

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

Careless people generally expect others to be the perfection of promptness.

The bicyeler who fell over a pullet made a near approach to the soup.

The Englishmen may be able to row faster, but the Yale crew has the prettiest yell.

The man who does not subordinate himself to his work seldom produces anything creditable.

A dispatch from Washington says that an umpire struck two players. Verily the worm is taking a big turn.

Jerry Simpson was paid 200 silver dollars for a Fourth of July oration. Most assuredly this was a case of free silver.

If Mr. Astor should spend all his money becoming an English lord he could easily recoup by marrying an American heiress.

If intelligence reaches the late Mr. Gould that his son-in-law gave a \$100,000 fete in a rainstorm he will regret more than ever that he is dead.

A Chicago man claims to have discovered the art of hardening copper. He ought to be able to sell his secret to Chief Badenoch for a good round sum.

"Dynamite Dick" simply didn't like his board in the Oklahoma jail, and when he left took Bill Doolin and all of the boarders with him. Court adjourned.

Girls, do you realize that leap year is half gone, with no remarkable increase in the number of weddings. So long as women thus neglects her opportunities, what can be done for her?

It looks like a waste of good hard cash to spend \$200,000 on a mausoleum, yet that is what the heirs of the late Charles Pratt are doing in New York. The marble workers will get the real benefit, and, looking at the vast expenditure in this light, of course it's all right.

The bicycle trains on the New York "L" roads are a huge success. Every one of them is crowded and the wheeling folk are delighted with this means of transport in company with their beloved machines. It is planned now in many large eastern cities to run bicycle trains on the regular railroads and from the most popular suburban residence centers.

Yonkers, N. Y., has a little girl 11 years old who seems to have absolutely no moral sense. She is already an accomplished adept at all "con" games. Moreover she exhibits as much versatility and originality in her methods as if she had been trained and schooled in thievery. She has been repeatedly arrested but seems to always hypnotize the police justices by her charmingly childish manners, as she is always allowed to go scot free.

Mrs. Fleming, the woman recently acquitted of poisoning her mother in New York, announces officially that she is going to marry Ferdinand Wilkes, the man who gained such unpleasant notoriety during the trial. She states publicly that he is the father of her children, and that while the "mistakes" which he made in giving his evidence might have cost her dear, that nevertheless she is "very proud of him." This is very "fin-de-siecle."

Concerning the recent shooting of Private Weaver at Fort Niobrara by order of the officer of the guard to prevent him in his insanity from killing any more of his companions, much comment has been created in army circles over what is claimed to be now the proven inefficiency of the new rifle. Although Weaver received what was a mortal wound, and which, from this rifle, should have stopped him short, he nevertheless succeeded in firing three more shots at the other soldiers before succumbing. This fact is considered as very discouraging among those who have heretofore praised the new weapon unboundedly.

A constable in Hackensack, N. J., has finally succeeded in serving a warrant which he has carried in his pocket for a year. The person against whom the warrant was issued has exhibited such astounding ingenuity in avoiding arrest that all the constable's most carefully planned schemes have failed. The man did not actually absent himself from his customary surroundings, but he simply showed wonderful cleverness in keeping track of the constable, while the latter showed little, or none, in following his intended victim. It would be an excellent plan, after the man had out his time, to put him on a detective force, where his talents would produce extraordinary results.

IN DEEP DISGRACE.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S PRIVATE PHYSICIAN IS IN TROUBLE.

The Iron Chancellor's Artist Is the Plaintiff—The Unsavory Character of Dr. Schweningen and His Several Escapades.

THE announcement that Dr. Schweningen, Prince Bismarck's favorite physician, has given Franz von Lenbach, Prince Bismarck's favorite painter, cause for divorce directs public attention afresh to Schweningen's unsavory career. A more generally offensive and blatant man than Schweningen probably does not live in Germany. He was found guilty, long before Bismarck knew him, of an atrocious act in a public place. His offence was against the widow of his best friend; and it was committed at the grave to which she had gone with flowers. His character, as well as his reputation, was therefore a matter of record when Bismarck went to him to have his increasing weight reduced. Schweningen reduced it. Just how Schweningen induced Bismarck to forget the past has not been made public; at all events, he did wheedle him into forgetting or forgiving it and into making him, the despised and reproached Schweningen, a regular professor in Berlin University.

