The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL..... MISSOURI

Time flies—except when a woman tells you to wait a minute until she puts on her hat.

Banker Schiff says he believes every man honest until he is proved dishonest. What a pessimist he must be!

"David Harum" netted the author's estate $125,000. David could not have done better in one of his horse trades.

However, we have no personal reason for believing the story that trust companies are too easy with their loans.

"George Bernard Shaw? I have never heard of him," says Anthony Comstock, promptly. That settles Shaw.

Pat Crowe being in custody, who is to be held accountable for any mysterious crimes that may be committed in future?

It is rumored that a fugitive never feels safer than when he reads in the newspapers "The police think his capture certain."

Boast not thyself because thou hast not been run over yet by an automobile. Thou mayest be in the next batch of victims.

It may be a divided question as to where a child gets its badness, but there is never any doubt as to where it gets its good looks.

A woman has elected to go to prison rather than reveal a secret. Evidently her pride has been aroused on behalf of a maligned sex.

Judge Epaphroditus Peck, of Connecticut, recently fell and broke his arm while playing tennis. It is thought he tripped on his front name.

China reports a large increase in her customs receipts, notwithstanding the general belief that the Chinese seldom adopt any new customs.

It is complained that sausages are adulterated. We have sometimes suspected that now and then a frankfurter has a little pork in it.

Particular attention is invited to the obvious fact that the man who went on a spree, after seeing his wife's new hat, still had a little money left.

A war poem is said to have been responsible for the uprising among the Hungarians. 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ziss, boom, zet! Poetry, poetry ain't dead yet.

The government wants Capt. Oberlin M. Carter to give up $500,000. It would be discouraging if the republic depended for its existence upon this money.

When a man can fry an egg successfully he is always butting in when meals are being prepared and telling how things should be cooked.—Exchange.

Taking a tip from the utilization of Niagara, Europe may yet think to run pipes in Vesuvius and make it serve the continent for cooking and heating purposes.

That New Yorker who wanted to show how easy it is to rob a bank now wishes he had given more attention to the detail of proving how easy it is to elude the police.

Mrs. Chadwick's lawyers wanted $2,019 for their services in her behalf, but were allowed only $200. Evidently the court took into account the advertising they got.

We have heard of two Yankees getting rich trading jackknives with each other, but young Mr. Perkins appears to have had that chance beaten by trading with himself.

Men who dress to match their complexion and the color of their hair usually belong to the society of critics who are continually berating women for doing the same thing.

A Century Magazine bard calls upon the poets of to-day to "awake, awake to power." It's a futile call. The poets will not be able to get themselves elected insurance presidents.

If the new baby expected at the palace at St. Petersburg is another boy, the Czar will have a triple reason for being happy. The infant czarevitch, by the way, is now just 14 months old.

The latest addition to the fashionable wedding is the "matron of honor." The next thing in order will be a "father de luxe," who hands over a liberal check as he says, "Bless you, me children!"

A New Mexico newspaper announces the marriage of Miss S. M. Boots to Mr. E. Barefoot. He now has Boots but she has become Barefoot. Thus it is seen that in entering into a marriage contract the woman is invariably the loser. But there is no denying that the match was one of an affinity of soles.

According to Bishop Greer, statistics show that one in every 715 of population is a criminal. It is encouraging to know that 714 out of every 715 of population are all right.

You will notice that China isn't joining any of those alliances. Once in a thousand years or so something happens to wake the Dragon up, but when the row is over and he gets a good feed, he curls his long tail around his legs and goes to sleep again.

A Philadelphia preacher has quit the pulpit to go on the road and manage his wife, a singer. If he has been able to keep his choir in peaceable condition it should be easy for him to manage in his new field of endeavor.

The Sultan brands wireless telegraphy as an invention of the devil, and has barred it out of Turkey. Maybe he is right. Suppose a sending station should be established in his harem.

It is too late in the season for the story of the girl who is dying after eating large quantities of ice cream to be of any real money-saving service.

A New York clergyman says America is a nation of drunkards. He should get a church not patronized exclusively by New York's smart set.

RAISED FROM A DEATH-BED.

Mr. Pitts, Once Pronounced Incurable, Has Been Well Three Years.

