

# THEY WERE LOST.

## A Sad Tale of the Wreck of the Valencia.

# TWO WAYWARD GIRLS

### Who Ran Away From Their Homes and the Young Men Who Went With Them Finds a Watery Grave When the Steamer Was Sunk.

Of the one-hundred and thirty-two persons who perished in the foundering of the steamer Valencia in the "graveyard of the seas" off the coast of British Columbia in January, three—a young man and two young women, both in their teens—were over taken by death in their flight to escape facing an earthly tribunal.

Roy Hazzard, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Mabel and Lulu Rowland, of Oxnard, Cal., were passengers on the Valencia when she foundered, and the sea in a menacing mood has since given up the bodies of the man and one of the women as grim proof that the fugitives escaping from man were apprehended by a higher power.

While earthly justice was balked and the pursuit of man rendered vain, relatives, friends and acquaintances of the three forbore to ask whether Heaven did not exact an awful punishment upon them.

On that terrible night, when the stanch ship, carried far from her course by fierce storms and hopelessly lost in the densest of fogs, struck on the treacherous and jagged rocks of Sea Bird reef, none fought harder, more desperately and more persistently to save their own lives than the young man and the two women.

In those hours of terror, which seemed centuries long to all who passed through them and lived to relate their experiences, Roy Hazzard, Mabel and Lulu Rowland struggled for their lives as though they dared not die. With almost superhuman might they, inexperienced as they were with vessels, clung with the tenacity of despair and horror to the ropes until their senses were benumbed and one by one they were beaten by the pitiless sea into the hungry, leaping waves which engulfed them.

Was their terrible fate a fitting doom to the closing chapters of their lives? Those who are acquainted have asked one another:

"Well, I guess it is for the best that it happened that way, for I was going to disinherit them both anyway."

R. L. Rowland, a prosperous business man of Oxnard, father of the fugitive girls, is said to have declared when in his grief and shame he was informed of the flight of his children and of their tragic death at almost the same time.

The same day he received a telegram reading: "Girls' bodies here, come and identify them," he had been handed a letter from Roy Hazzard telling him that Mabel and Lulu had fled northward from San Francisco with him on the Valencia. This letter was dated Los Angeles and was to have been posted the day the ship sailed so that pursuit would have been impossible, but somehow it was not delivered to the mails until the day of the wreck.

E. L. Hazzard, father of the young man, and under bail of \$5,000 in an action at law in which Mabel and Lulu Rowland, sixteen years of age, was the prosecuting witness, received a telegram worded exactly as was that to the father of the girls.

Both men hastened to Seattle and thence to Victoria, where the realization of all their fears was experienced in the identification of the dead. Both knew at a glance the body of Mabel Rowland.

Though death had sealed her lips her father knew more surely than if she herself had confessed it that she had plotted with Roy Hazzard to take Lulu from Los Angeles and from the jurisdiction of California courts that E. L. Hazzard might not be compelled to face her accusations.

To late the father remembered how Mabel had coaxed and pleaded, aided by the influence of E. L. Hazzard, who is a real estate broker, to be allowed to go to Los Angeles and keep house for Lulu, who was Hazzard's stepdaughter.

To late the father learned that Mabel, two years Lulu's senior, instead of befriending her sister, refused her to fight rather than remain in Los Angeles and give her testimony against her employer in a suit which had been brought against him by the State.

Roy Hazzard had said: "I will get that girl out of the country and save my father."

He did so, and he forfeited his own life in the enterprise.

The co-operation of Mabel was early secured, Roy accomplishing this himself. It was represented to her that Lulu might flee the country with him and that they might live in British Columbia or anywhere their fancy should choose. They would have money in plenty. But the elder Hazzard must not be faced by the girl in a Los Angeles court.

