PRESENTED AT COURT

Experience of an American a an English Royal Levee.

A RAPID TRANSIT FUNCTION

He Was In and Through and Out Be fore He Really Realized What Hac Happened-The Way His Difficulty About a Costume Was Overcome.

A six foot American who had se cured a "command" to one of the Eng lish royal levees recently found him self in a pretty predicament.

On his notification paper was the hint that levee dress was indispensa ble. In the guileless innocence of his democratic soul the American took this to mean that frock coat and shiny shoes would be called for.

He was in the act of looking over his best outfit of that nature when a more experienced friend called and caught him in the act. The friend made hasti to inform the misguided Yankee that levee dress involved silk stockings ruffled sleeves, black sword and other Items.

Consternation ensued. It continued to ensue when owing to his height and girth no borrowable suit was discov ered and no tailor could be found whe would make one before the next after noon. At last a stage levee dress was rented from His Majesty's theater. where it had done duty in "The Last of the Dandies."

After the levee was over the American confessed that he hardly knew what had happened. When he reached the palace he was first surrounded by the yeamen of the guard, who started him upstairs with great dispatch. In the course of his progress upstairs the yeomen disappeared, and he found himself in a lane of tin plated life guardsmen.

Again the scene changed, says Town and Country, and there was a lane of royal footmen and next a large room filled to overflowing with admirals, generals, diplomats, peers, chamberlains, soldiers and sailors of all degrees of commissioned rank and a great host of men attired like himself in levee dress. One by one they were singled out and ushered into the royal presence in the adjoining room, where stood the king surrounded by his suit.

The work of presentation was so rapid that the American found himself out and in another room before he knew what had happened. His overcoat was on his back in the same rapid, mysterious fashion, and the

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Those of England Called the Most Obliging and Helpful.

There is no country where the matter of landing from American passenger ships is so easy and so expeditiously done as England, says the Travel In His Own Line. Magazine. Of course it is a free trade country, the freest in the whole world. There are duties levied on tobacco and spirits, but travelers are allowed a with a perplexed look, said: half pound of tobacco in any shape and all cases, however, these goods must be yard." the actual property of the passenger and be for his use and control. Cocoa, jedge, for me to 'splain how I kotched coffee and tea are also dutiable, as are dem chickens, fer you couldn't do hit reprints of English books. Outside of yerself of yer tried it fohty times, an' these things, as named, passengers can yer might git yer hide full er lead. De

horses, but not dogs, which animals a ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same not to exceed six months' quarantine ez odder folks does, an' when yer awaits. Keep dogs on the American wants ter commit any rascality do hit side. The customs officials are life ap- on de bench, what yo' is at home." pointees-under the civil service-and will be found most obliging and helpful. In fact, they are a model to the customs world. Tell the truth at all times to these officials and you will be all right. They are marvelously keeu on spotting the supposedly smart liar. Lying doesn't pay "annyhow, Hinnessy!" at home or abroad.

TESTATORS' LAST WISHES.

Strange Requests Regarding the Arrangement of Funerals.

Sir James Colquhoun's desire to be buried in full evening dress costume recalls, says the London Standard, curious last wishes of other testators.

George Herring directed that his remains should lie beneath a sundial at the Haven of Rest, Maidenhead, Queen Victoria planned the entire programme for her funeral, even choosing the music to be played, the anthems to be sung.

A couple of months ago a young lady who died at Reigate on the eve of her wedding was buried in her bridal dress, the friends who were to have been her bridesmaids attending the funeral in the gowns which they should have worn at the wedding and carrying in place of wreaths the wedding bouquets.

More singular was the funeral of Major General Algernon Stewart at Hascombe, Surrey. The coffin was drawn to the grave by the dead man's horse. The mourners walked, and the bearers wore old fashioned smocks, each with its collar adorned with a text. The same men appeared in their mourning garments at the church service on the following Sunday.



Jim Jackson was brought before a judge charged with chicken stealing. After Jackson's conviction the justice.

"But I do not understand, Jackson, a half pint of spirits, which also in pow it was possible for you to steal cludes perfume. Sugar is dutiable, those chickens when they were roostwhether in grain, sweets or in jam, but ing right under the owner's window a small quantity is freely passed. In and there were two vicious dogs in the

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, bring in anything-motors, cycles, bes' way fer you ter do, jedge, is jes

> BRAVE LOVE. He'd nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song. But we were wed when skies were blue And summer days were long. And when we rested by the hedge The robins came and told How they had dared to woo and win When early spring was cold. We sometimes supped on dewberries, Or slept among the hay, But oft the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play The rare old tunes-the dear old tunes-We could not starve for long While my man had his violin And I my sweet love song. The world has aye gone well with us, Old man, since we were one Our homeless wanderings down the lanes-It long ago was done. But those who wait for gold or gear, For houses and for kine, Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere, And love and beauty tine,

Will never know the joy of hearts That met without a fear When you had but your violin And I a song, my dear.