E. E. Pitts, 60 Hathaway st., Skowhegan, Me., says: "Seven years ago my back ached and I was so run down that I was laid up four months. I had night sweats and fainting spells and dropped to 90 pounds. The urine passed every few minutes with intense pain and looked like blood. Dropsy set in and the doctors decided I could not live. My wife got me using Doan's Kidney Pills, and as they helped me I took heart, kept on and was cured so thoroughly that I've been well three years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

European Countries Tax Salt.

Salt is in many European countries a heavily taxed government monopoly. Italy patrols its beaches to prevent poor people from evaporating sea water for low grade salt.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in ¾-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Chromite Becoming Scarce.

Chromite, the mineral from which chrome yellows and greens are made, is becoming very scarce indeed. Most of it comes from Turkey to Philadelphia and is worth about $20 a ton.

Europe's Largest Fig Tree.

The largest fig tree in Western Europe is the one at Roscvoff, Brittany. It is in the garden of a Capuchin convent, and its spreading branches, supported by scaffolding, are said to be capable of sheltering over 200 persons.

Panic Caused by Eclipse.

In Egypt, in the eclipse of 1882, soldiers had to guard the British camp from the excited Egyptians who would have invaded it. As it was, their wild shrieks as the sun became overcast were sufficiently disturbing.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA.

Face Like Raw Beef—Thought She Would Lose Her Ear—Healed Without a Blemish—Mother Thanks Cuticura.

"My little girl had eczema very bad when she was ten months old. I thought she would lose her right ear. It had turned black, and her face was like a piece of raw meat, and very sore. It would bleed when I washed her, and I had to keep cloths on it day and night. There was not a clear spot on her face when I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now it is completely healed, without scar or blemish, which is more than I had hoped for. (Signed) Mrs. Rose Ether, 291 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Robber Was Generous.

A masked robber entered a saloon at Garelle, Siskiyou county, California, the other night, and robbed the fifteen men there at the muzzle of a pistol. Then he emptied the cash register, laid $6 down on the bar, saying: Take a drink on me, boys," and backed out into the darkness.

Overbuilt Suburbs of London.

A suburban building boom has collapsed in London and thousands of "villas" stand empty in the outer circle of the metropolis. Builders overestimated the effect of new street car lines.

Life-Saver's Deserved Honor.

A French road-mender, on a road near the Little St. Bernard, who has saved many travelers from death in the snow, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Requires Science.

A Salt Lake City collection agency advertises as "scientific collectors." If any department of human activity requires science, here is one that does.

Shrewd Trick to Catch Thieves.

A farmer in Holstein succeeded in capturing fruit thieves by putting bells on the tops of the trees, which warned him of their presence.

Record Cargo of Bananas.

A record cargo of bananas was landed at Manchester recently, consisting of 57,000 bunches. They were from Costa Rica.

COFFEE NEURALGIA.

Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum.

A lady who unconsciously drifted into nervous prostration brought on by coffee, says:

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life, and used it regularly, three times a day.

"A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of nervous headache and general nervous prostration which not only incapacitated me for doing my housework, but frequently made it necessary for me to remain in a dark room for two or three days at a time.

"I employed several good doctors, one after the other, but none of them was able to give me permanent relief.

"Eight months ago a friend suggested that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles and that I try Postum Food Coffee and give up the old kind. I am glad I took her advice, for my health has been entirely restored. I have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solitary headache in all these eight months. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months, and I am once more a happy, healthy woman. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient. All grocers.

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," &c.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Dropping of a Cloak.

And so, with the mounted guard of his own Cossacks before him and behind, Prince Ivan carried his bride to church through the streets of her native city.

The great doors of the cathedral had been thrown wide open and the leathern curtain withdrawn. The altar candles and the lamps a-swing in the choir winked no brighter than yellow willow leaves seen through an autumnal fog. But as the cortege dismounted the organ began to roll, and the people within rose with a hush like that which follows the opening of a window at night above the Alla.

The sonorous diapason of the great instrument disgorged itself through the doorway in wave after wave of sound. The Princess Margaret found herself again on her feet, upheld on either side by brother and lover. She was at first somewhat dazed with the rush of accumulate disasters. Slowly her mind came back.

Maurice—where was Maurice? She turned about. The small, glittering eyes of Prince Ivan, black as sloes, were looking into hers. She remembered now. It was her own wedding. These two, her brother and her enemy, were carrying out their threat. They had brought her to the cathedral to wed her, against her will, to the man she hated. But they could not. She would tell them. Already she was a—but then, if she told them that, they would ride back and kill him. Better that she should perjure herself, condemn herself to hell, than that. Better anything than that. But what was she to do? Was ever a poor girl so driven?

