Marble Hill Press

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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

In order to balk the muckrakers, the man who gave $1,200,000 to Princeton university concealed his name.

Paris cab horses work only every other day and are fed on the days they work only, not on the days they "rest."

A New York woman has been paralyzed while listening at the telephone. Some one must have cut loose at central for sure.

It has been computed that there are $2,000,000,000 in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

A marriage epidemic in a Pennsylvania town threatens to close the schools for lack of teachers who have succumbed to its ravages. And there is no amount of theory, educational system of legislation which will keep Cupid from interfering with the best laid plans of school boards and pedagogical experts.

A Frenchman has invented a process of subjecting oats, wheat, rye and other cereals to currents of hot air, which preserves them from mold. French scientists claim that the invention has great practical value in wheat producing countries, where mold causes immense loss during transportation.

The cold weather which prevailed all over Europe last winter is making a tremendous demand for fuel. It is not merely in Russia and North Germany, says the London Statist, that the cold has been intense. In southern Italy, southern Russia and at Constantinople the frost has been unusually severe.

Consul W. H. Bradley of Manchester sends a statement signed by the officials of the British United Textile Factory Workers' association, warning laborers not to flock to that city for employment, as every department in the several mills is working to its fullest capacity, and there is no scarcity of adult mill labor.

According to the report of the minister of mines and forests, the yield of gold in Victoria for the year 1905 amounted to 810,050 ounces gross, or 747,166 ounces fine, representing a value of approximately $15,900,000. The total output since the first discovery to the end of 1905 amounts to 68,367,463 ounces gross, with an estimated value of $1,370,000,000.

The only English woman admitted by royal decree in recent years to any of the ancient orders of chivalry is Queen Alexandra, who is a Lady of the Garter. As such her majesty wears the broad ribbon of the Garter over her left shoulder on state occasions, the star upon the left shoulder, and when the Garter is worn at all it is clasped upon the left arm.

Not only does Henry Vanness of Rockville, Conn., enjoy the distinction of being the only negro railroad conductor in the country, but he has also the honor of being one of the men who have been longest in continuous railroad service in the country, having been employed as a conductor for 43 years without a break. He has been employed on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad since it was opened to traffic in 1863.

The telegraph does not reach everywhere. News arrived in London early —in April that there had been a fight last December between British soldiers and natives on the west coast of Lake Tchad, in central Africa, during which 11 men were killed and 42 wounded. It took more than three months for the particulars of the struggle to reach civilization and a telegraph line.

Salvador has sent a sensible man to represent it in Washington. The new minister said the other day that the Salvadorean and the citizens of the other Central American countries are getting tired of war. They realize, he says, that if all the money spent for slaughter and the gratification of selfish ambitions of some individuals had been turned to the building of good roads, schools and other instrumentalities of civilization, Central America would comprise one united, prosperous and happy nation to-day.

Though she is not yet a social "bud," Miss Helen Taft has been nicknamed "the tulip girl" by her close friends. The title had its origin in her fondness for a certain style of dressing. The daughter of the secretary of war is almost 17 and will "come out" in the last winter of the Roosevelt administration. She is a classmate of Miss Ethel Roosevelt in the cathedral school. Miss Taft has been in the orient and can rattle off Filipino phrases.

Perhaps the most famous of all the skippers on the Atlantic to-day is Capt. Karl Kaempff, commander of the great Hamburg-American speed record-breaker Deutschland. Capt. Kaempff, or, as his friends prefer to call him, Commodore Kaempff, has been following the sea for nearly 40 years, and yet he is only a little over 52 years of age.

The Massachusetts statesman who says that everybody ought to take a month's rest does not provide for the numerous people who cannot be persuaded to do a month's work.

The American minister to Spain, Mr. Collier, and Mrs. Collier, on Wednesday entertained at a gala dinner at Madrid the German, Russian and British Ambassadors, nearly all the other members of the diplomatic corps and the leading members of Madrid society.

Either defective sight is on the increase among the scholars of the New York city schools, or else a more careful examination of eyes is being made. Recent examinations made by the board of health show that one-half of the scholars are in need of glasses.

The experts of the treasury department make the gratifying announcement that "counterfeiting is rapidly becoming a lost art," and that there are fewer spurious notes in circulation that at any time since the issu of paper money began.

In 1652, during the early colonial times, market balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were legal tender for sums under a shilling.

