The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL..... MISSOURI

King Peter is preparing for his coronation by taking a five-mile sprint every day.

J. Pierpont Morgan is another sufferer from the malady known as millionaire's stomach.

A woman is willing to take the benefit of the doubt and let man have the doubt of the benefit.

Port Arthur seems to fall as easy and as often as a man who is trying to quit smoking cigarettes.

Millions have laughed at Mark Twain's quaint humor. Millions grieve with him in his present sorrow.

There's no use crying over spilt milk. The better way is to seek the nearest pump and repair the damage.

A new Galveston greets the eye of the traveler. On the stepping stone of its dead self it has risen to higher things.

The war has, after all, its bright side. So far neither Rudyard Kipling nor Alfred Austin has written a poem about it.

Oxford university is going to confer the degree of doctor of letters on W. D. Howells. "Who reads an American book?"

No wonder the railway engineer who saw his lifelong friend ground to pieces under his locomotive has wholly lost his nerve.

Jack White has won the British open golf championship. One of the strange things about the case is that he is an Englishman.

When that $2,500,000,000 ore trust is formed it will be something more than an airy joke to say that Mr. Rockefeller owns the earth.

The four-leaf clover is a favorite design with the younger ladies for embroidering their silk hosiery. We learn this from one of our exchanges.

He laughs best who laughs last. According to this, the best laugher is the man who has to be trepanned in order to make him see the point of a joke.

A new York paper is offering a prize for the best vacation suggestion. We have heard that it is a good plan to remain quietly at home and take a rest.

King Peter of Servia announces that he is going to have a coronation in August. It will be a good thing for innocent bystanders to stay away from

Czar Nicholas has begun to find infernal machines under his bed. There's a boy who doesn't need a microscope when he goes hunting for trouble.

The New York Herald urges the establishment of a school for writers of fiction, but what is really needed is an institution to teach people not to try to write fiction.

An Iowa man after firing five shots at his wife was shot at seventeen times by policemen. Owing to the fact that there were no innocent bystanders nobody was hurt.

The duke and duchess of Marlborough are reported to be living apart. Nobody can blame any married couple from doing everything in their power to be happy.

The Boston Globe prints a roll of 89 G. A. R. veterans who are 89 or over, which demonstrates what kind of constitution the boys of other days were endowed with.

The arrival of Boozena Sokup, an emigrant from the old world, was duly recorded at New York the other day. We venture to predict a bright political future in this country for Mr. Sokup.

F. W. Giles is said to be the name of the man who introduced the English sparrow into the Mississippi valley. The charitable supposition is that Mr. Giles didn't know what he was doing.

The Chicago girl who tried to commit suicide by drowning and was saved because her skirts floated her, has good reason to be glad that she never followed the example of Dr. Mary Walker.

Even at savings bank interest of 3 per cent, compounded semi-annually, money grows rapidly. Ten dollars a month deposited in the bank will amount to $647.70 in five years. Start a bank account today.

The latest scientific information is that hair and teeth have about served their purpose and that the human family is destined to become perfectly toothless and bald. Which makes us still gladder we're alive right now.

Twenty-four people of the Harry Lehr stamp are going to dine in a monster wine barrel in Berlin. The guests will enter through the bung-hole, which is just large enough to admit an average-sized person. The question is can they get out after dinner.

The pastor and one of his elders in a Pittsburg church treated the congregation to a few rounds with bare knuckles after the services. Comment is withheld until it is learned whether this was a ruse to make divine worship more attractive to the male part of the community.

According to the latest figures the population of the world to-day is 1,503,300,000. About half of its inhabitants are feminine. And yet young men continue to sing, "There's only one girl in the world for me."

A New York man wants a divorce because his wife bought nineteen hats in twelve weeks. If the judge is married it will not be hard to guess how this case is going to be decided.

The season for healthy outdoor life is close at hand. When a boy goes camping and fishing, whatever else he catches, he isn't likely to catch a cold.

President Faunce of Brown university says the Americans of to-day are "bound nowhere, under full sail." Who cares, as long as they "get there"?

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I've been past it a hundred times. I've stuck a pick and around there and never found ore," said Blake reflectively, "but that proves nothing. A thousand people walked over the Little Calaveras before I found the gift. Wait, John," he concluded, relapsing to the familiar Yankee drawl, "don't this beat true," as Uncle Toby Haynes used to say?"

"It certainly is remarkable," said John Burt, folding the map. "How did you happen to select this particular spot, Jim?"

"Just happened to, that's all," was the laconic reply. "I laid out claims all along here, but this one seemed the most likely."

"I suppose your claims cover the ground indicated on this map, don't they?" asked John.

