

ON THE ALTAR OF KNOWLEDGE

BY BELMONT PURDY



HORROR OVERCAME HIM WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT THE MAN WAS DEAD

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THE disappearance of the rector of St. James' church never had been accounted for. The mystery surrounding the absolute obliteration of a personage of so much importance in his parish as was the young and talented minister of a fashionable church leaving him an infant son and a congregation of sincere admirers—a man of sufficient fortune to make him independent of pecuniary considerations in his calling and endowed with perfect health and mental balance—had remained an unsolved problem for more than forty years.

There was one man in the world through whom the mystery could have been solved, yet, while his name was always connected with it, there had never been an intimation or even a breath of suspicion that this man had taken an active part in the tragedy or had any knowledge concerning it, that was not shared by the public in general.

This man, a physician of worldwide fame in his profession, had been the closest friend of the missing man from their schoolboy days to the night of the incident that ended abruptly a lifelong companionship.

The wide difference between the two young men, in temperament, character and natural gifts, may account for the attachment that grew up between them. One adopted the profession of medicine, while the other selected the ministry as his calling. The doctor did not possess the brilliancy of mind of his companion nor his attractive personality nor the magnetism that drew to him all those with whom he came in contact. On the other hand, the physician had a capacity for work and a determination to succeed in whatever he undertook to accomplish that kept the two men even in their studies and in college life.

Shortly after having established themselves and when they had begun to make progress in their respective vocations, they met a girl who attracted them both so forcibly that they experienced toward her feelings that they had never known before in connection with any other woman. The doctor loved her with all the strength of his nature, while the feelings of his friend toward her were none the less strong in their way. She grew to respect and love the young physician, but the brilliancy, grace and charm of manner of the other man won her eventually, and they were married.

This serious disappointment of the physician at the beginning of his career changed the current of his life. The structures he had built on air faded away. The picture he had loved to call before him in his imagination of a home with its loving inmates, cheery tones and bright fireside, its happy, restful hours and fond carresses and the never ending perspective of clear sky and bright sunshine was snatched away rudely from before him, leaving in its place a short, barren waste of desert with a flat, dull, meaningless background of gloom.

There were two sources of consolation that helped the doctor to endure philosophically his disappointed existence—the sincere friendship of the rector and his wife and his all absorbing devotion to his profession. It was with feelings of pride and self-congratulation that he realized that, in spite of their knowledge of his love for her, he had been able to retain the old relations of intimate friendship with both of them. He made rapid progress in his profession. The hard, constant labor that he imposed upon himself, with the bright moments of re-

laxation in the home life of the rector, constituted an existence that was bringing to the doctor's mind composure, if not actual contentment. Then the baby arrived, letting into the home of its fond parents bright, warm sunshine where hitherto calm, pale moonlight had reigned. From this time the mother's health failed, and, in spite of all that loving hearts could devise and tender care bestow, no improvement in her condition could be effected. The doctor searched through the works of all known medical authorities, reading by night and day, but could find no clue to the nature of the malady from which she was suffering. Every known treatment applicable to ailments of a similar character was resorted to, and specialists that he called to his aid failed to bring relief. She passed away peacefully, he regretfully, with a sad smile and gentle pressure of the hand for each of the men who loved her, leaving a darker shadow over the already clouded life of the physician.

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Since then no one has seen or heard of his disappearance was made by the authorities and the friends of the missing man, and it was conceded generally that his mind having become unbalanced through grief for the loss of his wife, the husband had wandered away in the darkness of the storm and had met his death in the river, the current of which carried his body on to the sea.

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The two friends sat together in the library the evening after the funeral, each wrapped in thought and sharing in silence the common sorrow of the household, when the rector started nervously from his chair and paced the room excitedly, exclaiming: "I can't resist it! Some unknown force seems to be drawing me toward the grave in the churchyard. I must go there, if only to look at it and return."

He appeared to be rational but nervous, the expression on his countenance being of sorrow, not of awe that might be inspired by a feeling of the possible presence of the supernatural. His friend followed him, so that he might come to him in his nervous, excited state of mind. The doctor saw him by the recurrent bright moonlight that flashed on his motionless figure through the rifts in the black, threatening clouds that raced across the sky, as if fleeing madly from the coming tempest, of which they gave warning. He stood gazing at the mound for a few minutes, his lips moving as if in prayer, then returned to his home.

