The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

Kansas has sent twenty cars of corn to famine sufferers in India. Some southern state should contribute a staff of black mammies to make it into corn dodgers.

After all, it seems only natural that the fire fiend, raging upon the grounds of the Paris exposition, should select the water palace as the one place which it was his business to destroy.

Kansas City hotel men are preparing to give every convention delegate a bed by putting five beds in each room. At $5 a day for each of these beds this seems to be a game of high five.

Trades unions hitherto have been but little known in Paris. It now is announced that the 3,000 assistants employed in the three great shops, the Bon Marche, Louvre and Samaritaine, are meditating the organization of an association of this kind.

Too much business pressure seems to be responsible for the fact that Chicago's gang of porch-climbers succeeds in evading apture. The police, according to a recent victim of the burglars, are always too busy to attend to such cases and the porch-climbers are engaged in so flourishing a trade that they have no time to bother with policemen.

James J. Corbett is anxious to become a congressman from New York city, and his friends declare that he will be elected. Mr. Corbett might not shine in legislative halls, but it should be a difficult affair to tear him from his seat if once in the chair. He is a larger man than either Senator Clark or Mat Quay, and his science should enable him to whip any sergeant-at-arms that ever trod the aisles.

There has been provided a machine for automatically cleaning shoes. The foot is inserted into a properly arranged opening and the rattling of the machine is firmly grasped. A small motor actuates rotary brushes that remove the mud. The foot is next placed in the blacking arrangement proper, which acts as the dauber, and the third set of brushes is devoted to polishing. A needle on a machine indicates the various stages in the operation.

The members of the International Commercial Congress held in Philadelphia were told by Mr. W. C. Barker, as the result of his observations among European manufactories, that time seems to be regarded as of comparatively little value abroad, while in America the maxim that "time is money" is practically applied. Mr. Barker found that in a large agricultural machinery manufactory in Europe the only trip hammer in use was worked by hand, the weight being drawn up with ropes and pulley, and allowed to drop. The American power-hammer strikes 100 and more blows in a minute.

Recent observations tending to show that ants possess a sense of hearing have been described in this column. Professor Metcalf of the Woman's College, Baltimore, adds some intersting testimony on the subject in a letter to Science. One of his students discovered that a colony of black ants was thrown into a state of great excitement by sounds of one particular pitch. Other sounds did not affect them, but when the peculiar note was struck either on a violin or with a whistle, the ants would become excited, and if the sounds were continued would grow frantic, some of them falling into a water moat surrounding their nest. Ants of other species paid no attention to the sounds.

Although the inhabitants of the earth are not perceptibly affected by the wandering motion of the North Pole, yet it is a phenomenon of unceasing interest to astronomers, and on January 1st a new plan for investigating it went into effect. The motion, which is suggestive of the wabbling of a top, is extremely slight when the vast size of the earth is taken into account. Since 1890 the North Pole has never been more than 35 feet away from the place it should occupy if the earth's axis of revolution never varied in direction. But the motion is erratic, and its cause is obscure. The new plan of observation provides four observing stations, all close to the 39th degree of north latitude, and all within 500 feet of the same parallel. These are at Midzusawa, Japan; Carloforte, Sardinia; Gaithersburg, Maryland, and Ukiah, California. Precisely similar observations with exactly the same kind of zenith telescopes will be made at each station on carefully selected stars. Any change in the direction of the pole reveals itself by a shift of the stars.

Secretary Wilson proposes that the postman's wagon in the rural free delivery service, which is now rapidly extending, shall carry the daily weather forecast, with cold wave and frost warnings, for the benefit of farmers. With universal rural free delivery, every householder may receive a daily visit from a representative of the United States government. The suggestion is a reasonable one that the mail carrier should attend to other government matters, of which a distribution of the weather forecasts may be the first upon an extending list.

Congress is often criticised on account of the speed with which the passage of pension bills is rushed. Eighty-four bills in forty-five minutes is a recent record of the senate. But it should be remembered that every one of the bills had been carefully examined by a committee, and was accompanied by a printed report setting forth the facts thus ascertained. If Congress were to devote to every pension bill the time necessary to discuss a tariff bill, it would have time left for nothing else.

Students of the University of Nebraska mobbed the Lincoln police the other night, breaking the leg of one officer and wounding another. One of these days, when the world awakes to the fact that a college tough is the meanest kind of tough, the occupation of these fellows may be gone.

Lake Michigan herring and perch have been caught in the Illinois river. When the lake perch meets the St. Louis catfish it will be sorry it ever left the pellucid Chicago river for the muddy Mississippi.

DEMOCRATS ALERT.

KEEPING BATTLES OF 1896 OUT OF THE PARTY.