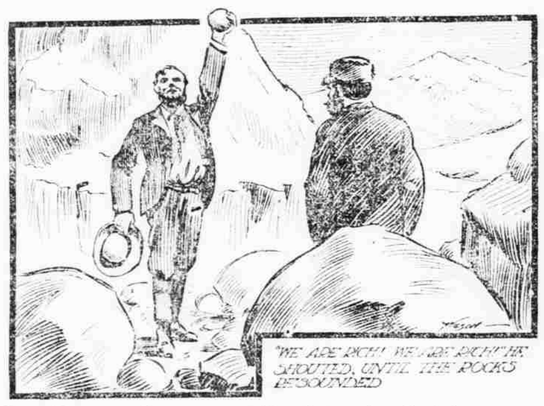
"It don't make a bit of difference whether they do or not," asserted Blake with much vigor. "If you find one the claims is yours, John, and don't you forget it."

"Suppose we go partners in the Sailor mine," suggested John. "I have a fair share of money, and I'll offset that and the map against your claim and experience. What do you say, Jim?"

"It's not fair to you, John, but I'll gladly accept, and here's my hand on it!"

After breakfast they set about locating the sailor's vein. In less than an hour Jim Blake sunk his pick into a quartz rock which showed free gold. While Jim was gloating over his find, John appeared from behind a ledge. He handed Blake a nugget which weighed fully ten pounds, and a glance—to say nothing of the weight—showed it to be almost solid gold. Blake grasped it, devoured its dull gloss with sparkling eyes, and hurled his hat high in the air.

"We are rich! We are rich!" he shouted until the rocks resounded.



"WE ARE RICH! WE ARE RICH!" HE SHOUTED, UNTIL THE ROCKS RESOUNDED.

"Monte Cristo was a beggar compared with Burton & Blake! Hurrah for the Sailor mine and John Burt! You can't keep a good man down! Hurrah!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The Quest for Gold.

The two young giants performed wonders in the three weeks which followed their discovery of gold. Glowing with health and strength, and inspired by ambition, they gnawed ragged holes into the side of the mountains with their picks and drills. Several nuggets were found, but these were of small value compared with the broad stratum of ore which opened out from the spot selected by John Burt. The claim chosen by Blake soon exhausted itself, and he turned his attention to the third, expressing a fear that he was a "hoodoo."

"But 'there's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'Moore,'" sang Blake as he poised on a shelving ledge and vigorously drove a crowbar into a crevice. Ere the sun dropped below the range he had uncovered another wide, deep vein of gold-bearing quartz.

The spring rains set in and the brook became a foaming, thundering torrent. Avalanches tore down the mountain sides, plowed their way over the cliff, and, with a roar which shook the cabin, hurled themselves into the valley. The pine trees lost their plumes of snow, and sang in a higher key the refrain which told of relief from burdens carried complainingly for months.

Piled in gray heaps near the tunnel was ore worth not less than forty thousand dollars. With the flight of the snow and the birth of spring, Blake wearied of his task and longed for its rewards.

"Tell you what let's do, John," he said one night after supper. "Let's go to Auburn and negotiate the sale of these mines. We ought to get big money for the Sailor, John."

"How much?" asked John, after a moment's pause.

"Half a million," replied Blake positively, with a loving accent on the "million." "Half a million is dead cheap. Don't you think so, John?"

"I shall not sell my interest—at least, not at present," said John Burt, "and I advise you not to. We can handle this property without trouble, and make more in developing it than by selling it. Besides, I doubt if we can get an offer of half a million."

"We can try, John," said Blake hopefully. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. I would take it in a minute if I could get it."

They discussed the matter for hours, but Blake would not recede from his position. Dangling before his eyes was a purse containing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be obtained without further work or worry. It meant pleasure, affluence, ease, liberty—it was enough. Not so with John Burt. When the rock crumbled beneath the first blow of his pick and the ten pound nugget gleamed in the shale, he recalled the parting words of Peter Burt quoting the language of Isaiah: "I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places."

"We'll talk no more about this matter to-night, Jim,' he said, when Blake had finished telling of the great things which could be accomplished with a quarter of a million dollars. "I'll think it over for two or three days, and then we'll take the question up and decide it."

Blake curbed his impatience and worked and waited. He knew John Burt well enough not to mention the topic during the days which followed.

One evening, after supper, John spent an hour or more figuring in an old note-book.

"I suppose you are still determined to sell your share in these mines, Jim?" said John.

"I am, if I can get an offer of a quarter of a million," replied Jim.

"You are making a mistake, old man," said John Burt, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "but you have as much right to your opinion as I have to mine. So we will call that settled. I told you I would make you a proposition, and here it is. There are two mines, and they look equally promising. I propose that you take one and I take the other. We will call the south one 'Sailor A' and the north 'Sailor B.' You can have your choice."