That night came the storm, which raged throughout the following day and night, keeping within doors all those who were blessed with a sheltering roof and a fire-side with which to defy the elements in

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upholstered easy chair, his bearded chin sunk into his hollow chest, the doctor remained motionless, except for the almost imperceptible movement of his head caused by his light, rapid breathing, his sunken eyes, half covered by weary eyelids, and his emaciated, bloodless hands hanging limp over the ends of the soft arms of the chair.

His thoughts were busy with the past, that part of it which his mind had always reverted when not occupied with study, more constantly now that the end was so near, his health broken beyond repair, his life's work ended. Besides, it was on this very day of the year forty years ago that the tragedy of his life had been enacted, and, as on that fateful night, the weather was stormy, the wind was raging and the rain beating against the windows of his study. He had become accustomed to the use of an opiate with which to dull the working of his mind, now become weakened in the general wreck of his body, and he returned to the bottle with his elbow for the means of escape from the ever haunting day dream. He would sleep, even though he knew well that the slumber he courted might be ominous, which he would never again awake. The narcotic that he used failed to affect him promptly, so he impatiently repeated the dose in a larger quantity.

The doctor dreamed, and the scene of action of his dream was a room in which lay the body of a woman prepared for burial. It was all that remained of the one woman in the world that he had loved—the casket that had contained her soul and which he felt should be held sacred from the familiar touch of any man other than her husband. Still he could not suppress the desire to search beneath the surface of the information given in an examination would be sure to reveal concerning the unknown cause of her death. Her malady had been so deadly and so baffling in its nature that he resented with himself until he felt that he had no right to allow his reverence for the being that had occupied it to prevent his making an autopsy on the body. His professional future craved it, science demanded it.

Her husband would never authorize such an act. How could he accomplish his purpose? The entrance of the undertaker and his assistants broke the doctor's train of thought, and the sound of the bell in the churchyard, in which he stood uncovered, the sound of the clods of earth falling on the box they covered finding an echo in his heart throbbed. But through the darkness of his grief and loneliness shone always the ray of light in the professional instinct that craved in his mind the desire for the knowledge from which the grave digger's work was separating him. His despair was so keenly real that he awoke, almost equipped to find himself in his study. Another draught, taken in desperation, induced the mocking sleep in which he hoped to find rest, and again he dreamed and again the scene was in the churchyard.

The blackness of the night was rendered more intense by the vivid flashes of lightning that momentarily illuminated his surroundings; the almost human moaning of the wind in his ears, the incessant driving of the rain in his face, the ghastly spectre of the white tombstones and, above them, the black silhouettes of the trees waving their arms wildly, like gigantic witches joining with the enraged elements in a wild protest against the desecration of the resting place of a thing conjoined to their protection in its last repose, formed a picture in keeping with the ghoul nature of the work before him.

In his dream the doctor struggled at the task he had set for himself. At last he had uncovered that which he sought, and he had got possession of it. All that remained was the filling up of the grave. An exclamation following a flash of lightning startled him, and he turned to find himself face to face with his friend, but it was not the lifelong friend and man of God with whom he had to deal—it was the outraged husband, moved to frenzy by a wrong at the hands of the friend he trusted. His face wore an expression of combined horror and rage as he sprang at the doctor in his fury, attacking him in the darkness with the enraged fury of the work he had done, the determination of the attack, a blow staggered him, and he struck wildly in desperation, with the spade he still clutched in his hand.

As he heard his friend fall he rushed forward to beg forgiveness for the blow. Horror overcame him when he discovered that the man was dead. The sharp edge of the spade had crashed through the skull

of his study. Entering quietly, he found that his master had fallen forward in his chair, his face resting on the table from which the bottle and glass had been thrown on the floor. The doctor's dreams were ended.

His memory has been treasured by his profession and blessed by humanity because of the teachings gained by the sacrifice on the altar of knowledge made on that wild night forty years before.

