

Illinois News Items

Some Happenings  
Succinctly Told  
by Our Special  
Correspondents

Shadow of the Lion Tower

By EDWARD W. HOPKINS,  
Author of "Last of the Mohicans," "The  
Globe," "The Conquest of  
Mexico," "On a Palm  
Cape," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Not an Italian, at all, signor. Thor-  
lano is the Sardinian way of pronounc-  
ing the English name Thorlone. Thorlone,  
for some reason, found Sar-  
dina a pleasant home, and built a  
villa. He married a lady of Naples  
—a beauty whose black eyes played  
with hearts like toys. They lived in  
Sardinia many years, and had a son  
whom they called Henry. When Mal-  
lign became prefetto, five years ago,  
the Signor Thorlone and his wife  
were dead, and Henry Thorlone was  
a man full grown. He lived a busy  
life, was a famous hunter, and an  
open enemy of the priests of the mon-  
astery of The Saints. Malign had  
not been prefetto more than a year  
when Henry Thorlone was accused of  
conspiracy against him, and was sen-  
tenced to twenty years' imprison-  
ment. The prefetto, in the name of  
the king, confiscated the estate, and  
gave it to the Count di Fordino, the  
brother of Thorlone's mother, who  
brought the charges of the conspiracy  
against his nephew. The Count di  
Fordino lives there now, and a man  
ought better fall into the hands of  
Satana for an eternity than into the  
hands of Fordino for a month."

"Why?"  
Mutterelli shrugged his shoulders  
again.  
"He is a bandit chief," he said.  
"And a friend of the prefetto?" I  
asked, in surprise. "Does the law  
look favorably upon evil-doers in Sar-  
dina?"  
"No, signor, the law does not, but  
some of the men of power who repre-  
sent the law do. And perhaps to that  
fact is due their power and their  
wealth."

"And Thorlone?" I continued, for  
he interested me. "Is he still in  
prison?"  
Mutterelli shrugged his shoulders,  
and a peculiar look came into his  
eyes.  
"He is not in prison, signor. Soon  
after he was condemned he was re-  
moved to the monastery of The  
Saints. He is believed to be still  
there. He may be dead, signor."

"Heavens!" I ejaculated. "Can  
such things be?"  
"Yes, signor, in Sardinia," said Mut-  
terelli.  
The priests had gone from our view  
and we returned to the Villa di Mal-  
lign.

"Signor," said Mutterelli, "you see  
that little window opening onto the  
balcony which faces the north?"  
"Yes," I replied, "I see it."  
"That is where Nita Barloti is con-  
fined. She is not locked in the room,  
but may go out on the balcony. You  
see it is high from the ground, and the  
servants are always on guard to pre-  
vent it."

"Then I shall be watched to-night  
when I try to see her?" I said.  
"You will be watched, but you will  
not be touched," he answered. "The  
servants who will see you to-night are  
bribed to silence. But you must not  
make a noise, for the prefetto has  
armed guards near his person, and  
should they hear you, all would be  
lost."

"From here," I said, "my safest  
course is to the south, and the skirt  
Cagliari on the east. You must make  
arrangements this afternoon to have a  
boat waiting for me. You can join me  
on the road and guide me to it, after  
I have gone with Nita from the  
house."  
"I will, signor. I even know the  
boat I will hire."  
The lights were shining brightly  
from the windows of the house of the  
prefetto when Mutterelli and I  
cautiously approached. Creeping from  
the carriage through a copse, we  
reached the wall which surrounded  
Malign's estate. Here we halted.  
"Now, signor," said Mutterelli,  
"who generated the entire proceeding,  
I will leave you here. It is now not  
much more than half-past eight  
o'clock. I must do my part, or yours  
will be a failure."  
"At nine o'clock, signor," he con-  
tinued, "the guard makes a round of  
the place. You must not stir till after  
that hour. Creep along in the shadow  
until you get under the balcony. You  
will find there a ladder which I have  
arranged for. Place it against the  
balcony, but be careful and do not  
make a noise. The servants on that  
side will not disturb you, but if you  
arouse Pachio Maligni, he will call  
the guard, and you will be taken."  
"I will be careful," I replied. "But  
are you sure that all the servants are  
safe?"  
"Yes, signor; for money, a Sardin-  
ian is always safe."