John Masefield, known as a writer of fine sea poems, is one of the newest figures in English literary life.

CORNERSTONE LAID IN ST. PAUL

CEREMONIES AT FOURTH CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL IS WITNESSED BY OVER 30,000.

COMPLETED IN FOUR YEARS

The Structure Will Probably Surpass Any Other American Church in Architectural Distinction and Beauty.

St. Paul, Minn.—The cornerstone of the fourth cathedral of St. Paul, which, when completed four years hence, will probably surpass any other American church in architectural distinction and beauty, was laid Sunday afternoon. Participants in the ceremony comprised Archbishops Ireland of St. Paul, Keane of Dubuque, Quigley of Chicago and Christie of Oregon City; the bishops of Winona, St. Cloud and Duluth, Minn.; Sioux Falls and Lead, S. D., and Fargo, N. D., and a score of other bishops from various states and 200 priests. About this notable group group of ecclesiastics were gathered 30,000 laymen. The ceremonies followed a review by Archbishop Ireland and his guests at the cathedral; of the largest religious parade yet seen in the northwest. Twenty thousand marching men reviewed the increase of a Catholic population from 5,000 in 1851, when the diocese of St. Paul was erected, to 500,000 1907, when, after fifty-six years, the former diocese, embracing Minnesota and the two Dakotas, has become a province with seven bishops and 1,000 churches.

An Architectural Monument.

Facing Summit ave., new cathedral will occupy dominant site upon brow local building, even the marble capitol, will stand forth in the eyes of strangers who approach the city, as the architectural monument of St. Paul.

In his address, Archbishop Ireland reviewed the rapid growth of the church in the northwest, and referred to religious freedom in America in the following words:

"Founded upon American soil, the cathedral lifts confidently and hopefully its walls and dome—assured that no persecuting edict will wrest it from its sacred purpose; that no sacrilegious hand will dare loosen one single stone from its appointed place. Where is the land today in which the rights of religion are more safely guarded? Children of the holy church, thank America, and call yourselves blessed that you are citizens thereof."

Telegrams of congratulations from President Roosevelt and the pope were read.

The cathedral will cost upwards of $3,000,000 and will comfortably accommodate 4,000 people.

SNOW FALLS IN NEW YORK.

Temperature Was 51 Degrees at the Warmest Time of Day.

New York—Snow fell in New York on the first Sunday in the summer month of June The flakes were not of the sort that make sleighing or snowballs, nor did they fall as snow, all the way to the pavement, but coming from a colder strata, they swirled about the tops of the skyscrapers and before dissolving added a mid-winter touch to the most remarkable June 2 that New Yorkers have ever known. At the warmest moment of the day the temperature was officially recorded as 51 degrees At 10 20 a m the mercury had dropped to 45 degrees At 8 o'clock p m it was 47

Born to Ambassador to Italy.

Rome—Mrs. Griscom, wife of Lloyd C Griscom, the American ambassador to Italy, gave birth to a son. The child will be baptized in the American church. This is the first time that a child has been born to an American ambassador to Italy in Rome. Sig Tittoni, the foreign minister and the member of the diplomatic corps, warmly congratulated Mr Griscom, and King Victor Emmanuel, after having sent his felicitations, is reported to have exclaimed: "I had always believed that ambassadors were blessed only with grandsons."

Fireman Killed in Collision.

Shawnee, Okla.—A head on collision between a northbound passenger train and a southbound freight on the Santa Fe railway, one mile north of Sewell, resulted in the death of Fireman John Downey of Gainesville, Tex., and the injury of ten passengers.

Famous Confederate Dies.

La Platta, Md.—Capt. William Fendley Dement, commander of Dement's battery, famous in the confederate army, died at his home near Pomfret, Charles county, aged 80.

Colorado River Overflows.

Houston, Tex.—Unable to withstand a 35-foot rise, the banks of the Colorado river have broken at two points, and a vast area of rich farming land and one town is under water. At Wharton the river has flooded the city water plant.

Wine Growers' Demonstration.

Nimes, France—A gigantic demonstration of wine growers was held here as a protest against the adulteration of wine. Two hundred thousand persons marched in the procession.

Warships Salute Duke in New York.

New York—In honor of the presence here of the duke of Abruzzi, warships in the harbor here fired the national salute, this being the 25th anniversary of the death of Garibaldi. Rain prevented further demonstrations which had been planned.

London Exchange Man Kills Himself.