KINGS AND QUEENS TEACHERS' INSTITUTE FINISH SESSION

Hampton, N. B., Nov. 8.—(Special)—In the Teachers' Institute of Kings and Queens counties the third session opened this morning at nine o'clock with usual routine of minutes and roll call; 81 members responded.

A very interesting paper on writing was read by Miss Winifred Stoddard, who illustrated her methods by means of the blackboard. A lively discussion followed in which Messrs. Lawson, Kidner, Hay, Steves and Inch took part, and, as a result, excellent ideas were advanced for the improvement of this very important branch of instruction. Attention was directed to the universal excellence of the writing in the schools of England and Germany, and Mr. Kidner gave his views on text, left-handed and cursive writing in schools, both of which were condemned and the statement made that the use of the left hand in writing is unknown in the schools of England.

An excellent paper on domestic science was read by Miss Mabel Marvin, in which the great worth of the home was described, and its needs insisted on. Pure air, pure water, and pure food, naturally came under review and a working knowledge of ingredients and food values was insisted on. Miss Turner followed with some remarks upon her own work here.

Mr. Kidner insisted that the principles of hygiene cleanliness and simple food should be taught even in the most unpromising of cross roads schools. The necessity for greater attention to the condition of school buildings was strongly urged by Inspector Steves and the chief superintendent remarked that it is his purpose to see that can be done to improve conditions by stringent regulations in regard to the duties of trustees. James W. Smith expressed the opinion that girls are being taught to make dresses they will never have to make in their homes, and urged that instruction should be confined to those things which would be of benefit in their daily life. He also thought the girls might be interested in keeping the school-house clean. The discussion was brisk and continued for some time eliciting good advice to trustees, officers, teachers and children.

Manual work had been sent in and were arranged on tables in the principal's classroom. The session closed at 12 o'clock. The closing meeting of the teachers' institute of Kings and Queens counties, held at Hampton, N. B., Nov. 8, was a most interesting and successful educational gathering in the history of the teachers' institute. The session opened at 9 o'clock. The closing meeting of the teachers' institute of Kings and Queens counties, held at Hampton, N. B., Nov. 8, was a most interesting and successful educational gathering in the history of the teachers' institute. The session opened at 9 o'clock.

"INSPECTED" I. C. R. AT RECORD SPEED

Minister of Railways' Train Went from St. John to Sussex in 50 Minutes

Hon. Mr. Graham Presented Edward White With Imperial Long Service Medal During His Ten-Minute Stop.

Sussex, N. B., Nov. 10.—The official train carrying the minister of railways, Deputy Minister Butler, Mr. Pottinger, and others, arrived here at 12:40 o'clock Saturday, making the run from St. John, forty-four miles, in fifty minutes, which is considered fast time. The train stopped here ten minutes, during which the minister of railways presented Edward White, an old employee of the I. C. R., with an imperial long service medal and a short address.

The presentation took place on the platform in front of the minister's private car, among a large gathering of prominent citizens. Mr. White, on being introduced, was warmly received by the minister who, in addition to the address, congratulated him on his many years of service which, he understood from the records, were marked by faithfulness. He also referred to the fact that he was receiving his majesty's medal on his birthday.

The minister then introduced Mrs. Graham, who pinned the medal on his coat. The minister while here had a shake hands with many of the prominent citizens.

FORMER ST. JOHN MAN DROPS DEAD IN A BOSTON HOTEL

Dr. Robert Disbrow Stricken While in Young's to Meet Relative.

Boston, Nov. 9.—Dr. Robert Disbrow, for many years a prominent physician in Boston, dropped dead late today in Young's hotel, where he had called to meet a relative who was staying there. Death was caused by heart trouble. Dr. Disbrow was born in St. John (N. B.), in 1842. He was a past chief ranger of the Order of Scottish Clans. He leaves his widow, two daughters and one son.

Dr. Disbrow was the third son of the late Rev. Noah Disbrow, at one time of the diocese of Niagara. He graduated from Harvard University and served as a surgeon through part of the American civil war. He is survived by two sisters, Misses Emma and Louise Disbrow, who live at 72 Coburg street, this city. There is also one brother, Henry, a dentist at Jacques River (N. B.). The Misses Disbrow received a telegram from Boston Saturday night telling of their brother's death. It is a good many years since Dr. Disbrow visited this city, the last occasion being to attend his mother's funeral. One of his daughters, Miss Isabella, was here only last August, visiting her relatives.

