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ONE of the hottest strikes on record occurred when a carload of matches was ignited by friction at Burgin, Ky.

CHINA proposes to place "a duty on yarns." The revenue should be large from that source. "Yarns" are the chief of China's exports these days.

AMONG the distinguished dead of the year must be mentioned Celia Thaxter, the graceful poet and entertaining magazine writer. She was an ornament to literature and an honor to American womanhood.

THE Chinese language has 1,098 phonetic sounds and 48,000 written characters. People who have to wrestle with such an alphabet as that would seem to have precious little time for war or anything else.

COLONEL CROFTON'S august and soldierly nose having been struck by a lieutenant of his regiment it might be well to inquire whether the officers of the Fifteenth infantry would not find it to their advantage to take a few elementary lessons in etiquette before any more Maney-Hedberg affairs disgrace them.

WITH a sufficient number of pneumatic guns, capable of throwing half a ton of dynamite to an indefinite distance and lifting an acre of water some hundreds of feet in the air, like that one tested at Sandy Hook, the American eagle ought for the present to be able to roost in security, so far as any rate as his coast line is concerned.

The good roads agitation that has roused so much interest in the country in the last three or four years shows some signs of changing its form. The movement to provide the country with well paved highways of macadam or telford surface is likely to turn into an attempt to get public railroads along the highways with electricity as a motive power.

It is a sign of Brazilian prosperity under her new government that sixty new locomotives of the first class from American works are now on the way thither. It is also a gratifying token that she can buy her railway materials and equipments better and cheaper in our markets than those of England, which until recently have enjoyed a practical monopoly of her trade in this direction.

THE royalists of Hawaii have not yet ceased talking of the restoration of the queen, but their talk is of a very idle character, especially when they suggest that Great Britain will interfere in their behalf. There is not the slightest need for such interference, and besides, Great Britain is too sensible to do anything to arouse the opposition of this country.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS' name has been sent out to the Associated Press and published in a great many papers as W. B. Howells. Thus is the press revenged on the novelist for his strictures on the "newspaper style." Mr. Howells will feel consoled as he recalls the story of the Fourth of July orator who spoke of that "grand patriot and statesman, George M. Washington."

Just what little Nicaragua is aiming at in apparently inviting the United States and Great Britain to knock the chip off her shoulder does not appear on the surface of her arrest of American and British residents. It is said that if these foreigners are executed or driven out of the country their property will be turned over to Nicaraguan officials, and the planation

of a very only in England continental Europe this year. Apples are likely to be scarce and dear this year. Europe will be dependent upon us to a greater extent than usual. In most localities in this country apples do not promise to be as abundant as the show of blossoms indicated. There have been an immense number of apples which dropped too early to be made of any use. Those who have apples should save the whole crop and let none go to waste. This may easily pay better than anything else produced on the farm.

AMONG the school regulations of Brooklyn is one requiring that all pupils shall be vaccinated and the school principal refused to admit two pupils for failure to comply with the regulation. Suit was brought to compel him to admit them and was carried up to the supreme court of the state. Judge Bartlett rendered a decision in favor of the principal. This will probably stand as the law of the land and is certainly in accord with good public policy. The right of a community to protect itself from contagious diseases is unquestioned and any reasonable precaution it may take for that purpose must not be trifled with.

THE TATAL HAT PIN.



MME. MANCHABALLE is the mother of three handsome girls, all ballet dancers at the Grand opera of Paris. She is a typical mere de theater, keenly alive to her daughters' interests, professional or otherwise.

I am the dramatic critic on our best known daily, and consequently daily appreciated by Mme. M.

I had strolled behind the scenes because the house wasn't gay. The boxes were empty for their owners had left town. The theater had a decided summer physiognomy.

Mme. Manchaballe was at her usual place in the wings when I addressed her.

"Oh! by the way, Mme. M., why didn't Rebecca dance in 'Salambo' last Monday?"

"Oh! she was merely a little prostrated by the summer heat."

"Indeed! do you know what they say at the opera?"

"Some ill-natured gossip, I suppose. What is it, anyhow?"

"The story goes that Rebecca didn't dance that delicious Carthaginian pas because her prince had jilted her."

"Well, to an old friend like you, I will admit that there is a grain of truth in the statement."

"And the name?"

"In the first place, if I knew it I wouldn't tell, but there is no culprit at all. Am I not there to watch? The whole thing is that Rebecca stretched the truth a little. That is her great fault, inherited from her father."