shadow of these I crept along, at first  
making but little progress, but gradu-  
ally becoming bolder and stepping  
along at a livelier rate.  
At last I was under the balcony.  
There, where my foot was sure to  
strike it, was a ladder. Seizing it,  
I braced one end of it against my foot  
and placed the upper end carefully  
against the balcony. Fortunately, I  
made no noise. I crept up the ladder,  
and, stepping onto the balcony,  
creviled along until I reached that  
window that Mutterelli had pointed  
out to me as Nita's. I peeped in. My  
heart beat faster. The girl I sought  
was before me.  
I tapped gently on the window.  
Nita was clad in white. At my signal  
she turned toward the window. I  
stood where the light streamed full  
upon me. Quickly stepping to the  
window, she opened it.  
"Ah! It is you, signor!" she said.  
"Yes, it is I," I replied, surprised  
at her calmness. "You expected me?"  
"I expected—some one. One of my  
master's servants secretly told me  
that at nine o'clock a man would  
come to speak to me. I thought it  
would be Maubkeck. Where is he?"  
"Listen, signorina," I said, speaking  
quickly, in a low tone; "the lion-  
tamer and I started from New York  
on the same steamer. In mid-ocean  
we had an accident. The ship was  
sunk. By Maubkeck's heroism I was  
put aboard a small boat and saved. He  
placed upon me the duty of rescuing  
you from Maligni. I have not seen  
Maubkeck since. He may be on his  
way to you. He may be—"

"Dead!"  
She stood before me with her hands  
pressed to her panting bosom, her  
eyes fixed upon me in horror.  
"I do not say so, signorina," I re-  
plied. "It is possible that he was  
saved. I will tell you all when we  
are safe from Maligni's clutch. To-  
morrow is your wedding day."  
"Yes, to-morrow," she said. "Oh,  
I will go! I must go! Maubkeck is  
not dead! He cannot be dead! He is  
too noble to die like that! Oh, it is  
terrible! Signor Wilberton, tell  
me, do you think he is dead?"  
"Nita," I said, "I cannot say. I  
fear and hope. Yet the chances are  
that Maubkeck went down with the  
ship."

She fell back, half fainting, but  
recovered herself.  
"Maubkeck! My love! My love!"  
she murmured. "Dead! Oh, it is too  
bitter!"  
"You must be brave, signorina," I  
said. "We must make haste."  
"Yes, yes," she said, "I will go.  
Anything is better than to see Mal-  
lign's wife."  
"I will return," I said, my heart  
full of pity for the girl, who was now  
sobbing and weeping bitterly. "I will  
return soon. Be ready."  
Leaving her, I stepped softly to the  
other window.

In a large room, at a desk or table,  
sat Pachio Maligni. Near him was a  
lamp, by the light of which he was  
reading some manuscript.  
At his hand, on the table, stood a  
red tin box. My heart leaped and  
dashed against my ribs. Near the  
box lay a golden trinket—a locket and  
chain. A short distance away lay a  
pin—a baby's clasp-pin.  
He must have heard something. He  
raised his head and sat in a listening  
attitude. Then, laying the paper he  
had been reading down upon the  
table, he arose from his chair and  
stepped hurriedly from the room.  
Here was my opportunity. Deftly  
I felt the window. It was not fasten-  
ed. Quickly I pushed it open and  
stepped into the room. The gold  
locket lay open, face up. Glancing at  
it, I saw that it contained a picture.  
Seizing it, I looked at it closely. My  
brain seemed on fire. It was a mini-  
ature facsimile of the photograph  
which Dilkins had found in the rooms  
of Ralph Gravicourt. In other words,  
it might be the likeness of Charles  
Gravicourt's wife as she was many  
years ago, or of Nita Barloti as she  
was at the very moment. The pin  
had the name "Alice" engraved upon  
it. Quickly seizing these and the  
paper, I thrust the locket and pin in  
my trousers pocket and the paper in  
the pocket of my coat.

