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"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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FAITHFUL.

BY ROSE TERRY COOK.

A long bare wall in the hospital;
A dying girl in the narrow bed;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,
Hushing softly that restless head.

Blain by the man who learned to love—
Beaten, murdered and flung away;
None believed it but God above,
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

"A little drink of water, dear?"
Slowly the white lips gasp and stop.
"Let me turn you over so you can hear,
While I let the tea on your temple drip."

A look of terror disturbs her face;
Firm and silent those pale lips close;
A stranger stands in the nurse's place;
"Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows."

A glitter of joy is in her eye;
Faintly she whispers: "Nobody did."
And one tear character the living lie
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

"Nobody did it?" she says again;
"Nobody hurt me?" Her eyes grow dim;
But in that space of mortal pain
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day, as the end draws near,
To gentle question or stern demand,
Only that one response they hear,
Though she lift to heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me?" They see her die,
The same word still on her latest breath;
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and sin,
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, O saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man
Has hope of a better life in him
When she so loved him for her last words ran:
"Nobody hurt me!" I've saved you, Jim!"

A DOUBLE CRIME.

The wholesale produce and commission store of Mr. Purvis, on Delaware avenue, Philadelphia, was robbed on the night of Oct. 17, 1865.

The safe had been opened apparently by false keys and upward of \$200 in greenbacks were abstracted. A package of bonds to the amount of \$3,000 more remained untouched.

Two clerks, both young men, usually slept in the store. August Yerkes had been in the employ of Mr. Harrison Purvis about four years and enjoyed the confidence of his employer. Pembroke Sharon, the other clerk, had only recently been taken, but the manner in which he took hold of the business impressed Mr. Purvis so much in his favor that he predicted a successful future for the young man as a very able salesman and ultimate prominent merchant. Under this impression he placed implicit trust in Sharon, and selected him as a companion of Yerkes in the store at night.

Both of these young men were in the store on the night the robbery occurred, but when the place was opened in the morning Sharon was missing and Yerkes lay on the floor near the safe with a severe gash on the side of his head, which had been bleeding profusely, judging by the amount of blood on the floor.

The unfortunate young man had evidently endeavored to staunch the blood, for both his hands were stained, as also were his clothes. By the disorder in the office, and the numerous blood stains both on the floor and walls it was evident that a desperate struggle must have taken place.

It was conjectured from this that Sharon, having provided himself with false keys, had opened the safe and been surprised by his fellow clerk in the midst of his work, who, in turn, dealt him the blow near the temple, and then, after a severe struggle between them, Yerkes fainted from loss of blood, and the robber fled with his booty.

Varnoe, the detective, and a physician were at once sent for, and while Dr. Elson attended to his patient the detective examined the premises with his usual carefulness, particularly the second floor, and, returning to the lower floor, found that Yerkes had recovered and sat in an arm-chair with a bandage around his head.

"Well, Mr. Varnoe, what have you discovered?" asked Mr. Purvis.

"I find that the robber has been to the second floor," replied the detective; "possibly he has taken some valuables from there as well."

The merchant hastened up stairs, but presently returned, saying nothing had been disturbed or removed as far as he could see.

"Whatever his object may have been, I am positive that he visited the second floor after the bloody struggle had taken place."

Then Yerkes gave the following account:

He awoke suddenly and found that Sharon had left the bed, and fearing that some mishap had overtaken him he lit a paraffin candle by the small gas-jet in the room and began to search for him.

Not finding him on the second floor he

descended to the first floor, and found him before the open safe. They saw each other at the same moment, and Sharon was spell-bound at being discovered in his criminal act. Then began the struggle, the evidence of which was so plainly evident, Sharon being the stronger of the two soon overpowered his opponent, and threw him so violently on the floor that he became insensible.

Varnoe listened with rapt attention to the end, then made a few notes in his book, after which he walked on the floor before him until he reached the street; then, after casting his eyes searchingly on the ground, he walked over to the dock and gazed for a few moments into the water in a thoughtful manner. When he returned to the store and rejoined the others in the office it was with a grave countenance.

