

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

It would be a good idea to distribute a few copies of the Monroe doctrine abroad, with the request to post conspicuously.

There will be many an American bosom wrung before China makes up that 400,000,000 yen indemnity—shirt bosoms, that is.

To give a young man a practical education in the art of advertising is to give him one of the most essential requirements of success.

With a better base ball team at the national capital and a new navy there is no reason why we shouldn't be respected abroad.

As for Oxford, she may not toy with Cambridge exactly as a cat toys with a mouse, but in the classical language of these sad times she gets there just the same.

Sixty thousand copper cents were turned into the sub-treasury at Cincinnati in a day last week as a consequence of the suppression of the penny-in-the-slot gambling devices.

The family mind is made up as to where the boy or the girl shall go to school is no sudden mood; thus the value of all-the-year-round advertising for schools and colleges that hope to have an influence on this important decision.

A movement in behalf of spelling reform has now been begun in France. We believe it was Mark Twain who first suggested this by pointing out the difference between the way he pronounced French and the way the French insisted on spelling it.

We gather from the newspapers in the various municipalities that one-half of the people are making a gallant struggle to turn out gangs of corrupt officials, while the other half are hard at work resenting the attacks of chronic office-seekers, who, arrayed in the garb of reformers, are trying to defame and disrupt the very best administrations the aforesaid municipalities ever possessed.

Mr. Keely announces that his motor is coming on nicely. He has now got far enough along with it, as he explains, to obtain "a sympathetic force of outreach representing in the full receptive circuit an accumulation of polar sympathy of more than twenty-three tons when under rotation to be distributed to the polar and dipolar circuits." Those who have been skeptical regarding this great motor will now be ashamed of themselves.

The news from London that the young duchess of York is fast becoming the arbiter of feminine fashions in England is important as indicating the approaching retirement of the Princess of Wales from active leadership in dress and society. The tact, the cleverness and the vigorous womanhood of the duchess, as well as her taste in the choice of her costumes, are said to make her the idol of the younger set of the British aristocracy.

We are not unwilling to believe with the St. Paul Press that the way to deal with men out of work is to send them where work is always waiting; but before this can be done we must know where that place is, and we must also have the means to send them on. Where is this knowledge and these means to be obtained in times such as this country has undergone during the last two years? Where was work always waiting?

What does the German minister of war mean when he says, as he did the other day in the reichstag, that the new army rifles have been fully tested and were certainly not inhumane weapons? Considering that the end and object of their manufacture is the destruction of human life, "humane" is somewhat a strange word to apply to them, and we may expect to hear soon of the benevolence of Gatling guns or the merciful propensities of torpedoes.

According to the reports made to the surgeon-general of the United States small-pox is now present in twenty-one states, and the number of deaths from the disease during the past winter has been 373, or about one-fifth of the whole number of cases reported. Both the prevalence of the disease and the percent of deaths are greater than is generally supposed. This is largely due to the failure of health officers in enforcing the laws and precautions which experience shows are effective when properly observed.

The Japanese and Chinese legations in Washington have some queer ways of doing business. If the Japanese legation receives a cable dispatch concerning the war in the east or the negotiations for peace between China and Japan and the minister decides to give it out to the press, he sometimes does so on one rather extraordinary condition, which is that the dispatch shall be published as having come from the Chinese legation. In a few days, perhaps, the Chinese will have information to impart to the gentlemen of the press and it turns the tables by prescribing that the dispatch shall be prefixed by words which indicate that it was given out by the Japanese envoy in Washington.

MY COMRADE.

There's a memory growing deeper
As the ruthless years go by
Of a silent, nameless sleeper
Who was not afraid to die.
And his martyred face shines ever
Far as the moon that wraps the river—
Ah, death cannot dis-ever
That battle-wedded tie!

No sword his hand was waving,
No strap his shoulder graced,
When his strong soul was braving
The conflict's fiery waste
But he clutched his musket tightly,
And his bayonet shined brightly,
And his foot was firm and sprightly,
As the line went on a swift-paced.

When the sulphurous smoke-clouds drifted
About the stricken field,
By luminous breath was lifted
As thunderous voices pealed—
Where death was winned with lightning,
Was sped with tumult frightening,
Was put with horrors beightingening,
Forward the good line reeled.

They trembled—but undaunted,
Held on that pitiless war,
Up to the guns they flung
Their tattered flags that day,
But where the swath was deadly,
In that rage roaring medley,
His blue all spotted redly,
My own brave comrade lay.

No praise for him is given
On a granite proud and high,
Who could not be a craven,
Who did not fear to die!
His sleep is with that hundred
Who fell where volleys thundered,
While the nation wept and wondered
And none recall—but I.