Rushing from the room, I met, at  
her window, Nita, pale-faced and tear-  
stained, but nerved to the effort of  
making her escape. She was envel-  
oped in a cloak.  
Seizing her hand, I led her to the  
ladder and helped her down. When  
I reached the ground I drew the lad-  
der away.  
"Come!" I said. And, without a  
word, she followed me.  
Suddenly there was a cry.  
"Great heaven!" I exclaimed. "Mal-  
lign has returned and discovered  
your escape!"  
"You will be killed, signor," said  
Nita.  
"I will be married! That is still  
worse."  
"Let us hurry. They may not be  
able to catch us before we reach the  
carriage. We may yet escape."  
Keeping as well in the shadow as  
possible, I led my beautiful companion  
swiftly forward.

Suddenly there was a rushing sound  
behind us. I knew that a pursuer  
was on our trail. I had, since reach-  
ing Cagliari, carried a revolver in my  
pocket. I seized this, resolving to sell  
the liberty of Nita and myself as  
dearly as possible. Turning, I was  
met face to face with two stalwart  
fellows, both armed. Before I could  
use my revolver, I was knocked down  
by a blow from one of my assailants,  
and my revolver was taken from me.  
The guards shouted to others, and  
in less than a minute I found I was  
surrounded.

But Nita did.  
Uttering a cry, she clatched my  
arm.  
"You are lost!" she cried, "and no  
am I! You did not tell me you killed  
him!"  
"Oh!" I replied, still half dazed  
by the blow I had received.  
"They say Maligni is dead from the  
stab you gave him!"  
"Maligni dead!" I yelled. "I saw  
Maligni alive not ten minutes ago! I  
didn't kill anybody!"  
"Maligni is dead," she said. "Now,  
what will become of us? Oh, Maub-  
keck, come back from the sea! Come  
back, Maubkeck, from your grave  
beneath the waters and carry me  
away! Maubkeck! Maubkeck!"  
Even as she was crying thus sycer-  
tically, the girl was seized by two  
men, and started back to the house.  
And had I been a perfect Hercules  
I could not have handled the men  
who grabbed my arms, neck and even  
my legs and pushed me toward the  
villa.

My fair fellow-prisoner and I were  
conducted into a large room—a  
library—in which sat a stern, cold-  
faced man, whose black eyes burned  
with rage and whose mouth set in  
ironlike firmness when we were  
brought before him.  
"The prefetto!" murmured Nita,  
looking at me.  
I was in the presence of the govern-  
or of the Province of Cagliari,  
whose house I had invaded.  
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is you who  
have entered the house of the govern-  
or of Cagliari and murdered his  
brother in cold blood! You! You  
cur! You mean dog! And an Amer-  
ican, are you not?"  
"I am not a murderer," I replied.  
"I did not kill your brother. I did not  
injure him. When I left the balcony  
of your villa with this young lady,  
your brother was alive and well."  
"You are a liar as well as a murder-  
er," said the prefetto. "I will show  
you! I will give you a taste of Sar-  
dianian justice!"  
"It is a lie!" I exclaimed, vehemently.  
"A foul lie! If your brother is  
murdered, it was not by my hand! I  
am an American citizen, and I de-  
mand a fair and just trial!"  
A cold sneer came upon his face,  
and he spoke to some of his men in  
their own dialect.  
Then I was rudely jostled and led  
along a hall and up a broad flight of  
stairs. Turning to the right from  
these, I was taken into the very room  
from which I had taken the locket,  
the pin and the manuscript.