"That's not fair!" said Jim. "I'll play you a game of seven-up for the first choice; three games of ten points each—best two out of three—to take first choice."

"All right," responded John, as Blake produced a well worn pack of cards and shuffled them. "But before we play, let me finish my proposition. You wish to sell your claims for two hundred and fifty thousand if you can find a purchaser. Will you give me an option on your claim. I'll give you five thousand in cash for the following option on your claim—you to deed me all your rights in consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, payable in sixty days from this date; one hundred thousand payable in six months from date, and one hundred thousand payable in one year from date. And—"

"You bet your life I will!" interrupted Blake, extending his hand. "Make it two thousand in cash, John. That will be enough. Make it two thousand and I'll go you."

"We will call it twenty-five hundred, and you can have the other twenty-five hundred if you need it," said John smiling. "But I has not finished. You shall have one-half of the proceeds from the sale of the ore already mined. That should net you $25,000. You need not stake your head. In any arrangement I may make with outsiders you shall have ten per cent of all profits payable to me. I wish to feel that you will always have an interest in the Sailor mine."

"All right, John," said Jim, finally. "Now we'll play that game of seven-up."

Blake won the first game and John the second. In the third game John had two to go, and Blake lacked six points. It was his deal. He turned two jacks before the trump was selected, and then made high, low, jack, and the game, and won the rubber and the first choice.

"Lucky in cards, unlucky in love," laughed Blake as he arose from the table. "Sailor A is mine—subject to your option, John."

John drew up an agreement and an option, which both signed, and the firm of Burton & Blake was dissolved. Blake accepted twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, and three days later both arrived in the little mining town of Auburn, from which they sent a trustworthy man back to the cabin, to remain on guard until John Burt returned.

Bidding Blake adieu for a week or more, Burt proceeded to San Francisco.

He engaged rooms in the Palace hotel—registering under the name of John Burton—and made inquiries concerning the leading mining experts of the city. He decided to present his case to David Parker. He wrote the famous expert a brief letter, and was duly accorded an interview.

During the brief preliminary conversation, John Burt studied David Parker and decided to trust him. Then he related the story of the discovery of the Sailor mine.

"I have always believed that those hills—that those hills—contained gold," said David Parker hesitatingly. "Why do you come to me, Mr. Burton?" he asked. "I am not an—an investor. I'm an expert—at least, an—an alleged expert."

"I wish you to refer me to an investor," replied John Burt. "You are an expert in metals and should be in capitalists. You know them; I don't."

"Go and see John Hawkins," said David Parker, as a faint smile froze on his face. "He is honest—but hard—hard as granite. I hope you may succeed with him—Mr. Burton. If you and—Mr. Hawkins cannot come to terms, I—I might refer you to others. Good day; good day, sir—and good luck!"

As David Parker predicted, John Burt had little trouble in securing an interview with John Hawkins, millionaire mine owner and investor.

He wrote the name "John Burton" on a card and gave it to an attendant. Two burly men stood in the doorway, pausing to make some parting remark, which was followed by roars of merriment. The attendant brushed past them as they closed the door.

"Tell him to come in," was the order given in a voice sonorous through the heavy partition.

John Burt's education in the etiquette of servility and in adulation of material things was singularly defective. This may have been due to his country training. It never occurred to John Burt that he should stand in awe of the Hawkins millions. He was impressed by the leonine head and gigantic proportions of the magnate, as an artist is when he contemplates for the first time some stupendous work of nature. He returned the great man's gaze, before which most strangers quailed and faltered, with an answering look which calmly asserted an equality, yielding deference only to a seniority of years.

"How do you do? What can I do for you, sir? Take a seat." Mr. Hawkins glanced again at the card, tossed it on his desk, and wheeled and confronted John Burt, who had accepted this gruff invitation.

"I own or control some recently discovered gold mines, and am in San Francisco for the purpose of interesting capital in their development," said John Burt. "I am informed that you are an investor in mining property. I am in a position to submit propositions which may result to our mutual advantage."

"Where are they?" growled Mr. John Hawkins.

For an answer John stepped behind the capitalist and placed his fingers on a point indicated on a large map of California which hung on the wall.

"They are located on the west slope of the Sierra Nevadas, at an altitude of about two thousand feet above the river, five miles south of the Wormley trail," said John. "Here is a rough detailed map of the surroundings." He handed the chart to Mr. Hawkins.

"There is no gold there—not an ounce," declared the magnate. "You have found a mare's nest, young man. I looked that country over ten years ago. There's no gold there."

"My partner and I have extracted forty thousand dollars' worth of high grade ore there in three weeks," said John Burt quietly. "Here is a specimen of it. Here is something else." He placed a sample of ore and the nugget in Hawkins' outstretched hand.