In their modest, comfortable home, No. 1163 South Hopkins street, Los Angeles, Mabel persuaded Lulu to consent to flight with Roy Hazzard. She was young and romantic, and the elder sister painted a bright future for the girl. They should go, the three of them, to the north; a splendid ocean voyage awaited them and nights and scenes in lands they had only dreamed

It was this false sense of security that enabled young Roy Hazzard to carry out his plans. With no witness to inform the father of the flight of his girls, on January 18 they left Los Angeles for San Francisco, where they were joined by Hazzard, who had gone on the day previous to secure passage on the Valencia, which, he knew would carry them far beyond pursuit by human law in a few hours.

On the ship's register their names were entered as Mr. West, Mrs. Martin and Miss Sampson. Mabel, for the purpose of concealment, was "Miss Sampson" and Lulu was "Miss Martin." Their relationship to Hazzard, or "West," was not discovered by their fellow passengers until the Valencia had struck the rocks and was pounding herself to pieces upon them.

The Rowland girls occupied state room 18, next to that occupied by Professor Bunker and his family. Professor Bunker afterward told of hearing the girls address each other as "Lulu" and "Mabel." He saw them in company with young Hazzard, but thought nothing of it at the time, supposing them more acquaintances, such as readily spring up on any voyage.

FUGITIVES WERE CONSCIENCE STRICKEN.

The early hours of this trip were spent uneventfully enough. For hours the good ship ploughed her way northward on a fair sea. Then she encountered a heavy fog which, as a dense, white pall, enfolded her, and from which she was not freed until she was a shapeless wreck on the cruel, jagged rocks that jut from Sea Bird Reef.

As the weather grew worse and the sea rose to meet the wind with vain buffeting, the Rowland girls were compelled to remain in their state room or the cabins of the ship. Their misery must have been terrible to them, feeling as they were from all they loved and held dear, and embarked, as both knew in their own souls, upon anything but a promising or honorable course. Seaside, conscience-stricken, homesick and lonesome, both bewailed their fate, nor could the words of encouragement of young Hazzard, in scarce better plight than themselves, rouse or rally them.

To the three fugitives the murkiness and storm without found its counterpart in the dread, uncertainty, perplexity and fear which possessed their hearts.

Young Hazzard knew that to taking Lulu from Los Angeles so that she might not testify against him against his father he was committing not only a civil but a moral wrong as well. He was forcing the girl to go far from her home and friends, and he knew not what the future might bring forth as a result. His offer and promise of marriage might even be broken once far from danger of pursuit he knew.

Mabel Rowland felt that she had sinned against her sister in entering upon the plot which was to force her to marry a man for whom she cared nothing. She even suspected that Hazzard would not keep his promises but she had been dazzled by his manner and persuaded by his arguments to conspire against her sister.

Then she remembered how false she had been to her father and mother in intercepting letters which had been written them concerning Lulu and which heeded in time might have prevented all of this trouble.

As for Lulu, her grief and fear fairly overwhelmed her. She had desired to face the elder Hazzard in court to denounce him and to tell everything that she knew about him, and just how much she herself was to blame, for being acquainted with the facts to which she had had been subpoenaed to testify. She was a fugitive from justice, fleeing upon the promise of marriage to a man for whom she had no affection.

Little wonder, then that when in black midnight the stanch ship struck the hidden reef with a fearful shock then backed off into deep water and began to sink, these three—Hazzard, Mabel and Lulu Rowland—were panic-stricken at the thought of death in a measure ten fold greater than that which smote the other passengers and most of the crew.

Hazzard found the girls in that scene of heartrending confusion when mother and bed were torn asunder only to be engulfed in a common death moment later in the black and boiling water where husband and wife died together, when the great waves washed from the decks each time they broke over the struggling ship a score of human lives.

Hazzard found the Rowland girls and even above the roar of the storm above the shouts of the crew of the sinking ship as they gave their orders above the yells of men, the screams of women and the piteous wailing of children, the voice of his conscience accused him with being the author of these girls for had it not been for him they would never have left their homes.

Even in those terrible hours those who escaped that experience saw Hazzard and the two girls clinging close together. The swamping of two of the steamers' boats before they could be cut loose and the horror of the cries of thirty or forty people drowning together so terrified the man and the girls that they refused to even attempt to leave the ship in the other boats and life rafts which followed.