On the floor, near the entrance, lay  
Pachio Maligni, dead, a gaping wound  
in his throat, and his body convulsed  
as if in the last struggle. I glanced  
hastily around. The contents of the  
room were undisturbed, with one  
important exception—the red box,  
which I had left on the table, was  
gone.  
"I did not kill him," I said, point-  
ing to the dead showman. "I know  
nothing about his death. My object  
in coming here was to carry Nita  
Barloti away—to get her out of his  
clutches—for she loves a friend of  
mine, in whose service I was acting.  
I looked in at your brother's window,  
and saw him sitting at the table. He  
got up from his chair and went out  
that door. Then I fled with the girl.  
You know as much as I do about  
what took place here after I left."  
He repeated my words to the  
guards. They laughed in a bitter,  
sneering way.  
I had not mentioned the fact that  
I had entered Pachio Maligni's room  
and taken the paper and golden trinkets  
for in that moment of great anxiety  
my thoughts came swiftly, and I  
divined that the elder Maligni had no  
knowledge of the existence of the red  
box or its contents.  
I did not see Nita Barloti again  
that night. She was doubtless con-  
fined somewhere in the villa. I was  
conducted to a strongly guarded  
chamber, where, with armed Sar-  
dianians around me, I spent a memor-  
able and uncomfortable night.  
(To be continued.)

ONE PAINTER'S HAPPY LIFE.  
Mind of William Blake Filled With  
Lofty Thoughts.  
William Blake, the poet and paint-  
er, whose delicate and mystical work,  
both in words and on canvas, was  
quite unlike that of any other man,  
had a singularly happy life. It was  
full of discouragement and greatly  
cramped by poverty, but of this he  
seemed to take no account. His mind  
was always filled with lofty and beau-  
tiful thoughts, and this world seemed  
to him but the entrance to a nobler  
state of existence.  
One day, when he was an old man, a  
little girl was brought to him. He  
looked at her tenderly, stroked her  
long curls, and said:  
"My child, may God make this world  
as beautiful to you as it has been to  
me."  
He had not been well for a long  
time before his death. When his old  
friend, the artist Flaxman, died, Blake  
said:  
"I thought I should go first. I can-  
not think of death as more than going  
out of one room into another."  
A little more than a year after that  
he died. On the day of his death he  
composed and uttered songs in praise  
of God, so sweet that his wife, as she  
stood by, was enraptured by them.  
"My beloved," he said to her, "they  
are not mine. No, they are not  
mine!"

As Iron Serpent.  
Experiments are being made in Ger-  
many with a railway engine of a new  
type and a train accident is feared.

FEARS CONVICTION AND FLEE

Edward Pinkerton is Acquitted After  
Forfeiting His Bond.  
Edward Pinkerton, who was on trial  
in the circuit court at Springfield on  
a charge of burglary, failed to appear  
when the case was to have been re-  
sumed and his bond of \$500, signed by  
his mother, Mrs. Lucy Pinkerton of  
Nokonia, and Attorneys Bart Galligan  
and A. G. Murray was declared for-  
feited. The case was resumed with-  
out the presence of the defendant.  
After being out three hours the jury  
returned a verdict finding Pinkerton  
not guilty. Although acquitted by the  
jury, Pinkerton's bondsmen must  
make good the amount.

Buy Missouri Farms.  
The following named Decatur peo-  
ple have purchased farms in Stoddard  
county, Mo.: R. L. Watson, 340  
acres; J. A. Montgomery, 480; Mrs.  
Mary McIlhin, 320; B. F. Cloud, 630;  
P. P. Laughlin, 1,180; Luther Martin,  
640; W. G. Bachman, 400; Lillian B.  
Irwin, 160; Clarence Nafel, 640; Ann  
Morris, 320; Frank Suffern, 360; Ar-  
thur Graham, 400.

Immense Apple Crop.  
At the G. H. Perrine fruit farm near  
Centralia, which is one of the largest  
in southern Illinois, the work has just  
been completed of picking the im-  
mense apple crop. Eight thousand  
barrels were picked and shipped,  
mostly to Eastern markets. It re-  
quired about seventy men and boys to  
do the picking and packing.

State Telephone Officers.  
The annual meeting of the Illinois  
telephone company was held at Jack-  
sonville. The following officers were  
elected: President, Henry Parikh,  
Chapin; vice president, E. P. Kirby,  
Jacksonville; treasurer, E. B. Green-  
leaf, Jacksonville; secretary, F. C.  
Funk, Chapin.

Sunday School Convention.  
The thirty-fourth annual conven-  
tion of the Cumberland county, Ill., Sun-  
day school association, convened at  
Hazel Dell. There were delegates  
from many of the schools of the county  
present. George W. Miller of the  
state association is the state helper.

