

The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

'Poor King Alfonso! He may not even choose his own wife.'

It is rather for European governments to oppress Toledo than to oppress him.

Often a man's patriotism becomes of the disappearing type when the assassin's come around.

An effort is being made by the volcanoes and earthquakes to bridge the Pacific with pumice stone.

It is to be expected that the new pump trust just formed will find it natural to water its stock.

The Boer and the Filipino wars are over but the French chamber of deputies is still in session.

It would be impossible to convince the average eagle boy that it was worth \$50,000 to kiss a schoolteacher.

There is a great deal in a name. It is largely the name that distinguishes a giant firecracker from a dynamite bomb.

The buffalo of the plains is fast becoming extinct. The urban variety, however, is known to be on the increase.

The Yale janitor who stole Reginald C. Vanderbilt's initial embroidered silk socks might have known he would put his foot in it.

The new premier of England is an enthusiastic golfer. Perhaps the king in selecting him wanted to make sure of the golf vote.

How careless the king's doctors are getting! They do not inform a waiting world how many cigars a day King Edward smokes.

Gold in paying quantities has been found in Vermont. This will be glad news to the people who left those "abandoned farms."

They say that Mr. Morgan is able to juggle with the commerce of the world. A man who can do that need not be afraid of kings.

An Ohio paper speaks of a recent society function as an "Alice Roosevelt tea." In the name of the great horsemanship, what's that?

The man who proposes to court fame by crossing the Atlantic in a 35-foot launch could save time by going over Niagara in a barrel.

The University of Chicago professor who declared that the devil is a disappointed idealist puts Satan in the class with the spring tops.

It is to King Edward's splendid constitution that the doctors attribute his speedy recovery. It is a wonder that the doctors do not take the credit themselves.

Chicago packers are preparing to ship wieners to Austria. Then the favored people of that country can have the Yankee peril for breakfast every morning.

National League baseball umpires are reported to be taking out new life and accident insurance policies. Mr. McGraw has transferred himself to that organization.

The sea serpent just added to the New York aquarium turns out to be nothing but a channosuraena vittata, and there is nothing whatever to be afraid of but the name.

It is said that a Topeka man was defeated for sheriff because he said "Oosh all flinders!" It is shuddery to guess at what might have happened to him had he said "Dern!"

The announcement that Mrs. Langtry has settled an income of \$10,000 a year on her daughter leads to the reflection that beauty is sometimes more to be desired than mere intellect.

The heirs of Madame Silva, the woman who left her fortune to her rooster, have assassinated the poor fowl. This shows that there is an easy way out of a will contest—once in a century.

Gen. Buller has placed himself on a par with the overtalkative parrot. Some persons don't know just when to stop talking, and the general, in an effort to square himself, has justified his severest critics.

British authorities now have possession of all the documents that belonged to the Boer government. Any confidential notes sent by European cabinets to cheer up the burghers will be read with interest in London.

The news that Little Miss Peary will teach her father and the Eskimos to play ping pong leads to the hope that even the king of the cannibal islands may in time be introduced to the uplifting influence of bridge whist.

Miss Vining of Boston has achieved notoriety by saying horrid things about the girls, but so long as she does not hear the girl's opinion that she is a spiteful thing she will probably enjoy having her name in the newspapers.

Fossil Keene proposes to spend \$50,000, if necessary, to regain the America polo cup from England. Evidently Mr. Keene cares more about the cup than America does.

They have just had a riot in the French chamber of deputies, several neckties having been disarranged. The French are bad when they get started.

There has been another eruption of Mount Pelee. This time it is described as an "incandescent avalanche." Decidedly graphic!

The school teachers are planning to form a national union to work for more pay and mutual protection. The old boundary between brains and muscle is gradually disappearing.

A St. Louis judge decides that a dog has a perfect right to bite a boy who is lying a tin can to his tail. And that is good dog law anywhere.

The Costa Rica volcanoes were more polite than Mount Pelee; they gave the inhabitants a day's notice that they were about to get busy.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORN.

