

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

Tammany has engaged the Auditorium for headquarters during the Democratic convention.

The weak spot in a majority of mankind is that they do not know how to think.

One of the honors to be coveted in the future will be membership in the "Order of Sons of the Favorite Sons."

At the Portland primaries recently a good many men seem to have lost their heads, and, to make it more interesting, one lost his ear.

Dr. Levington wants \$500,000 from the Fair estate. People have about come to the conclusion that there was really no fair will.

The classic precincts of Vassar college have been invaded by a thief, but so long as the mice keep away the popularity of the school is not likely to suffer.

The Ohio legislature has passed an anti-lynching law. It makes the county which permits a lynching to take place within its borders liable for damages to the estate of the victim.

Says a dispatch from Belgrade: "A crisis is imminent; nobody has a cent." It is evident that King Alexander would better amend his plans and marry about three American heiresses.

The biggest gold strike ever made in California is announced in Tuolumne county, where the samples assay from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a ton. It is in every sense of the word a big old strike.

The young woman in "York state" who brought her young man to the justice's office and asked the magistrate to marry her to him has set a leaf-year example which other lonely maidens may be inspired to follow before a new year shuts off their privilege.

A book elevator at the new Pratt library in Brooklyn, and which goes up and down by electricity, is one of the new labor-saving devices made possible by this faithful fluid. It is notable that ventilation for the volumes is not forgotten, books being very sensitive to the dry heat of the old-style library, and of many house libraries. Even the fine old and stanch binding which they used to make in Philadelphia fifty years ago crack and dry up in furnace heat.

"Dutch Charlie," a queer character of Cowley county, Kansas, who is known as the prophet of Brandon, has made the announcement that the Arkansas valley will be swept by three terrific cyclones this summer. The first one is to come in June and will be very destructive, the second one, in July, will be even more disastrous than its predecessor. The third is to visit the valley in September. It will leave death and devastation in its wake. Many of "Dutch Charlie's" prophecies have been fulfilled, and those who have faith in him will begin the construction of cyclone cellars at once.

It has been the custom in receiving new immigrants at New York to send the rejected ones to Ellis island till they could be returned to the old country. Last week this resulted in some disorders there and it was feared that some shooting would have to be done before the mob was quieted. About 250 foreigners, mostly of the lower class of Italians, had been sent to the island to await their turn at being sent back. They became very boisterous and an attempt was made to overpower the officers and escape. The men in charge had a fierce fight and finally subdued the crowd. The United States government at once considerably increased the force and it is understood that a detail of regular troops will be kept within reach to be called on if necessary.

For the eight months ending with February last the exports of merchandise were valued at \$602,614,981, which represents an increase of over \$44,700,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year. The imports were valued at \$541,212,774, which represents an increase of nearly \$74,000,000 as compared with the corresponding eight months of 1894-95. The duty-free imports were valued at \$290,237,643, an increase of over \$25,100,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year. The dutiable imports, on the other hand, were valued at \$250,975,126, which represents an increase of over \$49,800,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year. For both the periods compared the exports showed an excess in value over the imports, which excess amounted to \$61,402,207 in the eight months ending in February, 1896, and to \$91,652,952 in the eight months ending in February, 1895.

GAME DOESN'T WORK.

REFORM CLUB OF NEW YORK DELUGED WITH NAYS.

Country Publishers Do Not Want Free Stereotype Plates—Sample of the Hundreds of Letters Being Received by the Britishers Daily.

In reply to liberal offers of free plate service the Reform Club is being deluged with hundreds of letters, like the following from editor of the Press, Adrian, Mich.:

A few days since we received a letter from the sound currency annex of the "Reform Club" of New York, a sort of a mugwump combine, with more money than principle, offering us plate matter and supplements free, containing gold standard arguments. We have sent the following reply: Calvin Tompkins, Esq., Chairman, etc.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of recent date, containing a proposition for pushing the "educational work for a sound currency" and also sample of the educational literature you desire to furnish. You say you will furnish me free, every four weeks a page of plates, and a 1,000 supplements, being broadsides for sound currency. This you do to "resist the efforts of the free coinage advocates to put this country on a free silver basis." I observe, too, that you are a section of the "Reform club" of New York.