The announcement of Schweningen's appointment was the signal for a fierce onslaught by the faculty and the Berlin press on both Bismarck and his protegee. The professors protested against being forced to associate with a man of Schweningen's character. They interested Parliament in their case against the intruder. The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction was asked in Parliament to explain how a man, convicted of an atrocious act in a public place, as Schweningen had been, could be honored with a place among the honorable men of the Berlin faculty; also, how it was possible that a man of such character could be elevated to a place of influence over the German youth.

A person reading, even today, the parliamentary record of this interpellation and the answer, is impressed with the apologetic humility, almost shame, which was evident in Herr von Gossler's explanation. It was all true, he said. Schweningen had done the disgraceful thing charged; the record of his disgrace was to be found in Munich's criminal court; but he had redeemed himself by curing Bismarck of fatness. For this great service his other shortcomings should be overlooked.

So Schweningen's appointment was maintained, despite the outcry of professors, editors and deputies, and he was forced upon the Berlin faculty to be the associate of men like Mommsen and Helmholz, and Treitschke and Schmoller. It is doubtful if Schweningen ever got any satisfaction out of the storming and capture of the professor's chair. He was in the faculty, to be sure, and Bismarck stood behind him to prevent his being pushed out, yet the faculty did not turn out to be all Schweningen had hoped to find it. Whichever way he turned he faced a social boycott. He called on professor after professor, as is customary with a new member of a German university faculty, and was received by each with the coldest courtesy. His inquiry at each house for the women—the professor's wife and daughters—was answered in every case with the stony, unadorned insult: "They are well, but beg to be excused."

Under these circumstances even the brazen face of Schweningen was downcast. It is not known that he ever essayed another round of calls. It is certain that he never achieved even the most modest social success in the university circle. He held fast to Bismarck, however, and Bismarck was not squeamish about holding fast to him. Since the Prince's retirement from the Radziwill palace to Friedrichsruh, Schweningen has been with him most of the time. He has watched the old Chancellor faithfully, and probably but for his painstaking and ceaseless care Bismarck would have succumbed ere this to any one of three or four dis-



DR. SCHWENINGER.

cases that have plagued him. But while conspicuous for his gratitude to his one powerful friend, Schweningen has not ceased to distinguish himself for vulgarity and impudence. Some three years ago, when Bismarck was ailing seriously, Schweningen refused to answer Emperor William's despatches of inquiry as to the Prince's condition, finally announcing in a newspaper interview that he was no lackey or government official to be sending reports to Berlin. Later, when Bismarck made his celebrated reconciliation visit in Berlin, Schweningen cavorted about in print and out in a most preposterous fashion. He told the newspapers or people who tell the newspapers that the Emperor had insulted him by having only an ordinary cab at the station to convey him, the only Schweningen, to the castle, and by allowing the court marshal or chamberlain to assign him to a second or third-story room when he should have been on the ground floor right next to the Prince himself. This seemed really to be one of the keen sorrows of Schweningen's later days—that anybody could ignore so completely his great reputation, dignity, and deserts as to put him in a cab and a bedroom off the ground floor. The case of Franz von Lenbach against Schweningen seems all the more discreditable since Lenbach has been at Friedrichsruh repeatedly, painting Bismarck pictures, and usually has been counted a member of that curious family circle, in which the Prince has held his little court since his fall. If anybody cares to learn more of this disagreeable subject, he may do so by a moment's glance at Schweningen's picture. Probably all Germany could be searched without the discovery of another face which is such an offence to good taste and morality.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

"One, Two, Three"—The Rustic in the Hotel—Dog and Monkey in a Scrap—Brought His Child's Ashes from Japan.