"Margaret, you must come with us into the cathedral." It was the voice of her brother. "It is necessary that the Prince should wed you now. It has too long been promised, and now he can delay no longer. Besides, the Black Death is in the city, and this is the only hope to escape. Come!"

It was on the tip of Margaret's tongue to cry out with wild words, even as she had done at the door of the river parlor. But the thought of Maurice, of the torture and the death, silenced her. She lifted her eyes, and there, at the top of the steps, were the dignitaries of the cathedral waiting to lead the solemn procession.

"I will go!" she said.

She laid her hand on her brother's arm and began the ascent of the long flight of stairs. But even as she did so, behind her there broke a wave of sound—the crying of many people, confused and multitudinous, like the warning which runs along a crowded thoroughfare when a wild charger escaped from bonds threshes along with frantic flying harness. And lo! at the foot of the steps, clad from head to foot in a cloak, the sick Princess Joan, she whom the Black Death had stricken, leaped from her foaming steed, and drawing sword followed fiercely up the stairway after the marriage procession. The Cossacks of the Muscovite guard looked at each other, not knowing whether to stand in her way or no.

"Hold, there!" the pursuer shouted, as she set foot on the lowest step.

"Lord! Surely that is no woman's voice!" whispered the people who stood nearest, and their lower jaws dropped a little further in sheer wonderment.

Up the wide steps of the Dom flew the tall woman in the flowing cloak. Her face was pallid as death, but her eyes were brilliant and her lips red. At the sight of the naked sword Prince Ivan plucked the blade from his side and Louis shrank a little behind his sister.

"Treason!" he faltered. "What is this? Is it sudden madness or the frenzy of the Black Death?"

"The Princess Margaret cannot be married!" cried the seeming Princess. "To me, Margaret! I will slay the man who lays a hand on you!"

Obedient to that word, Margaret of Courtland broke from between her brother and Prince Ivan and ran to the tall woman, laying her brow on her breast. The Prince of Muscovy continued calm and immovable.

"And why?" he asked in a tone full of contempt. "Why cannot the Princess Margaret be married?"

"Because," said the woman in the long cloak, fingering a string at her neck, "she is married already. I am her husband!"

The long blue cloak fell to the ground, and the Sparhawk, clad in close-fitting squire's dress, stood before their astonished eyes.

A long, low murmur, gathering and sinking, surged about the square. Prince Louis gasped. Margaret clung to her lover's arm, and for the space

"I am her husband!"

of a score of seconds the whole world stopped breathing.

Prince Ivan twisted his mustache as if he would pull it out by the roots.

"So," he said, "the Princess is married, is she? And you are her husband? 'Whom God hath joined'—and the rest of it. Well, we shall see, we shall see!"

He spoke gently, meditatively, almost caressingly.

"Yes," cried the Sparhawk, defiantly, "we were married yesterday by Father Clement, the Prince's chaplain, in the presence of the most noble Leopold von Dessauer, High Councillor of Plassenburg!".

"And my wife—the Princess Joan, where is she?" gasped Prince Louis, so greatly bewildered that he had not yet begun to be angry.

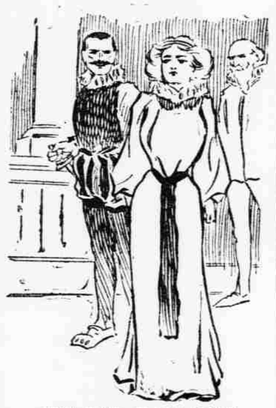
Ivan of Muscovy put out his hand.

"Gently, friend," he said; "I will unmask this play-acting springald. This is not your wife, not the woman you wedded and fought for, not the Lady Joan of Hohenstein, but some baseborn brother, who, having her face, hath played her part, to mock and cheat and deceive us both!"

He turned again to Maurice von Lynar.

"I think we have met before, Sir Masquer," he said, with his usual suave courtesy; "I have, therefore, a double debt to pay. Hither!" He beckoned to the guards who lined the approaches. "I presume, sir, so true a courtier will not brawl before ladies. You recognize that you are in our power. Your sword, sir!"

