

# The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

Never a magnanimity fell to the ground but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectantly.

A man's growth is seen in the successive choir of his friends. For every friend whom he loses for truth, he gains a better.

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to count whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern what is true is true, and that what is false is false, is the mark and character of intelligence.

According to the return prepared by the Ministry of Agriculture the number of wolves killed in France last year was 115, and the amount paid in premiums for their destruction was £24. Since the passing of the law of 1812 instituting these premiums 3,881 wolves of all sorts have been killed, and a sum of £26,128 has been paid in rewards.

One of the curiosities of an English residence of nobility is a weeping willow made of copper, and so dexterously fashioned that at a distance it resembles a real tree. It is actually a shower bath, for, by pressing a secret button, a tiny spray of water can be made to burst forth from every branch and twig, to the discomfort of any who may be under it.

A patient burglar has just made restriction of jewels to the amount of \$3,000, which he had stolen two months ago from the jewelry house of William Washburn & Co., in Anderson, Ind. They were returned through Father E. A. Murphy of St. Mary's Church, Chicago. As the admission of guilt was made under the seal of confession, the clergyman, of course, did not reveal the burglar's name.

In Hungary, where dueling is very frequent, a duel between two school-boys has just taken place, with serious results. Ludwig Kruska, 15 years old, a scholar of the Zborow grammar school, was in love with a girl one year younger than himself, but had a rival in her affections in his school-fellow, Nicholas Litka, a boy of 15. One day they quarreled in the girl's presence, and Litka struck the other in the face. Kruska struck two seconds, chosen from his school-fellow, with a challenge to his rival, and a duel with revolvers in regular form took place. Kruska was shot in the abdomen, and is now lying between life and death.

One of the most remarkable sermons ever heard in Covington, Ky., was preached at the First Baptist church, Sunday, by Metz Jolner, a boy preacher just nine years of age, who held one of the largest congregations ever seen in this town enraptured for thirty minutes, while he delivered a wonderful sermon. People flocked from the country all around to hear this wonderful little preacher. The church was packed and many people had to leave as they could find no room. The little preacher entered the pulpit in a calm and deliberate manner, and before beginning asked the ladies to kindly remove their hats so that people in the back of the church could see. Then he requested the undivided attention of the congregation.

To familiarize the people of India with the features of King Edward, and to impress upon them that all authority is exercised in his name, the government of India has decided to have portraits of the King, three-quarters length, in oils, costing from £10 to £25 each, placed in the official residences of the heads of governments and local administrations, the chief courts of justice of the different provinces, and all large buildings in which durbars are held. Portraits costing from £10 to £25 will be placed in the official residences of political agents and residents in native states and in the durbars of such states. All the ordinary courts throughout the empire will be provided with colored lithographs or engravings of the King.

Some people predict that the day is not far off when the peasantry of France will rise up in a mass against arching motorists. In certain districts whole villages have already united in anti-automobile campaigns—the method of warfare employed consisting in strewing roads with nails and broken bottles. This has been done in Normandy, but the glass and bits of iron were found to damage tires, and, moreover, an accident occurred in the many country laborers in France who ride to and from their work. So that plan of campaign had to be given up. Now peasants in some parts contemplate resorting to nothing less than Lynch law. In certain districts villagers seriously talk of going about, fowling pieces in hand, and winging motorists who tear through hamlets and small towns at 50 miles an hour.

An extraordinary case of smuggling was detected at Dover recently. On the passengers landing from the Ostend boat the custom house officers noticed that a lady looked suspiciously bulky about the skirts. Upon being questioned it was found that she had concealed under her dress a fox terrier, which she was endeavoring to smuggle into the country to evade the prohibition law in regard to dogs. The incident caused much amusement, the dog being taken possession of and sent back to Ostend.

While attempting to fly from the top of an oak tree in a machine of his own construction, Bellew Sumner of Madison, Va., aged 15 years, fell to the ground and received injuries which will result in his death. Bellew had long been ensnared by his companions as an expert maker and flyer of kites.