I heartily approve of any and every effort in behalf of sound currency. The great business interests of the country demand that we not only have a sound currency but that we have a reliable and anti-monopoly currency, ample in quantity and uniform in quality, with power to pay any debt of the country at any time, and any place, to any person, for anything, a currency that is as good in a farmer's wallet, as in a bank; a currency so sound that it will pay a bond, or pension; a mortgage or a month's wages, and one that cannot be placed at a premium in order that it may be demanded of the government in exchange for any other currency. We want an honest currency, one that will pay the wage-earner and the interest taker; one that will pay the gun holder and the bond holder; one that the United States alone issues and fathers; one that will fight our battles, or buy our wheat; one as much for the use and benefit of the producers of the country who raise the 700 millions dollars exports for our foreign trade as well as for those who buy the bonds and clip coupons.

We need a currency so sound that no combine of financial thieves can organize a raid on the treasury and embarrass it in its dealings, and disturb the business interests of the country, in order that the currency they hold, may be turned into an interest-bearing debt.

We need a sound currency, that will admit of no juggling, nor compel the United States to keep on hand a hundred million dollars in any one kind of money just to accommodate a class of men who make their living by raids on the currency reserve, not because they need one kind of money more than another, but simply to make trouble.

We need a sound currency law which would oppose every effort to embarrass the government, by demanding the redemption of the government's paper money, and declare such a demand high treason, punishable with death here, and damnation hereafter.

The only sound currency I recall, was the old "red dog" that was in existence before the war, and which as I understand it, your "Reform" club is anxious to restore, and that you voiced this by getting such a scoundrelly proposition inserted into the last democratic national platform and it is favored by the reform president, the Hon. Grover Cleveland, an ardent "sound currency" statesman, who links arms with Sherman, McKinley, Fairchild, Hoar, Reed, Brice, Carlisle, and the two Mortons, one the seed secretary in the cabinet and the other a political seed in New York.

Believing in a sound currency and in the honesty of our forefathers who conducted the government before you were formed or reformed, feeling that they made no mistake when they established silver and gold for unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, and knowing that up to 1873 both metals were a "sound currency" (except during the war, when gold and a lot of "reformers" slipped out of the country, and watched the soldiers and greenbacks put down the rebellion), I unhesitatingly declare for sound currency and honest money.

I believe the United States in the days of '61 to '65, made no mistake when gold and its friends were not "at home," in organizing the greenbacks, and declaring them money and they have been ever since, the only really "sound money" of this country, and that the man who demands their redemption in gold, just to get the gold for money to use at home or abroad, is a thief, and has less patriotism than Jeff Davis, whose efforts were devoted to destroying the country the greenbacks saved.

The men who ask for greenbacks to be redeemed in gold, will, if given the opportunity, demand that the Savior

who died to save them, may be prosecuted for coming to life again.

A perusal of your plate editorials convinces me that you are masquerading under false colors. You are advocating the only dishonest money known.

You are opposing the best interests of the people.

You are fighting silver, the people's money, and you fight it for selfishness.

You oppose it because you do not wish to see money plentiful.

And this leads me to remark that sound currency must bear a lower rate of interest.

The farmers and wage earners get it, simply to exchange it for labor.

They are willing to work and trade labor.

They do not want the interest in the exchange, to rob them of their profits.

Now sir, I suggest that you reform at once.

Adopt honest methods. Men have been sent to prison for less than your "reform" proposition to me. I am a poor man. I, however, own my own office and have been taught politically that bribery is a crime. I am not willing to sell out my views to a rich syndicate, able and willing to debauch the press of the country. You can purchase my plant, but not my ideas or my views. You cannot furnish gold enough to get your plate editorials into my paper, either.

The Press is for sound currency, one that is good for all classes, at all times; a currency of the United States and good for the world.

It is for the free coinage of silver as an honest and sound currency, and to place the law of 1873, back on our statute books should be the first duty of every true, loyal citizen.

The enemy of silver is the enemy of this country.

The man who attempts to disrupt the union, is no more a traitor than he who disrupt our currency, or who opposes its restoration.

I am fully able to write my own editorials and express my own views.

If I want manufactured pewter-prepared editorial utterances, I can pay for them. The shameless heresies you put forth, under the guise of "sound currency" ought to convince every loyal democrat of the country that you are conspiring with the republican party to maintain the robbing gold standard, and that the only hope that the farmers, workmen and business men of the country have is to repudiate your "reform" methods, and denounce you as the germ of all monopoly, trusts, aristocracy and caste, and as dangerous to a government of the people, as a wolf is to a flock of lambs.