Yet as the years grow older,
Forgotten though the name,
Shall brighter grow, and bolder,
The record of his fame
What though a tardy payment
Ye grant to the martyr claimant!
His blue in shining raiment
His heritage shall claim!

—James Pitts, in the American Tribune

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VI.

After hearing that story, I understood; and while I loved Lady Latimer the better for it, it made me the more anxious over her.

It was so natural for her to long for some one who would be kind to her, who would give her flowers and whisper kind words to her; all young girls must have the same desire. But what unutterable woe it would cause if she found this some one now! And in some vague way this fear became the shadow of my life. Not that there was any seeming cause for it. Lady Latimer was not in the least degree a flirt; she was far too spiritual and too earnest for that. Many visitors came to Lorton's Cray—some she admired, some she liked, some she talked with; but I never saw, on her part, the least approach to a flirtation, never a light look or word. At times, if it happened to her, as in the case of the Feltons, a young husband who was much in love with and very attentive to his wife, she would look wistfully at them, and she would say to me, "How happy a well-beloved wife must be!" and my answer was always a very dry, brief "Yes."

I was as young as she herself, yet I saw the danger that lay before her, and she evidently did not. She missed something in her life, but she did not see the breakers ahead in consequence of that miss, as I saw for her.

From that time there came into my love for her a sense of protection. Although there was no difference in our ages, I felt much more like her mother than anything else, the sense of responsibility was so great upon me.

The month of September came round, and with a large company of guests. The shooting at Lorton's Cray was considered excellent. I remember the morning when Lord Latimer looked up from his letters with a growl of satisfaction.

"Lionel is coming," he said, "and he is bringing a friend with him, Colonel—Colonel North. I wish he would write more plainly. Why, that must be North who is heir at law to all the Dudley Gordon estates. They will be here to-morrow evening. I am glad that Phillip North is coming."

Lady Latimer looked pleased and interested. Neither of us had thought that the coming of these two visitors would be a turning point in both our lives. I had thought much of the coming of Lionel Fleming. If it was possible for a human being to be in love with a picture, I was with his. I went to look at it every day, and every day admired it more. I desired greatly to see the original. I found myself often repeating his name—Lionel Fleming. I wondered if he had changed much; I wondered if he would talk to me, if he would be kind to me. The picture's eyes looked so true and so full of courage—would the real eyes look as pleasantly at me as they did? Quite suddenly all my questions were answered, all my wonder ended. There came an afternoon in September when the sunset was of extraordinary beauty; Lady Latimer asked me to go out on the lawn with her to watch it. It was a scene of most wonderful beauty; the whole of the western sky was aflame. Sorely such colors were never mixed before; purple and gold, rose and amber, scarlet and blue—the most gorgeous of hues, the bluest tints. The sun set over the river, and the water had caught and reflected all the wondrous colors.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" asked Lady Latimer; and as she

spoke, coming as it were out of the lurid light the sunset threw upon the earth, we saw the figures of two men slowly approaching us. "That is Lionel Fleming," cried Lady Latimer. The next minute they were with us.

I shall never forget the scene—the flaming evening sky, the richly colored water of the river, the strange light that brooded over the earth, the dark, handsome faces of the two men, their grand athletic figures standing out in bold relief against the sky. I heard the few words of greeting between Lady Latimer and Lionel Fleming, and I heard the introduction of Colonel North; both gentlemen were introduced to me, and then it seemed all a dream.

I could fancy that the beautiful face in the picture had descended from the frame and was near me in the strange evening light. The eyes that sought mine were as true and as brave, the same kindly head with its clusters of dark hair, the same beautiful mouth with its fine bold curves, the same broad shoulders and noble figure; but he, the real man, looked older than the picture.

Let me confess it; my heart went down before him. He had not been talking to me ten minutes before I thought to myself that there was no man like him, and that I would rather have even his most distant acquaintanceship than the love of any other. It was not that I was very romantic or easily won, but it seemed to me that I had known him long. It was my picture-lover come to life, and if it had not been for that picture, for my love and admiration of it, all would have been different; but I had dreamed of that face for long weeks, just as I had repeated the name.

No foolish idea came to me. True, to my thinking, he was a great hero, a great prince, as far above me as the stars are above the earth. I did not think to myself that I would try to charm him. No false notions entered my mind, but I confess humbly my heart went out to him. It seemed as though my life suddenly grew complete; a vague, delicious happiness took possession of me. None of this was shown in my manner. Lionel Fleming walked by my side and talked to me. I seemed to have gone away into fairy-land. I had forgotten the sunset and the river, Lady Latimer and the colonel. I had forgotten everything in the wide world except Lionel Fleming. I did not even know what he was saying, and I answered him at random "yes" or "no."

