Stories Told BY THE Life Savers

THE SHINNECOCK LIFE SAVING STATION ON L.I.
A TYPICAL STATION.

THE SHINNECOCK LIFE SAVING CREW AND THE BEACH APPARATUS.

By GUY T. VISKNISKKI—Copyright 1903.

One of the government's numerous life-saving stations on Long Island's wreck-strewn south beach is called Shinnecock. It is eighty-five miles east from New York as the railroad runs, and that is about as the crows fly. The unpretentious one-story frame station house, capped by a little box-like lookout, is surrounded by a trio of dwellings, doll-house in proportions, in which live as many families of life savers. The only other evidences of habitation on the desolate sandy stretch are two or three unpainted storage sheds and a flag signal pole, vastly overtowering the squat buildings within its shadow.

From Shinnecock Bay, which separates the beach from the mainland to the north the whole station is clearly visible on a fair day across the four-mile stretch of water, but let one take up his stand on the ocean's edge fifty yards to the south of the station and look northward, and he will see naught of human handiwork except the top of the flag pole—that and an abruptly rising ridge of sand. This ridge, which is pure golden and silvery and iron red by turns, continues almost centrally along the beach as far as eye can see to east and west, and it has the peculiar property of keeping the noises of the sea from out the ears of the Shinnecock life savers except on the stormiest of nights when the gale is blowing great guns from the south.

It was on such a winter's night that the two occupants of an ancient catboat, baffled in their attempts to reach the mainland across Shinnecock Bay, ran the boat over the flats until its bottom grated and held fast on the sand. Then jumping into the knee-deep water, they tugged and pulled the boat after them until it was beached. After that they made the craft safe from the storm, and, a little while later, set their faces toward the gale-driven rain and breasted their way to the station house.

They threw open the door just as the life savers were sitting down to a meal of salt pork, boiled cabbage, and hot coffee, served on a table hid under a piece of clean oil cloth. With that open-heartedness and naive simplicity characteristic of the men who work along the sea coast, the five "beachers," making no excuse for their frugal fare, invited the visitors to eat. As they did so the heat from the wood fire in the big cooking stove back of them quickly dried their drenched clothing and skins, so that when the last of the mounds of food had disappeared from the platters and pipes had been lighted and chairs tilted comfortably back against walls, they were in fitting mood to show interest in Captain Alanson Penny's reminiscent observation:

"Bad night, but clear weather alongside the night when the schooner Louis V. Place went ashore off the Lone Hill station about four years ago."

He took a deep puff at his pipe.

"Maybe you'd care to hear about it? All right; yes—yes."

Once more a big volume of smoke hid the captain's face and, as it cleared away, he continued:

"The sea was awful that night. Generally I don't notice the awfulness or grandeur of the sea, being so used to it, but that night the combers were the highest I've ever seen and they threw spray over the top of the ridge yonder, which is sixty yards from the water's edge at ebb and about thirty feet above it. And the sleet feel in sheets.

"It was around about midnight when the Louis V. Place was blown on to the bar. Captain Sam Baker and his crew were down at the shore in a jiffy with the beach apparatus, for they knew that quick work was needed to save men grounded in such a sea. The shot out the line, and it wouldn't hold. They shot out the line again and it wouldn't hold; and the shot it out time after time, but it wouldn't hold, for the schooner was rolling so frightfully that none of the sailors dared come out of the rigging to make it fast.

"And they couldn't go out to the schooner in the surf boat. The wind had jammed the sea between shore and vessel, 500 yards away, with porridge—that's ice packed tight and thick. No boat can live or get through such ice, so there they were—Captain Baker and his men—helpless as babies, and sobbing like babies, too, with the sailors freezing to death in the rigging before their eyes.

"There was nothing to do except to wait for the wind to die down. They waited two days and nights, beside the beach fires, which lit up the faces of the freezing sailors, and as they waited and watched this man and that frozen beyond further endurance, let go his hold and fell into the sea. On the second night they saw one man armed with a rope's end, beat two of the mean near him to keep them awake and from freezing. The next day the sea died down, the ice broke and the surf boat was finally worked to the side of the schooner, but not before the man who had whipped the other to keep them alive had fallen into te sea. Te two survivors were brought ashore, and one died shortly after. The other, I'm told, lived, but he was amputated all to pieces, nearly.