The Sparhawk looked all about the crowded square. Then he snapped



"Till death do you part."

his sword over his knee and threw the pieces down on the stone steps.

"You are right, I will not fight vainly here," he said. "I know it is useless. But"—he raised his voice—"be it known to all men that my name is Maurice, Count von Loen, and that the Princess Margaret is my lawfully wedded wife. She cannot then marry Ivan of Muscovy!"

The Prince laughed easily and spread his hand with gentle deprecation, as the guards seized the Sparhawk and forced him a little space from the clinging hands of the Princess.

"I am an easy man," he said gently, as he clicked his dagger to and fro in its sheath. "When I like a woman, I would as lief marry her widow as maid!

"Prince Louis," continued Ivan, turning to the Prince, "we are keeping these holy men needlessly, as well as disappointing the good folk of Courtland of their spectacle. There is no need that we should stand here any longer. We have matters to discuss with this gentleman and his wife. Have I your leave to bring them together in the palace? We may have something to say to them more at leisure."

But the Prince of Courtland made no answer. He moved his hand angrily and began to descend the stairs towards the waiting horses.

Prince Ivan turned toward Maurice.

"You will follow under escort of these gentlemen of my staff," he said with smiling equality of courtesy; "there is no need to discuss intimate family affairs before half the rabble of Courtland.

He bowed to Maurice as if he had been inviting him to a feast. Maurice looked about the crowded square, over the pennons of the Cossacks. He knew there was no hope either in flight or in resistance. All the approaches to the square had been filled up with armed men.

"I will follow!" he answered briefly. Hitherto we have had to do with the summer palace by the river, a building of no strength, and built more as a pleasure house for the princely family than as a place of permanent habitation. But the Castle of Courtland was a structure of another sort.

Set on a low rock in the center of the town, its walls rose continuous with its foundations, equally massive and impregnable, to the height of over seventy feet. For the first twenty-five neither window nor grating broke the grim uniformity of that mighty wall of rock. Above that line only a few small openings half-closed with iron bars evidenced the fact that a great prince had his dwelling within. The main entrance to the Castle was through a gateway closed by a grim iron-toothed porticullis. Then a short tunnel led to another and yet stronger defense—a deep natural fosse which surrounded the rock on all sides and over which a drawbridge conducted into the courtyard of the castle.

The Sparhawk knew very well that he was going to his death as he rode through the streets of the city of Courtland, but none would have discovered from his bearing that there was aught upon his mind of graver concern than the fit of a doublet or, perhaps, the favor of a pretty maid of honor. But with the Princess Margaret it was different. In these last crowded hours she had quite lost her old gay defiance. Her whole heart was fixed on Maurice, and the tears would not be bitten back when she thought of the fate to which he was going with so manly a courage and so fine an air.

They dismounted in the gloomy court yard, and Maurice, slipping quickly from his saddle, caught Margaret in his arms as she dropped nervously from the saddle. She clung to him closely, knowing that it might be for the last time.

"Maurice, Maurice," she murmured, "can you forgive me? I have brought you to this!"

"Hush, sweetheart," he answered in her ear; "be my own dear princess. Do not let them see. Be my brave girl. They cannot divide our love!"

"Come, I beg of you," said the dulcet voice of Prince Ivan behind them; "I would not for all Courtland break in upon the billing and cooing of such turtledoves, were it not that their affection blinds them to the fact that the men-at-arms and scullions are witnesses to these pretty demonstrations. Tarry a little, sweet valentines—time and place wait for all things."

The Princess commanded herself quickly. In another moment she was Margaret of Courtland.

"Even the Prince of Muscovy might spare a lady his insults at such a time!" she said.

The Prince bared his head and bowed low.

"Nay," he said very courteously; "you mistake, Princess Margaret. I insult you not. I may regret your taste—but that is a different matter. Yet even that may amend. My quarrel is with this gentleman, and it is one of some standing, I believe."

"My sword is at your service, sir!" said Maurice von Lynar, firmly.

"Again you mistake," returned the Prince more suavely than ever; "you have no sword. A prisoner, and (if I may say so without offense) a spy taken redhand cannot fight duels. The Prince of Courtland must settle this matter. When his Justicer is satisfied I shall most willingly take up my quarrel with—whatever is left of the most noble Count Maurice von Lynar."

To this Maurice did not reply, but with Margaret still beside him he followed Prince Louis up the narrow ancient stairway called from its shape The Couch, into the gloomy audience chamber of the Castle of Courtland.