The first thing that aroused me was the sound of a laugh—a clear, beautiful, silvery laugh, with a ring of true enjoyment in it, such as I had never heard from the lips of Lady Latimer before. I turned to look at her; she was talking to Colonel North, and there was a brightness in her face new to me. Colonel North was a very handsome man; not like Lionel Fleming—a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an erect, almost haughty bearing. He looked like what he was, a soldier and a gentleman. He had fine dark eyes and dark brown hair; his features were handsome and distinguished; he had the air of one born to command. I noticed especially the strange whiteness of his hands. I liked him—no one could help it; he was always pleasant and kind to me. We walked slowly back to the house. I have never seen the sun set over the river without recalling every detail of that evening. We all four went into Lady Latimer's boudoir for a few minutes, where we took some tea—dinner was at eight—and still the strange feeling of something unreal was over me.

We had a delightful half hour, then Lionel Fleming went in search of Lord Latimer, Colonel North to his room, and Lady Latimer and myself went to her room.

"The dressing-bell has just rung," she said. "Oh, Audrey, stay just five minutes and tell me what dress to wear."

And that was the first time since I had known her that Lady Latimer ever mentioned dress to me. I looked at her in wonder.

"I want to look nice to-night," she said. "You see, we have a large dinner party."

On the previous evening the dinner party had been even larger, and she had been perfectly indifferent over her dress, wearing exactly what her maid had prepared for her without comment. I thought this interest in her toilet was an excellent sign, and in my own fashion I tried to encourage it.

"I like you best in blue," I said; "it suits your fair, rose-leaf complexion and golden hair; and of all textures, I prefer velvet. It takes such beautiful lights and shades; then pearls go best with blue velvet."

"Thank you," she said, cheerfully. I was delighted when I saw how bright and interested she was. At dinner there was quite a change in her. All her weariness and fatigue had disappeared; her eyes were bright as stars. She was radiantly lovely, her voice had another ring, her laugh was music. It was the happiest dinner party we had had at Lorton's Cray.

Colonel North was one of the best talkers I had ever heard; graphic, terse, entertaining, he completely enthralled us. He had read much; his

thoughts and ideas were so vigorous, so noble. I saw Lady Latimer's eyes fixed on him, and when he had finished speaking, she drew a deep breath like one released from a spell. The gentlemen were not long before they followed us. As a rule, Lady Latimer did not exert herself much to entertain her guests, but to-night she was all fire and animation; she talked and laughed; she abandoned her accustomed place by the window and came to the piano. It turned out that Colonel North had a superb tenor voice. Why a man so strong, tall, and vigorous should be a tenor instead of a deep bass was a puzzle to me.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression of Lady Latimer's face. She looked as though she had awakened, as though some great and novel discovery had come to her. Her eyes were a startled expression, her beautiful lips were parted. Startled, wondering, almost confused at her sudden awakening, she crossed the room and came to me. She clasped one of my hands in her own.

"Audrey," she said, "that song has roused me from a long sleep. I know what I miss in my life, what I know and others have; it is love; and she looked at me with shining eyes. "I did not know it before," she continued, "I know it now; it is love."

CHAPTER VII.

It is not my own love story that I am writing; if it were, I should have to tell what a bewilderingly happy month this September was to me. I said to myself that I resembled one of those who worship sun, moon, and stars, yet never expect to get near them. I might have called my love story "The Romance of a Star." I had just as much hope as though I loved one of the golden eyes of heaven and wished to win it—just as much. But I was unutterably happy I did not look forward; I never asked myself what would happen when September ended; I never asked myself what I should do when he was gone. I lived in the present.

Captain Fleming was especially kind to me. I could not help noticing that he spent as much time with me as was possible. We met always at breakfast-time, and very often before. I liked the lawn in the morning, I liked to watch the sunlight over the river, and he had the same taste, so that we often met by the white gate where the syringa-trees stood and which led down to the river. We were always, I remember, equally surprised at meeting, and just a little shy.

At breakfast-time he generally secured a place near me. Then Lady Latimer, if the day were fine, would drive over to some appointed place and take lunch for the sportsmen. How many happy hours we spent in the woods and among the heather! Then would come dinner, and the long, happy, brilliant evenings. It was more than fairy-land, it was earthly paradise. Of course, September would pass, and they would go, but no need to think of that now; let the glorious sun of the present shine on. There was a large party in the house, but though I knew them, knew who they were, and that much of the duty of entertaining them fell on me, I was hardly conscious of their existence. I had eyes and ears only for the man who was so much like a picture just stepped from its frame. It was not my fancy—a new light came into his voice when he spoke to me; but of course it meant nothing more than the sun means when it gives royal light and warmth to a flower.