(To be continued.)

SANCTUARY OF THE CHURCH.

Ancient Place of Safety That Was Never Violated.

In early times, when life and property were accounted cheap unless defended sword in hand, the church offered shelter and sanctuary to those who had occasion to fear the arm of the law. In the middle ages, whoever crossed the threshold of a church was considered under divine protection and could not be arrested, while several churches and cathedrals still preserve the knockers used by those who had fled thither for shelter and claimed admittance. In some buildings the fugitive from justice sat upon a chair or stool, and the register of a church in Durham, England, covering a period extending from the year 1464 to the year 1524, included, besides other crimes, 195 murders and homicides, in which 283 persons seeking protection were concerned. To attempt to violate sanctuary by force was in those days a very serious matter, and when the outlaw decided to save his life by leaving the realm he did so in the following manner:

"When a robber, murderer, or other evildoer shall fly into any church, upon his confession of felony the coroner shall cause the adjuration to be made thus: Let the felon be brought to the church door and there be assigned unto him a port, near or far off, and a time appointed to him to go out of the realm; so that in going toward that port he carry a cross in his hand, and that he go not out of the king's highway, neither on the right hand nor on the left, but that he keep it always until he shall be gone out of the land; and that he shall not return without special grace of our lord the king."

DESERVED ANSWER HE GOT.

Railroad Head Was Wrong in "Calling Down" Machinist.

When A. A. Robinson, of the Mexican Central railroad, was the inspiring genius of the Santa Fe, he often visited the big shops in Topeka. One day while on a tour of inspection he watched a machinist execute a piece of work. Now, Mr. Robinson prides himself upon his knowledge of every branch of the railroad service. Upon this occasion it struck him that the machinist was not doing his work correctly.

"My friend," he said, "that is wrong."

The machinist, who did not recognize the railway magnate, replied:

"Suppose it is; what business is it of yours?"

"I am A. A. Robinson," the railroad manager answered sternly.

The machinist turned white.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said. "I hope my impertinence will not cost me my job. I have a wife and five children, and to lose my place would mean poverty to them. I am sorry I said it, but you see we have so many visitors here who give us advice about our work that we can't tell one damn fool from another."

Mr. Robinson, who is full of humor, laughed heartily and assured the machinist that his job would not be interfered with.

Investigation revealed that the machinist was executing the work correctly, and that Mr. Robinson was wrong.—Topeka Capital.

Old-Time Crudeness.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has been entertaining the German emperor in the Mediterranean on his yacht, is a student of the America of fifty or sixty years ago. Mr. Vanderbilt's researches have brought up many striking instances of the crudity of the America of the past, when every one chewed tobacco, and men wore paper collars instead of linen ones, and now and then he tells a story of those days.

"In 1855," he said recently, "a Vermont shopkeeper came to New York for the first time. He was sitting one day in a railroad station waiting for a train, and while he waited he chewed tobacco and spat on the station wall.

"An official soon bore down on him.

"'Look ahere, old man,' said the official, 'don't spit on them walls. You ought to know better than that.'

"'What's the matter with you?' said the Vermonter. 'Don't that sign there say not to spit on the floor? I guess you can't read, stranger.'"

Voracity and Veracity.

While cleaning a large pike Mrs. John Harris of Seaford, Del., was surprised to find when she cut it open another pike of ordinary size in its stomach. After finishing cleaning and salting the first pike she started to clean the second, and was still further amazed when she discovered another pike in the second one's stomach. She proceeded to cut open the third one, and was still more astonished to find a minnow in its stomach with a small hook in its mouth. She called her husband to look at the four fish, and he declared he had never seen nor heard tell of so many fish being in the stomach of one fish. The pike was caught in Hearn's mill pond, near Seaford, a place noted for large pike.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Desperate Remedy.

Singleton—I'm getting awfully gray, doctor. Is there no remedy for it?"

Dr. Gruff—Yes. Get married.

THOUSAND JAPANESE REPORTED SLAIN IN AN AMBUSH

Liao-Yang: General Kuropatkin, with reenforcements, personally moved toward Dalin pass, whereupon the pass was evacuated by the Japanese and reoccupied by the Russians.

In the evening of June 26, fifteen miles from Port Arthur, two Japanese regiments, the advices say, were ambushed by a company of Russian infantry, who allowed the Japanese to approach within 300 yards. The Japanese attacked three times, getting to within sixty yards of the Russians, but each time they were repulsed. Later, being reenforced by two other regiments, the Japanese compelled the Russians to fall back to their fortifications.

The Russians are said to have exploded a mine with telling effect upon the enemy.