CANADIAN GRAIN GOING FROM BOSTON

Large Amount Diverted from Montreal—C. P. R. Has 200,000 Bushels Already at St. John.

Boston, Nov. 9.—The export grain business from the port of Boston has increased to such proportions in the past few weeks that the lines running to this port may find it necessary to increase their tonnage to transport the vast amount of freight which has been booked for future shipments. Engagements have been made for fully 4,000,000 bushels of grain within the past three weeks, and during the past week tonnage has been engaged for more than 1,000,000 bushels of grain. Flour and other commodities will also be shipped in large quantities.

The immense amount of cereal will go forward on steamers leaving here between now and Jan. 1. The large increase is due to the fact that Montreal has discontinued booking grain, diverting shipments from the Canadian port to Boston. Shippers are mostly concerned with the possibility of the railroads being able to do their share to forward the freight to the wharves. Exporters declare that the conditions for an immense tonnage are more promising than they have been for years, and if the roads can be relied on, every steamer leaving here will leave filled to its fullest capacity.

The grain exports during the past week amounted to 305,190 bushels.

William Downie, general superintendent of the C. P. R., when informed of the contents of this dispatch, and he did not consider the heavy shipments of grain to Boston would affect the amount of business through St. John this winter. He anticipated a good season here. Already 200,000 bushels had arrived, and more grain was on the way and would continue coming from now on.

It should be remembered, Mr. Downie added, that Boston was nearer Montreal than St. John, and had several railways available for the conveyance of grain, whereas St. John had only one. In any case, he regarded the reports as likely to be somewhat exaggerated.

Sydney, N. S., Nov. 9.—A telegram received at Louisburg this morning from St. Esprit, Richmond county, states that the body of John Defries had been cast up on the beach at that point yesterday afternoon. Mr. Defries, who is known as one of the most capable submarine divers along this coast, and his two sons, John and Simon, left Louisburg on Wednesday afternoon in a small deck boat, loaded with a cargo of eight tons of coal, bound to Prince Edward Island, where he hoped to exchange his freight for produce. Nothing was heard of the craft until this morning. It is certain that the whole boat's crew met death by drowning, presumably by their small craft becoming swamped by the big sea that was running, following the easterly gale of Wednesday and Thursday.

THREE CAPE BRETON MEN DROWNED

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FIVE DROWNINGS IN THREE DAYS IN BORDER COUNTIES

Three Men Perished at Ashland, One at Van Buren, and Another at Milltown.

Houlton, Me., Nov. 10.—The fifth drowning in three days in Aroostook and Washington counties occurred late this afternoon when John Crawford, aged eighteen, son of the St. John river at Van Buren. Crawford and a companion were upset from a canoe. The latter succeeded in swimming to shore.

Harry Robinson, aged fifteen, was drowned in the St. Croix river at Milltown in a probable overturning of a small punt in which he and Percy Hendershot were sailing. Hendershot reached shore, which was only a short distance away.

The worst accident was at Ashland, where four men on their way to a lumber camp were capsized from a canoe on Squaw Pan Lake, and three of them were drowned. The victims were Frank and Paul Baker, and Arthur Cyr.

The fourth, a young man named Soucia, accomplished the remarkable feat of swimming to the shore although encumbered by heavy winter clothing and in ice-cold water.

Paul Baker managed to cling to the canoe until it drifted to shore, but died less than an hour from the effects of his experience. The bodies of Frank Baker and Cyr were not recovered. The victims all leave families.

MONCTON IS NOW HOPEFUL OF CAR SHOPS BEING STARTED

Minister of Railway Favorable to Leasing Old I. C. R. Buildings for the Purpose

Moncton, Nov. 10.—A committee of the city council and board of trade had an interview with Hon. Mr. Graham, minister of railways, in the I. C. R. offices yesterday respecting the leasing of the old I. C. R. shops for car building. A memorandum was presented to the minister asking that the buildings, when vacated by the committee and said he thought the old buildings could be used for car construction to the advantage of the Intercolonial, as well as the city. He intimated that tenders for the buildings, upon the terms suggested, would be asked by the department.