IT WAS an old, old, old, old lady, and a boy who was half past three; and the way that they played together was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping. And the boy no more could he, for he was a thin little fellow, with a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight, out under the maple-tree; and the game that they played I'll tell you, just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing, though you'd never have known it to be—

With an old, old, old, old lady, and the boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down on his little sound right knee, and he'd guess where she was hiding. In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!" He would cry, and laugh with glee—It wasn't the china-closet; but he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom, in the closet with the queer key!" And she said: "You are warm and warmer; but you're quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard where Manma's things used to be—So it must be the clothes-press, Granma!" And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers, that were wrinkled and white and wee, and she guessed where the boy was hiding, with a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places, right under the maple-tree—This old, old, old, old lady, and the boy with the lame little knee—

This dear, dear, dear, old lady, and the boy who was half-past three.

The Rustic in the Hotel. From the Philadelphia Record: Many tales are told of the mistakes made by rural visitors in city hotels, and very often the long bow is drawn until it is in danger of snapping asunder under the strain. But here is one which is absolutely true, and which happened at the Irving House on Sunday.

A gentleman from the regions of bucolic simplicity, accompanied by his wife, registered at the hotel, and about 10 o'clock in the evening the clerk was confronted by the husband, who remarked that they were ready to retire, and who wanted to know when the bed was to be put into their room. A bellboy was dispatched to show the verdant guests how the folding bed operated, and for a period of several minutes all was quiet in the office when the man from the country again put in an appearance. He wanted to know if they couldn't have a wash bowl and a pitcher of water. Again the bellboy was sent up to explain the mysteries of a stationary washstand. But more trouble was in store for the attaches of the hotel, when an apparition clad in airy garments was seen beckoning from the top landing of the stairs. It was the gentleman from the country, who wanted to know how the "gosh-dern light was put out." The bellboy accompanied him to his room, whereupon the countryman pointed to the hand grenades labeled "fire extinguishers," and said he didn't know whether to throw them at the electric light or not. The boy turned off the light, and no further trouble ensued. But the stranger had made three trips to the office when he might have touched the electric call bell.

Dog and Monkey in a Scrap. From the Cincinnati Enquirer: A score and more of people at Muncie were the involuntary witnesses of one of the funniest fights to a finish imaginable. A monkey belonging to an Italian escaped from its confinement and was ambling along the street when it was attacked by a large yellow dog of mongrel breed. For several seconds there was such a blinding rush of dust that the spectators could scarcely see which was ahead, but finally the monkey broke away and scaled up a pole close at hand, while the dog established himself at the foot and bayed loud and angrily.

HER KISS, THEN DEATH. Lightning Struck Valentine Down at His Sweetheart's Feet. With the imprint of his sweetheart's kiss warm upon his forehead, Charles

A KISS, THEN DEATH. Valentine was sent swiftly to eternity in suburban New York last Sunday. The girl had scarce given him the caress when a bolt of lightning robbed her of her betrothed and threw her headlong across his lifeless body. A few hours before the two had become reconciled after months of separation, and they had gone out on a lovely country road to celebrate their reunion. The lover lay that night a corpse in the basement of the Kingsbridge police station. The young woman was in Fordham hospital paralyzed and suffering the greatest mental anguish. Valentine was thirty-three years old, a tall, fine-looking fellow, with the darkest of hair and eyes and mustache. He was an overseer in the street cleaning department, New York city. The girl who was with him at his death was Louise Costella. She is only twenty years old, a very pretty and attractive young woman, a native of Italy, as was her lover. She earned a living by making cigars. Valentine and Miss Costella became engaged about a year ago. They quarrelled four months ago, and so serious appeared the difference that they did not speak. Both were at early mass at the church in East Seventeenth street Sunday morning. So were several of their friends, who had planned to bring the angry lovers together. They succeeded. The two were brought face to face after mass, and then the young man escorted his regained sweetheart home.

Saved by a Brave Girl. Miss Mamie Yaples, daughter of a farmer living near Ellenville, N. Y., distinguished herself by stopping a runaway horse and rescuing two children. Mrs. Joseph Hood, accompanied by her two daughters, were driving down a hill when the harness broke, frightening the horse and causing it to run wildly for nearly a mile. Mrs. Hood dropped the reins and clung to her children, screaming for help. Miss Yaples, who is an equestrienne, was riding near her home when she saw the peril of mother and her children. Urging her own steed forward the brave girl soon intercepted the runaway horse, and seizing it by the bridle, saved Mrs. Hood and children, who were too weak to stand when taken from the wagon.