"When it was all over Captain Baker, who was haf crazy all the time he was powerless to rescue the sailors, went to pieces and died a few weeks later. He died of a broken heart—died because he had not been able to save the eight sailors who froze before his eyes. And these are the last words he said before he died: 'God pity the poor boys out yonder in the rigging.'"

Captain Penny struck a match and as he relighted his pipe, he said between short puffs:

"Tell them about Nipsy, Carter."

Charles A. Carter is No. 1 at the Shinnecock station, where he has patrolled the beach for twenty-five years. He reached down at his side and patted a medium-sized black dog on the head.

"This is Nipsy," he said. "He's a cross between spaniel and bull, and he's a mighty bright dog. He keeps me company on my watch in good weather, but whenever he sees me put on my sou'wester, he runs and hides behind the stove. But if there's a wreck, and he sees us taking out the beach apparatus, no matter if it's blowing a gale and the rain cuts like a knife, Nipsy follows and works with me.

"Nipsy has done a good many pretty bright things, but the best thing he ever did was to save a life two years ago last August, when a coal collier, bound for down east from the Delaware capes, foundered several hundred yards off shore. We launched the surf boat and made for her as soon as we saw her in distress, but before we reached her and just before she went under, a big wave washed the crew of four overboard.

"It was stiff work, but somehow we managed to pull three men from the sea before they'd shipped enough water to drown 'em. The fourth was nowhere to be seen, and, after looking around for a while, we gave him up for lost and headed for the shore.

"When we landed Nipsy was running up and down the beach, where he knew we'd come ashore, barking like all possessed. He jumped all around me, nearly knocking me over, and between jumps he'd run eastward on the beach, as if he wanted me to go with him. Finally, I said to myself, Nipsy's found something; and maybe it's the missing sailor,' I said, just for something to say. Well, anyway, I humored the dog and followed him, and he ran about five hundred yards down the beach and stood still and barked. Pretty soon I came up to him and—what do you think I saw lying there in the sands? My nephew.

"Nipsy took me to him just in time and so we saved his life. He was the missing man from the collier, and he had been tossed ashore by the breakers."

PATROL DUTY IN A BLIZZARD.

Carter looked at the clock.

"Almost 8 o'clock," he said. "Rudd, we'll be on patrol in a few minutes and won't be back before midnight, so speak up before we go."

"Yes—yes," John W. Rudd, No. 2, drawingly responded in Long Island vernacular, and then continued:

"I started out for patrol duty on the first night of the '88 blizzard. It is only a matter of fifty or sixty yards to the beach from the station house, but the snow was so blinding and the wind so high that it took me fifteen minutes to reach the beach. Then I headed for the patrol house about a mile to the westward. My idea was to get there and stay there, because that's allowable in such weather.

"I thought I'd never reach that house. I fought against the wind until I was almost ready to drop, and the only thing that kept me up at the end was the thought that I'd freeze if I didn't hold out. The snow kept me from seeing ahead—I couldn't have seen the captain if he'd been walking alongside of me. I feared all the time that I'd go past the box, because I knew the lamp light wouldn't be visible. So, when I thought I'd almost reached it, I stuck my arms out in front as far as I could and walked that way until they ached so I thought I couldn't keep them up any longer. And then kerplunk! went a fist against the patrol box.

"Guess how long I'd been covering the mile?" Rudd was fastening his sou'wester under his chin. "Just two hours," he said, as he slung a coston signal over his shoulder and opened the door. "Yes—yes."

THE TALE OF AN ENGLISH FRIGATE.

James G. Smith, No. 5, to whose lot fell the replenishing of the wood fire, spoke up as he clattered the stove lid back into place:

"Don't know why, but I'm reminded of a yarn that I heard at a Cape Cod station a few years back.

"Seems that an English frigate was wrecked off the beach, where the station is, 200 years ago. One day four or five years ago the hull of a vessel all at once stuck itself above the water in full sight of the station, and musket and pistol butts, like those used before the Revolution, and old style wood-work was thrown up on shore.

