

The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers. MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Of two evils, don't choose both.

It's all off. Lighten has a rabbit's foot this time.

A city that is not upon a hill cannot be drowned out by a flood.

The colleges are making our present citizens happy by degrees.

A genuine sympathetic strike—when the clock strikes the hour to quit.

The man who knows nothing is usually the one who insists on telling it.

Never kiss a girl by mistake. At least don't let her know that it was a mistake.

A Beta Theta Pi convention is coming. This must be the father of all the breakfast foods.

Don't envy John D. Rockefeller. He has a stomach that refuses to digest anything he likes to eat.

The publisher of "Who's Who in America" is working day and night to get his new edition ready.

The Countess of Yarmouth appears to be giving her earl enough money to keep him quiet enough.

The man who thinks stocks can't go any lower is generally able to demolish his theory by buying some.

The Sultan of Sokoto is making it necessary for British officers to report to him. Why won't these suits be good?

The distinction between the upper classes and the common herd now is that the upper classes wear pajamas and pajamas.

If a burglar could realize on the value of stolen property as given out by his victim, he would never have to burglar again.

The names of the new Serbian military bear a striking resemblance to the list of hospital victims after a Paterson riot.

As long as your sweetheart finds fault with you, you are safe. But when she finds fault in you, be sure to look for another girl.

King Peter at Geneva was "happy to meet the brave representatives of the Serbian army." King Alexander at Belgrade wasn't.

Boston has "a society young man" who has not worn a hat for three years. He probably doesn't wish to hide his magnificent brain.

The estimates of the population of Pekin vary from 500,000 to 1,500,000. A slight discrepancy of 1,000,000 doesn't bother the Celestials a little bit.

"Doctor of sacred theology" is the new title bestowed by Columbia university on Dr. Gordon of Boston. But isn't all theology sacred to somebody?

Woman is the genius of compromise; she begins by wanting her son to be President; she ends by being satisfied to have him pass the plate in church.

A million gallons of whiskey were destroyed by fire in Glasgow. Fortunately the destruction of all this whiskey was accomplished with the loss of only seven lives.

Death on a white horse seems to have changed his seat to a racing automobile. At least that's what the returns from that big French race seem to indicate.

The German scientists who have been studying American agriculture say it is to be seen in Chicago will have an extensive knowledge of the tar and wild oats crops.

The experienced bachelor of the New York Press remarks that it's queer how all rosy lips look so much alike and yet taste so different. His wife learned yet that he should never tell!

Rev. Matt S. Hughes says the man who is part of an epic is greater than the man who writes an epic. It is to be hoped that the people who are writing epics will now turn to nobler and better things.

Pope Leo is getting a good deal of comfort just now out of the Italian proverb: "The announcement of one's death always adds years to one's life." If this be so, the aged pontiff is good for at least a round century.

Mayor Jones of Toledo, has a bed rigged up with mosquito netting and sleeps on the roof of his house. The Toledo office seeker must be a man of peculiarly determined specimens of the type if such expedients are necessary to escape him.

A Brooklyn man objects to a memorial park in Plymouth square in honor of Henry Ward Beecher for the reason that he was not a man of national reputation. A lot of old subscribers would like to know who it was that made Brooklyn famous.

A New York poet has been elected president of a railroad. He will probably have a grand career, a man who can work his way up through poetry must have great stuff in him.

If Mrs. Calve no longer feels a desire to visit the dear Americans the only inference must be that she now has as much money as she wants.

Camille Flammarion has made the startling discovery that we are gradually losing our stars. Hitch your wagon to one before it is too late!

The Human Pin Cushion, who had a highly successful career as a dime museum freak, and who lately died in New York, left a fortune of \$200,000—all in pin money, as it were.

The St. Louis judge who has decided that a woman can lawfully extract money from her husband's pocket should have said "may," of course.

When you lend a man money, if you don't insist upon his paying it back he thinks you are a fool; if you do, he thinks you are his enemy.

Missouri

A record of the events of special interest to the people in Missouri

PREPARING FOR TRIAL.

Ferri, Sullivan, Matthews and Smith Will Be Ready July 28.

Jefferson City, Mo.: The attorneys for the defense in the boogie trials, which are to come up here in the Circuit Court July 28, are busy preparing for the same.