Even Those Who Did Not Openly Oppose Bryan Shall Not Be Trusted—Are Attempting to Run the Regular Organization.

We warn the people to look with suspicion upon any movement on the part of those who supported the ticket in 1896 for mere regularity sake, to now set aside the heroes of that contest and secure seats in the conventions for themselves. In every neighborhood are to be found some, and in some neighborhoods many, who made no open opposition to the Democratic ticket in 1896, but who secretly cast their votes for McKinley. Many of these are now seeking to be sent as delegates to the Democratic convention for the purpose of undoing what was done in 1896, with the determination to again secretly work for the defeat of the ticket in case they fail to control the nomination in the interests of their employers, the money kings, trusts and monopolies.

One of the ear marks by which these suspects may be known is their hostility to sending instructed delegates. They will work and vote against sending an instructed delegation, whether they themselves are to be delegates or not, because a refusal to instruct delegates is capable of being construed to confer upon such delegates a discretion in the matter of nominations, and to thus leave the gate open through which the agents of the trusts may conduct trade and dicker with the delegates.—National Watchman.

WHAT M'KINLEY HAS COST US.

When the Hon. Thomas C. Platt went forth to the St. Louis convention of 1896, breathing threatenings and slaughter against McKinley, he was reported to have said, "McKinley is a cheap man." However true the statement was when made by the astute Boss of New York, he and all others in the world of politics are of the opinion that McKinley is not a cheap man. He has cost us one hundred and eighty times his weight in gold, and the shrewdest men of his political party who are not stockholders in trusts, would gladly spend a vast sum of money for his undoing at the Philadelphia convention.

But the Republicans who oppose McKinley are well nigh powerless in the councils of their party. They must sit still and see the trusts, government contractors and officeholders renominate Wobbling Willy, the Whangdoodle Weathercock, who has cost a million dollars a day during his first term, and who, if elected again, is sure to cost us much more than daily sums of wicked extravagance incurred by a dotard whose flatterers tell him that he is a greater man than Washington, whereas in truth, the fame of the fool who fixed the Dome of Ephesus rests upon a more substantial foundation than does that of the jackdaw strutting in peacock's feathers in the council chamber of the White House, whose name will go down into obscurity tagged with the observation that he was the costliest and most unprofitable investment ever charged against the American people.—Newark (N. J.) Ledger.

NOT MUCH RELIEF.

"The whole country breathes with a sense of relief and of content," exclaimed Secretary Long at Boston, proudly swelling his official bosom. But the Omaha Nonconformist doesn't breathe that way. It says:

"The whole country breathes with a sense of relief and of content." O, Lord! what a lie. There was never so much discontent. Is the American mother content whose son was driven to insanity or suicide by the awful horrors of our Asiatic war? Are the old abolitionists content when they see slavery again recognized in American territory? Are the people content when they see the Declaration of Independence denied and the constitution of the United States trodden under foot? Was the legislature of Iowa content when it voted unanimously to censure the president and the congress? Are the great Republican newspapers content when they denounce the vacilation, cowardice and trimming of their own president and their own congress? If the father of lies could have heard that speech he would have retired from business and hid his head in shame forever.

MORE PORTO RICO INFAMY.

Another of the hidden beauties of the Porto Rican bill has come to light. Whether it was hidden from everyone or only the general public cannot be said with certainty. What is certain is that it redounds to the advantage of the trusts and corporations which seek to exploit the island for their own benefit. But then this is only what was to be expected. Legislative discoveries always do redound to the advantage of the rich and strong. Perhaps this is because they can pay for their discovery.

This discovery is that the Porto Rican bill, so far from reducing the Dingley tariff rates, really increases them in certain instances. The treasury department has decided that goods sent from Europe to Porto Rico via an American port, where they are trans-shipped, must pay not only the full Dingley rates but 15 per cent additional. Goods sent direct from Europe to Porto Rico pay only the Dingley rate. This decision is given boldly **without explanation or argument.** Although it comes from the treasury department, it reads as though written by Attorney-General Griggs whose skill in evading the provisions of the army canteen law won him the deserved applause of brewers and casuists. Its effect will be to enable the trusts to put the screws even more firmly on the Porto Ricans, and will be disastrous to the shipping trade of the United States to boot.—Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.

Natural and Corporate Man.

By killing trusts you are not interfering with the natural rights of the natural man. You are interfering with the privileges conferred upon a fictitious person called a corporation. Look at the difference between the natural man and the corporate man.

When God made the natural man He did not make the tallest man much taller than the shortest; He did not make the strongest man much stronger than the weaker.

But when man made the corporate man he made that man a hundred, a thousand, a million times stronger than the natural.