An Interruption.

A little boy in his night dress was on his knees saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said, "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffin' out of Nellie."

The Mad Dog.

William J. Stevens, for several years local station agent at Swansea, R. I., was peacefully promenading his platform one morning when a rash dog ventured to snap at one of William's plump legs. Stevens promptly kicked the animal halfway across the tracks, and was immediately confronted by the owner, who demanded an explanation in language more forcible than courteous.

indignation, which was met with unruffled assurance from the pavement, the ancient came down and unbolted the door. When he had picked up the diner and stood him in the corner the following conversation took place: "Now, sir, what do you mean by

waking me up at this hour?" "Come t'apsher 'vertishment."

"Well, sir, this is no time to come on such an errand. What have you to say?"

"I've come to tell you-very sor-rycan't go with you."

A Volunteer.

A darky preacher was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading.

"Oh, bredern, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep an' dere's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats? Let's all try to be like de li'l' white lambs. bredern. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep, Who's gwine to be de sheep, bredern, an' who's gwine to be de goats? Tak' care ob youh souls, sisters. Remember dere's gwine to be goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?"

Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said:

"Of'll be the goat. Go on; tell us the joke, elder. Of'll be the goat!"-Lip pincott's.

He Knew His Father.

"Suppose," said a father to his little boy, "you have half an apple and I give you another half. How much have you?"

"A whole apple," said the boy. "Well," continued the father, "suppose you had a half dollar and I gave you another half dollar. What would you have "then?"

"A fit," promptly answered the boy.

Passed In the Dark.

It is said that General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries in America in 1776, knew little about the sea and less about geography. On the voyage to America he was on Lord Howe's ship, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, as the voyage was unusually long. Knyphausen was a martinet so far as discipline was concerned. He had strong scruples against interfering, but the time came when he could keep silence no longer. He marched stiffly up to the admiral and said: "My lord. I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea; but, being intrusted with the troops of his serene highness,

No Tyranny of Circumstances

Can Permanently Imprison a Determined Will

If you are really determined to get ahead, to accumulate something, to be one of the solid financial men of the community you can do it.

Just a ltttle self-denial and the conserving of your income until you have enough to make an investment-then keep your money working for you,

Even if your present income is small you can start a back account and build up for the investment. Start now,

Safety Deposit Boxes, \$1 per Year.

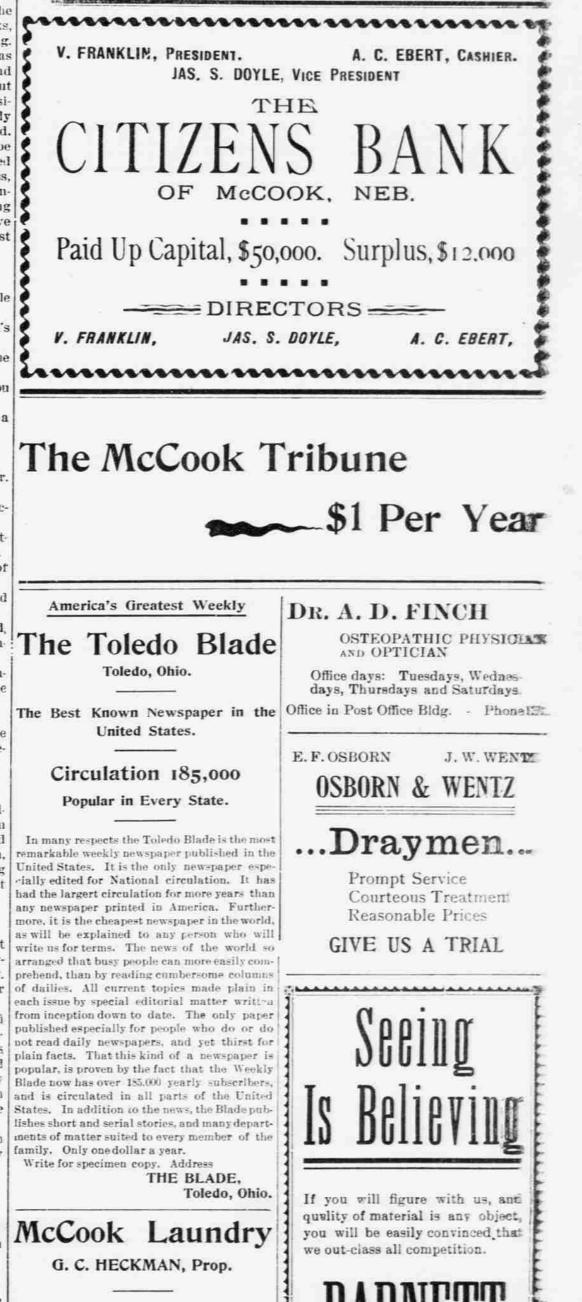
First National Bank, -:- McCook, Nebraska