London—Frank Boyd May, a member of the stock exchange, was declared insolvent and committed suicide. Mr. May was a cricket player and a well-known sportsman.

No More Aid for Famine Sufferers.

St. Petersburg—The Russian famine committee has notified its representatives in London and New York that the time has arrived to cease agitation for foreign subscriptions, as Russia now is able to care for her own

Japanese in English Waters.

London—The Japanese cruisers Tsukuba and Chitose arrived at Sheerness. They will remain for a fortnight. Elaborate entertainments have been arranged for the officers and men.

1,500 GIVE THANKS

SHIP WAS HELPLESS FOR THREE DAYS IN A GALE.

SHORT OF PROVISIONS AND WATER

Officers Have Difficulty in Restraining the Steerage Passengers from Taking the Boats.

New York—The Russian steamship Korea was towed into port by two tugs, with 1,500 passengers kneeling on her decks in a prayer of thanks for deliverance from perils of the sea that had beset them for almost a month.

With her wooden deck fittings chopped up for fuel and a part of her cargo burned to keep the engines going, the Korea had fought almost incessant storm.

For three days the ship was helpless in a gale, her shaft having broken in the middle of the night. As the vessel rolled and pitched in the heavy trough of the sea, her officers had difficulty in restraining the 1,500 Russian steerage passengers in their wild plan of taking to the boats to save their lives.

Provisions ran low and there was a shortage of fresh water. This condition of affairs threatened to become worse and Capt. Kirshjet turned the ship's nose toward Boston and his signals of distress were seen off Boston light and aid given him.

When the ship came up the harbor her propeller was three-fourths out of water. The steerage passengers were on their knees giving prayers of thanks.

SITE SECURED BY FRAUD.

Suit Is Filed to Prevent Sale of Henry Kendall College Land.

Muskogee, I. T.—Charging that the site upon which Henry Kendall college now stands in this city was secured by fraud, M. L. Mott, attorney for the Creek Nation, has filed suit against the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church of the United States, Pleasant Porter, chief of Creek, and G. W. Turner, the men who transferred the lands to Kendall. Mott asks that the deed be canceled and the board restrained from transferring the title. The school was soon to be moved to Tulsa, which town recently offered $100,000 for the school. The board intended to sell the property here for a like amount. Mrs. Thaw of Pittsburg, mother of Harry Kendall Thaw, added a large endowment to Tulsa's offer. Mott contends that the land here can not be lawfully used for any other than school purposes.

ESCAPES GOULD INVESTIGATION.

Capt. William McLaughlin, New York Peace Officer, Asks Retirement.

New York—Capt. William W. McLaughlin, one of the best known officers that the New York police department has ever had and whose 39 years of service to the city have been crowded with stirring events, will retire from the force.

The former inspector made application for retirement on half pay, which would be $2,500 a year, and as he has served his 25th year and no charges against him are pending, Commissioner Bingham has no alternative but to grant the application.

This retirement, too, will remove McLaughlin as a figure in the investigation of the alleged Gould conspiracy.

Mayor Creates Sensation.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mayor Henry M. Beardsley, chairman of the board of police commissioners, created a sensation at the board's meeting, when he publicly announced that the records of two men, whose names were before the board as candidates for appointment to better positions on the police force, rendered them unfit for promotion.

Commission Men Resist Packers.

Sioux City, Ia.—Following the lead of the Kansas City commission men, the members of the local livestock exchange, at a meeting Friday afternoon, resolved for the purchase of cows and heifers subject to post-mortem examination. All members of the exchange pledge themselves not to sell any cattle on these terms.

Fruit Shipping Question.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The fruit shipping question, involving fruit growers and the transcontinental railroads, which is progressing before the interstate commerce commission, as well as the federal grand jury, is becoming very complicated.

Inspecting Fort Leavenworth.

Leavenworth, Kas.—Lieut. Col. Thos. Vallee, Maj. Severo Torenzo and Lieut. Manuel Portala of the Argentina army arrived at Fort Leavenworth on an official visit of inspection.

Disappeared in the Orient.

Honolulu—W. F. Walker, the absconding treasurer of a New Britain (Conn.) bank, was, it has been learned, a passenger on the steamship Doric in her last voyage to the orient. He is reported to have landed at a Chinese port and thence disappeared.

Missouri Editor Dies.