"'It's the hull of the English frigate thrown up out of the quicksands,' the life-savers said; and then they sent word to the people in the village.

"They came trooping down to the beach and began putting out to the wreck, in hopes of securing the treasure that is said to have gone down with the frigate. But before the first boat was fairly under way, and just as suddenly and silently as it had appeared, the hull sank back into the quicksands. And it hasn't been seen since."

HOW A CREW WAS DROWNED

"Yes—yes; and the crew of that same station—it's the one closest to Highland Light—lost their lives about fifteen years ago," spoke up George J. Caffrey, surfman No 4. "It happened in this way:

"An Italian bark was blown over one of the bars and on to the other. The crew shot out the line and flew signals and all that, but the Italians, it turned out, didn't know the first thing about our work, and so they didn't know how to answer the signals and didn't make fast the rope.

"When the captain saw that the Italians didn't know what to do, he and his men launched the surf boat and pulled out for the bark. They reached her bow and were just making ready to take off some of the sailors when the boat got caught in the terrible undertow that exists around the bar and was sucked under. Every mother's son of them was drowned like rats. And they went under so suddenly they didn't have time to make a single shout for help.

"Two hours later the storm died down enough to allow all of the Italians to get ashore with almost dry skins."

CAPTAIN DANCED ON BOWSPRIT

Captain Penny, who has been at the Shinnecock station for seventeen years, and in all that time hasn't been in New York, nor seen a skyscraper or trolley car, at this point addressed himself to a man sitting in a corner.

"Tell us about the Englishman who went ashore at Southampton last summer."

"That captain was the funniest man I ever hope to run across," began George A. Love, No. 7, after he had laughed till the little room rang with his merriment.

"His steamship, the Bristol, got fast on the bar one summer's afternoon and the Southampton boys went out to help get her off. I was up there, so I went along. We fussed around until high tide and then, nice as you please, the ship floated.

"Well, when the captain realized that he was clear of the bar, he danced all over the deck and flung his arms and legs in the air and turned a half-dozen somersaults. Why, he was for coming over the side of the ship to our boat to kiss us all, so he shouted, but his first mate kept him back. Then he yelled his thanks at us all the time he was in hailing distance, and the last thing we saw of him he was dancing a hornpipe, or something like that, clear out on the bowsprit.

"Gee! the antics that man cut. Yes—yes; my!"

The two surfmen who had been relieved by Carter and Rudd entered the room, their oilers dripping many streams of water. Their coming was a signal for the advent of more salt pork and boiled cabbage from the stove's capacious oven, and, while they ate, their associates one by one lazily knocked the ashes out of their pipes, sang out cheery good-nights and disappeared in the direction of the sleeping rooms. At last only the captain was left. Pretty soon he, too, arose and stretched himself long and satisfactorily.

"And now," he said, as he finished, "I reckon Hubbard and Overton are too busy to talk, so we'll seek berths too. Yes—yes."

ADE'S FABLES

Once there was a beautiful Specimen of Veal named Oliver.

He had some Collateral which was not to be getatable until he had attained his Majority. The frugal Relative who bequeathed the Bundle had cut his own Hair and lived on Catmeal for Years so as to get ahead of the Game. In the Will there was a Proviso that Ollie should come into His when he had arrived at the Age of Discretion.

Theoretically, any one who is twenty-one knows which way to Vote and how to protect his Capital.

In Reality, some Men vote like Pigeons after they are going on sixty-two and all the Front Rooms at the Poor House are occupied by Elderly Gentlemen who started in at forty to whip-saw the Grain Market.

Ollie's People brought him up on the Cheaps so that he would learn to be Close and not frivol his Money. He wore Hand-me-downs and Reversible Cuffs. He had one Cravat for Week-Days and a Black Satin Effect with a Red Coral Pin for Sundays. If he wanted a Pack of Cigarettes he had to hold out when he did the Marketing. All of his Smoking was done in Freight Cars, if he was watched all the while, lest he should fall into Bad Habits.