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heavenly measures. The great gifts are not by analysis. Everything good is on the highway.

The Roman Catholics of Holme, in Huntingdonshire, England, live in a scattered parish extending over a wide area. To enable them to attend divine service a floating church is towed along the extensive canal system of the district, stopping at a different station each Sunday.

It is said that grapes in England are destitute of special representation at the coronation. They claim that the modern van-dweller, by good behavior and honesty, has lived down the still reputation of former days.

# The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...  
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)  
And thus the work accomplished; and with a result not to be wondered at. The Arabs had been brave enough over their rich prizes, but they had lacked the nerve and force of the attacking party. In fact, force of arms had been a match for half of them.

"Those two rascals are not worth pursuing," said our hero, as he noticed that Hobabdan was looking after the fleeing Arabs. "Let them go. We have gained all we sought."  
After this Julian turned towards the female Ulin, and she, with a look of gratitude, she moved forward to meet him.

"Heaven bless you, kind sir!" she said, as she extended to him her hand.  
"Sweet lady," returned the chieftain, "I have served my mistress, and she has served me. Let me be the one to call down blessings on you, for you have saved my life and my liberty. Hobabdan has told me all. Oh, let me bear over you the blessed privilege of remembering thee in my prayers to God!"

Tears gathered in the eyes of the maiden, and her lips trembled; and when she spoke her voice betrayed the deep emotion that stirred her soul.  
"Indeed, fair sir," she said, with her hand still resting in his, "you should not deny to me the privilege which you claim for yourself. If you can feel pleasure in cherishing a holy gratitude, I can feel the same. When I remember the dreadful fate to which the Arabs had doomed me, I cannot forget the blessings which are due to the kind power that delivered me from their hands."

"I have served my mistress," said Albia, modestly. And then, perceiving that a change of subject would be a relief to both parties, she added, "We owe you so much, sir, that you will be forced to accept my grateful blessings with those of my lady. And now, if I may dare to interrupt you, will you tell us how you chanced to discover us?"

"It was very simple, lady," replied Julian, directing his answer to the princess; "and though seemingly an accident, still I cannot help thinking that some kind spirit must have superintended the work. When we left Damascus we took a course slightly different from this; but on the way we met a poor traveler who informed us that he had been robbed. He did not tell us that the robbers were Arabs, and I fancied that they might be some of my own people. Fearing this, I determined to follow them. Their course was a crooked one, and when I finally reached the grove of date-palms, I had made up my mind to search no more. We were asleep in the grove, and Omir awoke just as a party of horsemen were leaving the spring. He ran out and discovered that the strangers were Arabs, and that they had two females with them."

The chieftain directed the slaves to drag the bodies of the dead Arabs together, and take from them the gold and jewels which had been taken from the prisoners, and then to cover them up in the sand; after which he requested Hobabdan to examine his horse. It seemed to be but a slight puncture, just below the collar bone, upon the left side, and as it was bleeding but slightly, Julian concluded not to have it probed. A simple compress stanching the blood, and it was thought that there could be no danger.

"When the slaves had done their work, the chieftain approached our heroine, and asked her whether she wished to go."  
"I will see you safe to your journey's end," he said, "even though it be to the gates of Damascus."  
"I go not that way, sir," she replied. "I will trust to the care of an old hermit named Ben Hadad."  
Julian started as he heard this; but he quickly recovered himself.

"Do you know that old man?" he asked.  
"No, sir—I never saw him; but he was a friend to my mother and I think he will be a friend to me."  
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"No, no, Albia—a slave no more. When we left my father's house you stepped forth free. You are my companion—not my slave."  
The girl caught the hand of her mistress, and bathed it with tears.  
"Free!" she murmured. "Aye—free to serve you now and evermore! But, dear lady, there is a holy satisfaction in feeling that the servile badge is stricken off. Your poor slave loved you truly, and you may be assured that she will love you none the less now that she is a slave no more."  
Shortly after this, and while yet Albia was crying her eyes, Julian called up the horses, and made ready for another start.