Together they faced death, and although they could not cheer or encourage one another, they fought for life side by side with a frenzy which showed how they feared to die. As the vessel sank lower and lower in the water these three and others left on the wreck by the waves climbed the rigging. For hours—hours almost never-ending in their excruciating agony—Hazzard and Lulu and Mabel Rowland battled with the wind, fought with the sea and struggled to resist the cold that slowly overcame them so that one after another they were washed from their places and instantly lost in the raging breakers.

E. L. Hazzard's accuser is dead. The only witness the State of California was to have brought to confront him has departed far from recall or requisition, yet he may not escape prosecution, as the testimony of Lulu Rowland was taken at the preliminary hearing, which was very

complete, and as though a voice from the very dead, it may finally accuse him.

But Hazzard has been punished more cruelly, more sternly, more mercilessly, than mortal justice could deal out to any man. He is crushed, grief-stricken, almost hopeless man, for he feels that the wrath of Heaven has fallen heavily.

Young Roy Hazzard, but twenty years of age, was the hope of his father. In this youth all of his ambition was centered and he felt that this youth who bore his name would achieve in the world a name a place of which he should be proud.

What a mockery everything has become to that man. The drowning of his boy Roy and the two girls Mabel and Lulu Rowland, was but an incident, one tragedy of the many in the swamping of the Valencia, but in its results it is so menacing, so suggestive of the awful interference by power unseen and terrible in its reckoning, that all of those familiar with the circumstances are appalled.

Hazzard feels that no worse can befall him than the loss of his son, who forfeited his life that Lulu Rowland might be taken far from Los Angeles. The loss of the lives of the girls, he cannot but feel, was due to the great fidelity of his son to his own cause. He is crushed completely, the future to him was darkened the same hour that, strengthless through long battling with wind and wave, and nerveless through the numbing of the cold, that young man—his son—and those two girls, who had been abducted through misrepresentations and impossible promises, had been led to leave Los Angeles and board the Valencia on her wild voyage to destruction, perished in the ocean near Cape Beale. —New York American.

# WORDS OF ADVICE

## TO YOUNG MEN CONTEMPLATING TAKING A WIFE.

### How They May be Guarded Against Marrying the Wrong Woman.

A lecturer dramatically inquired: "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was dead silence.

"Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman rose in the back part of the house and said: "There was one, I have often heard of her but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

Be prepared for imperfections. Nobody is always consistent. The man or woman who never made a mistake is a myth.

Man, are you looking for an angel? How would you look alongside of an angel?

When real life comes to the best and happiest pair, with its trouble and its care, the tower of romance will fall, leaving us in the mud-bud of every-day reality.

Man and woman are like two shells of the oyster—they were made for each other.

The man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life rivals the wisard who secured him self against corns by having his legs amputated.

Some one has said that it is in life as it is with a kite, it will not fly high unless it has a string tying it down, and so the man who is tied down by a half dozen responsibilities and their mother will make a higher and stronger fight than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud.

If you want to ascend in the world to yourself to somebody.

A crusty old bachelor, hearing that his friend had gone blind, said: "Let him marry, and if that does not open his eyes, nothing else will."

But that sneer has been confuted by the experience of many blind scholars like Hood, famous authority on bees and Faucett, political economist of Cambridge and England's most famous Postmaster-General, whose highly qualified wives were eyes indeed to their husbands.

Marriage remoulds character, brightens prospects, gives faces to clouds, meaning to words, will make the birds sing more sweetly, the sun shine more brightly, elevate your hopes, arouse ambition and give purpose to life. It will double joys and divide sorrows.

Our social chariots should be attached to the stars of love.

All history and experience have proven that marriage is the world's civilization, the safety valve of business life, the cabinet room where is devised most of the great things of life.

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## There's Danger in Delay.

ranny," and Theophrastus pronounced it a "silent cheat."

"The man who marries for beauty alone is as silly as the man who would buy a house because it had fine flowers in the front yard."