They reached the hall and then at last, as though restored to power by his surroundings, Prince Louis found his tongue.

"A guard!" he cried; "hither, Berghoff, Kampenfeldt! Conduct the Princess to her privy chamber and do not permit her to leave it without my permission. I would speak with this fellow alone."

Ivan hastily crossed over to Prince Louis and whispered in his ear.

In the meantime, ere the soldiers of the guard could approach, Margaret cried out in a loud, clear voice, "I take you all to witness that I, Margaret of Courtland, am the wife of this man, Maurice von Lynar, Count von Loen. He is my wedded husband, and I love him with all my heart!"

"You have forgotten the rest, fair Princess," suggested Prince Ivan, subtly—"till death you do part!"

(To be continued.)

CURE FOR YELLOW FEVER.

Sauerkraut Not Always Effective, as Might Be Wished.

During the yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans in 1878 a German medical student braved the terrors of the plague to secure the advantages of experience. Doctors were few and his services were gladly accepted. He had ideas, and many were his experiments. Treating a Hollander at the hospital, Dr. Hans decided that his patient was about to die, so he prescribed as a last solace to the expiring man a huge plate of sauerkraut. He watched the sick man devour the delicacy so dear to the palate of our friends across the sea. To Hans' unbounded amazement, on his next inspection he found the Hollander sitting up in bed reading a newspaper, well on the road to recovery. Jerking forth his notebook, he jotted down: "R. Sauerkraut will cure a Dutchman of yellow fever." Proceeding to another word, he found a Spaniard in a bad way. Procuring another plate of sauerkraut, he bade the patient eat it, and live—but speedily the Spaniard died. Reaching for his notebook, Hans aded to the prescription, "but will kill a Spaniard."

One of the three doctors who were prominent in treating hundreds of yellow fever patients at Jacksonville, Fla., during that city last visitation of the scourge remarked afterward, when asked for his favorite prescription, "Roll the patient in hot blankets. Sweat it out of him. If that fails, take him out to the sand hills hospital and administer with the hammer one hard blow upon the temple. That is both effective and humane."—Los Angeles Express.

Olney's Story About Judge Gray.

Former Attorney General and Secretary of State Olney tells this story on Justice Gray, who prefers riding to walking, and a carriage to a street car: In Boston he was provided with a carriage by the United States Marshal. From Boston he went to Providence to hold court. He asked the United States Marshal there to provide him with a carriage to carry him back and forth. The Marshal said he could not do so without paying for it out of his own pocket.

"Very well," said Judge Gray, and paid for it himself.

The Providence Marshal wrote to the Boston Marshal and asked him how he managed a carriage for Judge Gray.

"Easily enough," was the response. "I provided Judge Gray with a carriage and my account went through without any trouble. You see, I put the item under the head of 'care and transportation of prisoners.'"

The Telephone Woke the Baby.

"Some women," said a telephone "central" girl recently, "are the most unreasonable things I ever heard of. I always hate to have one of that kind use the 'phones connected with my board. One day I was asked for a number by a woman out on the east side. She was all right, but the woman she called wasn't.

"'Central,' said the one who was called sharply. I happened to hear her and answered.

"'What made you wake my baby, ringing this bell?' she asked.

"'Don't you want to use your 'phone?' I asked.

"'Of course,' she snapped.

"'Well, how could I call you without ringing the bell?' I queried.

"'I don't know,' she said, 'but you had no business waking this baby.'

"And there are others."—Kansas City Times.

War Hurts Camphor Trade.

"As between the Russians and Japs, I don't care a straw which side wins, but I'd like to see the fighting come to an end right speedily," said A. L. Benney of New York, at the Shoreham.

"My reason for wanting peace is purely from business and selfish motives. I am interested in the sale of camphor in a rather extensive way. The Japanese are the principal camphor sellers of the world, but since they embarked in this war the supply has been sadly deficient and prices have gone soaring. A few years ago it sold everywhere in this country for 50 cents a pound, but now it is worth more than twice that. My customers blame me for the advance, and my explanation of the cause does not convince them. I hope in the interest of the camphor using public that the Portsmouth negotiations will bring peace."—Washington Post.

When Governor Russell Was Puzzled.