On the Day which made him twenty-one, Ollie procured him a Red Check Book and began to experiment with it.

For Years he had nursed an Ambition to be a Nobby Dresser. Now that he had broken out and had Uncle's Stuff right in his Kick, there was nothing to prevent him from going as far as he liked.

So he ordered some Hot Suits with Silk Facing on the Lapels and a fawn-colored Overcoat with Pearl Buttons about the size of Water Crackers.

He began to wear Patent Leather Shoes all the time and bought a large Spark for his Third Finger. After he got into his Gleeful Garments any one could tell, even by looking at him from across the Street, that he was one of the Sure-Enoughs.

As soon as Ollie began to sprinkle his Currency up and down the principal Thoroughfares, he began to have a haunting Fear that some one might overlook the Fact that he was a Thoroughbred.

After a Family has had its Money for three or four Centuries, it gets out of the Habit of courting Sidewalk Comment. But a Nice Young Fellow of Gentle Birth who has been carrying his Roll some thirty Minutes, has to go around opening Cold Quarts and telling how Good he is or else the General Public would be a long time in finding out about it.

Ollie bought for a great many disinterested Acquaintances, who told him right to his Face that he was a Gentleman of the Deepest Dye. And the way he roasted Waiters and Cabmen was calculated to convince the most Skeptical.

When he went traveling he always stopped at the Hotel that had the largest Mirrors on the Wall. All who heard him when he pounded on the Desk and demanded the Best Room in the House knew that they were standing in the presence of the Young 'Squire from Yapville-on-the-Crick.

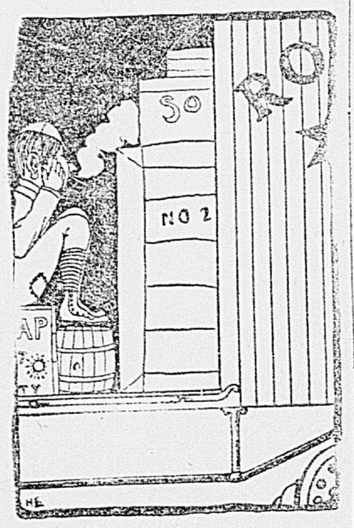
It was quite a Job that Ollie had mapped out for himself. He was going to impress the World. And such a large World at that!

However, he tackled it bravely. He knew that in order to back up the Pearl Buttons and the 22-karat Ring, he must needs be a Sport.

At the Track he loved to make a Swell

Pet merely to cause Talk. He did not care to Win. A Winner never gets a Reputation for being Dead Game. The Boy who feeds in his large Bills without letting on is the one who wins the sincere Admiration of those who stand around such Places.

Ollie loved to stroll up to the Wheel and feel around with a long Stack of Blue Chips and get Stung for a paltry Hundred and then stretch himself, as if longing



for Excitement, while all the $8-a-week Fellows looked at him in Awe and repeated his Name in Whispers. That was the Kind of Glory that Ollie was after.

He began to have some Trouble in getting Things that were good enough for him. He paid $7 apiece for his Shirts, as a great many People afterward learned, and the Tobacconist had to send away for a Special Brand of 30-cent Cigars, because Ollie hated the Cheap Kind. While out shopping, if the Salesman showed him a Pair of Silk Pajams for $16, he always wanted to know if they didn't have something for $18.

He bought the first Auto ever seen in the Place and took in the whole Circuit of Road-Houses every Day. Although six months away from a Buttermilk Diet, he began to know all about Vintage Wines. He wore White Kid Gloves in the Morning and used 3 Quarts of Violet Water in his Bath. He had more than 200 Cravats, mostly Blue, and he went in for open-work Socks with his Monogram worked on the Side.

At the Theatre, he insisted on the Stage Box and if the straw-colored Soubrine smiled at him he sent to her a cart-wheel of Violets worth $40.

His Suspender Buckles had Rubies set in them and he wore Inlaid Buttons with his Evening Clothes.

He was a Gentleman from away back. Everybody said that. He did not give any one a Chance to think differently.

Ollie was ready to go to any Length in order to demonstrate that he was Fine and Fancy.