Deanses Ferri, Sullivan, Matthews and Smith announce through their attorneys that they will be ready for trial. Subpoenas were sent out Saturday on application of Attorney Pope for the summoning of witnesses for the defense.

The witnesses summoned Saturday are: Frank Edwards, J. J. Williams, C. A. De Witt, D. F. Thompson and G. A. McCallister of Christian County, and J. P. Short, John W. McKee and J. A. Chase of Wright County.

The men are supposed to testify in the case of Senator W. P. Sullivan, who is under indictment on the charge of soliciting a bribe while a member of the State Senate. It is presumed that these witnesses are to testify as to the character of Senator Sullivan, as it is not known what connection they could have with the case otherwise. They are all from the neighborhood of Senator Sullivan's home in Christian County.

CHANGES IN SUMMER SCHOOL.

Course in Pedagogy New Offered at Missouri University.

Columbia, Mo.: A number of changes will be made in the faculty of the Missouri University summer school beginning with the second term.

Dr. E. H. Sturtevant of the University of Chicago will take Doctor Jones's place in the department of Latin. Professor C. S. Brown will continue the courses offered by Doctor Allen, instead of Professor H. S. Penn, who was to have returned from Europe by the beginning of the second term.

Doctor A. Ross Hill, who recently was elected to the chair of pedagogy, will give a course of lectures on the "Educational Theory."

This is the first time a course has been offered in pedagogy during the summer, and two hours will be given for the work.

To Transfer Inmate to Farmington.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Gov. Dockery went to Fulton Saturday morning to inspect the state asylum for the insane, and to arrange for the transfer of a number of its inmates to the asylum at Farmington, which is now ready to receive them. It is thought that 150 will be transferred. This change is made to relieve the crowded condition of the one institution and give occupants to the other. The transfer is made under provision of a bill introduced in the last session of the general assembly by Senator Charles Walker, which carries an appropriation of \$1500 to meet the expense of transferring the patients. Al Morrow, the governor's stenographer, Mrs. Morrow and Miss Kate Gordon accompany the governor.

Loan Caused a Killing.

West Plains, Mo.: George Blakely, a wealthy cattle dealer, was shot and killed Sunday just across the Arkansas line from here, near Henderson, by R. H. Grace. The men had trouble over a loan. Blakely let Grace and his wife have \$2,500, taking a mortgage on their property. Grace claims he paid Blakely \$1,800 on the note and took a receipt therefor, which was afterwards stolen. When Mrs. Grace died Blakely put in a claim against her estate for the full amount of the note. Trouble ensued and Grace killed Blakely. He gave himself up to the Sheriff.

Diseased Captives Pardoned.

Jefferson City, Mo.: At the request of the prison physician, and upon the recommendation of the board of inspectors, Gov. Dockery has granted special pardons to two convicts. William Jones, who came from Marion county June 26, 1900, to serve five years for robbery in the first degree, was one of the men receiving this clemency, and the other was George Ferrell, colored, who was sent from Jackson county December 5, 1900, to serve five years for larceny from a dwelling house. Both men were suffering from tuberculosis.

Prisoner Hadley J. Alley Dead.

Princeton, Mo.: Captain Hadley J. Alley, one of the prominent criminal lawyers of the State, died here Saturday, aged 70 years. He has been in failing health for a year. He was a member of the Mercer County bar for thirty-six years; was Sheriff from 1864 to 1868 and served as Prosecuting Attorney. He has been identified with nearly every important criminal case in the county for thirty years.

Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

St. James, Mo.: While working in a hay harvest on James Parson's farm, three miles west of here, William Lewis was bitten by a rattlesnake. A physician was called at once, but his recovery is thought doubtful.

Fourth of July Victim.

Joplin, Mo.: John Bennett, aged 22, of Galena is dead, and Sam Ishmore, aged 21, is dying from injuries received in firing blank cartridges on the Fourth of July. Bennett died from lockjaw Saturday.

Fancy Swimmer Drowned.

St. Joseph, Mo.: Louis Graham was drowned in a pond at Twenty-seven and Jule streets last week while showing some boys tricks in fancy swimming. He was but 13 years old, and was known as an excellent swimmer.

Rockefeller to Visit Eldorado Springs.

Nevada, Mo.: Rooms have been engaged at Eldorado Springs for John D. Rockefeller, who is expected within a few days. Mr. Rockefeller, it is stated, is going to the springs for his health and will remain several weeks.

Joplin Mine Sale.