Lees Summit, Mo.—Lewis Lamkin, editor of the Lees Summit Journal, died here, aged 75 years. He had been in the newspaper business in Missouri continuously for 54 years.

Oklahoma Bank Failed.

Guthrie, Okla.—Bank Commissioner Smock was notified of the failure of the State bank of Manitou, Okla., which collapsed for $10,000. A request is made for a bank examiner to take charge.

Nineteen Sentenced to Death.

City of Mexico—News was received here of the imprisonment and sentencing to death of nineteen men charged with complicity in the recent attempt to assassinate President Cabrera of Guatemala.

Placed on Retired List.

Washington—Brig. Gen. Constant Williams, recently stationed at Denver, Col., in command of the department of Colorado, will be placed on the retired list of the army by operation of the law on account of age.

Czar Receives Japanese.

St. Petersburg—The Japanese delegates to the second peace conference at The Hague were received in audience by Emperor Nicholas at Tsarko Selo Friday. The delegates will next go to Berlin.

NEWS OF MISSOURI

MISSOURI EDITORS TO MEET

Forty-first Annual Session to Be Held in St. Louis.

Following is the program of the forty-first annual meeting of the Missouri Press Association, to be held at the Laclede hotel in St. Louis, June 6 and 7, 1907:

Thursday, June 6, 9 a. m.—Call to order, Philip Ganss, president Missouri Press Association; Invocation, Very Rev. Carroll M. Davis, dean Christ Church Cathedral. Roll call.

Paper—"The Benefits of County Press Associations and How to Organize Them," Omar D. Gray, Sturgeon Leader; discussion led by R. M. White, Mexico Ledger.

Appointment of committees and announcements.

Thursday, June 6, 1:30 p. m.—Paper—"Increased Rates for Advertising and Job Work," Ben F. Wood, Laredo Herald; discussion led by Jack Blanton, Paris Appeal; Address—"The Postal Laws: the Postal Department and the Newspapers," W. R. Painter, Carrollton Democrat; discussion led by J. R. Lowell, Moberly Democrat; Paper—"Subscriptions and How to Get Them," Chas. J. Henninger, Wellston Herald.

Thursday Evening, June 6.—The association will be the special guests of the Business Men's Association at Wellston. Members will go in a body taking suburban cars at corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets at 4:30 p. m. Will reach Wellston at 5:20. After reception at hall members will be escorted to Suburban Park Garden for supper, after which the evening will be spent attending the amusement features of this pleasure resort.

Friday, June 7, 9 a. m.—Address—"Fifty-seven Years in a Printing Office," J. West Goodwin, Sedalia Bazoo; Paper—"The Relation of the Country Press to the Mail Order Business," Geo. J. Schulte, St. Louis Interstate Grocer; discussion led by W. O. L. Jewett, Shelbina Democrat.

Friday, June 7, 1:30 p. m.—Paper—"Suggestions for Making the Association of Greater Benefit to Its Members," Ovid Bell, Fulton Gazette; discussion led by Wm. Southern, Jr., Jackson Examiner. Reports of committees; miscellaneous business; election of officers; adjournment.

Kahoka Commencement.

Kahoka—The closing exercises of the high school were held at the opera house. Rabbi Harrison of St. Louis gave his famous lecture, "The Gospel of Labor," to a crowded house. The following received diplomas: Condesley Hennessy, Ray Meyer, Edwin Lang, Maybelle Thompson, Mae Edwards, Schloe Montgomery, Maggie Jenkins, Estelle Miller, Nettie Puder.

Fredericktown Graduation.

Fredericktown—The graduating exercises of the Fredericktown high school were held in the Lyric theater. The graduates were: Lydia May Henson, Harry Theodore Underriner, Jo Erma Hebenor and Edward Emery Jackson. Rabbi Leon Harrison of St. Louis delivered the annual address to the graduating class.

Missouri Bonds Registered.

Jefferson City—State Auditor Wilder has registered school district bonds as follows: Stoddard county, five of the denomination of $500, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent; Dallas county, one of the denomination of $200, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

Statues Must Be Draped.

Kansas City—A duplicate of the statue Venus Genetrix, reclining, the gift of William J. Buchan, ex-state senator, and intended for the public library, was rejected by the school board of Kansas City, Kas., because of its lack of drapery.

Hunting and Fishing Club Meet.

Casis—The Judge Josiah Hunting and Fishing club held its annual celebration on the grounds. No one under 50 years of age can be a member. Judge W. W. Reid has been president since the organization of the club three years ago.