Asks Damages for Injuries.  
Frank McCormack has brought suit  
against the Chicago-Virgen coal com-  
pany for injuries received, which were  
due, he says, to a defective wheel on  
a mine car. One leg was broken and  
he was otherwise injured, and he asks  
for damages amounting to \$5,000.

Sells Coal Rights.  
Patrick Howard sold the coal rights  
under his land in South Fork town-  
ship to the Victor coal company of  
Lawrence for a consideration of \$28,  
960.

Fight Injuries Cause Death.  
John Stanley, the veteran mail car-  
rier of Springfield, who was injured in  
a fight on the public square is dead.

War on Hunters.

St. Charles county officers have  
again declared war on outside hun-  
ters, and it is threatened that all hun-  
ters attempting to carry game out of  
the county will be prosecuted. St.  
Charles county is the favorite resort  
of many St. Louis hunters. Altan  
sportsmen, too, have been going there,  
but all have been forbidden and there  
will be no favorites with the county  
officers.

HEADS WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Eugenie M. Bacon, who has  
just been elected president of the Illi-  
nois Federation of Women's Clubs,  
is a prominent society leader and



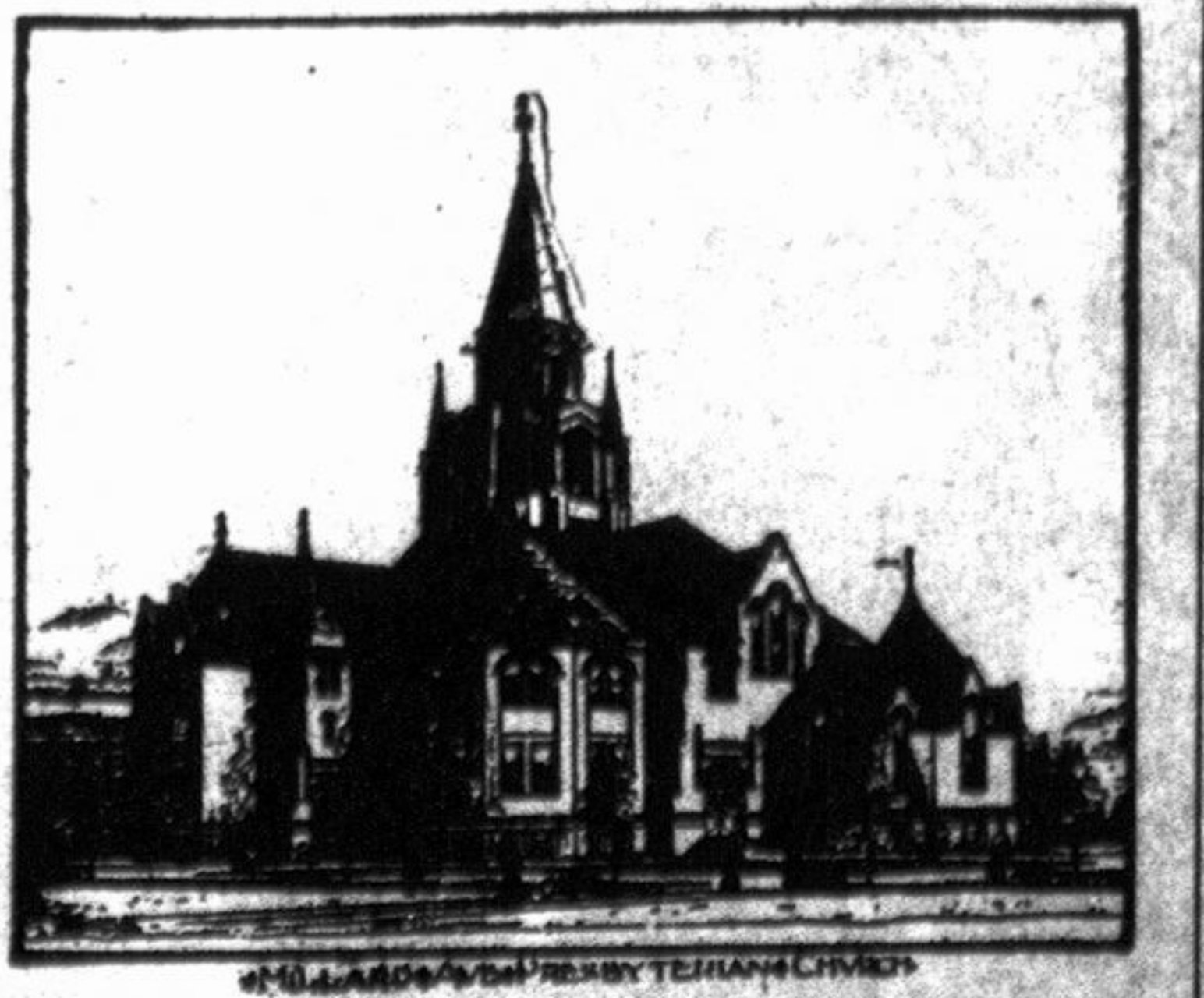
club woman of Decatur. She has oc-  
cupied several minor positions in the  
federation, and distinguished herself  
in the campaign just closed by her  
frankness in appealing to the mem-  
bers for their votes.

