

London Letter.

Her Majesty, whose letters are always wise and worthy of attention, has been busy with her pen this week. She sent some words of warm approval to the Czar with respect to his peace manifesto, assuring him that to see his hopes realized was the dearest wish of her heart; and she also wrote to Queen Wilhelmina, accompanying the letter by a present. She gave some very motherly advice to the young girl, whose position now so nearly recalls her own in bygone years; and she expressed affectionate hopes for her welfare. Wilhelmina, who is impulsive, sent back a pretty gushing note, more than respectful, even reverential; and so simply did she express her delight at our queen's kindness that the aged sovereign wrote again to her. Poor little Wilhelmina! she has troubles to come. Even now in the midst of adulation and enthusiasm she does not look happy, so, at least, a Dutch friend tells me. She is pale and looks anxious. The fact is that she anticipates a trial of strength over her marriage. Her mother favors Prince Harold of Denmark, who is at present representing the Danish sovereigns at the coronation festivities; but the young Queen declares that she will not have him. It is not a very pleasant position for the good-looking young soldier. All eyes are upon him and upon her whenever they appear in public.

It is quite true that Queen Victoria has again refused to have the electric light put in her rooms at Balmoral. "I am too old for these novelties," she said, last week, to someone who urged the change.

She is very angry indeed about the gambling scandal which has made the First German Dragoon so notorious, and has caused Prince Alfred of Coburg to be sent away in penitence. Considering the fact that he lost £3,000 pounds at a sitting, the provoking boy is likely to hear some home-truths from his father. Certainly the Duke and Duchess of Coburg have a bad time with their children. This boy of two and twenty is the worry of their lives, having all the hereditary vices fully developed. He flatly refused to marry—which is as well for some poor girl, certainly!—and if not gambling, is usually engaged in some low love affair. It would seem as though "Billy" had now undertaken to manage him—in which task that autocrat may find an outlet for some superfluous energies!

The Queen of Denmark is dying but remains cheerful. Her last wish was to see little Prince Edward of York. "I've nothing left to wish for now, dear," she said to the Princess of Wales. But the doctors think she may last some time yet.

The Sirdar is the hero of the hour. And he is a bachelor! It is enough to tempt one to follow the example of Miss Arnold. Moreover, he is very handsome, if a trifle alarming of aspect. He is an Irishman, of course. Why do all our great soldiers hail from the Emerald Isle? You never saw anything more impressive than the scene near Gordon's statue, in Trafalgar square, when the news of the victory came. The people seemed to have gone mad. Altogether the Omdurman fight showed up our "young bloods" in a grand light. Lily-handed Prince Francis of Teck worked away with deadly effect at a Maxim gun; Lord Tullibardine (the duke of Atholl's boy) dashed back into the thick of the Derwish horde to rescue a trooper, and with the satisfaction of bringing his man out alive. Poor Hubert Howard's fall was a case of sheer martyrdom in the

cause of duty. He survived the famous Lancer charge, but so anxious was he to get his message sent to the Times before any other paper had news, that he ventured into the city before it was safe to go, and was caught and killed in a narrow street. Lord and Lady Carlisle are overwhelmed with expressions mingled with congratulation. The boy was a hero. This is the third campaign in which he risked his life.

Colonel Rhodes did a cute thing when on losing his commission through his connection with the Jameson raid, he became a war correspondent. He has certainly had his fill of battle now. All hope that he may recover. By the way, a very funny story is being told by the African papers owing to Ethiopian sympathies. When Olive Schreiner got a check from her publishers, representing the profits on "Trooper Halket, of Masionaland," she sent a portion of the sum as a present to her mother, who lives at Grahams-town. But Mrs. Schreiner is an admirer of the great Cecil, and never approved of the book; therefore she would on no account share in the profits of an attack on him. A bright thought struck her. She sent the money to the Rhode's Statue Fund, at Buluwayo! What Olive said is not recorded.

Here is a little adventure which has just befallen the Duke of Norfolk. He has had similar ones before, but none so funny. He is taking a driving tour just now through England with his sister, Lady Phillippe Stewart, and his relatives, the Earl and Countess of Londonderry; this is a favorite holiday plan of his, with which he always combines a little inspection of his own department. One day he stopped in a country town and went to send a telegram. As there were several people to be served, the quiet, rather shabby little man waited and used his keen eyes, "which," as a G. P. O. official once said, "are like gimlets." He observed that the young woman in charge was rude and "snappy." When he handed in his telegram, signed "Norfolk," the damsel glanced over it and then threw it back at him. "Put your name to it," she said curtly. "What is your name, anyhow?" The Duke pointed to the word. "Oh, stuff; that's not a man's name, it's the name of a county. Hurry up," said the girl. "I will trouble you for another blank, if you please," quoth His Grace, with studied politeness. When the form had been tossed to him he wrote his message and handed it to the clerk, saying quite quietly, "This will go free, as it is official." The message ran thus: "To the Permanent Sec., G. P. O., London: clerk at this office exceedingly insolent to the public. Reprimand severely. Discharge at second complaint. The Postmaster General." The girl got deadly white and nearly fainted; then she begged his pardon over and over again abjectly. The Duke—wuo, if stern, is also as kind and chivalrous as can be—gave her a fatherly lecture and any amount of good advice; then left her, lifting his hat at parting as he would have done to a Duchess. I don't think the public will get any more "check" at that office. But I would recommend His Grace to go round the London offices sometimes. He would hear things that would astonish him.