It takes more than a fair skin, bright eyes, beautiful form and delicate hands to make a really beautiful woman. The highest type of beauty is never merely physical; it is in the outglamings of internal virtues and sweet graces of character.

The beauty that lasts shines in the virtuous life, sweetens the voice of sympathy, sparkles on the brow of wisdom and flashes in the eye of love. A lovely soul will glow in the face.

The really beautiful woman has a beauty which changes not with years, and this is the only beauty that can be relied upon for a permanent influence with men.

The violet will soon cease to smile, flowers must fade. The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it soon withers away.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman holds the heart. The one is a jewel, the other is a treasure. Look well to the temper of the woman you think of marrying. Socrates said he "married Xantippe and endured her for self-discipline."

The story is told of him that when his wife gave him a lecture he walked outside the house, sat down and laughed. This angered her the more; she rushed upstairs and poured down a bucket of water on him. He walked away and smilingly said: "That is all that you can expect, a shower after a thunderstorm."

But the men who look at the matter in this light are like the philosopher himself—dead.

I am rather inclined to take Solomon's view of the matter. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

John Wesley's wife used to sit in the middle aisle in City Road Chapel and, it is said, made a mouth at him while he preached. One day he was telling his congregation how he had been assailed by his enemies and declaring that he had been accused of violating every commandment except drunkenness. Whereupon his wife arose and said: "Mr. Wesley, you know you were drunk."

Wesley threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Thank God, the catalogue is complete."

Wesley's experience, therefore, enabled him to give good counsel, and when one of his young preachers wrote to him for advice on marriage, saying that he was hesitating between two women—one was a professing Christian, but had a terrible temper, while the other made no religious profession but had a sweet disposition—Wesley immediately sent back word: "Marry the woman with the sweet disposition."

Marry a good housekeeper.

game for graft. They made their houses homes and not mere passing places for vanity to go through.

Give us women content to be what God and nature meant them to be; but no, the ideal life set up by the girl of the period is plenty of fun and luxury. Dress dwarfs her intelligence, while virtue gives up the ghost at her nod; fed to order, she must be nursed like a baby and kept from a hysterical fit by a sugar plum.

It may be a scandalous thing to say but the scandal of the fact is so much greater than the scandal of confessing it that I will risk criticism for the statement of the fact—the dilemma of this country is in an appalling condition.

Many a man has given up all high ambition for study, for self-denying service of his fellowmen, stifled the voice of his conscience when it demanded sacrifice and devoted himself to the one object of gaining the whirlwind of the sunshine in his hours without the indulgence of a fashion-pampered woman's fancies.

The fault lies with the parents; unless they can give their daughter a fortune when she marries, they perpetuate a fraud upon the young man, if by lack of domestic training they make her unfit for the position of wife in the home of the young man who has to make his way in the world.

Just as it is a man's duty to provide for his family, so it is the woman's duty to adorn the home with all the excellences of grace and good taste, and either by her own industry or the well-directed industry of those who serve her; to fill it with healthful influences of cleanliness, good order and neatness, so that everything may minister to the comfort and enjoyment of those she loves.

The state of life into which it has pleased God to call our daughters is plainly, for the most part, and which entails the duties of the housekeeper and the home maker, and for those duties the learning acquired in the schools often does much to unfit them.

The result of this unfairness in the foundation education is seen in extravagant habits of our modern housekeeping, the ignorant waste where the young women finds herself unable to teach and direct her servants in cases where she is not required to do the actual work herself, and, wearying of her attempts to be queen of her own household, she allows her little kingdom to live without a head.

Her husband finds that the expense of married life is far greater than he had anticipated and the comfort less. As the expenditures increase, he sees that his hard work on one side is only to supply the means of wastefulness on the other side, and that his children are growing up with notions of life which nothing can satisfy.

We need not wonder that great discontent prevails among many men. It is this extravagance and incompetence among women that accounts very largely for the fact that there are more than three millions of men in the United States past thirty years of age who are not married.

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