Joplin, Mo.: The Gasie K. mine and a 20-acre lease were sold for \$110,000 last week. The purchaser was John Morton of St. Louis, acting for an Eastern syndicate. The Gasie K. was sold to J. Allen Hardy less than a year ago for \$60,000. Since then it has produced \$90,000 worth of ore.

Coal Oil Inspector Appointed.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Governor Dockery has appointed William Sander Coal Oil Inspector of Williamsburg, vice C. Arnold, resigned.

DISCOVERS NEW FRUIT SPRAY.

Missouri University Professor Invents a Deadly Powder.

Columbia, Mo.: Dr. R. M. Bird, of the Missouri Experiment Station has made a discovery that will be welcomed by all fruit growers and horticulturists. It is a dry powder for spraying fruit trees, and has proved more deadly to all insects affecting the trees and plants than the liquid sprays now in use.

During the early spring so many inquiries were received at Columbia regarding the manner of destroying insects that Doctor Bird began looking for something that would be superior to the present methods of spraying.

The result of the investigation is a very fine powder, which contains copper in its composition, that seems in the liquid mixture to have given the most satisfactory result.

The spraying of fruit trees and vines has become a necessity among commercial fruit growers. The liquid mixture hitherto has given the most satisfactory result.

SOUTHERN MISSOURI RAILWAY.

Will Begin Operating Trains August 1.

St. Louis, Mo.: With the completion of the Southern Missouri railway, which will begin running trains on August 1, St. Louis has a new railroad route to the coal fields of Illinois.

The Southern Missouri crosses Missouri near St. Genevieve, crossing the Mississippi River from the Illinois shore by a ferry. It runs through the Southeast Missouri lead belt and connects with the coal fields of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern at Bismarck.

It goes directly through the Southern Illinois coal fields and will afford a means by which the St. Louis factories may receive coal without paying for crossing the Eads and Merchants' bridges.

More Land for Boone County.

Columbia, Mo.: It is very probable that before another year Boone County will contain several hundred acres more land than at the present time. Several months ago the thirty German farmers of the Burlington bottom constructed dikes on the Missouri River in order to save their land from being washed away. The dikes not only did this, but they are changing the current of the river so that a large quantity of Cole and Cooper County soil is being washed over to the Boone County side of the river and is being added to the Burlington bottom farms.

Inmate Patient Captured.

Fulton, Mo.: A patient of the Hospital for the Insane, named George H. Mosby, who escaped several months ago when five of the criminal inmates made a fight with the guards and got away, has been located at Ottumwa, Ia. Thomas Steer, supervisor of the institution, left Saturday afternoon to bring Mosby back. When the man was captured he had bank checks in his possession for a considerable amount.

Folk to Address Old Settlers.

New Florence, Mo.: The twenty-second annual old settlers' reunion of this county will be held here Saturday, August 1. Local committees are actively at work. Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, has accepted an invitation to attend and conduct the services. He came accompanied by his wife and children and will be greeted by the largest audience ever assembled in the county.

Organize a Normal Club.

Columbia, Mo.: The students in the Missouri University Summer School at Columbia, who have attended the Kirkville or Warrenton normals, have organized a normal club for social purposes. The officers were elected as follows: President, G. S. Hawkins, Peoria, Mo.; vice president, L. E. Bates, Excelsior Springs, Mo.; secretary and treasurer, Miss A. Varner.

Storm at Marshall, Mo.

Marshall, Mo.: A severe electrical storm and rain struck here Saturday night. Lightning struck several places in town, burning one large barn. Trees were damaged and telephone wires blown down. In the country wheat in the shock was injured some, but corn and meadows are greatly benefited.

Severe Electrical Storm.

Fredericktown, Mo.: The severest electrical storm ever known here passed over this city Saturday afternoon. Lightning burned N. B. Graham's barn, the largest in the county. It is believed that grain and feed. Loss heavy; some insurance.

Windstorm at Paris.

Paris, Mo.: A heavy rain, with a high wind, fell at Paris and vicinity at noon Saturday. The municipal light's water plant was unroofed, the smokestack overturned and the machinery slightly damaged. The rain was a great benefit to the growing crops.

R. M. Whitlock.

Nevada, Mo.: R. M. Whitlock, one of Nevada's oldest citizens, died here last week, his death being due to dropsy. He leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter.

City Marshal Shot Citizen.