He would be Lord Latimer some day, master of Lorton's Cray and all its broad lands; he would marry some one in his own sphere, some great lady with gold and lands of her own, and then—

Let me be happy while I could; it is not every one who secures one month of perfect bliss from a life-time. I did.

When the mists of happiness and love, wonder and delight, began to clear from my own brow, I perceived a great change in Lady Latimer. All the weariness that had lain over her young beauty like a shadow had vanished; she was simply radiant, her eyes bright as stars, her face flushed with the fairest tints of health. I could have fancied that even the sheen of her golden hair had grown deeper. She who had been so listless that nothing interested her, went about now with sweet snatches of song and sweet smiles on her lips, interested in everything, full of grace, of vigor and of kindness. She was most patient and forbearing with Lord Latimer; she seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of perfect gladness and content. At first I did not see or understand; afterward I knew well enough what was the cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVED FROM NICOTINE.

Little Charley Fogleman Used Tobacco

Since Babyhood, and His Father Smoked and Chewed for the Past Twenty Years—Both Set Free at Asheville, N. C.

"Is that true?" asked the News men at Pelham's Pharmacy, as he laid down a letter in the presence of a dozen interested customers.

"Yes, it is. It was written here on one of our letter heads and signed by J. C. Fogleman," promptly answered the proprietor.

"You know him, don't you?" "Certainly. He lives at No. 5 Buxton street. We all know Fogleman is a man of his word."

"I am glad to hear it. There are so many misleading statements published nowadays that when this came in this morning's mail I came right over to ask you about it. I read the letter three times, but you read it and you will agree with me that it is almost too good to be true." This is what the letter said:

"Office of Pelham's Pharmacy, 24 Patton avenue, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1894. Gentlemen—My little boy, now 8 years, began chewing tobacco when 3 years old by the advice of our family physician in the place of stronger stimulants. Four or five weeks ago I began giving him No-To-Bac, which I bought at Pelham's Pharmacy, and to my great surprise, and it is needless to say, my delight, No-To-Bac completely cured him. He does not seem to care for tobacco and is very much improved in health, eats heartily, and has a much better color."

"Finding such remarkable results from the use of No-To-Bac I began myself in all its various forms for a period of twenty years."

"I take pleasure in making this plain statement of facts for the benefit of others. (Signed) J. C. FOGLEMAN."

"Yes, I know it's a fact, and it's one of the strongest, truthful testimonials I ever read—and it's true, for I sold him the No-To-Bac."

"What's that?" asked Chief of Police Hawkins, whose manly form, attired in the new police uniform, like Solomon in all his glory, came to the door.

"Why, No-To-Bac cure?" "Cures? Why, I should say so. I have used it myself. It cured me."

"Would you object to making a statement of the fact of publication?" "Certainly not," and the Chief wrote as follows:

"Asheville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1894. Pelham Pharmacy—I bought one box of No-To-Bac from you some time since. After using No-To-Bac I found I had lost the desire for tobacco. I was cured."

"I have used tobacco—chiefly chewing—for eight (8) or ten (10) years."

"Everybody looked astonished and wondered what would next turn up."

"Suppose it don't cure?" some one asked. "Then they do the right thing when No-To-Bac won't cure." "What's that?" asked the News man. "Every druggist in America is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. No-To-Bac is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., general offices in Chicago, Montreal and New York, and their laboratory is at Indiana, Mineral Springs, Indiana, a big health resort they own; it's the place where they give Mud Baths for rheumatism and skin diseases. You ought to know the president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, of Lord & Thomas, of Chicago." "Yes, of course I do. We get business from them right along, and they are as good as gold. Well, give me their advertising books and I will make a statement in the paper about what you have told me, for I know there are thousands of good North Carolina people who are tobacco spitting and smoking their lives away, and No-To-Bac is an easy guaranteed cure, and they ought to know it."

Bookkeeping in a Law School. The faculty have decided to establish a course of bookkeeping in the Yale law school, and have engaged an expert accountant as instructor. This is an entirely new feature in law instruction.

Among the retiring members of Congress perhaps one of the most remarkable is Mr. W. J. Bryan of Nebraska. During the four years of his career he has proved himself a natural leader of men. In the fight for a lower tariff, and particularly for free silver coinage, his eloquence com-

HON. W. J. BRYAN, Editor World-Herald.

manded the closest attention of the generally boisterous House of Representatives and won applause from millions of people in all parts of the country.

He declined to run for re-election as Congressman, but over 80,000 voters of Nebraska declared their preference for him as United States senator in the election of 1894. As the legislature was, however, overwhelmingly republican, the big vote was only an empty honor.

He does not, however, entirely retire from public life in leaving office, as he has become editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, which is one of the largest and most progressive of western newspapers.

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