Author of "Little Miss Wiggins," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Judd's Plaster," "Miss Ogden," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Little of Death.

Some of the most frantic bores in the window, as though ready to charge through space if the worst came.

They were craned for the time being and could not be blamed.

Many a precious life went out that fatal day, that might have been saved by the exercise of a little judgment and coolness.

Having taken his bearings, and discovered which way the numbers ran, Charlie started upon what he believed was the last leg of his course.

Now he must speedily realize the worst: if he came upon Arline's rooms and found them empty, he would know she was somewhere about the intricate passages, lost and facing death, as when he first found her.

What a travesty of fate such a thing would be.

Tragedies were being enacted within those walls, that had many times schooled with the sounds of gasps, and now rang with shrieks; already the greedy fire fiend had cut out many from escape, and yearned to encompass their destruction.

Some doors were closed, but the majority stood gaping wide open, where the terrified occupants had fled just as they were.

In passing one of these Charlie had a glimpse of a lady, richly attired, bending over an open trunk, evidently seeking to lay hold of her precious jewel boxes as they were.

Maybe they cost her what all the jewels from Cleopatra's day to this could not replace—life.

Once a woman had seized upon him—craved by fear, she clutched him as a drowning man might a straw.

Charlie could not have his mission jeopardized by such detention—he was compelled to break away, shouting at the same time for her to go to the stairs and descend while the chance remained.

God only knew how long this golden opportunity might be held out to them, for the greedy flames were making hideous headway and presently the entire building would be a charnel house.

All obstacles had thus far been overcome by his iron will—determined to reach and save Arline, he had swept them aside as the March wind whirled the dust out of its path.

But the end was not.

One barrier remained.

Charlie suspected it not until the thing burst upon him, sudden and unexpected as lightning from the clear sky overhead.

Again a detaining hand.

This time it brought his forward movement to a complete stop, and he realized there was something more serious in the detention than when the poor groveling chambermaid had clutched his knees.

It was a man; through the haze he had seen his presence without paying the least attention to him, and now the fellow, probably as terrified as the women, frantically clung to him.

"To the stairs or the fire escape!—let go!" shouted Charlie, and when the other lagged with devilish glee in his ear Stuart turned his head to see close to his own the face of the bogus Capt. Brand, transformed by passion into the countenance of a fiend.

Was it accident or deep design that brought Macaulay to this floor of the hotel at such a tragical moment?

When Charlie felt that grip on his arm and looked into the maddened eyes of the man, he seemed to realize that a great crisis in his life had arrived.

The stake was Arline's love.

This man might be innocent or guilty of murderous design, but appearances were mightily against him.

His manner indicated as plainly as words: "For this shall you come and no farther."

Instinct warned Charlie to prepare for the worst, to throw himself into a position that was aggressive even while defensive.

It was a wise precaution, for the other, even while he continued to glare malevolently into his face, suddenly threw himself upon Stuart.

He expected, Charlie found Macaulay a man of tremendous muscular power. Like trained athletes, the two men whirled around, each seeking the downfall of the other.

To Charlie each second meant a closer approach of doom, while with the other the passage of time brought savage satisfaction, as his base plans grew nearer realization.

Charlie retracted a step mustering every atom of power in his muscular frame for the storm which he meant to spring upon the already glooming enemy.

Macaulay was drunk with the success that had seemed to be already within his grasp.

He thus could be taken off his guard, and once in retreat, complete rout must follow.

So sudden was the attack, so overwhelming in its resistless energy that the ogre fell back in confusion, hardly knowing just how to meet so strange a rally.

And Stuart followed it up—he knew full well that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

He was bent on ending the struggle then and there—in order to do so most effectively he let out still another kick, and surprised his enemy with a succession of tricks that completed his utter demoralization.

It was the work of a gladiator, Charlie, while he stunned the ogre with a multiplicity of short, snappy blows, kept him in a shuddering heap, and found himself once more free to go forward.

CHAPTER XV.

When Charlie Kissed Her.

The flames had been making mad progress while this mad encounter took place, and already their red tongues leaped into view at the further end of the hallway.