The total Japanese loss was 1,000 men. The Russian loss at Dalin Pass, June 27, was eighty men killed. The Japanese losses were heavier.

One report, which lacks confirmation, says that General Mistchenko has been inflicting on the Japanese for several days, capturing guns and ammunition.

Russian advices from Port Arthur say that the Russian Port Arthur squadron, consisting of eleven ships, attacked the Japanese squadron of eighteen ships June 23, sinking four of the Japanese torpedo boats and inflicting damage on the other vessels. The Russian ships returned to Port Arthur. Not a single large vessel, it is added, was damaged.

Naval Battle.

Chefoo: What should prove to be a decisive naval engagement was in progress at 1 o'clock Friday afternoon midway between Chefoo and Port Arthur.

The steamer Chefoo, which has arrived here, passed within fifteen miles of the Japanese fleet, consisting of two battleships and five cruisers, all actively engaged. The Russian fleet was not seen, but the distance of the Japanese from land precludes the possibility of any attack on the land batteries.

The captain of the Chefoo says he heard a terrific explosion, but was unable to discern whether a Japanese or a Russian ship was affected.

The battle is held here to confirm the Chinese report that only four of the larger Russian warships were at Port Arthur Thursday night.

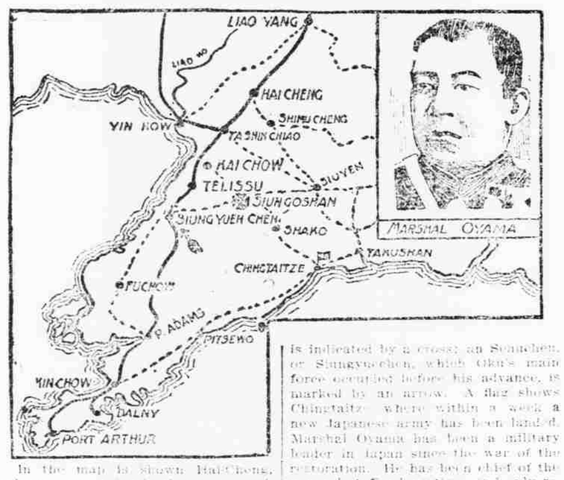
The Russians who resisted the land advance of the Japanese suffered severely. Many dead and wounded men have been brought to Port Arthur. The hospital there is overcrowded.

Japs Steadily Advance.

St. Petersburg: A telegram received Friday from Gen. Kuropatkin points out the difficulty of the military operations on account of heavy rains and records the continued, though slow, advance of the Japanese columns from the south, and the brisker movement eastward of the Fung-Wang-Cheng force.

The progress of the combined Japanese armies may now be compared to the swing of a circle, of which the center is at Siu-Yen, the radius traversing the Ou-Fan-Kwan and Lin-Ho-Sin passes, over which the Japanese are now crossing the spurs of the Fen-Shui range in the direction of the railroad between Hai-Cheng and Liao-Yang. Lin-Ho-Sin pass is situated west of Mo-Tien pass and is about forty miles from Liao-Yang.

POSITION OF THE OPPOSING ARMIES, WITH A PICTURE OF FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA.



In the map is shown Hai Cheng, where a great battle that may mark an epoch in the war is being fought between the armies of Gen. Kouropatkin and the combined Japanese forces of Gens. Kuroki, Nodzu and Oku. A picture of Field Marshal Marquis Oyama, who has gone to the front to take the chief Japanese command, also is shown. The location of Siunguyuehchen, where the armies of Kuroki and Oku are said to have perfected a junction, is indicated by a cross; an Sonuchen, or Siungyuechen, which Oku's main force occupied before his advance, is marked by an arrow. A flag shows Chimctaitze, where within a week a new Japanese army has been landed. Marshal Oyama has been a military leader in Japan since the war of the restoration. He has been chief of the general staff a long time, and only relinquished the position when he started from Shimonoseki for the front. At the time of the war with China in 1894-5, Oyama became famous, in chief when Marshal Yamagata retired because of ill health, and he commanded the forces that captured Port Arthur Nov. 21, 1894. The honored veteran Yamagata now becomes chief of the war board at Tokio.

Steele's Dissenting Opinion.

Denver, Colo.: Justice Robert W. Steele of the state supreme court Friday filed his opinion dissenting from the decision of the majority in refusing a writ of habeas corpus to Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western federation of miners, when held as a military prisoner at Telluride by order of Gov. Peabody. The opinion deals exhaustively with the situation created in this state by military rule and cites a mass of authorities to show that only legislature can suspend the writ of habeas corpus.