But when God made the natural man He placed a limit to his existence, so that if he is a bad man he cannot be bad long. But when man made the corporate man he raised the limit on age and sometimes the corporation is made perpetual.

But when God made the natural man He breathed into him a soul, and warned him that in the next world he would be held accountable for deeds done in the flesh; but when man made the corporate man he did not give to that corporate man a soul, so that if the corporation could avoid punishment here it needn't worry about the hereafter, and then the man-made corporation was sent out to compete with the God-made man. The Republican party has taken the side of the man-made giant.—W. J. Bryan.

ABOLISH THE TARIFF FOR TRUSTS.

One plank of the Sioux Falls platform ought to be in all platforms, and a part of the people's creed, until it is a part of an act of Congress designed to destroy the trusts. This is it: "We further demand that all tariffs, on goods controlled by a trust, shall be abolished." That the tariff, in many instances, is a breeder of trusts and the destroyer of competition is so obvious as to make argument or illustration unnecessary. To-day, in England, American steel is being sold at a cheaper rate per ton than in the home market. Foreign competition is barred. The trust fixes the price. Every farmer who builds a fence and every laborer who buys an implement, pays tribute to the steel (or steal) combine, solely because the Republican party has fostered and promoted the combination on the pretext of protecting the wage-earner.

How much longer will the farmers and laborers tolerate these policies of plunder?

Do they not want all customs tariffs, on goods controlled by a trust, abolished?

If they do, is it not plain that the Democratic party should receive their support? Will they remember this on election day?—Buffalo Times.

TRUSTS AND MIDDLEMEN.

Defenders of trusts say that their chief advantage is the elimination of middlemen's profits. Middlemen's profits are now being eliminated, but not for the benefit of the consumer. Jobbers used to make money out of the tin plate trade. There are no jobbers now, but consumers pay more than they did then. The jobbers' profits, with a large addition from the public, go into the pockets of the trust.—Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.

Mark Hanna on Promises.

In the clear, concise, and elegant Addisonian English of which he alone is master, the Hon. Marcus Alonzo Hanna has opened the campaign for McKinley and the trusts in a speech at Columbus, Ohio, the occasion being the meeting of the Republican convention of that state. Mr. Hanna was good enough to say: "Our position is one of absolute fearlessness. The promises made by the St. Louis convention and by the National administration is what we have accomplished as affecting the material interests of the country."

None of the Websters; not Daniel, nor Noah, nor the one who killed Dr. Parkman, could have said it better, if as well. "The promises made by the St. Louis convention is what we have accomplished," is it, or are they, whichever way one likes? As we have often reminded the public, the St. Louis platform pledged the Republican party and candidate to international bimetallism, and to the maintenance and extension of the merit system in the civil service. Both of these pledges have been violated and of course were never intended to be kept. The less Mr. Hanna has to say about the promises of St. Louis or of Mr. McKinley the fewer awkward questions his spellbinders will have to answer during the campaign.—Washington Times.

What Senator Hale Thinks.

Senator Hale of Maine is one of the members of the Republican party who, like Hoar of Massachusetts, is inimical to the McKinley colonial policy. He said in the senate the other day, opposing a measure to make colonial officials honest:

"The history of colonial possessions from the days of the Romans to the present time, is a history of robbery, peculation, extravagance, wrong doing in high quarters, and corruption broad and large. I do not think that the examples of today are going to show that the American people are to be exempt from the monstrous evils which always have attended a colonial policy.

"The jaunty way in which the American people have embarked in the enterprise of colonial possessions has certainly received a rebuke in what has been seen to happen during the last few months. The Senator from Vermont and I will be older than we are now before the rule which has been written down in all history is changed by the American republic."

The Cuban Scandals.

In its variegated history the present administration has been called upon to face scandals, the outgrowth of its political corruption, more than once, but never before has it encountered a situation of the kind to cause it as much direct concern and alarm as that created by the carpet-baggers' loot of the Cuban treasury. The panic is so acute in the white house that word has been passed all along the machine newspaper line, asking friendly editors to suppress the scandal as much as possible, not to feature it, and to minimize it editorially. The effects of the disclosures on the fortunes of the party in power and on the candidacy of Mr. McKinley are keenly feared.—Washington Times.

Baleful Hay.

It must be extremely painful to the administration to have it leak out that frosty relations subsist between the prime minister and several leading Republican senators. The latter resent the load of Hay which has been placed upon their party in the matter of the McKinley-Salisbury alliance and canal treaty. They declare with vigor closely approaching blasphemy that this particular variety of Hay will certainly poison and probably kill the elephant.—Washington Times.