One Day he counted up what he had left of Uncle's Money and figured that if he continued to be the Real Thing, he would last for about six months.

He suspected that it would be a very foxy Move to begin to economize but he was too proud to sacrifice that Reputation which he had built up with so much painful Effort. He couldn't bear the Thought of having it said that he was Piking and flying low.

Besides, he decided that he could avoid going over the Dump by jumping into the Stock Market and buying 1,000 Shares of something that was about to advance 40 Points.

So he took some Advice and now, this January, he is wearing the fawn-colored Benjamin with the Pearl Buttons, also the open-work Socks with the Monograms.

But he has this Consolation. All the other Has-Beens who stand around the Radiator with him, waiting for somebody to come in and Say Something, agree that

he was a Bird for the time being.

Moral: The Gentleman Business is handicapped by Overproduction and too much Competition.

Blooming Plants, Palms, Ferns, Etc.; Roses, Violets, Carnations and other cut Flowers; largest stock in the city at Hammond's, No. 107 East Broad Street.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

SHELBURNE PARISH IN LOUDOUN COUNTY

Interesting Sketch of Early History and a List of Rectors Who Served It.

LEESBURG, VA., January 3.—Loudoun county was formed from Fairfax county in 1757, and named from the Earl of Loudoun, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in America, during the French and Indian war. Traces of that early contest are discernible to this day, and a road, cut a mile south of Leesburg, by command of General Braddock, is pointed out as a matter of local pride.

Braddock and Colonel Washington both remained in this town several days during that contest. Leesburg, the county seat, was founded by Mr. Nicholas Minor September, 1758, in the thirty-two years of reign of George II. Mr. Minor laid out building lots, being the owner of about sixty acres around the courthouse, and further donated the lots on which the courthouse and clerk's office now stand to Loudoun county. See Henings Statutes at Large, Vol. 7, pps. 235-236. This act constituted Honorable Philip Loudoun Lee, Thomas Mason, Francis Lightfoot Lee, James Hamilton, Nicholas Minor, Josias Clapham, Aenus Campbell, John Hugn, Francis Hague and William West, trustees for the town, first called Georgetown and afterwards Leesburg, in honor of the Lee family, who were among the early settlers of the county.

Until 1769, Loudoun county was in Cameron Parish. In 1769 Shelburne Parish was made by dividing Cameron Parish.

Shelburne Parish was named from Lord Shelburne, Prime Minister of England, at that time.

At this period there was no Episcopal Church building in Leesburg, but one near by at Gum Spring.

OLD VESTRY RECORD.

The following is taken from an old vestry book dated 1771-1806:

"On April 10, 1771, John Lewis and Thomas Shore are directed to employ a minister to perform divine service every three months, but that preference be given Rev. Mr Scott, and that the minister so employed preach at Leesburg and the other chapel called the Mountain Chapel, in the Parish and also near the gap of the Short Hill Mountain."

A minister was advertised for in the Virginia Gazette. In November of the same year, 5,312 pounds of tobacco were levied for Rev. James Scott, who had been officiating for them. In the month of December, 1771, the Rev. David Griffith was elected upon the recommendation of the Governor, and became the first resident rector of Shelburne Parish in Virginia. There being no Glebe land, 5,000 pounds of tobacco were added to his salary. With the advent of Dr. Griffith new life was given to the Parish. He was a native of New York, and was educated for the medical profession.

In 1765 he entered the ministry. He was ordained in London by Bishop Ferrick August, in 1770, and it was at the close of 1771 that Dr. Griffith accepted the call to Shelburne Parish, Loudoun county. He continued pastor here until 1776, when he entered the American army as chaplain of the Third Virginia Regiment. He continued chaplain until 1780, and then became the rector of Christ Church, Alexandria. In 1786, at the Second Virginia Convention in Richmond he was chosen Bishop. In 1789 Dr. Griffith died at the residence of Bishop White. Rev. James Madison succeeded Dr. Griffith.