Court Overrules Terminal's Motion.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Division No. 1 and court in banc of the Missouri Supreme Court met for opinions Friday and adjourned to the October term. In the case of Attorney General Crow to oust the Terminal Railway Company of St. Louis, the railway filed a motion to have the amended information of the Attorney General stricken from the docket, which was overruled by the court and thirty days granted to plead.

One Pound Baby Is Dead.

Columbia, Mo.: The one-pound baby that was born to Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Beatty near Stedman is dead. The child was born last week, and was so small that an ordinary finger ring would go over its hand and as far as the elbow.

Beats Grain Crops Into Ground.

Xenia, Ill.: Hail played havoc with growing crops and windows facing west eight miles north of this place about 9 o'clock Thursday night. It also beat wheat, oats and corn into the ground. Farmers in the path claim that their crops are ruined.

Duchess Obtains a Divorce.

Paris: A divorce was granted Thursday to the Duchess of Valencay, who was Helen Morton, daughter of Levi P. Morton, before her marriage, from the Duke of Valencay.

Refuses to Pay Dog Tax.

Wabash, Ind.: Henry Bragg of this city, who was arrested last week for refusing to pay his dog tax, fined and sent to jail, has made an appeal to the British consul at Chicago for assistance.

Two Kansas Girls Drown.

Kansas City, Mo.: Southern Kansas rivers are receding. At Seneca Wednesday Mary and Clara Holthaus, young girls, were drowned while watching the flood, the bank giving way and carrying them into the water.

Stitched Heart Gives Out.

Chicago: Surviving ten days after having a bullet wound in his heart sewed up, W. Edward Pelt, 15 years old, died Saturday. The youth shot himself in the heart with a revolver in Lincoln Park, June 15.

Warships to Leave Tangier.

Washington: As Perdicaris and Varley have been returned to their home in Tangier, the Navy Department has cabled orders to Rear Admiral Chadwick to proceed on his cruise according to the original program.

Moyer Charged With Murder.

Cripple Creek, Colo.: As the result of the finding of the coroner's jury which investigated the death of Roscoe McGee and John Davis, who came to their deaths during the riots in Victor, President Charles H. Moyer and W. D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Western federation of miners, together with some thirty-odd men, are charged with murder and inciting riot. Judge Lewis Cunningham Friday afternoon fixed the bonds of Moyer and Haywood at $10,000 each.

William Church Brought Back.

St. Louis: William E. Church, the self-confessed slayer of his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yeater, who was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury at Warrenton, Mo., Thursday night, was brought back to this city Friday by Sheriff George Polsten and placed in the St. Louis jail for safe-keeping. Church stated that he did not get a fair trial, and expressed the hope that another would be granted.

Fatally Hurt in a Runaway.

Bevier, Mo.: A team of horses belonging to Ben Davis became frightened and ran off with the wagon, colliding with a vehicle driven by Mrs. Elmer Lawmaster and two children. They were thrown from their seats and the woman's injuries are such that she can not recover.

Prof. Lyon Goes to St. Louis.

Chicago: Prof. Elias Potter Lyon of the department of physiology, dean of the medical department of the university of Chicago, has resigned to become the head of the physiology department at Washington university, St. Louis.

Many Hurt in Minnesota Wreck.

Chaska, Minn.: A wreck Tuesday evening on the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad at this point resulted in the death of one passenger and the injury of several others.

Nearly Four Inches at Richland, Mo.

Richland, Mo.: Heavy rainfall here all Sunday night and Monday. The precipitation is nearly 4 inches. The Gasconade is rising rapidly, and it is feared crops in the bottoms will all be destroyed.

Defenses at Tuchengtse.

Tokio: It is reported that the Japanese scouts have discovered that the Russians have constructed at Tuchengtse, a few miles from Port Arthur, defensive works on a larger scale than those at Nanshan hill.

Kills Kentucky Girl.

Evansville, Ind.: At Owensboro, Ky., Sunday night, Robert Mathley shot and killed Miss Emma Watkins, aged 17, and fatally wounded James Gregson, who was in her company. Mathley was arrested.

Suspend Evansville Police Chief.

Evansville, Ind.: Chief of Police Police Fred Houke was Saturday suspended from duty on the charges of intoxication and insubordination, and Geo. L. Covey was made chief temporarily.

Missouri Doings

FOUR INJURED IN A WRECK NEAR JOPLIN, MO.

Engine Jumps Track on Kansas City Southern Train and Cars Overturn.

Joplin, Mo.: The southbound Kansas City Southern passenger train was wrecked at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon five miles north of Joplin and four persons were injured. The train was due to leave here at 10 o'clock, but was delayed several hours and was making up time when the wreck occurred.