I do not wish your plates, nor your broadsides. I know the devil's hoof when I see it, and a "reform" cloak does not hide it in this instance.

Yours for silver, greenbacks and gold, irredeemable and interchangeable. W. STEARNS.

How It Works.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and here are a couple of straws. On Thursday, April, 2, there were two petitions presented to Congress. One of them was from the Massachusetts State Board of Trade of Boston, and its object is the maintenance of the single gold standard in coinage. The other was from the Drill Press and Milling Machine Union, No. 6505, American Federation of Labor, of Toledo, Ohio, praying for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The fate of these two petitions is highly complimentary to the spirit of American fair play, the principle of Republican justice, the theory of liberty and equal rights for all, which is by a somewhat fantastic flight of the imagination supposed to pervade this ideal land. The gold standard petition was very courteously referred to the Committee on Finance, and will doubtless be utilized when needed in the future to brace and sustain the recommendations of that astute committee. The other petition, that of the laboring men for the free coinage of silver on the same terms as are extended to gold, was ordered laid on the table, or in other words snuffed out of existence then and there. It is worth noting too, as an instance of the irony of fate, that the plea of the iron workers was presented by Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, himself the Judas Iscariot of finance, who has done more than any ten living men to prostitute the coinage of the American Republic to the base uses of European money lenders. There is at the present time but one satisfaction connected with this incident, and that is the irony of fate in another direction in casting down the ambitious and withering the hope of the Ohio statesman, whom nature generously enriched with gifts, whose life work was the attainment of the Presidency, but who is to-day standing on the threshold of another world, with the ashes of Sodom in his parched mouth, with the honors of the Presidency cut off by his perjury, and with a keen realization gnawing at his heart that his treason to the honest toilers of his native land, while it may have made him rich, has also made him more to be pitied in the evening of life than the pauper dying in squalor and rags.

The right kind of a Christian will always do right.

DONE IN COLD BLOOD.

SEVEN MURDERS CHARGED TO HENRY F. BASTIAN.

He Lived a Double Life and Was a Member of the Church at the Time the Finger of Suspicion Was Directed at Him.



HE crimes of Henry F. Bastian have startled the people of Rock Island and a large section of Illinois.

On Bastian's farm on Mill Creek, ten men under the direction of Sheriff Hemenway have dug several days, unearthing new traces of Bastian's deeds. Three murders are now conclusively traced to Bastian, according to neighbors, and many think four other cases of mysterious disappearance are in reality murders, committed by him. One of the crimes charged against Bastian by his neighbors is the killing of his 2-year-old child five years ago. His other supposed victims are three farm hands, Lauderbach, Kreinsen and McCaffrey, and a colored nurse named Parish, who disappeared about the time Bastian's baby died. There is a great deal of conjecture in these cases, but the people who three weeks ago wanted to mob Sheriff Hemenway for suggesting that Bastian killed Kuschmann would now believe any charge made against him.

Aside from the way in which Bastian kept up his dual life, if he was really a murderer, this change of sentiment is the most remarkable part of this strange case which is so full of possibilities. No one can guess its magnitude. When Sheriff Hemenway began to connect Bastian with Kuschmann's murder the people of Milan and the farmers along Mill Creek warned him to keep away and threatened to bring suit against him for defaming Bastian's character. Even after Bastian's body was found hanging in an out-house they would not credit the stories, and when the first skeleton was unearthed the sheriff was accused of having planted it to strengthen his case. However, there has been a great change of feeling, and now there is talk of removing Bastian's body from the cemetery to the potters' field as a mark of resentment.

The case has attracted widespread attention, and people from every direction are visiting the Bastian farm and carrying away numberless souvenirs of the spot. The bloody buffalo robe, the buggy, and other objects connected with the murder of young Kuschmann have been bought by the farmers near by, and are regarded as treasures. Nothing remains on the farm except the buildings, all else having been sold at auction, and the crowds of visitors watch every chance to carry away a chip of these.