Charlie was panting like a hunted stag, hardly able to catch his breath at that smoke-burdened atmosphere—yet, no sooner had he hurled his enemy to the floor, and found the coast clear, than he started along the hallway.

The numbers on the doors now stood out plainly enough, thanks to the illumination afforded by the flames, and he knew he was close to where Arline might be found.

He saw the door was closed.

It gave him a shock—then she had not engaged with the first—she must still be within her room.

He pounced upon the knob and turned it.

Horror! There was no response—the door utterly refused to give way, springing locked within.

Charlie pounded with his fist upon the panel.

"Open the door, Arline! Open for God's sake! The hotel is on fire!" Apparently he shouted loud enough to arouse the dead, yet no answer came from beyond.

Stuart knew of but one recourse left—it was a desperate one, and required a desperate remedy.

He raised his foot.

One mighty blow shattered the lock as completely as though a battering ram had been brought to bear against it.

The door flew open.

Nothing barred his progress now, and with a bound the Briton was in the room.

Arline lay upon a Turkish lounge—the crash of the door had done what all else had failed to accomplish, for she had just raised her head and was staring at him with eyes dilating in horror as they discovered the whirling clouds of smoke that curled in after him.

Charlie ran to assist the girl to her feet, at the same time calling:

"The hotel is on fire, but be brave, and I will save you, if possible!"

His manner calmed her more than all else.

She looked into his face, and although her voice trembled, she kept a brave front as she said:

"I trust you with my life, Charlie! Tell me what to do, and God help us both!"

Brave little woman! That was what he thought her then and there—he had believed it on that former occasion, when she wandered in the dark Steen dungeons and passages, and now it was made doubly sure.

There would have been worth something to Stuart at this critical juncture, could he have possessed of the valuable information which the fellow ogre had held regarding the ways and means of reaching a fire escape.

As it was, he found himself cast upon his own resources and compelled to make a virtue of necessity.

One thing was absolutely certain—he could not count on assistance, and if he escaped it must be through his persistent and determined work.

Then, again, he bent before his mind the fact that escape must be downward—that flight to the roof would only render their immolation the more certain.

Each story they could descend would take them nearer the street and increase their chances of being assisted through the medium of the fire ladders.

Charlie had taken his bearings—he knew the fire had not as yet spread over the entire building, though the smoke must have done so ere now.

The stairs he had ascended were still free from flames, though this could not long be said, as they were in jeopardy.

Snatching up a cloak which he found, he pressed about Arline. Some craze must have been running riot in his veins at the time, for as her sweet face came close to his he deliberately kissed her; nor did she by look or word protest—there was something almost holy in the act—it was as though the man wished her to know the great love that was in his heart before they faced the dreadful ordeal which might be their destruction. As though he might thus seal his claim upon the woman he adored, even though together they were doomed to journey toward another world.

"Come! Have courage, my darling," he said.

Probably few men on earth have been given so strange an opportunity to declare their love, and under such conditions who could envy Charlie Stuart the brief spasm of delight which he experienced, for the first time he passed his arm about Arline's waist with a sense of proprietorship.

Love is a strong factor in the race in his hour before they faced the dreadful ordeal which might be their destruction. As though he might thus seal his claim upon the woman he adored, even though together they were doomed to journey toward another world.

And it required all the nerve she possessed to keep from screaming when once in the hall she saw the avalanche of roaring fire at the farther end.

Charlie led her directly toward it, yet she trusted him implicitly—it was a glorious symbol of the power he was to exercise in all time to come, if so they escaped with their lives.

The stairs at last.

Another minute and it might have been too hazardous to attempt a descent—but that small space of time saved them at any rate, even should the worst happen.

He started upon the second descent. It was like running the gauntlet; fingers of fire stretched out yearningly toward them, and one even came so close that Arline involuntarily uttered a scream, thinking Charlie, who had thrust his body on that side, was doomed.

This narrow escape told him that it would be utterly impossible to make any further use of the stairway in advancing their cause, since below it was wreathed in flames.