The injured are: Frank Giddings of Neosho, Mo.; W. T. Bird, postal clerk, Kansas City; Evi Martin, post office inspector, Joplin, and a physician from Emporia, Kas., whose name is unknown. Giddings is probably fatally injured and Bird is seriously hurt. The others will recover. The engine and tender jumped the track but did not turn over, consequently the injuries to the engineer and fireman were slight. The baggage and smoking cars both turned completely over.

Postal Clerk Bird was in the front end of the baggage car. The passengers in other coaches were badly shaken up and some of them received minor injuries. The injured were brought to Joplin in ambulances and placed in the hospital. The track for a distance of 300 feet is torn up and the wrecking crew from Pittsburg was called out.

SUBURBAN MUST MOVE TRACK

West Horton Place Property Owners Sustained in Objections.

St. Louis: The Suburban Railway Company was Wednesday ordered by Judge John W. McElhinney of the Clayton Circuit Court to move its tracks off West Horton place between Vendome avenue and the city limits.

The order was given in an opinion handed down in the injunction proceedings of Harry W. Swinhart and others against the railway company. The plaintiffs live along the street and complained that the company had laid tracks for switching purposes in front of their homes, and was thereby causing irreparable injury to their property.

Under the terms of the injunction which is mandatory in form, the company was ordered to move its tracks, poles and wires within the next ninety days, and to cease from leaving cars standing in front of the West Horton place homes, or to do any more switching there. The company filed a motion for a new trial.

Orders $2,000 Paid to Mrs. Fein.

St. Louis: Judge Adams, in the United States district court Wednesday ordered that $2,000 in the hands of John H. Vette be returned to Rosa Fein, wife of Adolph Fein, who is serving a term in the penitentiary for complicity in the naturalization frauds. The money was given to Mr. Vette to secure him against loss in becoming security on Fein's bond after his arrest. After Fein's conviction United States District Attorney D. P. Dyer levied on $1000 of the fund to pay a fine of that amount that had been assessed. Mrs. Fein proved that the money belonged to her.

Dr. Waters to Make European Trip.

Columbia, Mo.: Dr. H. J. Waters, who for several years has been dean of the agricultural college and director of agricultural experiment station at the university of Missouri, has been granted a leave of absence by the board of curators of the university in order to study in Europe. Dr. Waters is at present in charge of the Missouri agricultural exhibit at the World's Fair, but has resigned this position and will leave July 15 for Europe. In his absence from the university, Dr. F. B. Mumford, professor of animal husbandry at the university, will be acting dean of the agricultural college.

Crops Damaged by Hail.

Hannibal, Mo.: Hannibal and northwest Missouri were swept by a hail storm lasting for ten minutes Thursday afternoon, the storm being one of the worst in years. Growing stalks of corn were stripped of their blades in the fields. Wheat which had not been harvested was also damaged, and much fruit was knocked from trees in the orchards, the berry crop also suffering.

Third Death in Four Weeks.

St. Louis: The death last Tuesday evening of Henry Hoffmann of Dexter, Mo., is the third that has occurred in the family in one month. The father, August C. Hoffmann, died four weeks ago. One week later the mother died, and then came the death of the oldest son, Henry Hoffmann, from pneumonia. The Hoffmann family resided in St. Louis for several years.

Missouri Sends Many Recruits.

Lieutenant J. A. Schofield, U. S. N., opened a recruiting office at St. Louis on July 4th and will continue to enlist men from 17 to 35 years old for all branches of the naval service until July 16. Last September Lieutenant Schofield recruited 237 men in St. Louis, which is said to be the best record made by any recruiting party that year. Missouri, he says, is the best recruiting ground in twenty-two States, 75 per cent of the men passing the rigid physical examination while only 50 per cent pass in other States.

Missourian Succombs to Overdose.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.: Col. J. H. Crowder died suddenly Thursday. He has been suffering from nervousness lately, and in taking a dose of his quieting medicine got too large a quantity. He was about 55 years of age

Body Found on Wabash Tracks.

Chillicothe, Mo.: The body of a man who has been identified as James Russell of Milan was found lying on the Wabash tracks near Yellow Creek, in Northwestern Chariton County, Wednesday morning.

Army Fund Is Apportioned.

Washington: Acting Secretary Oliver of the War Department has made the usual annual allotment of the $1,000,000 appropriated by Congress to provide arms and equipments for the organized militia of the United States. Of the money appropriated, Missouri will receive $35,905.

Harvest in Howard County, Mo.

Fayette, Mo.: Wheat harvest began in Howard county Wednesday. The crop will make from one-half to three-fourths the normal yield.

McGEE IS AGAIN CONVICTED

Will Return to Penitentiary to Serve Seven Years.