The late Governor Russell was making a speech on the tariff in the city hall in Lawrence during one of his campaigns, and took occasion several times to refer to the duty on boiler iron. The Governor was considerably mystified to note that whenever he used the term there was deafening applause.

It was afterward explained to his excellency that a considerable portion of his audience cared very little about the duty on boiler iron, but cherished undying admiration for the late John Boyle O'Reilly, to whom they thought he was referring. Hence the applause.

U. S. NOT TO AID FRANCE

Root Convinced Castro was Right in Defying Ultimatum.

Washington: The United States narrowly escaped committing herself to a programme of coercion against Venezuela in which she could never have found justification before the people, nor could the administration have found approval by Congress. This has become apparent in the last few days through the guarded expressions of Secretary Root and M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and those who have talked with Judge Calhoun, President Roosevelt's special commissioner, who went to Venezuela to conduct an investigation into the status of the quarrel which we have had with President Castro.

Secretary Root has additional light on the situation, from which it is now understood to be the opinion of the secretary that a grave mistake was made a year ago, when an ultimatum was given to Castro, and that Castro was entirely within the dictates of right and justice in meeting this ultimatum with defiance. Under the latest showing of facts, it is understood that not only will this country refuse to co-operate with France in repressive measures against Venezuela, but that there will be no further effort to enforce the claims made by the asphaltum company against Castro and his government. The whole matter will be left absolutely to Congress.

VALUES OF SHOES CLIMBING.

Wholesale Dealer Relates How Corner Is Brought About.

Chicago, Ill.: As a result of the present condition of the leather market, buyers of shoes will be forced to pay the retailers from 50 cents to $1 more for each pair than the usual price, according to the statements of shoe men who keep in touch with the market. The unreserved statement is made that hides used in boot and shoe making are bringing higher prices now than ever before in the industrial history of the country. Various causes are named as responsible for the condition, but all agree that the desire for larger profits on the part of the packers, who control the leather market, furnishes the only reasonable excuse for the advance.

The statement was made by a wholesale dealer that, without exception, the retail houses that are selling shoes of certain brands at $3.50 raised their prices this week to $4. It is said that the new stock has been branded with a different stamp, and most of the old stock has been removed, so that when the customer visits the store he finds the stock of $3.50 shoes extremely low, but finds many of the "better" shoes at $4.

CZAR SEEKS $510,000,000.

Son of Famous Financier Now in St. Petersburg on Business.

St. Petersburg: J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., and George W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Co., who are now in St. Petersburg, say that they came at the invitation of the Russian government to talk on business matters, and that the success of their mission is not yet assured.

The correspondent learns from government sources that recent allegations as to Russia's insolvency made by English and German financial writers, with an air of authority, have induced the czar to invite foreign bankers to St. Petersburg so that they may see for themselves the groundlessness of the charges. Having thus satisfied them, he expects to negotiate a loan of 1,000,000,000 rubles ($510,000,000). It is the belief of the government that an attitude of leniency toward the people in the matter of reforms and the accession of Count Witte to the premiership will quiet the apprehensions of the world's capitalists as to Russia's future.

CREMATES SELF AND SISTER.

Mother Is Fatally Injured and House And Contents Destroyed.

Bladen, Neb.: The 16-year-old daughter of Fred Piel of this place started a fire in the kitchen stove Friday morning with kerosene. She and her 4-year-old sister are dead and their mother is dying. All are terribly burned. The father was away working on a railroad. The house and the contents were destroyed.

MURDERER IS REPRIEVED.

Five Days' Respite Granted Jas. W. Ince of Yell County, Ark.

Little Rock, Ark.: A reprieve of five days was granted Friday by Justice Wood, of the Supreme Court, to Jas. W. Ince, under sentence of death for the murder of his wife and three children in Yell county last March.

Ince, twice married, was to have been hanged at Danville Friday.

King's Sister Betrothed.

Madrid: The betrothal of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria to the Infanta Maria Teresa, sister of King Alfonso, was formally accomplished last week. The Prince went to the royal palace, where he signed an act of Spanish naturalization in the presence of the royal family, and this evening a royal banquet will be given at the palace in honor of the betrothal, at which the German Ambassador will be present as the representative of Prince Ferdinand. The marriage is popular, and the Infanta is much felicitated.

Order All Joints Closed.