The French color manufacturers are not credited with one new product this year, while the Dutch, Swiss and Germans are fully represented with a generous quota.

An old bachelor says that some women are born foolish, some achieve folly, and the rest marry fools.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

Without entering into a discussion of the various issues involved in the street car strikes in Kansas City and St. Louis, it may be in order to ask one pertinent question.

Are we not in danger of permitting too many governmental powers to be assumed and exercised by our federal judges?

In Kansas City there is a purely local business difference between the street railway owners and their employes. The latter strike, but a federal court enjoins the union men from interfering with the running of the cars.

All that is necessary to give the United States courts absolute control is the placing of a few mail carriers on the street car lines. When that is done it is a crime of tremendous magnitude for anybody to interfere with these common carriers.

In this particular instance the federal courts may be in the right, but glancing backward for a generation it is impossible to resist the conclusion that these tribunals are rapidly and systematically destroying the rights of the states, paralyzing the agencies of local self-government, and encroaching in the most deadly way upon the liberty of the citizen.

The Kansas City and St. Louis cases must stand upon their own merits, and be judged accordingly. But what is to be done about this new evil—government by injunction? Is it subject to no limitations—are the judges of each generation to be a law unto themselves?

Never mind about the labor strikes. The question should be discussed in a broader way. Are we living under a constitution which makes presidents, congresses, governors and state legislatures mere agents, and places the federal judges above all, with practically unlimited powers?

This will soon become a burning issue.—Atlanta Constitution.

IN FINANCIAL PERIL.

"The greenbacks should not be destroyed; nor should the present and long established legal ratio of silver be disturbed. The country needs increase of money, and not decrease, as population, property and business of all kinds are constantly increasing. The indebtedness of the country, domestic and foreign, is immense, and is many billions of dollars.

"While the money capitalistic classes are doing everything in their power to show favorable money conditions till after the coming elections, not disdaining falsehood and deceitful misrepresentations, our gold is being constantly exported to meet the pressing demands of foreign money conditions, proving the single gold standard a destructive policy for the United States.

"Every effort is being made through the majority of newspapers and many leading public men to deceive our people as to our financial condition by rascally misrepresentation.

"Citizens, 'awake, arise!' or you will suffer to the verge of financial destruction."—Ex-Governor Anson Wolcott, Indiana.

All a Lie.

Secretary Long in his recent Boston address said: "Labor was never so well rewarded." Whereupon the Omaha Nonconformist joins issue:

"Labor was never so well rewarded, wasn't it? In some cases wages have been advanced 10 per cent, but in others there has been no advance. Coal miners are still on the verge of starvation and garment makers are on the ragged edge of despair. Strikes have been numerous, laborers have been confined in loathsome bull pens and tortured into insanity and death. All this time the cost of living has been constantly increasing and an advance of wages of 10 per cent has been met with a 25 per cent increase in the price of necessaries. The wages of 1894-5-6 would buy more needed commodities than the wages of 1900."

Worse Than Spain.

We are killing more Filipinos than the Spaniards killed of Cubans and Filipinos combined. We are killing them more wantonly and wickedly than the Spaniards killed them. We have less color of right than the Spaniard had. We are violating the fundamental principles of our national faith in doing what we are doing. Spain was consistent and, monstrous as her claim was, was true to her traditions. For less than we are doing in the Philippines we declared war on Spain and drove her out of Cuba. The war begun for humanity and freedom in Cuba, has degenerated into a wanton and wicked war of conquest of an alien and stranger race in the Philippines whose only desire is to be free.—Terre Haute (Ind.) Gazette.

Pure Buncombe.

What a paradoxical attitude the Republican party will be placed in if the platform makers manage to get in a plank of sympathy for the Boers! The Republican officials at Washington, alleging expediency and policy, have been as silent as clams about the rights and wrongs of the contest being waged over the little republic in South Africa. The proposition to insert a sympathy plank in the platform of their national convention is the purest buncombe. The country knows that McKinley and his diplomats have been covly flirting with the inconstant Great Britain, and that whatever may now be said to the contrary, their sympathies and interests are British.—New York News.

Republican Party Degenerate.

Senator Teller of Colorado declares the Republican party degenerate. In an open letter he thus expresses himself:

"The Republican party is no longer controlled by its best thought. Men who have determined its policies in its best days are no longer heard in its councils. Its policy is determined and its course dominated by those in control of great trusts, syndicates and combines, whose only thought is the acquisition and protection of wealth. The interest of the few is kept in view, and while the great principles of the party are still professed, in legislation and administration they are ignored."

The Worm May Turn.