"Mr. Purvis, the robber has evidently escaped by way of the river, as the blood tracks reach to the dock. All eyes were now directed toward the wounded man, who had suddenly grown very pale. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but fell back in his seat with a groan and fainted away.

While the doctor was applying restoratives to his charge the detective drew Mr. Purvis away to the rear of the store and remained there for half an hour in conversation with him, and, judging by his frequent exclamations, he must have been greatly astonished at what the detective told him.

Re-entering the office, they found Yerkes still unconscious, and, at the suggestion of Varnoe, he was conveyed in that condition to the hospital.

"Now, Mr. Purvis," said Varnoe, "you will please point out to me which are the clothes usually worn by Mr. Sharon while on duty at the store."

"Certainly, sir," replied the gentleman; "that is readily done," and he went to a closet where the clerks kept their outer garments and opened it. He took piece after piece from the hooks, an exclamation as if of surprise escaping him as he did so.

"What is it?" asked Varnoe, when Mr. Purvis laid the garments on the bed.

"Why, as I live, Sharon has not only left his coat and vest behind, but also his pants!" said Mr. Purvis, with a look of bewilderment.

"That is singular," remarked the detective, exchanging significant glances with the doctor; "the more so when you bear in mind that Mr. Yerkes, when found, had on his coat, vest, pants and boots, while the robber even left his boots behind him," pointing to a pair beneath the bed.

"You will now please see whether Mr. Sharon has left anything of value in his pockets."

Every pocket was instantly divested of its contents. There was found a valuable gold watch and chain, a wallet containing a trifle over \$5, a pen-knife, pencil and memorandum book, etc.

"Retain the articles, Mr. Purvis, and restore the clothes to the closet," said Varnoe. "I have another surprise in store for you, I think."

When this was done, Varnoe took off all the bed-clothes and threw them on the floor, leaving the mattress bare. An exclamation of surprise burst from Mr. Purvis as he pointed to the mattress where a number of bloody finger-marks stained it along a seam about ten inches in length.

"Now I see what you are driving at," cried Mr. Purvis, scanning the seam. "You mean to say that the robber has hidden his booty in the mattress?"

"I think so, at all events," was his reply, as he took out his knife and opened the seam.

Then inserting his hand into the opening, he presently drew forth the package of greenbacks. They were intact, so Mr. Purvis announced, after examining the fastenings and seals.

"What am I to think of this?" asked the gentleman, in a helpless tone. "I declare that my head aches trying to divine the motive of this most extraordinary robbery."

"Think as I do."

"What is that?"

"Why, that Pembroke Sharon, instead of being the robber, is the victim of the robber, which accounts for his leaving all his outer garments behind. He evidently surprised the robber at his work, and in the encounter that took place he murdered poor Sharon, dragged him across the street, as the trail showed to me, and tossed him into the river."

"Then you really suspect August Yerkes as the robber?" asked the merchant, greatly agitated.

"I am sure he is not only the robber, but possibly also a murderer," was the reply.

"Oh, the wretch!" cried the merchant, passionately; "and in my heart I admired his bravery, while I pitied him for what he had endured for endeavoring to protect my property."

"I am convinced that you have hit on the right man," said Mr. Purvis. "If he knew of this he might give us the slip. The next thing to be done is to use every means in our power to recover the body of poor Sharon."

"Poor, indeed, since all the clothes he has on his back are not his own," spoke a voice behind them.

All looked at the speaker, who wore an old seaman's suit, and looked as if he had just recovered from a severe spell of sickness.

Something in the tone of the voice struck a chord in the breast of the merchant. He approached the man and asked, eagerly:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Pembroke Sharon."

In a moment he was surrounded by the trio, who congratulated him on his escape from death. He requested permission to resume his proper dress, after which he would tell exactly what occurred during the past night.