Hearings Before Assessment Board.

Jefferson City—T. K. Jones, representing the Sligo & Eastern, was before the state board of equalization. This road, only 14½ miles in length, was last year assessed at $3,016 per mile.

Congressman's Son Elopes.

St. Joseph—Prince L. Booher, son of Congressman Charles F. Booher of the Fourth district, eloped from his home in Savannah with Miss Hattie M. Stewart. They came to St. Joseph and were married at the courthouse.

Furnishing Contract Let.

Springfield—V. Jobst Sons, of Peoria, were awarded the contract by the state contract commission for the interior furnishings of the new Illinois supreme court building. The contract price is $24,399.

Hailstorm at Auxvasse.

Auxvasse.—A terrible hailstorm occurred here, many windows being broken out in hotels and the Baptist church. Much damage was done to the wheat crop. The temperature dropped forty-five degrees.

Fifty-Seven Graduate in Sedalia.

Sedalia—Fifty-seven young men and women were graduated from the Sedalia high school. The commencement exercises were held at the New Sedalia theater.

Came for Convict.

Jefferson City—Sheriff Floyd Magness, of Marion county, Ark., came here to take William Naves back to that state, when he was liberated from a four-year term in the Missouri penitentiary for assault with intent to kill in Ozark county.

Jesse James, Lawyer.

Kansas City—Jesse James, a son of the noted bandit of that name, was graduated from the Kansas City School of Law here, receiving the highest grade of any in his class of 28. He will practice law in this city.

"Lord" Barrington Must Hang.

Jefferson City—The supreme court en banc decreed that "Lord" Frederick Seymour Barrington, now in jail at Clayton, Mo., shall be hanged on July 25 for the murder of J. P. McCann, a St. Louis horseman.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"You scoundrel!" she hissed, her whole body shaking and her carefully-cultivated appearance of the gracious evening of youth swallowed up in a black cyclone of hate. "You gutter-plant! God will punish you for the shame you have brought upon us!"

I opened the door and bowed, without a word, without even the desire to return insult for insult—had not Anita evidently again and finally rejected them and chosen me? As they passed into the private hall I rang for Sanders to come and let them out. When I turned back into the drawing-room, Anita was seated, was reading a book. I waited until I saw she was not going to speak. Then I said: "What time will you have dinner?" But my face must have been expressing some of the joy and gratitude that filled me. "She has chosen!" I was saying to myself over and over.

"Whenever you usually have it," she replied, without looking up.

"At seven o'clock, then. You had better tell Sanders."

I rang for him and went into my little smoking-room. She had resisted her parents' final appeal to her to return to them. She had cast in her lot with me. "The rest can be left to time," said I to myself. And, reviewing all that had happened, I let a wild hope send tenacious roots deep into me. How often ignorance is a blessing; how often knowledge would make the step falter and the heart quail!

XXIII.

BLACKLOCK ATTENDS FAMILY PRAYERS.

During dinner I bore the whole burden of conversation—though burden I did not find it. Like most close-mouthed men, I am extremely talkative. Silence sets people to wondering and prying; he hides his secrets best who hides them at the bottom of a river of words. If my spirits are high, I often talk aloud to myself when there is no one convenient. And how could my spirits be anything but high, with her sitting there opposite me, mine, mine for better or for worse, through good and evil report—my wife!

She was only formally responsive, reluctant and brief in answers, volunteering nothing. The servants waiting on us no doubt laid her manner to shyness; I understood it, or thought I did—but I was not troubled. It is as natural for me to hope as to breathe; and with my knowledge of character, how could I take seriously the moods and impulses of one whom I regarded as a child-like girl, trained to false pride and false ideals? "She has chosen to stay with me," said I to myself. "Actions count, not words or manner. A few days or weeks, and she will be herself, and mine." And I went gaily on with my efforts to interest her, to make her smile and forget the role she had commanded herself to play. Nor was I wholly unsuccessful. Again and again I thought I saw a gleam of interest in her eyes or the beginnings of a smile about that sweet mouth of hers. I was careful not to overdo my part.

As soon as we finished dessert I said: "You loathe cigar smoke, so I'll hide myself in my den. Sanders will bring you the cigarettes." I had myself telephoned for a supply of her kind early in the day.

