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A NEW YORK lady, lately deceased, has bequeathed her fortune to her pet cats. As the provisions of the will are explicit, no serious cat fights over the will are anticipated.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S going into the bar-room business started a wonderful round of newspaper references to the celebrated interview between governors of the two Carolinas.

The monarchies of Europe may well view with alarm the continuance of the French republic. It has weathered storms that a few years ago would have overthrown any government France possessed.

THERE is a little trouble in selecting a successor for Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts. The clergymen who might come nearest to equaling Brooks decline to take the position, and the gentlemen who wouldn't decline are very carefully omitted from the invitation list.

Much comment is being made over the fact that forty years ago the Niagara river was dry for twenty-four hours. Never before nor since does history record such an event, and it is not strange that those who witnessed the silent precipice were seized with an indescribable feeling of awe.

It must make the old kings of Spain turn over in their sarcophagi to learn that Japan has seized Spanish possessions and coolly asks what the grantees propose to do about it. And the worst feature of it is that Japan would probably be able to whip Spain if she attempted to assert her rights to the Pelew Islands.

SEVERAL heirs at different places along the Pacific coast are anxiously in search of their fortunes. Several other heirs have found their fortunes and seem to be searching yet, even more eagerly than before. There does not appear to be happiness in establishing one's right to a fortune and giving the attorney who has assisted a quit claim deed to it.

YOUNG Shelvin, aged 10 years, convicted in Chicago lately of highway robbery, had "held up" a street car, garrotted the conductor, and shot a policeman who tried to arrest him, according to the evidence. Young Shelvin is either an ideal hero for a "penny dreadful" or else the policeman's luxuriant imagination would make him an ideal author of one.

The library of George Bancroft, the historian, has been purchased by the Lenox Library of New York and will be kept intact. This is in accordance with the wish of its late owner. He accumulated a great amount of material relative to the early colonial and revolutionary history of this country, some of which could hardly be re-gathered now had he not preserved it.

The recent publication of the expensive account of students at several different colleges has awakened an unusual amount of public attention. It has disabused man of the impression that a college course is annually growing more expensive, and encouraged a great number of young men to hope that they will be able to obtain the training and discipline a college curriculum can give.

Two young women have lately committed suicide in New York by throwing themselves on the elevated railroad before the approaching trains. A more conspicuous method of putting an end to one's life could not well be devised. The same strange penchant for making a horrible spectacle for people to witness has long been noted in Paris, where people bent on self-destruction are fond of throwing themselves from the Arc de Triomphe.

THERE is said to be a rich mining district along the imaginary line which separates British and American possessions in the extreme Northwest. The boundary is vague and indefinite. Better have it settled definitely else John Bull will be claiming that under the Russian regime Alaskan territory did not reach more than a before-breakfast walk east of Behring's strait. In proportion as the mines are rich this claim will be persistently maintained.

The fashionable people in our great cities employ professionals to entertain them. Instead of going through the laborious mazes of the season they have adopted the advice of the wandering Celestial in London many years ago and "hired people to do that for them." Music, legerdemain and "variety" performances cater to the jaded sensibilities in private drawing-rooms. But private and personal diversion for a specified purpose is not yet a recognized business in this country.

## WITH MAIMED RITES.

A Wedding That Was Short and Emphatic of Ceremony.

Mr. Carnegie's last words had been "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again to-day!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12:15, therefore, just fifteen minutes before it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's orders, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room, worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dolly was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dolly is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dolly to leave her so much at home. She has not gone out with us since I came."

"Don't distress yourself about Dolly; she is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh, I don't know. We are going to be so late! She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certainly feeds the chickens."

"Oh, Letitia!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Letitia' ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know; but that has not happened to Dolly yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evie is twenty-six and Agnes is only a year younger."

"But Dolly is twenty-one."

"What is twenty-one?"

"An age when amusement is not unpalatable."

"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the two eldest—but I wish they would come."

"And while you are marrying them Dolly will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap; in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.'"

"Oh, Cecilia! Dolly is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold, and perfectly biddable, and she shall go

everywhere when Eva gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Phillip is in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look!"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dolly in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dew of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor-clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come north to recover strength to go through another. They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again, and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dolly?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at tea time.

Dolly blushed her aunt thought because it was so unusual for any one to take any interest in her employments, and said, "Sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining room?"

"No; I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with I wish you would come to the glen, aunt; it is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dolly brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit.

"Why, Dolly!" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left-hand corner is excellent."