Late in the evening they reached the bank of the Pharpar, and once more stopped to rest. The cave of the hermit was only a few leagues distant, and could be easily reached by midnight. For himself the chieftain did not care. He wished the princess to act her own pleasure.

The cave of Ben Hadad was in a deep valley, where the river wound between two long, high hills; and thick woods shut it out from the heat of the noontide sun and from the gaze of the stranger. A good path led to it from the plain, though a person needed acquaintance with the way in order safely to follow it. Julian was surely well to the path, for he threaded his various windings without any hesitation, and at length drew up before a bold face of rock, beneath an overhanging shelf on which was the entrance to Ben Hadad's cave. It was too dark now to see all this plainly, but those who had been there before knew very well where they were. A loud call from Hobabdan soon brought a lighted torch from the cave, borne by a black slave.

"What ho, Oretok: where is your master?" demanded the lieutenant.  
"Ho, ho—it is Hobabdan."  
"Yes, you grinning rascal, it is I; and it is also Julian; and, furthermore, others are with us. Where is Ben Hadad?"  
"He is in his bed, sir, sound asleep."  
"And where is my wife—where is Esabel?"  
"She is also asleep, sir. But hold—lead us into the cave first."  
The negro came out with his torch, and while Hobabdan stopped a few moments with the torch, and spoke to the horses, Julian led Ulin and Albia into the cave. It was a broad, high chamber in the solid rock, and the light of the torch revealed the fact that there must be other chambers beyond.

In a little while a tall, broad-shouldered old man, with hair and beard as white as the breast of a swan, came forth from a distant passage, and almost at the same time an aged woman came from another direction. Julian quickly approached them, and spoke to them in private and then said, aloud:  
"These ladies, good father and mother, seek your aid and protection. Ask them no questions tonight, for they are worn and weary, and need repose. On the morrow they will tell you their story." He then approached the princess.

The old woman, when she saw Albia's face, recognized her at once; and as she gazed upon the beautiful features of the princess, the latter said: "Good mother," replied Ulin, "I shall tell you the whole truth and then you will know just how much protection we need."  
And thereupon she went on, and related all that had transpired to the old man and the old woman. She told how she had been betrothed to the wife of the king—she told of the death of her mother—and then she told how, in her bereavement, she began to dread and fear the man she had promised to marry.

The woman took Ulin's hand, and pressed it warmly between her own.  
"Dear child," she said, with much emotion, for she had been deeply moved during the recital—"you could not have told your story to one who could have better understood it. I not only sympathize with you, but I will protect you, if need be, with all the power I possess, and I assure you that our good Ben Hadad will join me with all his heart. You did right in fleeing from the wicked king. I know him well, lady, and I believe you have not only saved yourself from an unhappy fate, but you have saved Horam from committing more crime. Thus much we understand; and now, my dear Ulin, if I may venture upon the inquiry, what do you propose to do in the future?"

"My thoughts in that direction have been vague and troublesome," replied the princess. She spoke frankly, for Esabel had won her entire confidence. "I have reflected upon the subject, and my mind has found but one resting place. I must remain away from Damascus until the king is dead. I can think nothing more. Where I abide I care not, so long as I am safe from harm."  
The princess fell upon the woman's neck and kissed her; and after a little time she began to cry, and wiped the great tears from her face. Her next question was of Julian. Had he yet left the cave?  
"No," replied Esabel; "nor will he leave it at present! He is wounded in the breast, and—"

"Wounded!" repeated Ulin, catching suddenly at the word, and turning pale. "Is it dangerous?"  
"No, not dangerous, lady; but he must have rest and nursing. It is more serious than he at first thought; but if he is careful, there will be no danger."  
"Oh," cried the maiden, in a tone of relief. "I am glad it is not dangerous. If he had suffered on my account, the joy of my escape from Horam would have been sadly darkened."