Epidemic of Theft.  
At Decatur Charles Allen, a clerk  
at Bell's drug store, was arrested for  
robbing his employer, and later he at-  
tempted suicide in the county jail.  
Harry Yancey, candy maker, is in jail  
on a charge of stealing 1,000 or more  
cigars from the Maris company. Miss  
Minnie Glenn was arrested for steal-  
ing a cloak from her employer, Wil-  
liam Gushard.

Building Collapses.  
A store building on the corner of  
Eleventh and Jackson streets, Spring-  
field, which has been undergoing a  
course of remodeling, collapsed. Several  
workmen employed by Contractor  
Nels Olsen had narrow escapes from  
serious injury, many receiving sprains  
and bruises, more or less painful.

Inhuman Parent.  
In the Christian county circuit court  
James Durbin of Palmer was convicted  
by a jury on the charge of rape, and  
was sentenced to twenty-five years'  
confinement in the state penitentiary.  
Durbin's victim was his own 15-year-  
old daughter.

NEW IDEAS IN CHURCH BUILDING.



The plan which is followed in the  
building of the Millard Avenue Free-  
byterian church, Millard and Ogden  
avenues, Chicago, is a departure from  
the traditional ideas and methods of  
church construction in this country.  
The edifice will have a gymnasium, bow-  
ling alleys, a large hall for social  
entertainments, and other unusual  
features. Part of the church was com-  
pleted a year ago and the entire struc-  
ture will soon be finished. It will  
cost \$50,000 and will be constructed  
of brick and stone. The auditorium  
will have a seating capacity of 500.  
The basement will be provided with

a large assembly room, a gymnasium,  
and bowling alleys, a church parlor,  
kitchen, toilet and wash rooms, dress-  
ing and choir rooms, and the furnace  
and fuel room. The first floor will  
contain the auditorium proper, a pri-  
mary room, five Sunday school rooms,  
a large organ and choir room, and the  
pastor's rooms. The gallery will con-  
tain additional seats for the congrega-  
tion, a mothers' room, a women's par-  
lor, and Sunday school galleries. The  
pastor of the church, the Rev. Gran-  
ville Ross Pitts, is confident that his  
plan will prove of great benefit to the  
community.

Settle Nominations Controversy.  
Springfield, Ill., special: About  
the decision in the Democratic nomi-  
nation contest in the Thirty-third  
senatorial district, O. J. Geary of Sher-  
burne is the regular nominee for state  
senator, and George A. Cook of Alton  
is the nominee for congressman.

Buyers Corn Stalks.  
A. G. Winters, general manager of  
the Marsden cellulose company of  
Philadelphia, is purchasing large quan-  
tities of corn stalks. About 10,000 tons  
will be contracted for in Sangamon,  
Menard and Logan counties.

GOULDS BUILDS AN EXTENSIVE

Secures Right of Way and Options for  
New Line.