Agnes Dolly colored. "I had some help there, mother," she said; "an artist who comes to the glen sometimes."

"An artist, Dolly! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has often been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really useful hints. He has taught me—"

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dolly's sentence for her. "To color, my dear, yes, I see that he has taught you to do that!" She was not, however, looking at the sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks.

"He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie, who had seen nothing of this.

"Yes, mother," replied Dolly, rising to escape as quickly as she could.

"Take care that he is not teaching her to fall in love," said Mrs. Mainwaring.

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will—I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and Sir Phillip, but when that business is settled Dolly shall be always with me. Did you see how he watched Evie at luncheon?"

"No; I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure; I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring; and she spoke to Dolly herself, and gave her much good advice. From Dolly she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecilia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward, Aunt Cecilia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dolly to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dolly had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dolly had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Phillip and Evie.

Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor uncle of Sir Phillip who was then in Sutherlandshire, dispatched this telegram to him. "Am ill, and must have rest. Have a large party here, and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Phillip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study—a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch—Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Phillip had gone to do, and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of an hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise—a great surprise—it almost amounted to a shock."

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming."

"Why should I? You didn't."

"Indeed, I did. I have known for ten days that Sir Phillip wanted to marry Evie."

"But he doesn't—it is Dolly."

"Dolly!"

Even if Sir Phillip did happen to be in love with the wrong daughter, he was still Sir Phillip; so, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new heroine into the romance in which she was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dolly.

No one could find her, until at last an under-gardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dolly might perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell Wood. To reach this wood a corn field had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it, she saw Dolly in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror.

"This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecilia Mainwaring was so afraid of. How can Dolly dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?"

"Dolly," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word."

"Oh, no, I have not! I have not been near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth. I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother—you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things sometimes; but the sooner you undo this the better!"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dolly tenderly, "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until to-day, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened, and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell Wood—I could not refuse to say a word to him when once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him."

"Say no more about that, Dolly, it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it."

"Mother," Dolly began, but her voice failed her.

"Make no appeal to me, Dolly, I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but you won't care long. Be a good girl, and do your best to dismiss this from your mind at once and forever, and go to your room now and write and tell that man that you intend to do so."

"Where is Dolly?" asked Mr. Carnegie, when he and Sir Phillip came.

"She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it has been too much for her. She had to go to bed with a frightfully bad headache."

"Then I shall not see her unless I stay till to-morrow," said Sir Phillip after expressing much sympathy.

"Oh, you must not do that—you must not offend your uncle; besides, Dolly may not be well enough to see you to-morrow."

Sir Phillip sighed woefully.

"She is not seriously ill. If you will take my advice, you will go to-day, as your uncle wishes; you will stay at Glenfield as long as he stays—I think that you said that he would be there a month—and when you have done that you will do us the great pleasure of seeing you back here. Don't distress yourself about seeing Dolly. It is much better that you have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion—certainly not in one day—even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Phillip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They inclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings, and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Oh, yes," replied his wife, and went to Dolly's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded.

Two tears had fallen on Dolly's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised, but Dolly had suffered so cruelly while writing the letter, that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming, and strengthened his conviction that Dolly was acting under coercion. He wrote to her, but his letter was returned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words, "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request."

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways, called the wisdom of the serpent to his aid, and wrote, "I find it so hard to believe that your daughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for ten minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as final, and to leave this place at once."

"What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "We shall have to let him come. Sir Phillip returns next week—we can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied, "Since you refuse to believe the truth and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come to-morrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for ten minutes, but her family will be present."

"But he is a gentleman!" thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their two eldest daughters were assembled to receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dolly's hand trembling on his arm as he led her down, and had at last to support her lest her feet should fall her altogether. At the drawing room door he kissed her and said, "Be brave, darling, it will soon be over. You could not have married him; but I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is he?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Dolly as she came in, looking pale, ill and scarcely able to stand. No one spoke—all waited to hear the words that were about to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her, and then turned to the family group and said, "As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will not be a private interview even then, but if we can exchange a few words unheard I shall be more able to accept them as final."

Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What might he not be trying to persuade Dolly to do? She was a weak little thing—they ought not to have afforded him the opportunity, for the girl who had yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse. "Charles!" she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who?"

"Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the ten minutes to come to an end. Fleming was talking so seriously and Dolly listening so intently.

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie exclaimed, almost joyously, as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half crossed the room and said: "Have you told this gentleman by word of mouth what he refused to believe when you wrote it?"