"And merely for a simple exaggeration—"

"It sounds simple, Mr. Richard, but if you knew the details! Why, young Des Esbrouffettes nearly lost his life by it."

"By Jove! tell me the story."

"Well, last week, the Duke d'Arcole invited a party on board his yacht, the Sappho. They embarked at Maisons-Lafitte, and were at breakfast at Mlle Fleurie. The yacht holds fourteen people, counting the captain and the engineer. So he had invited half a dozen clubmen with their lady friends, among them being the prince with Rebecca.

She wore a stunning gown, a little Russian waist under a jacket of blue, embroidered with three gold stars, a navy blue shirt, short enough to let you see her Hading stockings."

"Pray, what are Hading stockings?"

"Don't you know? Why, they are the very latest fad. They are stockings made of lace as far as the knee, and the wool is so fine that the leg looks bare—the exact flesh tint which silk stockings never quite produce. Now on board a ship, in a balloon, or on a train, in fact wherever there are

chances to raise the skirt, this is extremely fetching, because you would swear there were no stockings; but it takes an awful pretty leg, and you know Rebecca's!"

"Oh, yes! we all know Rebecca's."

"Now listen attentively, for this is the important part. Tipped on her curly yellow hair, she wore a blue straw sailor hat, kept in place by a handsome pin. You see, she was dressed simply."

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"Well, Rebecca was at the stern next to young Des Esbrouffettes, who was making desperate love to her, while on the other side M. de la Pallardiere squeezed her hand, and in front of her Count d'Alkauve made eyes at her."

"In fact, everybody was very de-

ad."

"I may well say, Rebecca never lacks attention."

"But, Mme. Manchaballe, where was the prince?"

"Oh! Don't you know the engine divides the boat, so that there are eight seats behind and six in front. Consequently the prince could not see those behind the smokestack. It is a most convenient way of separating jealous couples and avoiding unpleasantness."

"He was in the river."

"A Fit of Economy."

Husband—Everything about the house has been at sixes and sevens for a month.

Wife—No wonder. You say times are hard and I have been working myself to death fixing over an old straw hat.

"Oh!"

"Yes. Saves buying a new spring hat, you know."

"You are a darling. But spring is about over."

"True. But I have this done at last, and I think I can make it do until I buy a new summer hat next week."

"A Certain Symptom."

Mamma—Why don't you go and do the errand I told you to?

Freddie—I want to sit here and see the company that's coming to Mrs. Smith's.

"How do you know there is any coming?"

"I saw Robbie wash his hands."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How He Knows.

Nodd—The janitor's wife in our apartment overslept herself the other morning. Todd—How did you know that? Nodd—Because we had cream.—Truth.

"Capital idea that."

"The credit of it belongs to the Duke d'Arcole. He knows exactly how to arrange these little outings. It is his specialty. Well, the breeze became a little fresh, and the yacht scudded before it. The men pulled their caps well over their ears, but the women, in spite of their veils, were obliged to hold on to their hats.

"But everybody was having a glorious time. Rebecca was giving a sample of her pas-seul in Sylvia. You have seen it on the stage, but it was much funnier on the deck, because the motion made her stumble against De la Pallardiere, and tumble upon Des Esbrouffettes. Everybody laughed and the wind increased."

"Pardon, Mme. Manchaballe, but what about the prince? Do you know that he interests me extremely?"

"Well, he was talking to the duke. He was saying to him: 'You know, my dear fellow, under the empire there were charming women: under Marshal McMahon they could still pass, but since the republic they are getting wofully rare.'

"Red-headed D'Arcole ironically glanced at the prince's gray hair. He understood perfectly, but wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

"All at once a gust of wind passed over the deck and carried away Rebecca's sailor hat. It fell in the water and went floating away in the wake of the boat. You can't imagine the confusion. At the cries of 'Hat overboard!' the duke ordered the engineer to 'Stop.' The hat was now only a little blue speck, going further and further away.

"They backed up the Seine after the truant. Every one was armed with canes and umbrellas so as to harpoon the hat, but in vain. Each one screamed, 'Stop!' 'Back!' 'Forward!' The engineer became puzzled, and everybody tried to catch the hat. All this time Rebecca, with her dishevelled hair, looked too pretty for anything and kept saying:

"I do not care for the hat, it only cost forty francs, but my hat pin! It was a pearl set in diamonds, and worth at least 300 louis!"