His story was very similar to the one told by Yerkes, with this difference: the positions were changed. It was Sharon who surprised the other before the opened safe just in the act of stowing in his pocket the package of greenbacks alluded to. It was Sharon who denounced the act, and Yerkes, both angry and frightened to be thus detected, picked up a paper-weight and hurled it at his fellow clerk, striking Sharon on the head, inflicting a ghastly wound, from which he fainted, and knew no more until he awoke on board a vessel lying near the Navy Yard. He was told that they picked him up in the river.

The Captain and two of his men had been to the theater, and were returning in a boat to the vessel, when a white object floating on the water attracted their attention, and they made for it, and drew the apparently dead man in the boat, and took him on board the vessel, where his wants were at once attended to.

When Yerkes' version of the affair was related to him he laughed derisively, and was on the point of making a remark when familiar footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

"By Heaven! I believe it is August Yerkes!" whispered Sharon, as he hastily entered the closet and drew the door to. He was none too soon, for the next moment Yerkes walked briskly up to where the three gentlemen were standing. Something in their faces told him that something was amiss—something to his disadvantage, too.

"You are probably surprised to see me here again?" remarked he, for want of anything else to say.

"We are, indeed," said Mr. Purvis, regarding him with an ominous frown. "You all appear to be anything but pleased to see me?" next remarked the robber and would-be assassin.

"On the contrary, we are very glad to see you," here spoke Varnoe, with an ambiguous smile.

Glancing at the detective with a skeptical air, Yerkes walked to the closet and opened the door, and the next moment he uttered a fearful shriek and started back with his hair standing on end and his face the color of ashes.

He had seen (as his guilty conscience told him) the ghost of his victim, for Sharon remained standing in the closet perfectly immovable, his eyes fixed reproachfully on the guilty wretch.

The horrid vision was too much for his brain to endure. Yerkes became a raving maniac and behaved so violently that Varnoe was obliged to manacle him hand and foot and again return him to the hospital, from whence he was shortly afterward conveyed to the insane department of the almshouse.

Pembroke Sharon was generously recompensed by his employer for his heroic attempt to prevent the robbery, and promoted to a responsible position in the store, which he filled with credit both to himself and his grateful employer.

Yerkes lived a year or so after his confinement, and died a raving maniac, a terrible retribution for his attempt to fasten a crime on an innocent person and thus rob him both of his reputation and life at one fell blow.

A MAN who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before a Justice, and had a good deal to say about getting justice. "Justice?" replied the Judge; "you can't get it here. The court has no power to hang you."

AMERICA USES 1,000,000,000 eggs annually.—Boston Post. And yet the impression has got abroad that America bears no yolk.—New Haven Register.

THE GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

In response to the inquiries of a correspondent, the Niagara Falls Gazette gives the following interesting sketch of the history of the great suspension bridges: In 1848 Charles Ellet, a brilliant rather than a professional engineer, built the first suspension bridge over the Niagara, on the site of the present railroad bridge. The bridge was only for carriages and foot-passengers. The towers were of wood, and the roadway was only about six feet in width, just wide enough for one team. Mr. Ellet in the beginning had offered a reward of \$5 to the first person who should get a string over the river. The next windy day a large number of boys assembled on the bank with kites, and before night one of them, a former townsman, Homan J. Walsh, then a boy of 13 years of age, landed his kite on the Canadian side and received the promised reward.

By means of this string larger cords, then ropes, and then iron cables, small at first, but increasing in size, were drawn across, until the large cables were thus stretched. This structure served as a most excellent auxiliary in the construction of the present bridge. This was built by America's great engineer, John S. Roebling, and has always been considered one of the greatest of his works. It was commenced in 1852, and the first locomotive crossed it in 1854. The iron basket now hanging under the railroad track near the American end of the bridge was first used by Mr. Ellet, and in it the first person who ever crossed the chasm alive, and of his own will, was crossed over. There is an old Indian tradition that a resisting chief was once carried to the opposite side by a large bald-headed eagle who swooped down on the great warrior as he lay in ambush on the ground and bore him over.

