

SENATOR STONE SLAPS NEGRO

Resents Impudence of Negro and Slaps his Face. Senator Arrested and Afterward Released

Baltimore, Md., July 27.—United States Senator William J. Stone of Missouri was arrested here tonight for having slapped the face of Lawrence J. Brown, a negro waiter on a Pullman car of the Pennsylvania railroad, shortly before the train reached Wilmington, Del., on its way to Washington.

Senator Stone requested Brown to serve him with some food and the negro kept him waiting twenty minutes after others on the car had been served. This prompted the senator to remonstrate with the waiter, whereupon the latter became surly and impudent.

The senator says he tried to ignore the waiter's remarks, but the latter became so offensive that he slapped him across the face. Brown preferred charges against the Senator and the hearing will be heard tomorrow.

STATE SCHOOL MONEY

State Superintendent of Schools Howard A. Gass, has made the sixty-third annual apportionment of the state school funds, dividing \$1,585,033.45 among the different counties. The state school enumeration is 1,095,092.

The appropriation for Barry county with 6,625 pupils is \$12,024.65, and Lawrence county, with 8,337 pupils, is \$13,147.48.

Municipal Bonds Above Par

At the meeting of the Council Tuesday night there were three bids made for the municipal electric light bonds. The bidders were E. P. Edwards & Son, St. Louis; Harris & Co., Chicago, and the Mercantile Trust Co., of St. Louis. The bonds were for \$65,000 with interest at 4 1/2 per cent. The Trust company bid par with a small premium. The other companies placed par bids but asked a charge for attorney fees, printing, etc.

The council adjourned to Thursday night at which time the bonds will be sold.

Other bond companies are desirous of making bids but desire that the rate of interest be 5 per cent.

Cloud Burst Years Ago

W. S. Jenkins informs us that 34 years ago, the 27th day of July 1875, there was a cloud burst in the valley north of where Monett now stands and that the water covered the entire bottom from a point within a few feet of where the Times building now stands to Marshal Hill. He says that a threshing machine was then standing where the Kansas City Construction Company is now located and that the entire machine was covered with water except the upper end of the stacker. Much of the railroad track between Globe and Neosho was washed out and trains did not run for a couple of weeks.

Should such a deluge occur now there is no telling the amount of damage that would occur or the number of lives lost.

Let Them Work.

Tuesday about noon a big burly well fed looking fellow called at the kitchen door of one of our city pastor's and asked for "a piece." The pastor's wife gave him two good sized slices of bread well spread with fresh butter and blackberry jam. He, the tramp, took it and walked out. After leaving the house he tore the paper off the lunch and pitched it into the alley. That particular tramp and all others will probably get a chance to pass by on the other side so far as the home is concerned.

BALL PLAYER KILLED.

Harry Rubes, a young man who lived near Spencer, Ia., was struck over the heart by a pitched ball during a base ball game and died in a few minutes.

FRISCO DEFERS OPENING.

New Orleans, La., July 27.—Announcement from President A. J. Davidson, of the Frisco, to I. T. Preston, general agent for the company in New Orleans, that the road has indefinitely postponed the inauguration of its service into Baton Rouge and New Orleans, which has been announced for August 1, has caused general comment and a sensation among railroad and business men. President Davidson assigned the physical condition of the roadbed between Baton Rouge and Dequincy as the cause.

Found Guilty.

J. L. Waught was up in Justice Court Wednesday charged with selling real estate without a license. A jury consisting of Ed Russey, C. B. Woodruff, W. B. Durnil, Geo. Wilson, Mace Jacques and Henry Tutt was called. After hearing the evidence they brought in a verdict of guilty and assessed a fine of \$1.00 and costs. The case was appealed.

Disturbing the Peace

Jas. Campbell and B. Singleton engaged in an altercation in the restaurant of the former on Fourth street, Tuesday night. Singleton claims that Campbell struck him. Singleton struck Campbell on the forehead with a catchup bottle breaking the bottle and cutting an ugly gash in his head. Friends separated the parties and Mr. Campbell was taken to the office of Dr. West where the wound was treated.

Both parties were arrested. Singleton was fined \$1.00 and costs, while Mr. Campbell demanded a trial which will be had Thursday.

Too Cheap to Suit Him

Richard Sidwell, of Texas, was up before his honor the police judge Tuesday charged with looking too often on the wine when it was red and was fined the regulation \$1.00 and trimmings. He rather resented the smallness of the fine saying that he was accustomed to paying higher prices for his indiscretions. He started out with the intention of repeating the dose but was persuaded to take an outgoing train.

Satisfactory Disposal of Sewerage

The method of disposing of the sewerage that flows from the mouth of the main sewer southwest of town is a perfect success. There is no longer any hint of a nuisance and everyone is satisfied with its workings.

If the existence of this underground stream had been known at the time of the installing of the sewer system the expense of a purifying plant would not have been necessary.

Negro Woman Dies at 116

Nashville, Tenn., July 27.—Dilla Killebrew, a negro woman, 116 years old, probably the oldest person in Tennessee, is dead at her home near Needmore, this state. She is survived by two children, one of whom is 80 years old. Dilla was born a slave.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank all those who kindly and generously assisted during the illness and burial of Frank Madewell.

