about the war with Mexico, writes an Atlanta Constitution correspondent, recalls a romantic tragedy which grew out of our struggle with that country forty years ago.

When volunteers came marching home hundreds of handsome fellows among them brought Mexican wives with them. Among the fortunate ones was Col. Bill. I never got at the straight of it, but it was said there was mystery about the colonel's marriage. Some of his soldiers said that in one of his forays he had captured a Mexican village. He looted the place, picked out the prettiest senorita in it, the daughter of old Don Juan Gomez, a wealthy Castilian, and married her by force of arms, as it were. There was another story even worse than this. It was that the dashing colonel had carried off the beautiful wife of a Mexican general, and despite her tears and protestations had made her submit to the farce of a marriage ceremony performed by an army chaplain.

These rumors, in various shapes, sometimes modified and sometimes embellished, were whispered in the society circles of the city of M— for years after the return of Col. Bill. I heard something of the story when my boyish curiosity was excited by the somber gloom of a tall, dark mansion in a quiet quarter of the city. At the time I was not old enough to understand the full import of what I heard, but I understood enough to make me shudder.

Col. Bill was seldom seen on the streets of M—. He passed much of his time on his plantation, a few miles out, and during the winter he spent weeks and months in distant cities. At first it was said that he took his wife with him on his travels, but as the years rolled on he gradually began to neglect her; and he would leave her six months at a time locked up in the mansion, and the key of the place took a strong hold upon my youthful imagination, and I never passed the house without scanning it closely.

But it was impossible to make any discoveries. The house stood in the center of spacious grounds, so filled up with trees and tropical shrubbery and flowers that it was difficult to see much from the street. In the rear was a garden surrounded by a high brick wall with grated openings, and through these one could see what was going on inside the inclosure.

One day in passing I heard voices. I looked through an opening in the wall and saw the most beautiful woman that my eyes had ever beheld. I knew at once that it was the colonel's wife. She was a young woman, tall and graceful, and her dark face was illumined by a pair of glorious eyes that seemed to be shining through a mist of tears.

This regal creature was not alone. She was accompanied by a young girl who appeared to be her maid or companion. The two were conversing in a foreign tongue, and I could not understand a word. The music of their voices impressed me, and I gazed at them so steadily that their attention was attracted. The lady of the mansion looked at me with a sad smile, and made some remark to her companion. Then they walked over to the other side of the garden, out of my sight.

Naturally I told what I had seen, and people badgered me to death with questions. I was asked to describe the beautiful Mexican lady.

"Did she wear any diamonds?" asked an old gossip.

I answered that I thought I saw diamonds glittering on her throat, in her hair, and on her hands.

"No doubt of it," said my questioner, "but the poor thing has very few of them left."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know? But of course you don't. Well, when she first came here she had a peck of diamonds. Even on her morning wrappers, every button was a diamond."

"And where are they now?" I queried in open-mouthed wonder.

"That horrid old Col. Bill has taken them. The colonel is a very bad man. I can't tell a little boy like you how bad he is. Now, the colonel is always needing money for gambling and racing and his other pleasures, and whenever he is in a tight place for a few hundreds he just takes a handful of his wife's diamonds and that is the last of them."

Such brutal meanness enraged me not a little, and I secretly resolved when I got big enough to give Col. Bill a genteel thrashing.

In the course of time I caught more than one glimpse of the colonel when he was going to his plantation or returning. He rode a fine horse, and generally dashed along without looking either to the right or to the left. He was a very handsome man of about 50, but his face was stern and repellent. Selfishness, cruelty and even murder lurked in that face. Although I had fully made up my mind to call Col. Bill to a bloody account sometime in the distant future, the sight of him was so hateful to me that I made it a point to get out of the way when I saw him coming. In the meantime I made inquiries about the charming Mexican.

People raved over her beauty, but very few had ever seen her. She had never gone into society, and had never been at home to visitors. From the servants little or nothing could be learned. They were afraid of their master and devoted their mistress. Still, it was generally agreed that Col. Bill was horribly cold and cruel to his wife. He was jealous, too, an absurd thing, as the poor lady never went anywhere. I was told that some two or three years after the couple had settled in M— they were visited by old Don Juan Gomez. The don did not have a bit of use for the wicked colonel, and wanted to kill him, but he yielded to his daughter's entreaties, and before he left shelled out diamonds and doubloons in the most bewildering profusion. Then he sadly went back to his hacienda in Mexico, after exacting a promise from his son-in-law to behave himself. So the story ran, and I could not learn how much of it was true and how much false.

One evening, just after dusk, I had occasion to pass the house in which I felt such a deep interest. A fine looking man, evidently a foreigner, was on the opposite side of the street, looking at the place. He called me over, and, in very good English, asked me who lived there. I told him, and he thanked me and walked off. I slackened my pace and kept the stranger in view. When he came to the garden wall he paused and looked up and down the street. Seeing nobody, he climbed the projecting bricks at the corner, and vaulted over into the garden with the activity of a cat. I was so dumb-founded by the proceeding that I struck for home, and by a great effort kept my mouth shut.

The next morning the whole city rang with the intelligence of a crime almost without parallel or precedent. When I heard the details I felt a sense of guilty responsibility. Col. Bill, his wife, and a strange gentleman had all been murdered the night before! The servants could throw no light upon the affair. When they retired at a late hour they left Col. Bill and his wife in the library.

Nothing more unpleasant than usual had occurred, and the servants were positive that there was no guest, no visitor in the house. In the morning the housemaid entered the library and found the three dead bodies. Each had been stabbed to the heart, and a bloody dagger was found on the floor. In the colonel's hand was a pistol, but it had not been discharged. The bodies of the colonel and his wife lay close together on one side of the room, while the stranger was on the other side.

Then I made a clean breast of it all. I had to attend the inquest, and when I saw the face of the dead stranger I recognized the man who had questioned me the evening before and jumped over the garden wall. The lawyers and the authorities were greatly puzzled. There was not the slightest clue to the strange man's identity. Finally the theory was accepted that he was either the former husband or lover of the colonel's wife, and that he had killed the two in a fit of jealous revenge, and then committed suicide. Some contended that Col. Bill had killed the wife and the man, and then killed himself, but the undischarged pistol in his hand was against this theory. Efforts were made to trace old Don Juan Gomez, but without result. It was believed that if he could have been found he would have been able to explain some things. As it was, the tragedy had to remain a mystery. There were no further developments, and other events soon drove the matter from the public mind.