Henry Bastian, who is now charged with seven murders, with forgery, arson, and other crimes, was born near Rock Island twenty-six years ago, and has lived on the farm near Mill Creek most of his life. He was a prominent member of his church and was regarded as an upright man by his neighbors during the five years in which it is now supposed he was killing his farm hands, burning barns, and robbing his friends and relatives. Since the day he was married and came into possession of the farm he has lived a dual life, not even his wife having any suspicion of his crimes. His sister Carrie, who lived with him most of the time, is suspected by many of having guilty knowledge of his acts, but State's Attorney Searle, the sheriff, and the coroner, working together, have not been able to produce any evidence against her.

The last murder committed by Bas-



HENRY F. BASTIAN.

han, and which resulted in the discovery of his other crimes and led to his suicide, was the killing of Fred Kuschmann on February 29 last. Kuschmann, whose people live in Rock Island, had worked for Bastian for a year, and on the day he was killed told the latter he was going home and wanted his money. Just how he was killed will probably never be known. About 8 o'clock that night Bastian entered the house of his nearest neighbor, Anton Weigle, and said he had found Kuschmann's body in the road where he had been thrown from his horse. Bastian said later the farm hand had

borrowed a horse and at the afternoon and started for Rock Island, taking with him his wages, amounting to nearly \$30. Two hours later the riderless horse galloped back to the house. Bastian said he started out to look for the rider and found his body half a mile away.

There were several bad cuts on Kuschmann's head, caused, so Bastian said, by the horse dragging him along the road. Kuschmann's leg was tangled in the straps of the saddle, which lay beside him. Two hundred yards away lay his coat, and still farther down the road \$2 were found. Several neighbors helped Bastian put Kuschmann's body in his buggy, and it was taken to Weigle's home. The coroner's jury the next day returned a verdict of "accident" death. The dead man's relatives and Sheriff Hemenway were not satisfied and began an investigation. Large blood clots were found in Bastian's buggy, and the wounds on examination were found free from dirt. The doctors further said they were inflicted with an ax. No trace of the man's money has been discovered.

BLEACHED HER HAIR.

Now She Is Insane and May Never Recover.

Confined in an asylum at Amityville, L. I., with small hope of recovery, is Dell De Forrest, the handsome vaudeville actress, who has won fame in many cities with her "whirlwind dance." She labors under the hallucination that her life is in peril from people who are trying to chloroform her or poison her by means of her food. Her



DELL DE FORREST.

condition was brought about by several agencies, of which peroxide of hydrogen, used for bleaching the hair, is said to form an important part. Eight years ago, being then a popular 18-year-old belle of Newark, N. J., Miss De Forrest, who had achieved considerable success as an amateur dancer, took to the professional stage, and almost immediately won pronounced success.

Contrary to the wish and entreaty of relatives and friends, she decided to bleach her hair, although the danger of such a course was pointed out by a medical man. For years past she has been applying a powerful bleaching solution to her tresses, and the result almost inevitable in a woman as nervous as Miss De Forrest, has been that her mind has given way. At first she grew irritable, accusing her dancing partner of plotting against her life, and occasionally refused to perform her dance on the ground that enemies were in the audience, waiting a chance to kill her. She was taken home, her mother and sister having meanwhile removed to New York city. Specialists were consulted, and she was confined in a private home. Showing no signs of improvement she was taken to the Amityville asylum a few weeks ago.

TRUE TO THEIR LOVE.

The Couple Courted for Many Years, but at Last Were Wedded.

James Mote and Madge Pennington, of Newark, Del., were ardent lovers during the war. Miss Pennington was a beautiful, vivacious brunette of 19, and James a handsome and gallant fellow of 22. Their engagement was announced, but when the day set for the wedding arrived some unforeseen circumstance prevented the marriage ceremony. Another day was set, but still another obstacle presented itself, and the wedding did not take place. This ill-luck did not dismay the lovers or tend to dampen their ardor, for day after day for nearly thirty years they have walked down the lanes and met at the trysting place with as much regularity as in their youthful days. On Tuesday last James celebrated his 55th birthday and incidentally resolved that he would get married. Accordingly the quiet and curious people of the town were surprised the next day by the announcement of the wedding of Miss Madge Pennington and James Mote on May 7. Miss Pennington has reached the interesting age of 50 years.

Soldiers Drink Poison for Gin.

At Lille, France, the other day, a dangerous fire occurred in St. Saver Church and hospital. All the patients were rescued from the burning building, but three of them died subsequently from fright. Fifteen soldiers, who were employed in quenching the fire, went to a druggist's shop and there drank some poison, which they mistook for gin. Six of them died as a result of the draught.