CHAPTER XVIII.  
Esabel bowed her head, and pressed her hands upon her brow. There was certainly some deep and sudden emotion moving within her, for her frame trembled, and incoherent sobs escaped from her lips.  
"Julian will just suffer," she said, when she at length raised her head, and she could be easily heard.  
"Ben Hadad has examined his wound, and he can be easily healed."  
"And I," said the princess, "I am the same," pursued Ulin, smiling.  
"Yes, I have known him from childhood, and my son has been his constant companion."  
"Your son?"

"Ah—perhaps you did not know that Hobabdan was my son."  
"I did not."  
"Well—such is the fact. Hobabdan is my only child. He was a strong youth with the stature of a manhood, while yet Julian was an infant; and from those early years the two have been always together. In the beginning Hobabdan was the guide and protector; but in later years, since Julian has reached the age and strength of maturity, my son has been content to call him master."  
Julian is much loved in Damascus," said Ulin.  
"The king fears him," returned Esabel, quickly; "and he has occasion for fear; but no poor man fears him. However, I will not take it upon myself to excuse Julian's faults. He may have sinned; he may have pursued his revenge too far. Let those who have suffered what he has suffered condemn him if they can."  
"He has suffered much, good mother."  
"More than I can tell, my child."  
"He is of Damascus born?"  
"Yes."  
"And—perhaps of honored family?"  
"The blood which runs in his veins is as pure and noble as ever supported a human life. The king himself, once bound and a wretched prisoner, was rescued by Esabel, with starting earnestness, and even now, with the whole story of his life up to this present hour, stamped upon his brow, he is nobler and better, and purer, than the lords of Damascus. He is a man, and his heart is true; and I love him for the generous, devoted love there is in his soul."  
(To be continued.)

INDIVIDUALITY OF A CHILD.  
Children Derive Many Traits from Their Faraway Ancestry.  
No two children, even in the same household, are alike. Twins, born in the same hour, and externally bearing lineaments which possess such close resemblance that strangers do not know the little ones apart, are often very dissimilar in disposition and mental traits. Who can tell what peculiarities, derived from some faraway ancestor—a little child has inherited? This wee maiden, unlike either parent, may be repeating in her temperament, her looks, and her ways a great-grandmother long since vanished from the earth. Each mother for each child needs to make a special study, and she need not be surprised to find herself so often baffled and at her wits' end to solve certain peculiarities of her child's character, which she can trace to some faraway ancestor.

To Miss Mary Chase, '94, of Philadelphia, and Miss Clara Shaw of Kentucky the brilliant idea of starting a tea room as a central rendezvous for Wellesley girls then suggested itself with the result that the present plant was placed in operation. Miss Shaw, as it happened, soon left the college for Chicago university, and upon the shoulders of Miss Chase fell the burden of the work.

The first cook was a typical old-time southern mammy with a girl in the matter of Maryland biscuit. Another specialty of the place was and is still tea-room cake, to experience the indigestible delights of which Dana Hall girls vie with Wellesley maids in eagerness.

It was because the college girls had come to feel so warm a personal interest in the success of the plan that the incorporation scheme was set in motion by Miss Chase and agitated this summer by Miss Elizabeth Newkirk, '00, Miss Clara Conklin, '02, Miss Alice Dana Knox, '00, and Miss Caroline Rogers, '00.

Miss Knox has a large following at Wellesley among the students, who have greatly admired her work in the college's Shakespeare productions, and Miss Rogers is a force in the community, not only because she is herself a very charming girl, but also from the fact that she last year conducted the tea-room with great success.

The venture outgrew some time ago its embryonic stage. Luncheon is now served in a carle at the noon hour, and catering for receptions, teas and college dances is likewise accepted. Moreover, there are six bedrooms and a very happy little Wellesley family here enjoy all the comforts of home.

Quite a staff of servants, a cook, two maids, a housekeeper and a boy are now employed, so the thing has grown to be a household of rather large proportions, quite imposing enough to have its incorporation the best thing for all concerned.

The shares, which were offered to undergraduates, faculty and alumnæ, are all gone, and the suggestion has taken so well that there is talk of building a house for the better carrying on of the plant.