She made a polite protest for the benefit of the servants; but I was firm, and left her free to think things over alone in the drawing-room—"your sitting-room," I called it. I had not finished a small cigar when there came a timid knock at my door. I threw away the cigar and opened. "I thought it was you," said I. "I'm familiar with the knocks of all the others. And this was new—like a summer wind tapping with a flower for admission at a closed window." And I laughed with a little raillery, and she smiled, colored, tried to seem cold and hostile again.

"Shall I go with you to your sitting-room?" I went on. "Perhaps the cigar smoke here—"

"No, no," she interrupted; "I don't really mind cigars—and the windows are wide open. Besides, I came for only a moment—just to say—"

As she cast about for words to carry her on, I drew up a chair for her. She looked at it uncertainly, seated herself. "When mamma was here—this afternoon," she went on, "she was urging me to—to do what she wished. And after she had used several arguments, she said something I—I've been thinking it over, and it seemed I ought in fairness to tell you."

I waited.

"She said: 'In a few days more he'—that meant you—'he will be ruined. He imagines the worst is over for him, when in fact they've only begun.'"

"They! I repeated. "Who are 'they'? The Langdons?"

"I think so," she replied with an effort. "She did not say—I've told you her exact words—as far as I can."

"Well," said I, "and why didn't you go?"

She pressed her lips firmly together. Finally, with a straight look into my eyes, she replied: "I shall not discuss that. You probably misunderstand, but that is your own affair."

"You believed what she said about me, of course," said I.

"I neither believed nor disbelieved," she answered indifferently, as she rose to go. "It does not interest me."

"Come here," said I.

I waited until she reluctantly joined me at the window. I pointed to the steeple of the church across the way. "You could as easily throw down that steeple by pushing against it with your bare hands," I said to her, "as 'they,' whoever they are, could put me down. They might take away my money. But if they did, they would only be giving me a lesson that would teach me how more easily to get it back. I am not a bundle of stock certificates or a bag of money. I am—here," and I tapped my forehead.

She forced a faint, scornful smile. She did not wish me to see her belief of what I said.

"You may think that is vanity," I went on. "But will learn, sooner or later, the difference between boasting and simple statement of fact. You will learn that I do not boast. What I said is no more a boast than for a man with legs to say, 'I can walk.' Because you have known only legless men, you exaggerate the difficulty of walking. It's as easy for me to make money as it is for some people to spend it."

It is hardly necessary for me to say I was not insinuating anything against her people. But she was just then supersensitive on the subject, though I did not suspect it. She flushed hotly. "You will not have any cause to sneer at my people on that account hereafter," she said. "I settled that to-day."

"I WAITED."

"I was not sneering at them," I protested. "I wasn't even thinking of them. And—you must know that it's a favor to me for anybody to ask me to do anything that will please you—Anita!"

She made a gesture of impatience. "I see I'd better tell you why I did not go with them to-day. I insisted that they give back all they have taken from you. And when they refused, I refused to go."

"I don't care why you refused, or imagined you refused," said I. "I am content with the fact that you are here."

"But you misunderstand it," she answered coldly.

"I don't understand it, I don't misunderstand it," was my reply. "I accept it."

She turned away from the window, lifted out of the room—you, who love or at least have loved, can imagine how it made me feel to see Her moving about in those rooms of mine.

While the surface of my mind was taken up with her, I must have been thinking, underneath, of the warning she had brought; for, perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour after she left, I was suddenly whirled out of my reverie at the window by a thought like a pistol thrust into my face. "What if 'they' should include Roebuck!" And just as a man begins to defend himself from a sudden danger before he clearly sees what the danger is, so I began to act before I even questioned whether my suspicion was plausible or absurd. I went into the hall, rang the bell, slipped a light-weight coat over my evening dress and put on a hat. When Sanders appeared I said: "I'm going out for a few minutes—perhaps an hour—if any one should ask." A moment later I was in a hansom and on the way to Roebuck's.

The door of Roebuck's house was opened for me by a maid—a man-servant would have been a "sinful" luxury, a man-servant might be the hireling of plotters against his life. I may add that she looked the cheap maid-of-all-work, and her manners were of the free and fresh sort that indicates a feeling that as high, or higher, wages, and less to do could be got elsewhere.

"I don't think you can see Mr. Roebuck," she said.

"Take my card to him," I ordered, "and I'll wait in the parlor."

"Parlor's in use," she retorted with a sarcastic grin, which I was soon to understand.