The Gould interests have just se-  
cured the right of way and options on  
a large body of land extending from  
Shawneetown to Golconda, on the  
north side of the Ohio river, and have  
contracted for the construction of a  
new railroad line, which is to tap the  
great basin, Spoon pits and iron  
fields that are being developed in  
southeastern Illinois. The Illinois  
Central is building a branch from  
Reeseville on the Paducah branch,  
to Golconda, but at the latter place  
will be met by the new line which  
practically takes from the Illinois Cen-  
tral the mineral freight tonnage which  
was the prime object of its building.  
Near Reeseville is a large tract of rich  
mineral land, still held by Mrs. Mc-  
Kinley, secured from her father's es-  
tate.

Deaths.  
Mrs. Caroline Keigelmeier, a pioneer  
resident of Virginia, Ill., died, aged 93  
years.

John Wise, 19 years old, died at the  
home of his father, Lewis Wise,  
near Eldorado, Ill.

Information has been received an-  
nouncing the death of Philip Case, son  
of Edward Case, county surveyor at  
Carlinville. He died at Vera Cruz, Mex.  
He was employed by the Midland  
bridge company.

Laugh on Landlord.  
"Wanted—Several good-sized cats,  
liberal prices paid for satisfactory  
ones. Bring to Apartment hotel." The  
above advertisement, inserted in an  
evening paper at Bloomington, over-  
whelmed the landlord with cats. A  
traveling man and his wife had been  
ejected from the hotel because they  
kept a pet cat, and they inserted the  
advertisement.

Poor Pets.  
Hanging by his toes from the traffic  
work on a trolley wire pole on the  
North Eleventh street line of the  
street railway has been a favorite  
sport of Peter Schaefer of Springfield.  
He missed his hold, however, and fell  
to the ground, a distance of 18 feet.  
The right arm sustained a compound  
fracture and the shoulder was dis-  
located.

Negro Stabs Man.  
In a quarrel at the Turkin bath  
rooms at the St. Nicholas hotel at De-  
catur Joe Danahy, a colored man,  
stabbed Dr. Christian Bjornstad, a  
massage specialist of Chicago, in the  
bowels with a pocket knife. The  
doctor is at the hospital in a very pre-  
carious condition and Danahy is in the  
county jail.

Boy Workers in Demand.  
A scarcity of boys is preventing one  
of the factories at the Alton glass  
works being started this season. Hun-  
dreds of boys are needed to operate  
the two factories not in operation, but  
one of the factories will be started  
with the expectation that a sufficient  
number can be had to permit the con-  
tinuance of work.

Dedicates a Station.  
The new station of the Big Four  
system at Nokonia, Ill., has been ded-  
icated. Supt. William Duane of the  
St. Louis division Walter Nichols,  
general agent of the freight depart-  
ment, and Col. C. L. Hillery, assis-  
tant general passenger agent, were  
present and took part in the ceremon-  
ies.

Strong at 90.  
The 90th birthday of Henry Nie-  
haus, one of the charter members of  
the German Evangelical church, was  
celebrated by a family reunion at the  
family home at Alton. Mr. Niehaus  
is still physically and mentally strong  
and is one of the most vigorous men  
of his age to be found.

Studies Insects.  
Prof. F. M. Webster of the depart-  
ment of agriculture at Washington  
spent several days about Carbondale  
the guest of Prof. George H. French  
of the Normal university, studying  
insects and pests that affect wheat and  
grass. He is on a tour of Illinois and  
Indiana.

Veteran Passes.  
Mr. Henry Inman, a veteran of the  
civil war, died at his home in Av-  
iston, aged 81 years. Deceased was  
a member of the G. A. R. and had been  
employed many years as section fore-  
man by the Ohio and Mobila and Bal-  
timore and Ohio railroad company.

Cadets Wear Khaki.  
According to the new rules of the  
United States army adopting the khaki  
uniform, the cadets at the Western  
military academy at Alton have been  
equipped with the new uniform.

Falls From Roof.  
While engaged in shingling a shed  
at Springfield Thomas Duggan fell to  
the ground. Several heavy feet of shingles  
and other lumber fell on him, and  
he sustained a fracture of the skull  
and a dislocation of the hip. He is  
in a critical condition.