Pennsylvania Republicans who had a hand in humiliating and defeating Boss Quay are now trembling in their boots from fear of retaliation. They see indications that the angered boss will attempt to slaughter some of the Republican nominees for congress in the Keystone state. Certainly nothing that he could do would be more natural. If a flabby little worm will turn upon his tormentors, why not a brigand chief who has a stiff backbone and blood in his eye?—Schenectady (N. Y.) Star.

LOST ON THE... VELDT

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I remembered this was the day you spoke of riding over," said Dr. Adair Rothes—for it was he—in a low voice; "but I hardly expected you would come today, with these terrible rumors about."

Bluebell's eyes grew larger than their wont.

"Rumors? I haven't heard any," she said. "What are they, Doctor Rothes?"

"You haven't heard?" He had not released her hand, and was holding it very closely now. "They say that the Boers are marching into Natal."

"Oh!" Bluebell uttered a little cry, and the rosy color faded out of her face. "Is it war, then?"

"I suppose so," Rothes answered gravely. "It seems Kruger has as good as declared war by sending a message to England demanding that our troops should be immediately recalled from South Africa."

Bluebell sat very still on her horse, her hands clasped; Rothes had at last withdrawn his.

"Will they come to Ladysmith?" she whispered at last.

Rothes nodded. "That is what is expected. We shall be besieged. The inhabitants are beginning to fly already, and I expect in a few days Ladysmith will be deserted except by the garrison."

"And you, what will you do?" Bluebell asked. There was a little quiver in her voice, which seemed to send a swift thrill of mingled joy and pain to Rothes' very soul.

"I shall remain here, of course," he answered, trying to speak in his usual tone. "Unless there is fighting outside. If there is I shall go with the army."

Bluebell was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"You will be on our side, of course?"

"I will be with the British army," Rothes answered quietly, "but, thank heaven, a doctor's business is not to fight on any particular side, or to slay his brother, but to do what he can for those who are wounded and dying on either side. But you are going into the town, Miss Leslie? I must not keep you."

"I have messages," said Bluebell; "but I will not wait long, as I am going back alone."

"May I go a bit of the way with you?" Rothes asked eagerly. "I do not like the idea of you riding those twelve miles alone with the country in this unsettled state."

Her soft eyes fell suddenly. Bluebell would hardly acknowledge to herself how her heart beat and her veins thrilled at the proposal.

"Thank you," she said the next moment. "It is kind of you. I shall leave the town about three, I think."

"Then I shall be here at that time," he answered. "Good-bye, just now." And he moved away.

Bluebell rode on into the town.

The terrible tidings had shocked and horrified her, but she was not frightened. There was little fear in Bluebell Leslie's nature, small and childish and fragile as she looked. And she was a woman; and the look in Adair Rothes' eyes, the close, warm clasp of his hand, occupied her thoughts almost more than this terrible picture of war.

She found Ladysmith in a state of confusion. Many of the shops were shut. But Bluebell managed to get her business done, and then went to see one of her acquaintances.

She found her busy preparing for departure.

"I suppose it's safer to go," said Mrs. Lloyd, a pretty little English woman, whose husband was an engineer. "Ted insists on my going; but I don't feel as if I could leave him here alone."

"You are going and Mr. Lloyd is remaining?" exclaimed Bluebell, with startled eyes, and then: "Oh, Nellie, how can you?"

"I would not, of course, if I had only myself to consider," said Mrs. Lloyd, the tears springing to her eyes; "but there is my poor little baby, Bluebell."

"What of that?" said Bluebell. "A wife's place is beside her husband, surely? Better you should both die together, if the worst comes, than that you should be separated. Nellie, how would you feel if anything happened to your husband and you so far away?"

Nellie burst into tears.

"Yes, you are quite right, Bluebell. I held out against Ted ever so long, and, now that you speak like that, I feel that I have been very cowardly to give in to him. No, I won't go!"

Bluebell left her friend, whose mind was thoroughly made up, after a little, and the two friends kissed each other, with the feeling that they might never meet again on earth. Bluebell kept back her own tears, and answered the little woman as bravely as she could, but as she rode out of the town her path was all blurred by the blinding tears that came to her eyes now.

Doctor Rothes was waiting for her, mounted on a fine chesnut horse of his own, and together they rode on in silence until they were out of sight of the town.

"You saw one of your friends?" Rothes said at last.

"Yes. I saw Mrs. Lloyd. She is going to stay at Ladysmith even if it is besieged."

"Brave little woman!" said Rothes, a tone of emotion in his voice. "I always thought her rather a butterfly, and I beg her pardon mentally for that."

"In fact, you thought she and I were very much alike?" said Bluebell, with a little tone of coquetry. "Confess now you think me that, too, don't you, Doctor Rothes?"