So I stood by the old-fashioned coat and hat rack while she went in at the hall door of the back parlor. Soon Roebuck himself came out, his glasses on his nose, a family Bible under his arm. "Glad to see you, Matthew," said he with saintly kindliness, giving me a friendly hand. "We are just about to offer up our evening prayer. Come right in."

I followed him into the back parlor. Both it and the front parlor were lighted; in a sort of circle extending into both rooms were all the Roebucks and the four servants. "This is my friend, Matthew Blacklock," said he, and the Roebucks in the circle gravely bowed. He drew up a chair for me, and we seated ourselves. Amid a solemn hush, he read a chapter from the big Bible spread out upon his lean lap. My glance wandered from face to face of the Roebucks, as plainly dressed as were their servants. I was able to look freely, mine being the only eyes not bent upon the floor.

So absorbed was I in the study of the influence of his terrible master-character upon those closest to it, that I started when he said: "Let us pray." I followed the example of the others, and knelt. The audible prayer was offered up by his oldest daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, a widow. Roebuck punctuated each paragraph in her series of petitions with a loudly-whispered amen. When she prayed for "the stranger whom Thou has led seemingly by chance into our little circle," he whispered the amen more fervently and repeated it. The prayer ended and, us on our feet, the servants withdrew; then, awkwardly, all the family except Roebuck. That is, they closed the doors between the two rooms and left him and me alone in the front parlor.

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Roebuck," said I. "A report reached me this evening that sent me to you at once."

"If possible, Matthew," said he, and he could not hide his uneasiness, "put off business until to-morrow. My mind—yours, too, I trust—is not in the frame for that kind of thoughts now."

"Is the Coal organization to be announced the first of July?" I demanded. It has always been, and always shall be, my method to fight in the open. This, not from principle, but from expediency. Some men fight best in the brush; I don't. So I always begin battle by shelling the woods.

"No," he said, amazing me by his instant frankness. "The announcement has been postponed."

Why did he not lie to me? Why did he not put me off the scent, as he might easily have done, with some shrewd evasion? I suspected I owed it to my luck in catching him at family prayers.

"When will the reorganization be announced?" I asked.

"I can not say," he answered. "Some difficulties—chiefly labor difficulties—have arisen. Until they are settled, nothing can be done. Come to me to-morrow, and we'll talk about it."

"That is all I wished to know," said I, with a friendly, easy smile. "Good night."

It was his turn to be astonished—and he showed it, where I had given not a sign. "What was the report you heard?" he asked, to detain me.

"That you and Mowbray Langdon had conspired to ruin me," said I, laughing.

He echoed my laugh rather hollowly. "It was hardly necessary for you to come to me about such a—a statement."

"Hardly," I answered dryly. Hardly, indeed! For I was seeing now all that I had been hiding from myself since I became infatuated with Anita and made marrying her my only real business in life.

We faced each other, each measuring the other. And as his glance quailed before mine, I turned away to conceal my exultation. In a comparison of resources this man who had plotted to crush me was to me as giant to midget. But I had the joy of realizing that man to man, I was the stronger.

XXIV.

"MY WIFE MUST!"

As I drove away, I was proud of myself. I had listened to my death sentence with a face so smiling that he must almost have believed me unconscious; and also, it had not even entered my head, as I listened, to beg for mercy. Not that there would have been the least use in begging; as well try to pray a statue into life, as try to soften that set will and purpose. Still, many a man would have weakened—and I had not weakened. But when I was once more in my apartment—in our apartment—perhaps I did show that there was a weak streak through me. I fought against the impulse to see her once more that night; but I fought in vain. I knocked at the door of her sitting-room—a timid knock, for me. No answer. I knocked again, more loudly—then a third time, still more loudly. The door opened and she stood there, like one of the angels that guarded the gates of Eden after the fall. Only, instead of a flaming sword, hers was of ice. She was in a dressing-gown or tea gown, white and clinging and full of intoxicating hints and glimpses of all the beauties of her figure. Her face softened as she continued to look at me, and I entered.

"No—please don't turn on any more lights," I said, as she moved toward the electric buttons. "I just came in to—to see if I could do anything for you." In fact, I had come, longing for her to do something for me, to show in look or tone or act some sympathy for me in my loneliness and trouble.