St. Louis: Edward McGee, alias "Big Head" Thomas, who was convicted and sentenced to serve five years in the Penitentiary on the charge of stealing a diamond stickpin from Harlow B. Spencer, of this city, and whose case was remanded for trial by the Supreme Court about one month ago, after he had served fourteen months of his sentence, was tried and found guilty for the second time Thursday in Judge Taylor's division of the Circuit Court and his punishment fixed at seven years in the penitentiary.

The verdict of the jury was a surprise to McGee, who believed that he would receive a light sentence. He will now have to serve seven more years, although he served fourteen months of his previous sentence.

McGee, together with Edward McGraw and John Scullin, alias Taylor, were charged with stealing a diamond stickpin, valued at $175 from Harlow B. Spencer, jr. while he was on a Chicago and Alton train at Union Station. McGee and McGraw were arrested in Chicago and Scullin in Minneapolis. Scullin was tried and sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary. He is now at liberty, having secured an appeal bond.

PNEUMATIC TUBE SERVICE INAUGURATED IN ST. LOUIS

Post master Wyman Issues Invitations to Witness First Test.

St. Louis: Postmaster Wyman issued invitations to several hundred citizens to witness the first operation of the new pneumatic postal tube service, which was started Thursday.

The device will be operated from the main office to the substation at Eighteenth street and Clark avenue. When the repairs are completed on Eads bridge the service will be extended to East St. Louis.

W. E. L. Dillaway of Boston, president of the tube company, and R. W. Morrell, general manager of the company, were present. After the visitors were shown the workings of the service Postmaster Wyman entertained at luncheon. Those who witnessed the operation of the service met in the Postmaster's private office at 12:30 p. m.

To Give Miners Holiday.

Joplin, Mo.: A World's Fair holiday of two weeks will be given the miners and other employes of the Joplin district, beginning July 2. The following notice has been sent out to mine operators and producers by the Missouri-Kansas zinc miners' association: "Upon the request of producers representing a majority of the output of the district the executive committee is authorized to announce, positively, that a World's Fair holiday of two weeks would be observed, beginning Saturday, July 2." As a result of this movement ore prices have been advanced from $1 to $3.50 per ton over last week's prices.

Find Church Guilty.

Warrenton, Mo.: The jury in the case of William E. Church, charged with the murder of his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yeater, on August 31, 1903, brought in a verdict Thursday of murder in the first degree, as in the information charged. Church's attorney has filed a motion for a new trial, which will be argued before Judge Shelton on July 23.

Mining Company Appeals.

The Big Six Development Company of Joplin, Mo., filed a transcript of record in the Federal Court at St. Louis Wednesday, appealing from the decision of Judge Phillips of the Southwestern District by which the company was ousted from possession of forty acres of mining land in Jasper county.

Admits Kansas City Theft.

St. Louis: Robert Graves, who is wanted in Kansas City to answer to a charge of grand larceny, was arrested at Union station by Special Officers McQuellen and Stewart. He admitted, it is said, that he stole jewelry valued at several hundred dollars from the firm of Levi & Dreytus, by whom he was formerly employed.

Verdict Against St. Louis Transit Co.

Columbia, Mo.: The jury in the case of David W. Sills vs. the St. Louis Transit Company, tried here Thursday, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, allowing him $15,000 damages. The sum asked for was $30,000. The case of Rose Chlanda vs. St. Louis Transit Company for $35,000, for alleged injuries, is now in progress.

Rockville Banker Shot.

Rich Hill, Mo.: James Laughlin, president of the Rockville bank, at Rockville, fifteen miles southeast of here, in this county, was shot and dangerously wounded, it is alleged, by Charles Searls, on the main street of that place. No particulars are obtainable.

Accepts Missouri Professorship.

Chicago, Ill.: Gilbert A. Bliss, instructor in trigonometry in the university of Chicago, has accepted a position as professor of mathematics in the university of Missouri.

Governor Dockery Offers Reward.

Jefferson City, Mo.: Governor Dockery has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $100 for the arrest and conviction of Andrew Clark, a negro, accused of killing James Thurman in Wayne county in January, 1902.

Wedding at California, Mo.

California, Mo.: Leo Gallagher, a bank cashier of Coffeyville, Kas., and Miss Helen Williams, daughter of ex-Senator John M. Williams, were married Wednesday at California by Dr. H. B. Boude of Pleasant Hill.

State Treasurer's Report.

Jefferson City, Mo.: The report of State Treasurer Williams, as filed with the Governor today, is as follows: Balances May 31, 1904, $3,174,666.62; Receipts for May, $188,027.27; Disbursements for May, $259,160.72; balance on hand June 30, 1904, $3,103,533.77.

Run Down by Train.

Sedalia, Mo.: Steve Stearns, a young man whose home is in Kansas City, was run down and killed Wednesday morning by a train on the Boonville and Versailles branch line.