"I never thought you anything but—" He was speaking with a sudden passion, but he suddenly checked himself and paused. "You know you are not justified in speaking like that," he said at last gravely. "Did I ever give you reason to do so?"

Bluebell laughed a little.

"Do you remember the ball at Maritzburg last spring, Doctor Rothes? Ah, you didn't approve of me at all then!"

He remembered it quite well. It was the first time he had met the Leslies, for he had been practicing in Maritzburg himself then. Bluebell's wild, childishly high spirits had carried her away that night, and she had flirted indiscriminately with all the officers then stationed at Maritzburg. Bluebell remembered it, too.

"Who is that grave-looking young man gazing so strangely at me?" she asked her partner, a gay young lieutenant. "Do you think he wants an introduction, or is he only trying to wither me with a glance of his eye?"

"The latter, I think," the lieutenant had answered, more truthfully than gallantly. "He's Doctor Rothes, and they say he is one of the awfully serious kind, you know. Takes life like a funeral, and believes one should go to church twice on Sundays. That kind of thing, don't you know."

Rothes' sunburned face had deepened just a little in tint.

"It is too bad to bring back those old foolishnesses to one's memory," he said. "I did not know you then, Miss Leslie. I had not seen you in your home. I did not know you earned the love and devotion of the poor natives on your father's place. I did not know you taught them, as far as was possible, not the mere profession of Christianity, but its practice."

Bluebell bent a little over her horse's head.

"I am afraid I ought to teach myself that first, Doctor Rothes. Charity begins at home. But let us not speak of this. We can't be anything but friends, can we, with this terrible danger facing us? Surely it will draw all European people out here closer together if anything could?"

"Yes," said Rothes quietly, "we can't be anything but friends."

Bluebell felt vaguely hurt at the cold words. They rode on, the horses' necks quite close together, and Rothes talked of the coming ordeal. Bluebell felt somehow strangely disappointed.

The last time she had met Adair Rothes he had held her hand long, and looked into her eyes with a look that had made every vein in her body thrill; and now he was so cool and indifferent—a friend, as he had said, and nothing more.

It was not that Bluebell was in love with him. She told herself about a dozen times a day that she liked Adair Rothes very much, but could never imagine him as a lover; yet now, why this sinking of her heart?

It was drawing towards sunset—a glorious sunset. The whole of the sky died in crimson and gold, the very veldt reflected the crimson, so that it looked as if it were bathed in blood. Bluebell shuddered as she thought that very soon it might be.

A kopje was before them, one of those little hills rising steeply from the one side, sloping from the other, so common on the Natal veldt. Suddenly, as Bluebell looked towards it, a figure on horseback emerged from behind it, and came riding straight towards them.

Bluebell felt a thrill of annoyance and aversion run through her, for she recognized the rider at once. It was the millionaire, Gerald Moore.

CHAPTER III.

He rode forward and lifted his hat, putting his horse in Bluebell's way so that she could not pass. Bluebell fancied his face was paler than usual; but his deep, slowly-moving eyes did not move from her face.

"Your father has sent me to meet you, Miss Leslie," he said in his rich, deep tone. "We have heard that the Boer army has crossed into Natal, and is marching straight on Ladysmith. It is not safe for you to be alone on the veldt."

"I am not alone, thank you, Mr. Moore," said the girl, a touch of defiance in her tones. "Doctor Rothes"—she turned towards Adair—"has kindly been seeing me home. He had heard the news you refer to."

She was struck by the look on Gerald Moore's face as he turned to Rothes. There was an almost diabolical expression upon it; but it passed away so quickly that she could not have sworn to it.

"I presume that Dr. Rothes will not object to handing you over to my charge now that you are within three miles of New Kelso?" he said. It seemed to Bluebell there was an undercurrent of either menace or defiance in his voice.

She glanced into Rothes' face. He sat very stiff and very erect on his horse, his face turned towards the other man. Bluebell had never—not even that night of the Maritzburg ball—seen so stern and cold a look upon his face as that which froze it at this moment.

The expression startled her still more now. Was it possible these two men knew each other?"

"I leave the matter entirely in Miss Leslie's hands,' he said gravely. "If she thinks I have come far enough, I am quite prepared to return to Ladysmith.

Moore looked at Bluebell.

"You had better come with me, Miss Leslie, and allow Dr. Rothes to return home," he said; then added in a lower tone: "Your father is not quite himself today. Perhaps you would not care to have a stranger at New Kelso under the circumstances."

Not quite himself! That decided Bluebell. Not for worlds would she have Adair Rothes, whose good opinion she felt so strangely reluctant to lose, see her own father in a half-intoxicated condition, and that was evidently what Moore's words implied.