We have in stock a fine assortment of

Wedding Stationery

that cannot fail to please the most exacting. It is correct as to texture and finish -in fact, nothing is lacking that goes to form the very latest in invitations and announcements.

The TRIBUNE Office



next thing he knew he was outside in the courtyard. But he was actually "presented" and is now forever Hof fahig, or eligible for presentation at any court in the world, provided he behaves himself.

All this was preliminary to the presentation of the man's wife and daughter at the drawing room. Men are presented at the king's levees, and the women undergo the same ordeal at the courts or drawing rooms, which are by far the more imposing functions. It is probably no exaggeration to say that every time a drawing room is held £100,000 is spent by the people who go to court.

None but a very old habitue of the court-and then she is never below the rank of a countess-would dream of appearing at court in a costume that she had worn there before. The item of flowers alone is one of vast importance. If it were not for the drawing rooms the large florists could not exist.

Every woman who is presented goes armed with a bouquet, whose value is at least a pound, and some of them are worth ten times that sum. Then there are the bookmakers and the hosiers and the milliners to consider, to say nothing of the people who lend carriages.

Suppose there are at a low estimate 500 people on the presentation list. Of these every mother's sughter has herself photographed in her court costume, and London court photographers are notorious for their stiff prices,

St. James' park on the night of a drawing room is filled with Londoners who wander up and down the double line of carriages stalled in the mall, peering into the windows and criticising the costumes of the matrons and their debutante daughters. It is a legitimate privilege of the populace to consider those waiting for presentation as objects of interest, and there the latter have to sit, some of them over an hour, subjected to the gaze of London's citizens. You see half a dozen shopgirls flattening their noses against the window of a motor brougham and carrying on a rapid fire conversation about the dress of milady and her daughter inside.

"Ain't she beootiful, Mary Ann?" or "Wet do you think of this un? Oi don't like 'er gown at all."

All this has to be borne with Spartan fortitude so long as there is no rowdyism; but, strange to say, there never is.

A good many people starve themselves for months so that they and their offspring may have the money to enable them to go to court. There are many half pay colonels who live in the country whose one object is to come up for a drawing room.

a sigh, "but he's one of those men who who had been dining freely. He cogi-Generally they have influential and never let their right hand know what tated awhile and then told the club wealthy friends who make it easy for real sympathy in her voice. porter to call a hansom. The cab was them in the matter of lodging in town "No," still insisted Uncle Harry, their left hand does." procured, and with a little muscular and lend them their horses, carriages "Dus' feel bum, hey?" And that won the uncle!-Ladies' exertion on the part of the porter and and footmen; otherwise it would be im-Wrong Man. Dry and Steam Cleaning and "You understand," said the captain, the cabby the young man was stowed possible for them to go. There seems Home Journal. "that we want a secretary who is thor- away in its recesses. Pressing to be a tradition that if a man's daughte has not been presented at court oughly accustomed to managing men." He told the man to drive to the ad-Scotch Ostentation. her way to a successful marriage will "In that case," answered the appli- dress given in the advertisement, Ar-Boswell, at a public dinner, complained that he had his pocket picked GATEWOOD & VAHUE cant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me rived there he was assisted to the not be so smooth. That of course is a fallacy, but the tradition never dies, you want, but my wife. pavement and with much dignity or. of his handkerchief. "Pooh," said Dr. dered the cabby to practice on the bell Johnson, "it's nothing but the ostentaand so people stint themselves and en-DENTISTS Money does all things. It makes and knocker of the old fashioned residure endless sacrifices that they may tion of a Scotchman to let the world put the hall mark on themselves and honest men and knaves, fools and phi. dence. The advertiser stuck his ven- know that he had possessed a handerable head out of the window, and their offspring. NOTIFIC TRANSPORT losophers.-L'Estrange. kerchief." Office over McAdams' Store Phone 190

Disgualified.