F. P. MADEWELL.
MRS. F. P. MADEWELL.
D. P. ARNOLD.

The city council has decided to change the names of the north and south streets in Plymouth addition to correspond with those with which they connect. For instance Ash street becomes Frisco avenue; Market street, Euclid avenue and Oak street, Lincoln avenue. This change is being made to facilitate free delivery of mail.

Jas. Steele, of West Monett who left here for Tulsa, Okla., to reside has accepted his former position in the car department and will return to Monett to reside.

THE BILLION DOLLAR KID

(Copyright, 1906.)



His Arrival Will "Start Something."

STONE IS EXONERATED

Missouri Senator Held Justified for Slapping Insulting Negro Porter on Train

Baltimore, July 28.—Declaring that in the circumstances of the assault he was justifiable, Police Magistrate Eugene Grannan of the central district, this afternoon dismissed the charge against Senator William J. Stone of Missouri, of having assaulted Lawrence G. Brown, a negro waiter on a Pennsylvania railroad train.

If the Mayor and City Council can dispose of the Municipal Electric light bonds, as seems certain at this time, there will be a great saving of interest in the years to come. One-half per cent on \$35,000 for the time the bonds are to run will make a nice little saving to the tax payers of the city. The city administration is composed of business men who use business methods.

Judge Johnson, of Peirce City, was in town a short time Wednesday enroute to Marionville to attend the Lawrence County Sunday School Convention and to attend to business matters. He will hold court in McDonald county next week.

Mrs. Solon Wright left this morning for Neosho to attend a house party.

Mrs. Dr. Wright, of Freistatt, went to Cassville Wednesday to spend a couple of weeks with relatives.

Wm. Tucker imbibed too freely Tuesday night and Police Judge Jewett made him dig up the usual fine and ruffles.

Mrs. Stark and children and Gretchen Armstrong, of Neosho, came Wednesday evening for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Port Rowden.

An election was held in Carterville this week on a proposition to vote a tax of one mill on the dollar to support a Carnegie library. The proposition did not carry.

Mrs. E. B. Wright of Freistatt, visited in Monett Thursday.

T. H. Bayes, of Springfield, is spending the week in Monett.

Mrs. H. Smithmier went to Springfield Thursday.

Geo. Martin of Tulsa, Ok., visited in Monett Wednesday.

Miss Isabelle Breece will return Saturday from a visit to Miss Cricket Elzey at Muskogee.

Clifford Bracken, who has been very ill with heart trouble is able to be out a little.

Mrs. Wm. Hall left Wednesday night for a visit to Indiana.

Mrs. John Walsh entertained the Wednesday club this week.

Miss Della Largen was called to Ritchey by the serious illness of her brother, T. L. Largen.

Mrs. Wrightsman, of Springfield, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Basham.

Mrs. F. P. Sizer and children are visiting Mrs. H. C. Kepner in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Moore of Paducah, Ken., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Hoberg this week.

Miss Edith Inman of Webb City, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. O. Barker.

Miss Mary Harris departed Wednesday evening for Indianapolis and Cleveland to visit relatives.

Geo. Baker, of San Antonio, Tex., is visiting his mother, Mrs. A. S. Hawkins.

President Taft flatly told Senator Aldrich Wednesday that unless there were changes in the schedule he would veto the Tariff bill. This has had the effect of putting Payne and Aldrich to work to revise downwards.

Loney Pendleton was bitten by a copperhead snake Sunday morning. He went to the corner to get some corn to do his feeding. The snake was in the crib and while filling a basket, he was bitten twice on the first and second fingers of his left hand. His arm is badly swollen and inflamed, but it is thought nothing very serious will result.—Marionville Free Press.

WIRE AND WIRELESS

E. J. DANVERS

The going ashore warning had been sounded and the home-stayers were hurrying to give their last messages, say their last farewells. It seemed to Mona Wayland that every passenger aboard had friends to say good-bye to except herself.

The thought only served to increase her bitterness of spirit, though she had carefully planned to conceal her departure that there might be no one at the dock to see her off.

Friends at such a time could only serve to accentuate the self-pity that had sustained her ever since she had read that fateful telegram. This was to have been her wedding journey. She and Graham Temple had planned to take the trip. It was to have been Graham's first visit abroad and they had laid out a tour that should cover the whole continent.

Then Temple had been called to New Mexico to look after some mining interests and presently the papers had reported his marriage to the Senora Mendez, who owned the mines adjacent to his and who was reported to be worth several millions.

Harry Vieland had often joked Graham about his conquest of the Mexican woman, but Mona had not taken it seriously. When the telegraphic dispatch appeared in all the papers and Graham had not written in two weeks, she feared what she thought was the bitter truth.

Unable to bear the sympathy of her friends, Mona had arranged to slip quietly off to Europe. Her aunt would join her in London, and by



Mechanically She Stretched Out Her Hand.

the time they returned the broken romance would have been forgotten. She sat quietly in the shadow of the funnels on the upper deck and idly watched the preparations for departure through tear-blinded eyes.