Adam Leslie had always been a little apt to exceed, but it was only of late—within the last six months—that his daughter had noticed it. And it seemed to her, since the coming of Gerald Moore that her father had yielded still more to his unfortunate weakness.

"Perhaps you had better not come any further, Doctor Rothes," she said, in a low voice. "If Mr. Moore is going to New Kelso, of course he may as well ride with me; but I would just as soon go by myself. I am not a bit afraid."

Rothes took off his hat and held out his hand. For one minute, only one, their horses were close together, and Moore's was so far apart as to render him out of earshot at least of a whisper.

"Good-by," said Rothes, hurriedly and a little hoarsely. "I don't know when I may see you again. God only knows I pray that He may guard and keep you from danger!" He bent a little nearer, and added in a whisper: "As you value your safety and happiness, beware of that man. I entreat of you to do so. He is a dangerous man. I cannot say more. Good-by—good-by."

The clasp of his fingers on her hand was to remain there for many days. He rode off, raising his hat, and a strange sense of desolation and loneliness fell upon Bluebell.

She turned Rover's head and rode on, not glancing at Moore. Adair's words still rang in her ears.

"So that is Doctor Rothes?" said Moore, giving his horse a little cut of the whip that sent him springing on beside Bluebell.

"Yes," she said, looking straight into his face. "Do you know him?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting him once in Maritzburg," said the millionaire dryly; "but, Miss Leslie, I wish to talk of something else just now. Your father has given me leave to do so. What do you think has kept me all this time lingering about this district?"

Bluebell shook her ruddy brown head. A feeling of vague discomfort and uneasiness shot through her at the question; but not in her wildest guesses could she have arrived within a mile of the truth.

Gerald Moore went on slowly:

"The country will soon be in a ferment; existence in it will be dangerous, unsafe. For men this does not matter so much; for women, especially those"—he paused and added impressively—"whom we love, it is terrible not to be thought of. Your father wishes you to go out of the country while yet there is time."

(To be continued.)

CITY OF HONG KONG.

It Is One of the Most Unhealthful Spots on the Globe.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken, the perfect sanitation of the city, the fine natural drainage, the cleanliness of the streets, Hong Kong, says the Boston Transcript, is one of the most unhealthful spots on the globe. With its tropical heat, the lofty peaks that half encircle it catch the clouds that the rapid evaporation create, the floods of rain pouring down in streaming torrents. The houses lack light, although they are built as well as they could be, with perforated ceilings, through which the air circulates, admitted from openings pierced in the outer walls; the floors are brilliantly waxed, carpets, owing to the great dampness being dispensed with. The great difficulty is to secure light and proper ventilation; the streets are very narrow, and the towering walls of buildings opposite obstruct the light in front, while at the rear the courts or terraces crowded with foliage cast a heavy shade from that direction. In the gardens, while plants flourish luxuriantly, there is no grass, but the ground is green with moss, just as it grows in damp, shady places in cooler climates. The heat and the great humidity are destructive to health, and it is doubtful if there is a single normal liver in the whole of Hong Kong. English women who come out with complexions of cream and roses grow thin and sallow; the Hong Kong complexion is a startling grayish green, and the old resident has, with his pallor, dark bluish circles under the eyes. The least exertion includes exhausting perspiration, and people become gaunt and thin.

Crustacean on Eye.

Be careful when you handle a fish that you don't put your unclean fingers to your eye. A London fish dealer was reckless in this regard and as a result he planted a parasitic crustacean on the corner of his eye. He noticed an irritation of the left eye, and as it became troublesome to see he went to a doctor and was treated. Some one told him that he had an ulcer on the eye, but that information conveyed nothing to him, as he had no recollection of having got anything in his eye. Then he went to an eye hospital and there Dr. Batten found a growth on the cornea, or the outer coat of the eyeball, but beyond this he was unable to make any diagnosis at the time. His description of what he saw introduces into medical nomenclature the Boer word "kopje," for Dr. Batten says: "At the upper margin of the cornea there was a small, clear vesicle; its central portion was slightly prominent, forming a low, round-topped 'kopje' surrounded by a shallow trench." The doctor didn't know exactly what to do, but something had to be done, and he decided to scrape the cornea. When he did so the whole mass lifted off and the patient had no further trouble. Then the thing was sent to a specialist, who pronounced it a parasitic crustacean, which is common on turbots and cod. He was inclined to think it was dead when removed, as he believed it doubtful if a marine crustacean really could live on a human eye.—New York Press.

Stationery of the Kaiser.