"She has told me all I want to know," said Fleming. "Thank you, sincerely, for allowing me to see her. Thank you also for insisting on being in the room with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dolly, speak!" And before any of the unwilling witnesses had recovered

from the shock of hearing these words, Dolly had faltered forth, "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future; I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."—Black and White.

## ALLIGATOR HUNTING.

Monsters From Fifteen to Twenty-Six Feet Long Shot or Caught on Hooks.

"E. K." gives in the pages of the London Field some interesting information respecting alligators. "During an eight years' residence in India," he writes, "I caught many, varying from ten to twenty-six feet. Let me premise by saying that there existed at that time, about eight to ten miles from Calcutta, a farm with a large mill built on the river side in a bight, where pigs were killed and cured in large numbers, the offal being thrown into the river. In this bight alligators swarmed. I for a long time tried shooting, but I never got one, for when shot they sank, and, getting into the current, were carried down the stream. I have shot small ones in tanks, and they invariably took from two to three days to come to the surface. The largest in bulk that I ever caught measured only 19 feet 3 inches, but at least four inches to six inches of his tail had been taken off. He measured close on to twelve feet in girth just behind the fore legs or fins. The head when cleaned weighed sixty pounds, and the largest tooth seven and one-half ounces. He had eight shot wounds in the head, one eye was gone and nearly all of his snout, and four bullets were cut out of his body. His inside passengers consisted of 'a dead Hindoo,' seven pairs of bangles, three arm ornaments and about fifteen inches of twisted brass wire; he had also three hair balls similar to those found in cattle—no doubt all formed of pig's hair from the offal.

"The longest one I ever caught was for the late John Waterhouse of Halifax, who was traveling with a taxidermist. He measured twenty-five feet ten inches. He was, however, lanky and would not have weighed more or so much as the one of nineteen feet three inches. I have frequently had in the pen, where they were put, two together, and a pretty hobbery they made, growling like dogs, lashing one another with their tails and wrestling with their jaws locked. My apparatus for catching consisted of forty fathoms of one and a half inch white manila rope, at the end a barrel to serve as a buoy, a pile driven into the ground for a long turn where necessary, two sharp hooks tied together, and for bait the lights of a pig inflated through part of a wind-pipe, which floated the hooks. By these means I have landed over twenty. The banks were sloping and muddy, so no wonder the big one dragged seventeen men down into the water before he gave in—in fact, drowned, as one hook held and kept his mouth open; the other hook he straightened and tore the barb off."

TEXAS HAS A POOH-BAH.

Hotel Keeper, Lawyer, Dry Goods Clerk, Lamplighter, Sexton, Organist, Preacher.

"Some time ago," remarked a lawyer to a Courier-Journal man, "I had occasion to visit Texas. I stopped at a little town one Saturday about noon, intending to remain there until Monday morning. The proprietor of the hotel was a gray-haired old fellow, well preserved and apparently full of energy. I was consequently not very much surprised when he informed me that he also was a lawyer. He had a big, stout wife, and it struck me that he could very well leave the hostelry to her while he practiced law. He disappeared shortly after noon. I started out to see something of the little town, and, needing a collar, stopped in one of the two or three dry goods stores to buy one. I must confess that I was somewhat staggered when I found that the hotelkeeper, besides being a lawyer, was a clerk in a dry goods store—for it was he who smiled blandly at me over the counter. I extended my walk until night was falling, and as I approached the hotel who did I see lighting the oil lamps in the main street but the hotel proprietor! The next morning, which was Sunday, I inquired of him the way to the church. 'Come on,' said he, 'I'll show you.' He took me into the church and showed me to a seat, after which he disappeared, saying he must go and ring the bell. In a few moments it was pealing forth its pleading 'Come, oh, come!' and soon the congregation had gathered. I was prepared for anything, almost, after what I had seen of mine host's versatility, and was not much surprised when he ascended the stairs of the pulpit and opened services. Then he came down again and manipulated the keys of the wheezy little organ while the congregation sang. He then took up the collection, after which he again ascended the pulpit and preached as fine a gospel sermon as I ever heard. When services were over, and his flock had been dismissed with a fervent prayer, the preacher closed up the church.

"What sort of a man is Mr. So-and-so, anyhow?" I asked of a lawyer.

"Oh," he answered, "he runs the town generally. He's killed a dozen men, more or less, and is the best shot with his revolver in this part of the country. He's the best poker player, too, I ever saw. He is from Kentucky, too."