"No, thank you," she said. Her voice seemed that of a stranger who wished to remain a stranger. And she was evidently waiting for me to go. You will see what a mood I was in when I say I felt as I had not since I, a very small boy indeed, ran away from home; I came back through the chilly night to take one last glimpse of the family that would soon be realizing how foolishly and wickedly unappreciative they had been of such a treasure as I; and when I saw them sitting about the big fire in the lamplight, heartlessly comfortable and unconcerned, it was all I could do to keep back the tears of strong self-pity—and I never saw them again.

"I've seen Roebuck," said I to Anita, because I must say something, if I was to stay on.

"Roebuck?" she inquired. Her tone reminded me that his name conveyed nothing to her.

"He and I are in an enterprise together," I explained. "He is the one man who could seriously cripple me."

"Oh," she said, and her indifference, forced though I thought it, wounded.

"Well," said I, "your mother was right."

She turned full toward me, and even in the dimness I saw her quick sympathy—an impulsive flash instantly gone. But it had been there!

"I came in here," I went on, "to say that—Anita, it doesn't in the least matter. No one in this world, no one and nothing, could hurt me except through you. So long as I have you, they—the rest—all of them together—can't touch me."

We were both silent for several minutes. Then she said, and her voice was like the smooth surface of the river where the boiling rapids run deep: "But you haven't me—and never shall have. I've told you that. I warned you long ago. No doubt you will pretend, and people will say, that I left you because you lost your money. But it won't be so."

I was beside her instantly, was looking into her face. "What do you mean?" I asked, and I did not speak gently.

(To be Continued.)

HEAD HUNTERS OF FORMOSA.

Race of Man Eaters Whose Cry Is for Blood.

The mountainous interior of Formosa is inhabited by a race of bloodthirsty savages, whose chief delight is to sally forth on head hunting raids. Few strangers (the exceptions being some intrepid Japanese explorers) have ever penetrated far into the wild mountain country which is the home of these savages.

They appear to be akin to the Dyaks of Borneo, but no definite study of their language or habits has yet been made, though interesting details will be found in Consul Davidson's voluminous book on Formosa. For hundreds of years the tribes, eight in number, have withstood their enemies, who have never been able to penetrate to their fastnesses. It remains to be seen what success the more systematic Japanese will achieve.

It seems almost incredible that the station of a military force should not be safe from the raids of these head hunters, but it was the case a few years ago. At that time one of the tribes crept in the night upon a post of the Japanese and made off with a score of heads.

Their more usual method is to stalk the Chinese of either sex when they are engaged in tea picking. The savage creeps up unobserved to his victim, transfixes him with his spear, secures his head and he is lost in a moment in the neighboring jungle.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Patient Apologist.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you said you knew exactly which horse would win that race."

"I thought I did."

"O, well, accidents will happen. Maybe one of the other horses got frightened and ran away."—Washington Star.

Valuable Product.

During the last ten years the single product of sisal-fiber has yielded in Yucatan the enormous sum of 257,000,000 Mexican silver dollars.

Vandal at Shelley's Grave.

A correspondent who visited the Protestant cemetery at Rome the other day reports an act of silly vandalism at Shelley's grave. "As we wandered about," says the correspondent, "we saw for about half an hour a young man tourist sitting on Shelley's grave, carefully occupied in cutting the marble with a sharp instrument.

"We thought he was restoring the lettering, but, coming to his side, we found that he had cut his own name (which I will not give), 'New Zealand, April, 1907. I love thee,' close to the inscription on the flat white marble surface. He had then soaked with ink his own work, leaving the disgraceful fruits of his vandalism for all who visit this interesting place." How any professing admirer of Shelley could be guilty of such conduct passes belief.

Good Advice.

Be slow in believing an intense man is his material coast.

Hoarse, Not Deaf.

The man with a cold looked more irritated than the occasion warranted. "Good morning," he croaked to a neighboring commuter who dropped into the seat beside him.

"What's worrying you?" shouted his friend. "You look as if you were ready to bite nails."

"You would, too, if every fool you met bellowed at you," replied the man hoarsely. "See here old man, I don't want to be surly, but will you kindly tell me why you yell at me just because I'm hoarse. It's no sign that I'm deaf just because my voice is foggy, yet every chump who's talked to me for two days has shouted at me. My eardrum is almost fractured from the noise."

Witty to the Last.

When Rabelais was on his deathbed a consultation of physicians was called. The dying man opened his eyes and looked at them. "Pray, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "let me die a natural death."