The committee was greatly encouraged by the minister's reply, and it is felt that the car works, being promoted by E. A. Wallberg, are an assured thing of the near future. The minister and official party left Saturday afternoon by special train for Fredericton.

LOST IN WOODS TEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD

Young Lumberman, Helpless from Exposure, Lived on Rain Water.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 9.—Lost for ten days in the Maine woods with no food and with only what water he could catch in a rusty tin can from the roof of a deserted logging shanty, his feet and legs so swollen that he was practically helpless, and his body racked with pain and illness caused by exposure to the rain, is a young man, the sufferings Thomas Cloutier, aged eighteen, of 24 Bond street, endured in his efforts to find his way back from an upstate lumbering camp to his home city, Augusta.

Four weeks ago last Tuesday Cloutier, with his brother Alphonse, joined with James Kinley to join his logging force at Lily Bay and started for the woods. The brothers worked sixteen days, after which Thomas grew homesick to visit his mother and returned to Augusta. Leaving the camp alone he walked all day and at night came to a deserted blacksmith shop. He had lost his bearings soon after leaving the camp. Weary, and soaked by the rain which began to fall shortly after he started, he drew himself on a pile of coal and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke his legs and feet were so swollen that he was unable to walk. He crawled to the door and looked out another shanty a short distance away. He crawled to it and found a bunk and a rusty tin pail, but nothing to relieve his hunger. The pail he placed in such a position that the rain drops from a leak in the roof fell into it, affording means to slake his thirst.

After crawling into the deserted shanty young Cloutier lay for nine days, helpless, sick and without food, growing weaker and weaker, but clinging to life in hope of rescue. A part of this time he was keenly aware of his sufferings, but most of it he was in a sort of stupor. On the tenth day a farmer happened to visit the camp and discovered the sufferer. He went at once for assistance, returning with three men, who carried the young man to the nearest house. Later he was sent to Greenville, and from there to Augusta. His feet and legs are still swollen, but his physician says that in a short time he will be all right.

United States Express Robbery.

The following circular has been received here:

On Oct. 23, 1907, the depot office of the United States Express Company at Milwaukee (Wis.) was robbed of an amount of money consisting of currency and gold coin.

The gold was in five, tens and twenties. Of the currency stolen, \$6,350 was in new National Bank notes of the Milwaukee National Bank, Milwaukee, \$10 and \$20 denominations. Serial numbers in upper right hand corners of the bills are N-24084 and N-25010, inclusive. The sheet numbers in lower left hand corner are 6010 to 6135, inclusive.

All of the described bills were stolen. Any person or persons unknown, having these bills or any portion of them in their possession, unable to give a satisfactory account of the same, should be detained and have immediate notice of such detention telegraphed to John T. Janssen, chief of Police, Milwaukee (Wis.), and to T. E. McQuinn, superintendent of the United States Express Company, Chicago.

A. WYGANT, Gen'l. Supt. Chicago, Oct. 30, 1907.

BIRTH AFTER DEATH

Infant's Cry at Deathbed Revells Surprise—Mrs. Massik Dies at Webster and Child Born Soon After.

Webster, Nov. 9.—A most unusual incident occurred here tonight which has caused wonder among the medical men and the people of the town. Mrs. Adam Massik, aged thirty years, died during the evening, after an illness of several days of congestion of the lungs, and a few minutes after her death a baby boy was born of her.

When Mrs. Massik's condition became serious her family physician was sent for to soothe her family by dying moments, and pronounced her dead after being a short time at the bedside. As he was about to leave the cry of an infant attracted his attention, and it was found that an apparently healthy boy had been born. The physicians think that the child will live.

People of Wenham, though they live on the shores of Wenham Lake, draw no water from the lake, but depend on wells and springs for their supply of nature's chief necessity. The town is one of wind-mills and pumps.



HE STOOD GAZING AT THE MOUND FOR A FEW MINUTES