Although Mrs. Harlow loved her husband and admired what she considered his good points, it was a never ending source of amazement to her that he had been chosen to fill the office of mayor for three successive terms. "Everybody knows how much I think of James," she said in a dazed way to one of her husband's cousins. "I always said and always should say that he is as good as gold. But if you'll tell me whether you think a man who is color blind and who brings home toys that won't go when you wind

them and who still thinks I could like olives if I'd only try is fit for such a position why, all I can say is I don't." -Youth's Companion.

A Chinese Idea of Foreigners.

The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up so that no one could see them on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might crg and weep, but the foreigner would but drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump into the sea than submit to this." ---South China Post.

Antiquity of an Old Tune.

When Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799 and the band struck up the tune which in England is set to the song "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliriously They averred that they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the tune was brought to Europe from the dark continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders.-St. James' Gazette.

The Appetite.

"The appetite," said the physician, "is always a consideration of great importance."

poor one you worry about your health, and if you have a good one you worry about the expense."-Washington Star.

In Ignorance.

"Your husband seems to have an ex- Couldn't Go to Egypt. alted opinion of you," remarked the right hand."

"Why," said Stevens when the other paused for breath, "your dog's mad." "Mad! Mad! You double-eyed

blankety-blank fool, he ain't mad!" "Oh, ain't he?" cut in Stevens, "Gosh! I should be if any one kicked me like that!"-Everybody's.

Politeness Pays.

In one of the churches of New York according to District Attorney Jerome, there was once an old woman who in sisted on bowing her head every time the name of Satan was mentioned dur ing the service or sermon. The rector, after noticing the eccentricity for many months, asked her: "Madam, why do you bow at the name of Sa tan? It is not customary, you know.' "Oh, I know that," she said, "but it doesn't cost anything to be polite, and one never knows what will happen."

On the Job.

A New York printer who occupies a floor in Seventeenth street directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign at the street entrance a few days ago. The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red headed little tad climbed to the printer's office with the sign under his arm.

"Say, mister," he demanded of the printer, "did youse hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' sign?"

"I did," replied the printer sternly, "Why did you tear it down?"

Back of his freckles the youngster was gazing in wonder at the man's stupidity.

"Hully gee!" he blurted. "Why, I'm the boy!"

And he was.

A Sympathetic King.

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power and that his fall would be bitter to him, but when the time came the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis broke the news to Soult The interview took a long time, and the ministers were not without appre "Yes," answered the man who is hension. Finally the door was opened painfully economical. "If you have a just enough to allow the king's queer pear shaped head to pass, and he whis pered: "A little patience, gentlemen just a little patience. We are weeping together."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An old gentleman advertised for an bride's aunt. "He says you are his agreeable companion to visit Egypt with him. This advertisement was "Yes," rejoined the young wife, with seen late at night by a young man

my master, I feel it my duty to inquire if it be not possible that during the extremely dark nights we have lately had we may have sailed past America."-Detroit Free Press.

Divorce Wanted.

Scene: Lawyer's office. Enter little girl, sobbing bitterly. Lawyer-Why, little one, what's wrong? Little Girl-Are you Mr. Blank, the lawyer? The Lawyer-Yes. What is it you

want? Little Girl-I want (sob)-I want-a divorce from my pa and ma.

A Director of the Union Pacific. Pushing into the private car of Mr. Harriman, a messenger boy said: "Hello! I got er telegram for Mc-Keen."

"You mean Mr. McKeen," interrupted Mr. Harriman, with a frosty smile. "Yep, I guess so; the head cheese of the motive department."

Mr. Harriman took the telegram and had it sent to Mr. McKeen.

"What do you do?" he asked the lad, with a glance around at his compan-"I'm one of the directors of the Un-

ion Pacific," said the boy, taking the challenge. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Harriman. "Yep. I direct envelopes over at the

master mechanic's office," was the reply as the lad left the car.

A Matter of Etiquette.

The wedding ceremony was concluded. The proud but bashful bridegroom hesitated and then leaned over and whispered to the officiating clergyman, his natural tendency toward stuttering increased by embarrassment, "Is it k-k-kistomary to c-c-cuss the bride?"

She Won Her Uncle.

Uncle Harry was a bachelor and not fond of babies. Even winsome fouryear-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared. One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eye on Helen. Uncle Harry grunted "Yes," but never stirred from his position-in truth his eyes were tight shut.

By and by wee Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle Harry softly inquired:

"Feepy?" "No," growled Uncle Harry. "Tired?" ventured Helen. "No," said her uncle. "Sick?" further inquired Helen, with