

Saint Mary's Beacon

Wealth and Its Uses.

From the N. Y. Journal.

There was a clashing of many tongues in New York pulpits Sunday over the propriety of the Bradley-Martin ball. In synagogue and in church, from Baptist and from Reformed pulpits, there proceeded a grand and eloquent chorus of which the dominant note was denunciation of the rich for taking their pleasure magnificently.

But the clergy regard the question at issue from the wrong point of view. The legal right of a man to do what he will with his own, provided it be not harmful to anyone, is not to be doubted. The ethical right is scarcely to be questioned except by those who accept literally Christ's command, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," and we fear that the apostles of that creed are neither numerous nor influential today.

Attack on the participants in this much-discussed festivity borders upon impertinence, but attack upon a social and industrial system which creates such contrasts as, to quote Rev. Courtland Meyers, "250,000 people in want of food and coal and \$250,000 squandered in a single society ball." Yet the clergy with one accord ignore the causes which lead to the concentration of wealth and the dissemination of poverty.

Perhaps the falsity of the pulpit's point of view is most clearly shown by the Rev. Madison C. Peters' applauding as a philanthropist Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and contrasting his employment of wealth with that of the Bradley-Martins vastly to the latter's depreciation. In 30 years Mr. Rockefeller has, it is true, risen from the position of a bookkeeper to the eminence of the richest man in New York. His charities are said to be enormous—so great, indeed, that, according to report, he pays a man \$10,000 a year to supervise them for him. His benefactions to the University of Chicago are unparalleled. Is he, therefore, to be lauded in the pulpit as a philanthropist—a lover of mankind? Was Robin Hood deserving the applause of the Church because a part of his spoil went to the poor?

The millions which this eminent philanthropist disburses—and the vastly greater sums he keeps—are the profits, the spoils of monopoly. The great Standard Oil Company, of which he is the head, and for every act of which he must accept at least moral responsibility, has attained its present impregnable position by nothing short of criminal methods. Against its agents judicial proof of conspiracy, bribery, arson, riot, fraud and burglary has been offered in open court or before legislative committees. It has made and unmade United States Senators, Judges and Legislatures, and used them for its profits. It has spread ruin on every side of it, and the 30 years' "business" campaigns which end by making Rockefeller a capitalist has left the men against whom he waged industrial war ruined. If the Church shall not take cognizance of these things, who shall?

It may well be doubted whether expenditure of ill-gotten money in philanthropies and educational endowments is not more insidiously harmful to the social well-being than lavish disbursements, in times of destitution, of honestly obtained wealth though it be spent only in ostentatious and extravagant pleasure-seeking.

A FEW POINTERS.—Ruin and death are two great levers.

Hard work is a specific for the blues. Give it a trial.

Young man, in the voyage of life, steer clear of the breakers.

The divorce court is often a close second to the curtain lecture.

The tail of a dog is often more joyful than the tale of a novelist.

Some prudes would refuse a legacy unless it was called limbo.

A setting hen is like a candidate, anxious for the returns to come in.

If you want to be happy, instead of popular, spend less than you earn.

Many a man gets broke because he never knows when to put on the brake.

It is doubtful if the female angels ask one another if their halos are on straight.

The boy with a nickel is, as a general thing, much happier than the man with a dollar.

True charity abideth oftener with the poor than the rich, because true charity meaneth sacrifice.—Florida Times-Union.

JUST ONE REQUEST.

A well known journalist vouches for the authenticity of this anecdote of the Czar Nicholas, who, returning from paying an early visit to one of his daughters, noticed at the door of an hotel a young man with a cigar in his mouth. Nicholas could not tolerate the smell of tobacco.

"You are a foreigner, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, general, was the reply; 'I have just arrived from Paris.'

"Then you are aware that smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg is forbidden. I warn you, lest your ignorance get you into trouble.

"Thanks, general," and the Parisian threw away his cigar.

But if smoking was not allowed neither was it permitted to address the Emperor; and scarcely had the latter passed out of sight when two police officers approached the traveller, and he was soon on his way to the station, where he remained until ten in the evening.

When the superintendent questioned him, he told his story—how an officer in general's uniform who was passing had advised him to throw away his cigar, and that he had at once done so.

"And you didn't know who the general was?"

"I don't know."

The official set the Frenchman at liberty, and made his report to the chief of the third section. The latter, thinking the adventure might have some unpleasant political consequence, and that he—the chief—might be blamed for the action of his subordinates, decided to inform the Emperor of what had happened.

"Go, find the traveller," His majesty ordered. "I wish to express to him personally my regret for the outrage to which he has been subjected."

When an officer in uniform came to his hotel the poor Frenchman had visions of Siberia, and began to regret bitterly having yielded to his desire to visit 'the Empire of the North.' He was only restored to his usual equanimity when Nicholas explained to him the cause of his unpleasant adventure.

"Forget this little misunderstanding," added the Emperor, "and if you remain any time in Russia it will give me pleasure to prove to you that we are not as uncivilized as we may seem to be."

"Since your majesty is so kind," replied the traveller, "may I make one request?"

"What is it?"

"That if your majesty should meet me again you would kindly ignore me!"

THE FEMINE OBSERVER.—To be popular a woman mustn't be too witty.

St. Valentine is getting ready for his annual outing.

Every gown on which fur is possible appears with this popular trimming.

Why is it when we are especially hard up that there are always so many bargains temptingly displayed?

Why is it the furniture is so demonstratively noisy when you are left alone in a house and the hour verges upon midnight?