Ladies have also crossed in this basket. The suspension bridge by Brock's monument was built in 1856 by T. E. Serret. The ice jam in 1866 tore the guys from the rocks to which they were fastened, and before they were replaced a terrific gale broke the railway, severed the suspenders, and left the structure dangling in the air. The new suspension bridge, as it is called, was built in 1868, the cables being carried over in the winter on the ice-bridge. Its length is over 1,200 feet or a full quarter of a mile from outside to outside of the towers, and it is the longest suspension bridge in the world.

A MESMERIST'S TRICK.

The French courts have allowed themselves to be humbugged by the mesmerizers, when they admitted as proof of somnambulism the evidence of a needle being thrust into the nape of a man's neck without his feeling it. Many years ago I went to a public mesmeristic seance at Brighton. The mesmerizer thrust needles in the foreheads and arms of a number of girls who sat with him on a platform, and whom he had mesmerized. I thought that I recognized the practitioner, and, on speaking to him after the seance, I found that he had been a butler in the family of a relation of mine. He showed me how to insert a needle into any one without pain. Nothing is more easy. It has only to be done very slowly. Proceeding from lecture to practice, he inserted into my forehead two or three needles without my feeling anything beyond a slight prick.—London Truth.

There is occasionally a good deal of mutuality in people not wanting to see each other. Yesterday a handsomely-dressed lady called at a fashionable residence on Galveston avenue. There was the inevitable small boy playing in the front yard.

"Your mother is not in, is she?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, she is in the parlor."

"I thought she always went out about this time in the afternoon."

"I reckon she would have gone out if she had known you was coming; she said so the other day."

Just then the front door opened and the lady of the house appeared. They rushed into each other's arms—smack! smack! yum—yum—yum—how glad I am to see you! Yum—you have not been to see me for an age. I have been wanting to see you so bad! etc.—Galveston News.

THEY are again agitating the use of very light shoes, with few nails in them, for horses. An animal which carries one and one-quarter pounds of iron on each foot and expends considerable strength every day in bearing that constant clog.

A NEW FASHION IN FUNERALS.

A new fashion, destined yet to become popular, is being quietly introduced into the funerals in New York. For years the press and pulpit have shown the folly of expending large sums of money on baskets, flowers and carriage processions. While a considerable outlay may not affect well-to-do people, the poor, always leisons of following "the style" as far as possible, imitate the pomp and extravagance in a degree that is positively injurious.

In many American cities the Catholic clergy have attempted to check the increasing disposition to make a show by limiting the number of carriages to two, four or six, according to the circumstances of the family; and Funeral Reform Associations have been a feature of social life in London and several other large cities of England for years.

The fashion of putting after-advised invitations to funerals the words, "It is requested that no flowers be sent," was a step in the way of funeral reform; and the more recent adopted announcement, "Interment at the convenience of the family," was another important one. These innovations have reduced considerably the cost of funerals, the last being particularly appreciated by rich and poor alike, as constituting an effectual barrier against the professional mourners, who attend all possible funerals for the sake of purpose of having a ride to the cemetery and back.

While it has been frequently remarked of our business men that they drive through everything as if they had not a single moment to spare, even to die, it sometimes becomes evident that they have not the time to attend the funeral of a partner, a friend, or an esteemed public servant. To the men who belong to secret benevolent societies and trade organizations a funeral of an associate in the morning or afternoon involves the loss of at least a half-day's work; and, because there are thousands who cannot afford this pecuniary sacrifice, the remains of men who in life counted their friends by the hundred are not infrequently followed to the grave by a dozen or less comrades.

The latest innovation gives all the friends of a deceased person an opportunity for participating in appropriate ceremonies. It also does away with the necessity, whether real or assumed, for hiring a long string of coaches to accompany the body to the grave.

The new fashion provides simply for holding funeral services in the evening. Business men, society men, employers and employees can then attend without losing a moment of office or factory time. In the morning the remains, accompanied by the immediate family, may be taken to the place of interment and laid at rest.—New York Sun.