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The monkey chattered in several dialects, running up and down, and all the time keeping a wary eye on its enemy. Finally it began to slowly slide down the pole, and, coming within range, it bounded plump on the dog's back, and, with teeth and claw, made the hair fly. The dog jumped and howled and shook himself, the crowd yelling itself hoarse shouting, "Go it, Tige!" "Hold to him, Monk!" The dog finally flopped over on its back, dislodging the monkey, which again bounded up the pole.

By this time the dog was crazed with rage and pain, and it made herculean efforts to reach its chattering enemy, who again brought into play the same tactics as before. A second time it landed squarely on the dog's back, and there was a repetition in which teeth and claws played a leading role. The round resulted in a complete victory for the "monk," the dog eventually unhorsing his enemy by rolling over, and then bounding to his feet and running away as fast as his legs could carry him. The monkey chased him for a few yards and then returned to the pole satisfied with results.

Hoist with His Own Petard. From the Washington Evening Star: A Columbia cable car going west a few evenings since was delayed a short time at the crossing of Fifth street Northwest by a large block of granite that had slipped from a heavy truck. A young white man coming south on Fifth and a colored man going west on H, both on bicycles, met at the corner near the car and collided. Both were pretty well shaken up and both were covered with dirt.

"You infernal fool," exclaimed the white man, angrily, scraping the mud from his clothing, "couldn't you come coming along here in broad daylight?"

"I'm awful sorry," began the colored man in an apologetic tone. "I didn't see you at all—was looking at that big stone—"

"You blockhead," broke in the other; "I've a good mind to have you arrested for scorching along the streets here without regard for the rights of others, and running into people in this way."

"Did you see me?" interrupted the colored man, as the other one caught breath.

"No, I didn't. I—"

"Where were your eyes, you idiot?" The insane asylum ought to be indicted for allowing such a blanked fool to escape in daytime. You should—"

Just then the car started with a load of laughing passengers, and none haw-hawed more heartily than the fat policeman on the back seat, as he said: "Be jabbers, the naygur is bating him at his own argymint."

Brought His Child's Ashes from Japan. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean: When C. E. Freet registered himself and wife at the Auditorium last evening he left with Clerk Paul Gores a rather bulky valise of Japanese workmanship. Clerk Gores handled the valise as he would any other heavy package, and when cautioned to be careful with it he remarked that it was rather heavy.

"That is not strange," remarked the guest, "since it contains the body of my child."

Clerk Gores nearly dropped the valise in his surprise, but was assured that the body was cremated.

"We have just come from Japan," explained Mr. Fleet, "where we lost our child. My wife would not hear of burying it in that country, so we had the body cremated and I brought it in that valise, which I had made on purpose. We are on our way home to New York, where we will have the remains buried in Graceland."

Fresh Eggs Were the Weapons. From the Los Angeles Herald: Mrs. Riley, who keeps a boarding house at 419 Geary street, and Margaret St. Clair, one of her lodgers, engaged yesterday in a novel fight. It is asserted that Miss St. Clair purchased a bag of fresh eggs and requested Mrs. Riley to allow her to cook some of them on her stove. Mrs. Riley objected. Then, it is asserted, Miss St. Clair got into action. One after another of the choice eggs were thrown at the landlady's head. The young woman was a good shot, and by the time the twelfth egg had been smashed among the frizzles of Mrs. Riley's front piece that lady was in a deplorable condition. She was mad, too—very mad—and she doubled up her fists and struck her lodger a blow in the eye. Miss St. Clair is something of a pugilist herself. She sent in a right swing, and a cry of pain from Mrs. Riley announced that it had landed. Then there was some close-in-fighting. For a time things were pretty lively. The two women were finally separated by some of the lodgers. Later Mrs. Riley had Miss St. Clair arrested on the charge of battering her with eggs.

The Only Way. "Tis being and doing and having, that make All the pleasures and pains of which mankind partake, To be what God pleases, to do a man's best, And to have a good heart is the way to be blest."—Byron.