Kansas City, Mo.: The brewers here have united in an order to the "joints" they own in Kansas City, Kans., instructing them, when they close at midnight Saturday, to remain closed until further notice. The letters sent out by the brewers say that they have been notified by James S. Gibson, prosecuting attorney of Wyandotte county, that if the joints are not closed the fixtures will be confiscated and burned. There are 165 such places in Kansas City, Kans., of which the brewers control 130.

Printers Get Eight-Hour Day.

Indianapolis, Ind.: A bulletin issued by the officers of the International Typographical Union says that agreements have been reached between 240 local unions and employers whereby an eight-hour day has been or is to be established January 1. At the close of the fifth week of the strike men are still out in fifty-three cities, although it is stated that only a few men are out in a number of them. In more than 300 cities and towns printers are working on contracts which will expire on January 1 or later.

STORM ON GREAT LAKES

Ships Are Wrecked and Shipping Suffers in Terrific Gale.

Green Bay, Wis.: Driven by the fierce gale that has swept Green Bay in years, waves 30 feet high did great damage to small shipping docks, fishermen's nets and warehouses all along the shores of the bay.

Fox river rose out of its banks and flooded the lower part of the city. Water flooded the streets to within 75 feet of the main thoroughfare.

Warehouses and the northern tissue paper mills' store room were flooded, the huge waves sweeping right over the docks.

Reports from other points on the bay indicate a total loss of probably in excess of $75,000.

Lorain, O.: The steamer Sheldon is reported wrecked five miles east of this harbor. She has a crew of 20 men aboard. Two men are reported drowned. It is said tugs are unable to rescue the others.

The Sheldon, Capt. A. B. Seafer, master, is an ore carrier.

The crew Friday morning were huddled in the stern. The tug Kunble hovered near, but could not approach. The vessel is an eighth of a mile from shore.

The survivors on the Sheldon signalled that two men were drowned Thursday night. The boat will be a total wreck.

GREET ROOSEVELT.

President Speaks From His Car at Fredericksburg, Va.

Fredericksburg, Va.: President Roosevelt made the first stop on his Southern trip at this place. About 200 persons were at the station to greet him. He said:

"I wish to say to you with all my heart how glad I am to have the chance of starting through your State to visit the states of the south Atlantic and the gulf. When I am through with my present trip I will have been in and spoken in every state in the Union during my term as President.

"There is one thing that has given me more pleasure in my journeys from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canadian lines to the gulf, and that is in meeting the different audiences that they are fundamentally alike, that wherever you go in this country the average American is a pretty decent fellow."

DRAGGED UNDER FREIGHT TRAIN.

John Sullivan Fell Through Hopper In Car Bottom.

Wabash, Ind.: John Sullivan of Boston boarded a freight train here and started to walk back over the cars. He did not observe that one car had a drop bottom hopper and stepped into it and fell through. Sullivan was dragged a quarter of a mile over the ties.

He hung to the bottom of the hopper as long as possible, and then fell exhausted to the track. The rear of the train passed over him, but fortunately he kept off the rails.

His shoes and clothing were stripped off and he was a mass of contusions, but will recover. A whisky bottle he carried was not broken.

American Generals Received by Czar.

St. Petersburg: Under the leadership of Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Barry, United States Army, as senior officer, the party of military attaches recently returned from Manchuria, including, besides the four Americans—Gen. Barry, Col. John Van R. Hoff, Maj. Montgomery M. McComb and Capt. Sydney A. Cloman—the British, French, German, Turkish and Roumanian attaches, went to Peterhof Saturday afternoon for presentation to Emperor Nicholas, and afterward lunched at the palace. The emperor spoke a few cordial words to each. All the attaches, except the Americans, wore their decorations just bestowed on them by the emperor. The Americans are awaiting permission from Washington to accept their decorations.

Sees His Son Lose Life.

St. Paul, Minn.: While Rollarity Nedelke of St. Louis was walking on a railway track between St. Cloud and Cedar Lake, Minn., he was run down by a passenger train and instantly killed. His father was with him and witnessed the accident. Both had been working at Black Duck, Minn., and were making their way to their St. Louis home.

Cotton Report November 10.

Washington: An extra cotton report is to be issued by the Department of Agriculture November 10, which will show the visible supply up to November 1. Secretary Wilson has decided on this plan to meet the complaint of cotton planters that the interim between the October and December reports is too long.

Creatore Sued for Divorce.