The home life of the Prince and Princess of Wales is not the hell that Americans have been led to believe it.

The time has come to lay in your WINTER'S COAL and wood. See Gregory, corner Eleventh and O, before buying.

FUNKE Opera House

Corner O and Twelfth.
Telephone 355.
F. C. ZEHRUNG, Mgr.

Thursday Evening, Oct. 6.

First of the Season.

Grand Scenic Production of Charles E. Callahan's Great Masterpiece.

A Romance of Coon Hollow

With all its wealth of beautiful scenery and the original cast as produced at the Fourteenth Street theatre, New York.

THE BANNER ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON.

Twenty People in the Cast! Two Car Loads of Scenery and Effects. Don't Fail to See the Great Features! The Great Burglary, The Terrific Explosion, The Realistic Steam Boat Race. Two Enormous Boats Cross the Stage with Full Steam on, Cabins lit up, and Black Smoke pouring from Their Tall Funnels.

THE GREAT COTTON PRESS IN FULL OPERATION.

When by accident a man is crushed between its massive jaws.

A LARGE TROUPE OF BUCK AND WING DANCERS.
THE CAROLING QUINTETTE.

Prices—25, 50, 75 and \$1. Seats on sale Wednesday 9 a. m.

To judge from our journals, the Prince spends all his time with Lady Warwick, while his neglected spouse sits weeping or raising a rumpus at Marlborough House. "They are never seen together," one sage correspondent remarks; "They sat at opposite ends of the royal box," cables another, "and never spoke." As the location indicated by the second statement was the Agricultural Hall, and the occasion a horse show, small wonder if the royal couple were a little hipped, for they had performed some public duty every day during the week, and fined out and attended the opera at night. Did the correspondent imagine that the Prince and Princess would sit ogling one another like a honeymoon pair? One has only to see them at Sandringham, after the tremendous toil of a London season, when she is driving her husband about the country lanes in a pony carriage, to know that all these fakes are as unkind as groundless.

Emperor Joseph, of Austria, has founded the new Order of St. Elizabeth, in honor of his murdered wife, and is distributing the ribbons and crosses. A grief that indulges in such trivialities cannot be very deep or permanent. In fact, the Austrian court is secretly divided between rejoicing at the termination of what has always been regarded as a mesalliance and dread of further assassinations.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[Continued from Page 7.]

spend a few more months in travel and idleness and the Captain is an old soldier and has learned to obey. They will leave in a week or so for San Francisco, from where they will go to Honolulu, then to Hong Kong and the prospective states of the Pacific.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Dawes, Mrs. R. C. Dawes and Miss Mary Barber arrived in Lincoln on Tuesday and are now at the Lincoln hotel. They are the only ones of the party announced as coming on Sunday who have as yet arrived in the city. General Woodford had been expected to be present with Mr. Dawes at the ceremonies of Chicago day at the exposition, but as he will present the medals to the crew and officers of the Brooklyn at New York on Thursday night this will be impossible. Mr. Mills of Marietta, O., and Mr. McCormick of Philadelphia, arrived on Wednesday to accompany the party to Omaha, where Mr. Dawes took part in the Chicago day program.

Miss Barber is a niece of Mrs. McKirley, her home being in Canton, O.

The faculty of the University school of music will give its first concert in the university chapel Wednesday evening, October 5. Mrs. W. O. Jones will play the Waldesrauschen by Liszt, and Erzalung by McDowell. Mr. Hagenow, a Capriccio by Saint Saens, played here the first time. Mr. Randolph, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Getner will contribute vocal numbers, and Miss Perkins will play the Tarantello, Liszt. All lovers of music are invited.

Mr. Eames will give a classic recital October 19, at the chapel.

Miss Eleanor Raymond is soprano soloist at the First Presbyterian church.

The advanced chorus began the study of "The Crusaders" last week.

THE THEATRE

A natural pastoral drama, flavored with the breezy and local color of Tennessee life, and permeated with the soft southern atmosphere of its valleys, is a "Romance of Coon Hollow," which will be seen at the Funke opera house Thursday, October 6, with a wealth of scenery and mechanical effects, and one of the largest acting companies on the dramatic stage. This pretty ideal is a mirror of southern life, a study of character of a people who will ever interest. To thoughtful people there is a splendid construction of the characters and a humor that is not farcical, but natural and infectious. The story finds its origin from the romantic glen in east Tennessee, known as "Coon Hollow." Among the magnificent scenic effects are a steamboat race on the Mississippi at night between the Robert E. Lee and Natchez, the boats lighted and under full heads of steam; a cotton compress at work, and a moonlight view of Coon Hollow painted from life. A band of plantation darkies are seen in a wood landing place on the river, where, by moonlight, they indulge in the songs, dances and antics that have made the colored race a humorous factor in history. "The Romance of Coon Hollow," now ending its fifth year on the road, comes to the Funke for the opening of the regular season. Prices from 25c to \$1. Sale of seats opens Wednesday at 9 a. m.

MR. ELMER L. RICHESON

Member of the Western Association of Round School Masters of Dancing, will open his

DANCING SCHOOL

at 141 South Twelfth Street, Monday, October 3.