Festus, Mo.: City Marshal J. L. Goodman shot and seriously wounded Gus Thomsen in a personal encounter Saturday night. Thomsen seized the case of a bystander and severely beat the Marshal. Both men are reported in a critical condition.

Dockery at Fulton.

Fulton, Mo.: Governor A. M. Dockery arrived here Saturday afternoon, to be the guest of Dr. J. W. Smith, superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane.

Cattle Killed.

Armstrong, Mo.: During the hard electrical storm Saturday night five head of registered cattle belonging to A. K. Markland, west of town, were struck by lightning and killed. One horse and cow, the property of G. G. Harvey, were also killed. Other losses throughout the township are reported.

Coal Oil Inspector Appointed.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Governor Dockery has appointed William G. Young Coal Oil Inspector of Ralls County for a term of two years.

The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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CHAPTER I.

Pope and Crystal.

It was one Tuesday in the city of London, in the early part of the last century, and the large dining-room of the Mirror tavern was full of hungry men sitting in benches and giving honest notes to their waiters. The best-posted fumed at their elbows as they ate with a will. They bore the true aspect of the children of the deep; you would have known them when they were in sight a mile off by their clothes and air.

Jenkinson went about nothing in this man and to that, calling deep pitched answers in response to friendly greetings. He stopped at a bar at whose table sat one figure only. This was a captain in the merchant service named Pope, a fine, tall man of very noble build. He had a merry eye with something careless and cruel, in its glance and light; an Irish eye blue and arch. But to-day the face that overhung his plate, chewing steadily, with Jenkinson staring at him, was a long one.

"Well, Captain," said Jenkinson, "have you got a ship yet?"

"Don't talk of it," cried Captain Pope with passion. "The payments are all of helpless idiots. They wander starving and forlorn."

Jenkinson smiled sarcastically. "Don't tell me," he said. "There are always plenty of ships, and where there are ships there is demand and room for good men."

The other shrugged his shoulders and bit his foot with anger. Just then a middle-aged man came to the entrance of the bar, and Jenkinson stood up.

"How do you do, Captain Crystal?"

"How are your command?" Crystal named his joints and seated himself, opposite Captain Pope, and Jenkinson went away.

This Crystal was a very rugged-looking man, and of about forty-five years of age. He showed a cutlass scar over his nose, and it fixed the impression of a surly frown upon his face. He was very broad, as powerfully built as Pope, dressed in sailor's worn clothes; but as in Pope, so in this man, there was wickedness in his looks.

Crystal closed his knife and fork and watched the other for some minutes in silence. Then he got up and looked over into the box on either hand, then at a little closer opposite Crystal, and said, "This is the advertisement I was telling you about." He read in a low voice as follows:

"Brig Grassy—This beautiful and admirable clipper ship having been condemned by the Admiralty, has been purchased by a private gentleman, who has laid out a considerable sum of money in completing her equipment. She is now for sale, and may be had at a very great bargain. Parties disposed to purchase her will apply to Mr. Stanton in the Mitre."

"It's the strangest matter that ever I heard of," said Captain Pope, speaking with a cautious face. "A man had a father who left him a brig and a trifle in cash. Jackman was his name. He got command, but it was plain the house didn't. Chancy brings his men ashore with a bag of fifteen hundred pounds, and pretended to have been knocked down and robbed. There is no doubt he stole the money. The owners did not seem able to prove anything, and the next traverse this man Jackman set out to work as the painting and equipping of his brig, and the preparing her for sea as a 'what d'yer say?'"

"I heard it, Piracy!"

"I got men under the pretense that he was bound out on some liberal terms, I faced an' went away down Channel. His game was suspected and he was followed out of one of the reaches by a government cutter. They exchanged shots, and the pirate brought the cutter's mast down. Jackman didn't. Chancy brings his men ashore for a pirate, he says. The men heard him. In time they came aboard of some caves which Jackman had purchased down on the extreme west coast, and he and his father-in-law and Mrs. Jackman went ashore. When Jackman returned to his ship, his men seized him, swearing they were not going to be hanged for pirates, and they locked this Jackman up in his cabin, and carried the brig to the Thames and handed her over. Jackman sprang through the cabin window and was drowned. He did well. He was a rained man and a felon."

"The biggest fool," said Captain Crystal, "that ever took charge of a man. Only think of shipping a crew on representations of honesty, to tell them before they were out of sight of Execution Dock, that the brig's colors were the black flag."