Their only course was to retreat from the fire as far as possible, and there await rescue or provide for it through their own ingenuity.

Still they heard the shrieks of fear-stricken women, cowering in corners or rushing wildly through the corridors calling for the help that could never reach them.

Such a scene of horror must haunt one while life lasts, so fraught with human suffering and the utter inability to render aid.

He had not calculated wrongly; while he spoke remained more demented than ever, the danger of immediate fire was not so great, although he saw it pushing toward them from three separate and distinct quarters, as though closing in upon its victims.

An open window at the end of the hall was Charlie's objective point.

He had hopes of discovering there the iron ladder that would enable those who had the nerve to grasp its rungs to drop to safety below in the street.

Alas! disappointment awaited him, keen and cutting, since there was no such avenue of escape provided in this quarter.

It was a dirty distance down to the street, and it was a maddened brain could conceive the idea of leaping out into space.

Charlie leaned out to survey the situation.

Immediately a roar of warning arose from thousands of throats below, while arms waved him back, doubtless

under the belief that he meant to take the mad plunge.

It was not quite reduced to such an insane policy—his resources had not yet been exhausted.

Charlie had his bearings now—he remembered the lay of the land—surely there must be better chance of escape by the rear.

Turning into another corridor, which led in the desired quarter, he pushed on. Arline clinging to his arm with whitened face and eyes that reflected the horror of her soul, but, thank Heaven! as yet her steps did not falter, nor did she give any signs of collapse, while his great courage remained to buoy her soul up.

The situation grew more intense with every passing second, and Charlie knew all too well that unless fortune speedily gave them an opening it would be too late, since the fire was now sweeping with remorseless fury over the main portion of the doomed structure.

Charlie Stuart knew he had to solve the problem of his existence, as well as that of the gentle being who clung so eagerly to his arm.

No man was ever better equipped for the fray.

He had everything to urge him on to superhuman efforts—abounding life, with all that means to a healthy young man, and, besides, the knowledge that he was beloved by the girl whom his heart had gone out to.

Yes, if ever a man had reason to strive with might and main for victory, it was Charlie Stuart.

Mantling he met the requisition.

(To be continued.)

REMODEL THE HUMAN HAIR.

Chinese Can Transplant It into Any Desired Form or Fashion.

Not alone the Chinese, but physiologists of other races are of opinion that the eyebrows and whiskers of a man are just as essential in their relations to his success in life as his other qualifications.

If the eyebrows are feeble or the whiskers are sickly his luck will be thin and his health poor. Therefore, to stop the train of bad luck which nature unfortunately has ordained for such a man he orders his eyebrows changed or replanted by a hair-planting professor.

This is done by first carefully pulling out the rebellious or unlucky hairs in the eyebrows. The next operation is to select a spot of hair on the neck of the patient or behind his ears that would suit for a fine eyebrow and reduce these hairs to the right length.

A pair of sharp pliers is picked up with the left hand and, selecting a suitable sized hair, the operator jerks it out by the root, and with a needle-like instrument in the right hand he pierces a minute hole in the skin of the bald eyebrow in a slanting direction, and while the point of the instrument is still on the edge of the hole the root of the pulled-up hair is carefully inserted. But if blood comes out of the wound, the hair is planted in the hole will not be used on that day for fear of inflammation and not sufficient nutriment for the hair to take proper root. The operation is repeated till every hair in the eyebrows is replaced.

The patient is said to experience pain in the eyebrows for about twenty-four hours, after which he is all right. The professor charges more for planting eyebrows than whiskers, because of the many varied degrees of slanting each hair to make the eyebrow look natural to the man or to suit the ideas of the physiologists.

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOODED

Position in Which a Person Should Lie to Induce Somnolence.

Few persons in an ordinary assemblage can tell offhand what positions they assume to induce sleep and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to insure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a habit which is acquired and is not under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the land of nod than the night habit asserts itself. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy; our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable laxation as commanded by unconscious will.

In a seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find to-night on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made. If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender and permit the all-mysterious night habit to restate the little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort.

Skilful Mahogany Hunters.