New York: Bandmaster Creatore is the defendant in a suit brought by Mrs. Creatore for a separation. The Creatores were married in Italy in 1896, but in 1901, after they had been in this country for some time, he abandoned her, she alleges.

Last Payment for Friar Land.

Manila: The question of the friar lands purchase was practically settled last week when the commission paid the Dominican Order $3,225,000 which is the last payment.

New Theater for Louisville.

Louisville, Ky.: A new $250,000 theater for Louisville, controlled by the independent syndicate, is the definite announcement of Congressman Joseph L. Rhinock of Covington and others interested with him in the deal.

Colored Troops for Philippines.

Washington: Secretary Taft has decided to send the Twenty-fourth regiment of infantry (colored troops) to Mindanao, P. I., a second term of service there.

Police Find Stolen Express Money.

Bridgeport, Conn.: The police have recovered $9,700 more of the money stolen by Edward George Cunliffe, the Pittsburg express messenger, making a total of about $92,000 recovered and accounted for of the $101,000 taken.

Admiral Togo at Yokohama.

Yokohama: Admiral Togo arrived here Saturday on his flagship, the battleship Shikishima. Forty warships have now assembled here in preparation for the great naval review of October 23.

HOW A FRIEND SHIP GREW

The Story

Whether Hand Sapollo got a more enthusiastic welcome in homes where Sapollo was an old and tried friend, or where it was a stranger, is a question. Where women had come to rely on Sapollo for rapid, thorough cleaning in every part of the house except the laundry, they commenced without loss of time, to avail of this new prize. Grubby little hands, and stained, work-worn older ones, whitened, softened, and smoothed out as if by magic, callous spots disappeared, and complexions cleared. Children ceased their strenuous objections to the scrubbing up process, because it became a

Do you want a clear and healthy skin?

pleasure. It freshened up the hands after dish-washing, removing the most disagreeable feature of that necessary task. It was found to keep delicate baby skins from chafing better than salve or powder, and the crowning note in the song of delight came when an adult member of the family used it in a full bath, and realized that a Turkish Bath at a cost of one dollar was outdone by a small fraction of the little, ten-cent, velvety cake.

But, strange though it may seem, there were people who had not learned to prize Sapolio. To these the advertising of Hand Sapolio came as a surprise. Sapolio, a scouring soap,

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness: the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. Use HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases everyone.

adapted for the hands, the face, the general toilet? Impossible, it would be horrid. Who ever heard of such a use? Finally a bold shopper carried home a cake. Does it look like kitchen Sapolio? No one is sure, and a cake of that is bought, and comparison made. Behold a family using both the Sapolios for every conceivable purpose, and comparing notes! After easily and quickly cleansing a greasy pan with Sapolio, Jane thought the other would be gritty, and was astonished at the smooth, dainty lather. Another was certain it would harden

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL OF SPOTLESS TOWN

CLASS IN ALGEBRA

Let housewife equal X plus E; X+E
Let E the sign for Sapolio be; E
For dirt let minus X be had; −X
Then all these symbols we will add,
The X and minus X drop out
(As anyone can see no doubt)
And leave what must the housewife please—
The happy symbol we call ease. EE

the hands and could scarcely realize how soft and "comfy" they felt after the washing.

Then began the excitement of adventure; what would the new soap NOT do? A girl tried a shampoo. Her hair, pretty, soft and silky "went up" perfectly, with none of the unmanageableness that generally exists for a full week after the usual process. A man used the delightful lather for shaving, and felt no need for cold cream afterwards. A pimply face was treated to a daily bathing with the full suds, and promptly became clear. Tartar on the teeth yielded to it, and feet that

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

had a tendency towards hardening of the skin regained their natural condition, till another family had joined the chorus of friendly acclaim. And so it is everywhere, those who know the "elder brother" welcome the newcomer, for the sake of the first known, and those who meet both for the first time are plunged into a whimsical worry as to which they could better spare if they had to make a choice.

TRY HAND SAPOLIO.

Its steady use will keep the hands of any busy woman as white, untanned and pretty as if she was under the constant care of a city manicure. It is truly "The Dainty Woman's Friend," in the suburbs or on the farm.

Those ugly dark brown streaks on the neck, arising from tight collars, and the line where the sunburn stops, can be wiped out by the velvety lather of HAND SAPOLIO. It is, indeed, "The Dainty Woman's Friend."