If one wears a particularly pretty silk petticoat the gown will be lifted whether the streets are dry as bones or covered with slush.

Many fair fingers are practicing on the banjo in order to be ready to strum pretty little negro melodies when the summer moon is shining.

It is easy enough to regard other people's troubles as of little moment, but our own always should demand the greatest consideration, we think.

The bouquet carried by a recent bride was of Ascension lilies, a pleasing change from the orchids and roses to which we have been so long accustomed.

It is absurd for a woman to wear lace and feathers with a tailor-made gown as for a man to appear in a dress suit at breakfast, providing of course, the latter meal is at an hour after the sun is up.

One is bound to believe a shopman is telling the truth about work done when he declares that a change would make it distinctly unfashionable even after he has been offered extra money for the alteration.—Philadelphia Times.

The Old Man (handing him a check): "I hope, Jack, that this experience will be a lesson to you."

Jack Flitterby: "It will, sir. I know where to come when I get into a scrape."—Truth.

Charged with Murdering Fourteen Men.

The bark Swanhilda, having on board the alleged Australian murderer, Butler, arrived last Tuesday after a passage of seventy days, from Newcastle. The police and detectives, after a three week's vigil, boarded the vessel as she entered the harbor and captured Butler.

The known victims of Frank Butler, it is said, number fourteen. Among his other aliases are Capt. Lee Weller, S. Burgess, Clare, Frank Harwood and Simpson, but Butler is supposed to be his real name. His trail of blood, it is alleged, reaches from New South Wales to the reefs of Western Australia, where he is suspected of similar deliberate murders. His method was to advertise in English and American newspapers for a partner to prospect rich mineral districts. He stipulated that the intending victim should have \$50. He received many responses, and whenever he took a comrade into the wilderness to search for gold he returned alone. As no one knew of the partnership existing between Butler and his victims, Capt. Lee Weller and Ed. Sorenson, their absence excited much alarm. After Butler had sailed on the Swanhilda the first clue was discovered when the bodies of Weller and Sorenson were found by a sheep herder. It appeared as though Butler had introduced the men to dig their own graves in a pretended search for gold, for in the pit they themselves had dug they were found buried. Evidence was found pointing to Butler as the murderer and he had assumed one of his victim's name, as on the Swanhilda's paper was found the name "Capt. Lee Weller."

The authorities in England were notified and detectives started both from Australia and England to meet him on his arrival at San Francisco. According to these officers, the list of Butler's victims is constantly increasing. He is an Englishman, aged forty years. It is believed that he arrived in iron, as an outgoing steamship from San Francisco signalled the Swanhilda whose captain replied that he was aware of the fact that the Australian fugitive was aboard.

Butler was confined in the San Francisco jail. His arrest was a great surprise to him. He was calm and collected, however.

FIGS AND THISTLES.—The man who is envious of evil doers will soon be an evil doer himself.

The man who will not live up to his convictions is untrue to himself.

Where the temperature is just right for a saint it is too warm for a sinner.

You know the man when you know the company he keeps.

Every one who has to teach children ought to be taught of God.

When people find out that it is blessed to give they never want to stop.

Whenever faith moves a mountain, love should direct where it is to go.

It is impossible to discourage the man who has learned in whatsoever condition he finds himself, therewith to be content.

The man who sits on a limb and saws it off is a Solomon compared to the one who thinks he can sin without having to suffer.

Make the devil let go of the children and he will have to give up the world.

The devil is always certain of catching some mother's boy, where he baits his hook with a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with anything. I gave him a 25-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases, such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Joseph S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

Candid Friend: "I say, Chatterton, you ought to marry an intellectual woman."

Chatterton (much pleased): "Do you think so? Why?"

Candid Friend: "So that your children will have some brains."—New York Weekly.

May: "They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumpleigh is broken off. How did it happen?"

Carrie: "It was no great mystery. The fact is he was too fresh to keep; that's all."—Boston Transcript.

Cold Weather Don'ts.

Don't miss skating. If you know how seize every opportunity. If you don't, learn. It is the most enjoyable, healthful, invigorating cold weather exercise. It makes rosy cheeks and bright eyes, too, and gives you a chance to show how graceful you are.

Don't wear close-fitting gloves or shoes in cold weather if you suffer from cold hands and feet; these will increase your trouble.

Don't go out in a cold wind without a veil if you care for your complexion, as wind browns, roughens and hardens the skin. Besides, there is warmth in even the fiercest veil.

Don't wear a large hat on a windy day; it catches the wind a great deal more than a small one and it is very unbecoming to a woman to go along ducking her head because her hat is not secure.

Don't tell everyone how much you like low temperature, as some people's lives are made miserable by the cold weather, and, on the other hand, don't bore your friends always growling about the cold, but, above all, don't be a "is it cold enough for you?" fend; this remark is very hackneyed.

Don't fail to have warm regular meals these cold days. Don't go out in the morning without something warm to eat and drink. If you are employed get a warm lunch, not a few sandwiches carried with you, and if of the leisure class and you get chilled through while shopping have a cup of hot chocolate or bouillon; this is good for health as well as comfort.

Is the man who just gave you that cigar a friend of yours?

I don't know. Haven't tried it yet.—Fliegende Blätter.

"You need not speak so loud," said the Judge to the prisoner; "justice may be blind, but it is not deaf."—Yonkers Statesman.

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in recent years that those of their readers who are not thoroughly wide-awake

would almost be excusable if they should occasionally lose sight of the fact that a born

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