In Central and South America the revenues of many districts depend on the skill and activity of the mahogany hunters. Mahogany trees do not grow in groups; much less are there whole forests of them. They are scattered, usually concealed in thickets. It requires skill and experience to find them. To fell a tree involves the work of two men for a whole day. On account of a thick, thorny growth near the base of the tree, a scaffold is erected around it, and above this, at a height of from ten to fifteen feet, the tree is cut so that the best part is really lost. The felled tree is then freed of branches and hauled on a rough wagon by oxen to the nearest river, where rafts are made and floated down.

Many Uses for Common Peat.

Peat makes a splendid surgical dressing, and wounds covered with it heal very quickly. Recently it has been drawn out into wool, and used into thread and made into excellent cloths of all kinds. A pair of trousers made from this peat wool look as well and wear as well as Scotch tweed, and they can be bought at half the cost. Quite pretty blankets of peat are sold for two shillings each. When bleached it makes exceedingly soft and healthful underclothing. As a lining for refrigerators peat cannot be excelled, and slabs of it placed under flooring or in partition between rooms ceases sound. When the excellence of peat goods becomes better known, Irish and Scotch goods will be as valuable as South African gold mines.

Death from Mosquito Bite.

According to a report made to the New York board of health the recent death of Alfred Cronenberg, 34 months old, of that city, was caused by the bite of a mosquito, which caused erysipelas.

Railroads to Spend Large Sums.

An estimate is made that the railroads of the country, this year will expend \$400,000,000 in betterment, outfitting, rolling stock, etc.

STREETER HAS NOT YET GIVEN UP CONTEST FOR CHICAGO LAND.

After sixteen years full of strange vicissitudes as ever bested any claim, the sun seems to have set upon the District of Lake Michigan, in Chicago. By a decision of Judge Chytrous in the Superior court the rights of "Cap'n" Streeter to six acres of land within the territory he claimed were denied. This establishes a precedent that must result, lawyers say, in the ultimate relinquishment of the entire tract.

Streeter heard the words that changed him from a possible millionaire, a territorial governor, sheriff, and postmaster to a plain "Cap'n" without a tremor. Perhaps one of his freshly oiled boots swung back and forth over his knee more rapidly, possibly he twisted his red whiskers a trifle harder, but there was no other sign.

"It ain't over, I'll be darned if it is," said the cap'n, as he left the court room. But the old fire was not in his voice and the silk hat was not tipped at the old familiar angle as he went up the street.

Thus ends, it is thought, one of the most peculiar land contests ever fought. It involved the ownership of property valued at more than \$5,000,000. The claimants on the one hand were millionaires whose land abutted on the property and whose combined fortunes were up in the billions, and on the other hand "Cap'n" Streeter. Their claims were based upon superior rights; his was that of a squatter.

It was in 1855 that Streeter was wrecked at the foot of Superior street, in the storm his boat was carried upon the beach and during the follow-

ing winter the lake waters carried more earth up. This action of the waves has gone on steadily ever since until to-day there are 166 acres of ground where there was water at the time of the shipwreck.

Streeter has lived on this territory most of the time since then. It is on this undisturbed residence that he bases his squatter's claim.

For years people took him and his claim as a joke. But the cap'n was in earnest. He had the tract surveyed and laid it out in lots. He sold many of them. Then he organized a "government." He was elected by his six or eight followers territorial governor of the District of Lake Michigan, as well as sheriff. He appointed himself postmaster pro tem until the president of the United States chose to appoint some one else. His followers got the minor offices of constable, district commissioner, superintendent of public works, and the like.

Meantime Mrs. Louisa Healy, widow of George P. A. Healy, the portrait artist, who claimed the land upon which the court house stood, brought suit to clear her title to the property, and won her case.

Now Streeter's field of operations will be Milwaukee, the United States court his artillery and his new tactics will consist in placing Alexander H. Revell, the Newberry estate and J. V. Farwell, together with others, on the defensive.

He has obtained an order from Judge Jenkins of Milwaukee compelling these men to show cause why an injunction should not issue against them enjoining them from interfering further with him.

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