"Three hundred louis!" said young Des Esbrouffettes, 'By Jove!'

"Still under the influence of the sentiment Rebecca had inspired him with, he pulled off his coat, and splash—he was in the river. Imagine the scene. Even the prince's northern coldness was moved. The women screamed, the engineer stopped again, and the duke threw out one of those pretty life-preservers, with a white crown painted on it, around which are the words, 'Yacht Club, Paris.'

"Young Des Esbrouffettes swims very badly, and besides, he had to hold the hat between his teeth, which caused him to swallow quarts of unadulterated Seine water.

"That alone would be enough to make him ill, and he couldn't catch the buoy, so that for a moment everybody thought him lost. At last, when they succeeded in hoisting him dripping wet on deck, he said triumphantly to Rebecca:

"Here is your hat and the pin—the three hundred louis pin!"

"And, of course, they all wanted to see the costly jewel. Then the truth appeared in the shape of a Roman pearl, not worth a hundred francs!

"Rebecca had slightly exaggerated, you see! The prince, with an injured air, haughtily said:

"My dear, one does not risk a man's life for a paltry trifle like that. She who prevaricates about small things will do so in other matters. I have lost confidence in you."

"And, Mr. Richard, that is why he jilted Rebecca. The next day I went to state the facts to young Des Esbrouffettes, and I insisted that as he was in some way the cause of the misunderstanding the least thing he could do would be to present Rebecca with a 300 louis hatpin."

"And what did he say, Mme. Mandrabelle?"

"He said he would think about it."

—News Letter.

SWASHES ON THE LAKES

GREAT TIDAL WAVES WHICH PUZZLE SCIENTISTS.

They Rise Suddenly From Calm Waters and Destroy Shipping and Life—Do Not Roar Like Oceanic Disturbances, But Come With a Hissing Sound.

"Tidal waves on the great lakes are not of uncommon occurrence," said an old Lake Erie skipper to a Chicago Times man, "and although meteorological experts have for more than a hundred years tried to study out their cause, we don't know any more about it now than they did at the time the great wave rose suddenly on Lake Erie, off Rockport, and destroyed Colonel Bradstreet's fleet in October, 1764. That was the first tidal wave on the lakes that we have any record of.

"I have seen many of these swashes, as we call them on the lakes, the last one about ten years ago, when my schooner was swept high and dry at Port Stanley by a wave that seemed to rise on the lake like some monster marine animal coming from the depths to the surface. We could see it rushing toward us a mile away. It came with a boiling front ten feet high, hissing like loud escaping steam as it swept toward us. That is a peculiar thing about the lake tidal waves. They do not come with a roar, like the ocean surf, but with a loud, hissing sound, and there is only one instance on record where they are either accompanied or followed by strong winds.

"That one instance was at Toledo, in December, 1856, when the wind, which had been blowing stiff off shore, suddenly whirled into a howling nor'easter, and as quick as the change in the wind, the wave leaped out of the lake and came hurling upon the shore a wild and angry mass, eight feet high. In every other recorded occurrence of these mysterious freaks of the lake waters the surface of the lake has been perfectly calm and the air scarcely perceptible.

"Such was the condition when that big wave attacked us at Port Stanley, swamping my schooner and drowning one of my men. The wave receded as fast as it had rushed in, and the lake, in less than ten minutes, was as smooth as a mirror.

"Within the next hour there were four more swashes, each one of less force and volume, until the last was scarcely more than a ripple.

"Almost the first thing I remember, for I was but three years old at the time, was one of these tidal waves. It appeared early in the spring on the Canada shore of Otter creek. There was a piece of woods there then, with a long stretch of beach between it and the lake. My father had a thirty-five-ton schooner lying off the shore half a mile or more. The water was a dead calm when, without warning of any kind, a wave lifted itself from the bosom of the lake, probably a mile and a half out, and swept shoreward with its mighty hiss. My mother and I were with father on his schooner. As that swash came rushing upon us it seemed to me as if the leaping foam of its white crest was higher than the schooner's masts, but I know now that they were not more than twelve feet high. The wave was high enough and strong enough, though to sweep the schooner ashore as if it had been a cockle shell and across that stretch of beach into the woods, where it was left among the trees a hopeless wreck.