There were few on the upper deck. Most of the passengers were crowding the lower rails to catch last glimpses of their friends as the huge ship backed slowly out of the slip, and with the help of the noisy, panting tugs headed for the opening of the Narrows.

Even the men were too busy to give more than a passing notice at the handsome girl whose wealth of golden hair was snugly held in place by the veil that served also to hold in place her trim stalking cap. And yet Mona Wayland was well worth a second glance. Her well-rounded figure showed to excellent advantage in the severely tailored suit of blue cloth and the clear pallor of her complexion and the soft flush of her cheeks were things to be remembered.

Slowly the impressive panorama of the harbor slipped past; the wonderful sky line of the city, the villa-dotted shores of Staten Island and the more populous Long Island shore, but Mona gave no heed. She was lost in her thoughts and her thoughts were far from pleasant.

She had loved Temple with an intensity that sometimes frightened her, and her disappointment was the more keen because she had trusted him so implicitly. For nearly a year they had planned for their marriage, and when he had wed another without even a word to her, both love and pride were sorely hurt. She would not stay at home and let others condole with her. It was less than a week since the item had appeared. Yet it seemed to her that years had passed since her father

had handed her the paper at the breakfast table.

The bugler blew the luncheon call, the notes sounding soft and clear as they floated up from the main deck, but Mona gave no heed. She wanted only to be let alone, to sit back in her chair and watch the fading of the land, comparing it with the dying of her hopes.

In review, she brought all of the incidents of the year of their engagement, recalling all their tender intercourse and trying to deaden her feelings with the thought that it was all insincere and that Temple had forgotten his tender vows in the thought of the material advantage to be gained through a marriage with the owner of the adjoining mines.

She had thought that by this means she might succeed in deadening the bitter pangs of her heart, but instead every memory only increased her suffering, and at last, unable to bear with her pain, she rose and descended to the lower deck in the hope that she might find distraction in the company of other passengers.

As she reached the other deck the passengers were coming up from lunch, and a boy was pacing the decks for her. Mechanically she stretched out her hand for the envelope he held and tore it open.

It was a long one from Temple, and told of his arrival in the city just too late to find her. His telegrams had been delayed during the strike and the first knowledge he had had of his reported marriage was when his friends had jokingly congratulated him.

A hurried inquiry had developed the fact that Vieland's cousin was an operator handling the Press Association dispatches and that he had changed the name of the bridegroom probably at Vieland's instigation.

In a flash Mona saw the plan. It was Harry Vieland who had been first to offer her his sympathy. She had wondered then at his suggestion that they get married immediately to show Temple that she did not care. It was all a part of his scheme. While pretending to be Temple's friend had only sought to win her for himself.

With trembling hands she took the pencil to write an answer. "Follow on next steamer," she wrote. "Ceremony can be performed in London. I liked wireless better than wire."

And Temple, reading the reply, fervently blessed the wireless that had reduced his suspense to so short a period.

GREAT PAINTER THRIFTY MAN

Even to Generous Patron Turner Begrudged the Opening of Bottle of Wine.

Apropos of Turner's meanness, it is told how Gillet, a patron of Turner, called upon the great painter to purchase his work and said:

"Now, Turner, I have bought many a picture of yours, and have spent thousands of pounds, but you have never even offered a glass of wine. Yet I am told that you have some of the best—grand old stuff you buy down the Thames when you go to your favorite haunts among the smugglers and others. Out with it! I will not leave your studio until I have tasted it."

"Turner reluctantly produced a bottle of old port and grumbling all the time, poured out a glass. The connoisseur drank it.

"Well, I never! That's the finest glass of wine I have ever tasted. You mean old fraud! I'll be equal to you next time."

Next year Gillet came around again. After business, wine was suggested, and, after some difficulty, Turner had to produce his port. Gillet drank it, and then spluttered:

"Oh, good gracious! Am I poisoned? What's this? Some of your infernal bitumen, or what?"

"No; that's all right. It must be— for you praised my port last year, and that is out of the very same bottle."

Those Early Marriages. But she clung to him and trembled. "Darling!" he whispered. "What fearest thou? Are we not wedded, no more to part?"

She gazed at him terrifiedly. "Ay, wedded, and at page 87!" she cried. "I know something is going to happen!"

Nor was her dread wholly unreasonable, considering that a novel had to have at least 400 pages, with two thirds per page, in order to get into the \$1.50 class.—Puck.

NO NEED OF IT.

"I would die for you," exclaimed her lover, passionately.

"Oh, don't," she answered, in alarm; "I would like your hair and mustache so much better as they are."—Stray Stories.

UNANSWERED.

Mrs. Hoyle—Does your husband smoke? Mrs. Doyle—My husband is dead Mrs. Hoyle—That isn't answering my question.

Be Up-to-Date
and buy one of those new Auto
TWIN SEAT BUGGIES
They are "Deere's"
We Guarantee Them
Davis & Chapell
HARDWARE COMPANY