There is no record of a vestry meeting from 1776 to 1779. In 1794 the vestry elected Rev. Alexander Jones. In 1796 Rev. Alexander McFarlan became rector but he in turn resigned and Rev. Jno. Dunn became his successor in 1801 and served until 1827. Rev. Dunn, while preaching at Modelburg, was paralyzed and died at Lessburg.

Bishop Meade in preaching his funeral selected the text, "Behold an Israelite, in whom there is no guile! Dr. Dunn was buried under the floor of the old St. James Chancel, Leesburg.

SALE OF PEWS.

The Rev. George Adie became rector in 1832. Prior to this time efforts were made to erect a new church, and after its completion the vestry, in September, 1837, appointed a committee of three—Dr. Henry Clagett, William T. T. Mason and Benjamin Mausby—to dispose of the pews in the new church. The report concerning the sale is interesting. The sale was made November 4, 1837.

George Carter, of Oatlands, paid $290; Dr. Henry Clagett paid $240; Richard H. Henderson paid $200. Others paid for pews sums ranging from $20 to $200, according to location. There was dissatisfaction as to the manner of disposing of these pews, and it is said several members announced their intention never to enter the church. An eye witness relates that one of these, on one occasion being a pall bearer refused to enter the door with the bier, but loosened his hold and remained outside awaiting the return of the procession.

The new edifice was consecrated in July, 1838 by Bishop Meade. Dr. Packard, of the Theological Seminary, relates an amusing incident of this event, that, returning from Leesburg on this occasion Bishop Meade, stopping at a way-side inn near Leesburg deliberately drew a chair to the corner of the room and began to shave himself without a glass, a thing never witnessed by him before or since.

Has Strange Blindness.

The blindness of Dr. Thomas D. Love, of No. 237 Whitehall Street, one of the best-known physicians of the city and the son of the late Dr. Abram Love, who was for many years one of the leading physicians of Atlanta, is puzzling the Atlanta medical fraternity.

The case is without a parallel in medical history, and Atlanta physicians who have had many years' experience in the treatment of eye troubles state that they have never seen a case anyhing like Dr. Love's.

For eleven days he was totally blind and he has still only partially recovered the use of one eye. The remarkable feature of the case is that, the physicians have been able to find nothing whatever wrong with Dr. Love's eyes.

They have been examined carefully and no unfavorable symptom has been discovered, with the exception of the very unfavorable one that for eleven days he was unable to tell light from darkness.

In appearance the eyes are altogether normal. There is not the slightest sign of inflammation and his eyes are a great deal clearer than are those of the average man who experiences no difficulties in using his eyes. Dr. Love has suffered no pain from his eyes and they have got troubled him in the least, except that he has lost the use of them.

Dr. Love is forty-three years of age and is in the best of health. His general physical condition is considered perfect and stomach specialists who have looked into his case have been unable to find anything wrong with his stomach. When he first lost the use of his eyes it was thought that the matter could be attributed to a disordered stomach, from which such cases often arise.—Atlanta Constitution.

Justice Harlan' Caddy.

Probably the most aristocratic caddy in the country is the one employed by Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, who is an enthusiastic golfer. He is a bright-faced lad of twelve, polite and attentive to a degree. When the Justice reached the links the other day the boy was not to be found, and he took another boy. As Justice Harlan approached the fourteenth hole the handsome Victoria of a rich senatorial family drove up. The boy who had been the Justice's caddy the previous day jumped out. He ran up to Justice Harlan, cap in hand, and said: "I am really sorry I couldn't get here at 2 o'clock, but, you see, mamma had a luncheon for Senator Depew, and I just couldn't get the carriage to come out in any sooner."

A New Carnegie Story.

A new and interesting story is being told of Andrew Carnegie, says London Tit Bits. He was walking along a country road not far from Skibo Castle when he came across an old cottager busily engaged in putting a thatch roof on his cottage. He asked the man why he did not put on a tiled roof and was told that it was too expensive.

"How much?" he curtly asked.

"Fifty pounds," the man replied, and to his intense amazement and joy Mr. Carnegie there and then wrote him out a check for that amount. Going indoors, he told his wife the news.

"Mon," she said scornfully, "why dinna ye say seventy-five pounds? Go an' tell him ye made a mistake."