Emperor of Cup Challenger.  
It is reported in London that Emperor William of Germany may take the place of Sir Thomas Lipton as the next challenger for the America cup. If Sir Thomas is not yet discouraged the first place should, of course, be held open for him, but there is no apparent reason why a German yacht should not also be allowed to enter and the contest become triangular. The America cup is an international trophy, and the fastest boats of all nations should be allowed to compete for the honor of its custody. If Kaiser Wilhelm has his eyes on the cup it behooves the Yankee yachtsman to be up and stirring. The Germans do things thoroughly, and it is certain that Wilhelm II. would not send a yacht across the Atlantic unless satisfied it had a good chance of winning the "blue ribbon of the sea." It is sure that the presence of an imperial yacht flying the German flag would add much to the public interest in the races, and it is not entirely beyond the bounds of possibility that the Kaiser himself might cross the water to see the yacht in action. The czar of Russia might also be invited to send the fastest boat his shipbuilders can turn out, and in the course of time the contest for the America cup might be fought out between representatives of the greatest nations of earth. Certainly the royal rivals and yachtsmen of Europe could find no waters in which they would be so sure to get fair play and a good beating as in those of the United States.

Eugenie's Last Years.  
The Empress Eugenie is now settled down in her English home. It is reported that the empress is about to build a small convent in the beautiful grounds at Farnborough Hill to the memory of her husband and their son. There is already a Benedictine home in the grounds provided for thirty members of the order.

The modesty of Governor McLean of Connecticut is well exhibited in the sketch which he gives of himself in the biographical work known as "Who's Who in America." It is the shortest of all the sketches in the book, and reads as follows: "McLean, George P., Gov. Conn., 1891-3; Republican. Address: Hartford, Conn."

Professor John A. Bergstrom of the department of pedagogy in Indiana University has been given leave of absence until Christmas, and will spend the time studying the school systems of Germany, Norway and Sweden.

William Millikan, senior editor of the Fayette County (O.) Herald, has just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday. He is the Nestor of the Ohio editorial fraternity and is still hale and hearty.

Blockhouses in South Africa.  
This is a blockhouse near Allwa North, South Africa, and is one of the new stone blockhouses erected for the protection of railway lines. It only requires seven men to garrison it.

# Wellesley College Girls Start a Restaurant.



SOME SCENES AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Women critics who complain that a college education wholly unfits a girl for success in the more distinctly domestic callings, and men critics who assert that women never have any business ability, anyhow, will be quite disconcerted by the success of the Wellesley tea room and the news that this venture is now to be incorporated as a stock company to be wholly managed and controlled by the girls of the college with which it is connected, says Boston Globe.

Until four years ago there was no place in Wellesley where the faculty and undergraduates of Wellesley could meet for relaxation and social intercourse. To Miss Mary Chase, '94, of Philadelphia, and Miss Clara Shaw of Kentucky the brilliant idea of starting a tea room as a central rendezvous for Wellesley girls then suggested itself with the result that the present plant was placed in operation. Miss Shaw, as it happened, soon left the college for Chicago university, and upon the shoulders of Miss Chase fell the burden of the work.

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# People and Events

Go Represent King Oscar.  
The Rt. Rev. Knut Henning, Bishop of the lower house of the Riksdag of Sweden, has arrived in the United States. He comes here as the personal representative of King Oscar and also as the official delegate of the Established Church of Sweden. The purpose of his visit, as expressed in the king's letter, of which he is the bearer, "is to strengthen the ties which unite the Swedish Lutheran church of America to the Swedish mother church." Bishop von Scheele is accompanied by Mrs. von Scheele and Dr. L. O. Abrahamson, president of the Illinois conference of the Augustan Synod, who is returning from the recently concluded international conference of the king's letter, of which he is the bearer, "is to strengthen the ties which unite the Swedish Lutheran church of America to the Swedish mother church." Bishop von Scheele is accompanied by Mrs. von Scheele and Dr. L. O. 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