"I have a mind to view this brig," said Pope. "We require a permit from the owner, and that is one reason why I am calling on him. Come with me and view the brig, Crystal."

"Right," said the square-shouldered seaman; "and you have my cars here for the purchase of her stowed away in some old stocking in an inshore chimney. I'm your man as first mate."

They entered the shop of a nautical instrument maker. Mr. Stanton, the owner of the brig, dwelt over this shop.

"This is your notice, I suppose?" said Captain Pope, pulling out the

paper, and putting his hand upon the advertisement. "What's your price?"

"The price? Less than five hundred pounds," replied the money-lender. "Have you seen her?"

"No," answered Pope, with a gleaming grin, "we've here to ask her leave to look at her."

Mr. Stanton quickly and eagerly began to write, taking notes as he went. "Show this gentleman," said he, "to my ship-keeper, and I hope you'll lose no time in taking the vessel off my hands."

"Well view her," said Pope, peering at the permit.

The two sailors went toward London Bridge. A boy was proceeding from London Bridge down the river, and the two captains boarded her for Deptford. There they landed, and took cars, as the expression then was, for a brig with the topgallant mast hoisted, lying in the stream within a convenient pail.

"She appears in very good condition," said Pope, directing searching looks about him, and letting his eyes rest aloft. "I'll give her royal stowaways and by the salt, there shall be nothing about her that she can't be overhauled."

"Oh, ho!" muttered Crystal. "So that's the lay?"

He looked at Pope and burst into a hoarse laugh.

"To a pity, though," says he, "that there should be a difficulty of six hundred pounds in the way."

"How am I to get this ship?" said Captain Pope, standing on stretched legs. He spoke in soliloquy. His companion seemed not to heed, merely eyed him askant, and then after a while he said: "I never heard of a ship stolen out of the river Thames in my life."

"There was the Dorothy," said Pope wistfully; "and there was the Arctura, a small West Indian; in each case a company of men entered, gagged and

planned the ship-keeper, softly let go the fasts and slipped away on the stream without a hall from shore or water. Both those vessels were lost to their owners; what became of them I don't know."

"It was a midnight job," said Crystal, "and then both men went on deck and entered the forecabin, examined the cabin, lifted the main hatch and looked at the guns in the hold; next, halting their boat, the two captains went ashore."

Pope had asked Crystal to sup with him, and the rugged seaman had consented. It was a dismal street. The Captain seemed struck. He paused grasping Crystal's arm.

"What sort of life can that be?" said he, "that lands a man in this sort of thing? Yet, so help me God," he cried with Irish emphasis, "after using the sea since I was a lad of fifteen, I can do no better than this first floor at seven shillings a week."

"It's a dirty part of London," said Crystal, scowling up and down the street. "Why didn't you keep near the docks. Five shillings hires me a room and a clean turn-up bedstead just out of the Commercial Road."

Crystal pulled the bell of the house. The door was opened after a considerable passage of waiting, during which Pope continued to curse the sea as the most poverty-stricken of callings—by a dirty little servant who seemed a compound of fust and black-lead. The Captain pushed in.

They refreshed themselves in a dingy little bedroom, adjoining the parlor. There was a handsome sea-chest here, and a sparkling long telescope.

"That's what it's come to," said Pope, pointing to these things. "I, Captain Pope, and as good and careful a mariner as any sails out of the ports of this kingdom, cannot get a ship."

"There are scores of us," said Crystal, drying his face. "My money sinks and the ships depart, and I return to my dirty little lodging sick with cursing the times I have fallen on."

"And disappointment and poverty don't raise hell, and the pirate in your heart," cried Pope, starting with a wild stormy look into the other's dark face.

"How do you know that it don't?" answered Crystal, picking up a hair brush.

"I'd rob a church. I have no honesty left. I mean to set up as a villain, and you shall help me make a fortune for us both, Crystal."

"You're not thinking of the highway are you, Pope?"

"Ay, the highway that reflects the canvas of rich lords. But step into the next room." He pulled out a gold watch. "I'll tell you what's in my mind, and we can debate it over a pipe after we've supped."

CHAPTER II.

The Camperdown Public House.

"Well, now, what's your scheme?" said Crystal, when they had entered. "I'll be beforehand with thee first; I'm calling on him. Come with me and view the brig, Crystal."

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