"In ten minutes the lake was as calm as ever, but an hour later a similar wave appeared at Kettle creek, twenty miles from Otter creek, and tumbled all sorts of lake craft ashore.

"I guess the greatest tidal wave ever seen on any of the lakes was the one Dr. Foster and his party of voyagers saw on Lake Superior between Copper Harbor and Eagle River. That was in August, 1845. This swash was more than twenty feet high, and, like all of its kind, sprang suddenly from the lake at dead calm. It was a quarter of a mile distant from Dr. Foster's boat, which, when the disturbance began, was directly in the path of the wave. It was crested with foam, and curled over like a mighty ocean surge. Before reaching the boat, however, the wave turned so that its nearest extremity swept past it at a distance of fifty feet, the water between that extremity and the boat being scarcely ruffled by the influence of the rushing tide.

"The wave was only half a mile from shore, but notwithstanding its great size and velocity it never reached there. The same mysterious caprice that caused it to change its course and pass harmlessly by the vessel seemed to seize it once more and it sank rapidly from its great height as it approached the shore and struck the beach with no more force or rise of water than might have come from the wash of a passing vessel.

"I remember a notable swash on Lake Michigan at the mouth of the Menominee. That one appeared in April, 1858, and rushed into the

river with such tremendous force and volume that it upset the ferry-boat on the Menominee. The rebound oscillations of these swashes are usually of decreasing size and force, but this one on the Menominee wasn't that kind. The ebb of this tide was just as sudden as its flow, but in a few minutes it was followed by another wave much larger than the first one, and the ebb of the second swash was followed by a wave still larger than the second.

"That seemed to satisfy the mood of the lake at Menominee that day, and with the receding of the third wave calmness even unwonted prevailed on its bosom. The time between the coming of the first wave and the receding of the third was less than twenty minutes.

"The curious thing about these lake tidal waves is that they are entirely local in their influence. A swash, even of the greatest force and height, may not affect more than a mile of lake front, the water at either end of them being undisturbed beyond that distance. They always come in from the open water."

LITTLE FORTUNES.

Paid the Lucky Owners of New Varieties of Orchids.

Among a lot of the commonest orchids some years ago was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the color of its stem, which was green instead of brown, says Chambers' Journal. When it flowered the bloom should have been green, but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schroeder for 72 guineas, the other to Mr. Measure for 100 guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for 100 guineas each time, but Baron Schroeder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth 1,000 guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public sales room.

The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no signs of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave \$3 on the continent for an odontoglossum; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding £100. Another variety, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy-two guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England.

A cattleya, developing a new and beautiful flower, at once advanced in value from a few shillings to 250 guineas. It was afterward sold in five pieces for 700 guineas. Simply because its flower proved to be white instead of its normal color, 280 guineas have been given for a cattleya, and hundreds of guineas are available at the present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold, and "a guinea leaf" is a common and often inadequate estimate of the worth of rarities.

PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

Holbein was only sixteen years old when first engaged in painting altar pieces for the churches in Basle.

Hogarth was an engraver, and before turning his attention to art, made his living by engraving coats of arms.

Durer was the son of a goldsmith, and, showing an appreciation of art, was apprenticed to a draughtsman.

Fra Bartolomeo was the intimate friend of Raphael, and is believed to have finished many pictures planned or sketched by the latter.

Orcagna's "Last Judgment," now in the Campo Santo at Pisa, was, in the fourteenth century, deemed the greatest picture in the world.

Van Dyck has never been surpassed in ability to draw the features and hands of sitters. There is as much character in his hands as in his faces.

Raphael's pictures are often so thinly painted that the pen strokes on the canvases made for the guidance of the painter are visible through the layers of color.

Cimabue's "Madonna," now in the church of St. Maria Novella in Florence, when finished, was carried from his house to the church in solemn procession, with bands of music and great pomp.

Murillo died of injuries caused by a fall from a scaffold in a church in Cadiz. He had just finished a picture and was admiring it, when, stepping backward to get a better view, he made a misstep and fell.

Michael Angelo was equally great as painter, sculptor, and architect. In order to paint figures properly he devoted twelve years to the study of anatomy alone. His monument to Pope Julius II. was on so grand a scale that the church of St. Peter in Rome was altered with a view to affording a suitable place for its reception. The tomb was afterward modified in plan and placed in another church. His "Last Judgment" required seven years to execute, and was finished when the artist was nearly seventy-eight.