STRANGE SENSATIONS.

Conductor A. S. Parker, of the Grand Trunk railroad, who resides in Battle Creek, Mich., by an accident lost a leg and an arm at Stillwell Station. The members, severed from the body, were left lying by the side of the track, while the body was immediately conveyed to South Bend for medical assistance. As soon as he recovered consciousness he began to complain that his right arm was in a cramped condition. His attendant, knowing his arm was many miles away by the side of the railroad track, paid no attention to his complaints, thinking him out of his head. He still continued his assertions that the fingers of his right arm were doubled under his hand, and asked his assistants to send and get his arm at Stillwell. By his speech they saw that he realized the accident, and a telegram was sent to Stillwell to send the mutilated arm to its owner. The request was carried out, and the arm sent to him by express. So soon as it was taken up off the ground, a few moments after the telegram was sent, Parker remarked to his assistants that his arm was all right now, that they had picked it up. Every time a person took hold of it along the route Parker would speak of it, and cry out with pain when it was roughly handled; and whenever any of his attendants touched it while it lay in the next room to him he knew it as quickly as though the arm were still attached to his body. The messenger who got the arm said that he found it just as Parker had said it was, with the fingers cramped under it. This is one of the most singular yet well-authenticated cases on record, where a man could feel in an arm which was cut off and lay many miles from him, and which had been cut off many hours. The physicians are baffled to account for it, and can only class it under the head of the unexplainable phenomenal mysteries which are met with in the study of nature.

PLEASANTRIES.

A "straw order"—Whoa!

"Seven short"—Pea-jackets.

"Lovers on stalks"—Sorghum.

Wheat cuts are the only crop that grows by daylight.

The watch-repairer is always engaged in spring cleaning.

"A mite in the hand is worth two"—dollars and a half, if it happens to be a penny.

People who harbor evil thoughts should apply to Congress for harbor improvements.

The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not been found.

"Let it be recorded," said a buyer when he suspected that his wood-dealer was bringing short measurement.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

There was a young fellow of 64
Sent a valentine to his beloved,
But her father came out
With a club and a shout,
And over the fence he shoved.

It is asserted that Vennor at one time was a plumber. Well, he's not the only plumber that makes a good weather profit.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a potato patch is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

It may be well to state for the information of amateur artists that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court-plaster.

IDA LEWIS has saved two brass-hand performers from drowning. She never discriminates against a man's calling when he is in distress.

There was a young man from Havana
Who ate twenty-three feet of banana.
When asked how he felt,
He patted his belt;
"I would tell you," he said, "but how can I?"

Mrs. Serrigains was boasting of her new house. The windows she said, were all stained. "That's too bad! But won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.

PARENTS who contemplate making railroad men of their boys cannot be too careful how they bring them up. We learn that the cause of many of our railroad disasters is defective training.

A GENTLEMAN was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" said a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog."

"Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow."

Last word of a scene with an importunate creditor: "No, sir, after the way you have dunned me, I solemnly vow that I will never pay you a penny, and, when an honest man pledges you his word about anything, that is the end of it!"

HOW TO MAKE A DIARY INTERESTING.

Don't try to record all your thoughts and impressions, or serialize. Just try to note down the leading events in the day's personal experience, with as little moralizing as possible, and diary keeping becomes interesting. One likes to turn over the record of the month or the year, and is surprised to find out how many forgotten pleasant occasions are brought to mind again. Try this, keep a diary, but don't try to keep a journal—something that might be issued as your "memoirs" in a posthumous publication. If you attempt anything of this sort, ten to one you will not get to the end of the month. It will bore you completely.

"Yes, I knew him," the Texas Sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red-handed Bill; "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a larriat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well," said the Sheriff, "blamed thing was too tight, but he never said anything about it after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterward took a recess until the evening session.—Burdette.

OUR minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to one destination—happiness; but none are going by the same road.