Those persons who have been honored highly enough to get many letters from the Emperor of Germany must be in a state of perpetual wonder as to what kind of paper will be the next. The Kaiser is as particular and original in his choice of letter paper and envelopes as he is about battleships and trousers, drama and morals. The very latest things in the way of paper are beauties. They show the Reichsadler (the imperial eagle) in the corner with the imperial crown on his head. He roosts on a crowned Hohenzollern castle, from which there extends toward both corners of a paper a flowing ribbon with the German colors. In one claw the eagle shows the yellow imperial standard, and in the other the purple flag of the Kings of Prussia. For use on board of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern the letter paper has the imperial eagle resting on the cross of the Order of the Red Eagle with the gold chain. Over and on both sides of the cross are the words "H. M. S. Hohenzollern" (His Majesty's ship Hohenzollern).—New York Press.

Detecting the Laugh.

When the curtain had fallen on the last act the multitude mobbed the manager of the show. "Where," they hoarsely clamored, "is the one continuous laugh which you advertised?" "Search me!" protested the manager. "Ah, possibly it is on us!" exclaimed the multitude starting violently, and regarding each other suspiciously, while sickening doubts gnawed at their hearts.—Detroit Journal.

London Papers Use Motor Carriages.

An interesting use of the motor carriage is in delivering newspapers in long, straggling country districts, where it has proved invaluable. Two of the London journals have tried the plan with great success.

Shut not thy purse strings always against painted distress.—Lamb.

Loss of Life in Battle.

As showing that war is no longer so murderous as it was in former years, the loss of life at some of Napoleon's great battles may be mentioned, and the loss of the Dervishes at Omdurman pales into insignificance before the losses incurred at these gigantic struggles. At Jena, for instance, the Prussian loss was 21,000 out of 105,000 men, and on the French side 19,000 out of 90,000 engaged, about one in five. At Eylau the Russians lost 25,000 out of 73,000, and the French 30,000 out of 85,000, a proportion of one in three for both sides. At Wagram the Austrians lost 25,000 out of 100,000, and the French 23,000 out of 100,000.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Wedding Presents.

A recent decision in Springfield, Mass., as to the ownership of wedding presents is that where such presents are sent to the bride before marriage, as is the custom, the presents are her property, and remain so even if a separation takes place after marriage.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Athletic Girl.

Our present-day athletic girl has pushed the slow, sauntering walk women affected twenty years ago quite into the wall. Notice how we step out briskly, with free, easy motion. The much more sensible shoes in vogue now have much to do with it, too.

Valuable Pearl.

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was $550,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known. It is exactly two inches in length, and oval shaped.

DOGS—Half price; leading breeds, thoroughbred dogs; pointers, setters, shepherds, bulls, spaniels, terrier, Newfoundland, St. Bernards, mastiffs, blood, wolf, fox, rabbit, coon hounds; ½ express rates; great bargain; eggs, poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, white guineas, peafowls, cats, pets, pigs, sheep, calves. WANTED—100 RED FOX CUBS. R. G. Mason, Vice President National Stock Association, Kirksville, Mo.

A Clock Made of Bread.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India, and he has devoted three years of his time to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of respectable size, and goes well.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Didn't Quote All.

In his speech against expansion yesterday Hon. William E. Mason quoted George Dewey. He did not quote, however, George Dewey's little remark about the American flag in the Philippines: "I hope it will float there forever."—New York Sun.

Try Yucatan Chill Tonic (Improved.)

Does not sicken as the so-called tasteless tonics. Acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Price 50 cents.

Policeman—"Mr. Smartie, I have some bad news for you. Your shop was burglarized last night, and the thieves carried off everything." Smartie—"Is that so? How lucky I am. It was only yesterday that I marked down my goods 25 per cent.

Maple City Self Washing Soap, not only saves the wear on your clothes, because less rubbing is required, but it saves fully half the labor. All grocers sell it.

Not Very Comforting.

Stayleight—"Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?" Tommy—"I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast."—Jewish Comment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Let Him Down Easy.

"When I was discharged my employer let me down easy." "How so?" "He said I could get work more readily than an inferior man."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Nothing Wonderful.

Yeast—There's a lady pianist at the museum who plays with her toes. Crimsonbeak—Umph! That's nothing, my baby does that.—Yonker's Statesman.

Keep looking young and save your hair, its color and beauty with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

A $500,000 Pearl.

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was $500,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl.

Better Blood Better Health

If you don't feel well today you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, salt rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Save the Labels

and write for list of premiums we offer free for them.

HIRES Rootbeer

The favorite summer drink

To Cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion

Take Rex Dyspepsia Tablets. All druggists are authorized to refund money if they fail to cure. Price 50 cents per package.

Use Certain Chill Cure. Price, 50c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION