

VAN DERBILTS SCRAP OVER THE PRINCE



MRS. ALFRED VANDERBILT.



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

The honor of being the only private family to entertain Prince Henry of Prussia during his American visit has been hotly contested for by the Cornelius Vanderbilts and Alfred Vanderbilts. It was early stated that the prince will confer this distinction upon one of the Vanderbilt families before his return to Germany. It is now announced that Cornelius will have the honor of dining his royal highness next Sunday. As a result of the bad blood Alfred Vanderbilt and his wife have not been asked to be one of the party.

In and About . . .
Nebraska

How can Nebraska escape the six year famine that is coming to Kansas? In the town of Harper, Kansas, a little girl baby is said to have commenced talking at the age of three weeks. Six words are all she pronounces and these are "Six years of famine in Kansas." To this A. C. Vradenburg, of Wausa, Neb., vouches. For substantiation he shows a letter from a friend in Harper, in which is told the remarkable feat of the infant. According to this missive people are flocking to the town for many miles around. After scrutinizing the child a few minutes and harkening to its strange prophecy they wend their several ways homeward again, some to pack up and leave the state and others to remain for their fate. The number who have heeded the warning is growing to be quite immense. In the baby's short sentence, many are convinced, lies the freshest message from Divinity, one to be disregarded at the hearer's peril. The excitement is spreading and at Wausa the question is being debated whether Nebraska will share any in the disaster.

The death of a dog at Atkinson may save the life of one or more ordinarily careless school children. At least it will not be from a dearth of warnings. The children are in the habit of passing their spare moments in the vicinity of the city water plant. This is a standpipe that is filled by windmills. One day recently the stand pipe was full of water with a surface of ice that struggled to jump over the rim. Every few minutes a goodly chunk would break loose and take a good long drop. One of them struck a poor cur that was lapping at a trickling rivulet at the base of the tall tank. With a few convulsive kicks it relinquished the ghost. It is the boast that Atkinson has no pupil with a skull so thick as to safely resist the impact of one of these missiles and they are publicly warned to beware.

A shudder goes through the state as the annual sermon on playing marbles for keeps is dragged out of the musty pigeon-hole. It is a rare country weekly that has nothing to say on this

great moral question. Look well to your offspring. The comma, the whitey, the glassy, the crockery, the moonie, are being displayed in tempting array in the windows of the drug and racket stores. It will soon be time for the youngster to turn his diligence to the art of "shooting" with unerring skill. Even now his hands are itching for the property on exhibit. He is feeling about his clothes for every spare penny and nickel. Moreover, and worst of all, he is furnishing for the marbles of his mates. Least of the ills of the situation is the prospect of bedraggled clothes and pant knees worn through. Alas for the moral impetus of the urchin! The invidious germ of gambling is planted in his system. It will grow and mature. What then will become of the promising stub of humanity? Surely a bunco steerer he will be if not worse. And so on.

Why call them "spider-legged dudes?" The Atkinson Graphic is out with a lantern excitedly seeking this time for information. It is a chronic phrase, says the editor, and why? The very impudence! Nobody answers. The editor has made a personal investigation of the status of dudes, in his community at least. There are as many with chubby, ungainly nether limbs as with "spider" legs, if not more, he volunteers. A willy is a willy wherever you find him, he adds, and it is not a matter of legs but brains. Why did not the inventor of smart terms take that into account? Surely it is paramount to legs! What is a "spider legged dude" anyhow? Reduced to the last analysis who can tell what the term signifies? Nebraska provender develops the physique of a cholly as uniformly as that of any other man. Relief! Relief! Give it to the Graphic soon! The more it questions, the more violent its puffy indignation!

Credit Norfolk with the latest form of business enterprise. Clubbing together the commercial men have adopted this scheme of materializing wealth. It has greatly angered the smaller business men in nearby counties. Any man or woman in a surrounding county who wants to stock up on necessary merchandise is paid his railroad fare into Norfolk. The club does it and the only requirement is that the investment be at least thirty dollars.

The returns are anything but satisfactory to the other dealers. To stem the tide that is going against them they advertise that their goods are cheap enough to offset the inducement of railroad fare half a dozen times. But it doesn't stem worth mentioning.

There is contagion in the habit of boring for oil. Perhaps the latest venture is at Pawnee City. Nobody pretends to say oil flows about that city in any quantity whatever. A company has been organized, however, which intends to bore to a depth of 2,000 feet. It bears a diverting difference from other companies. It is not dead set on oil alone, but will be content with coal, gas or "anything else of value." As soon as the frost is out enough to permit the flow of oil or "anything else" the machinery will be set to work.

A fuel cheaper than coal or wood! And Nebraska has it! It burns nobly, say those who have experimented with it. S. Ogden Edison of Deadwood, South Dakota, is the inventor. As he is the uncle of Thomas Edison it is considered that his achievement is by no means trivial and insignificant. Chopped hay, straw, grass and even weeds, make up the composition, all together or each separate. The knack is in the compressing. Mr. Edison has made a machine and secured a patent on it, the capability of which is that of mashing this sort of debris into sticks of from nine to twelve inches in length. Just the proper extent for a stove. A factory will shortly be built by the inventor with a capacity of fifty tons of fuel per day. When the farmers of Nebraska begin to find something of value in their weeds there will be fewer plaints and pops, so it is predicted. It is a sorry year indeed in Nebraska when the weeds fail.

Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said: "D—n that guinea hen!" Farmers in Nebraska are beginning to learn that, diabolical as is the voice of these fowls, they are an invaluable adjunct of his acres. In addition to their voice they possess an inordinate fondness for worms and bugs. It is their reputation that they alone of all birds will eat potato bugs. They are native to warmer climes where they are wont to travel in flocks. Unlike chickens they

are prone to pair off, rather than lead polygamous lives. Being of a domineering disposition their relations with the less noisy birds are not always of the utmost harmony. But they do like bugs. They are considered one of the very best of protections against insect invasions.

Some boys at Hays Center are holding in captivity a wondrously beautiful golden eagle. It was caught thereabouts in a trap recently and it has been a question whether to save it for the Fourth of July and release it amidst the huzzas of the multitudes or let it go now. It eats too much. A nice fat chicken a day is none too much for it and eggs are too high now to make this a promising investment. The Fourth is too far remote. Lest the young men kill the handsome specimen the papers are exerting themselves hard to impress them with its undying significance.

A peculiar experience was that of Sam Prater of Falls City. It nearly killed him. A horse recently had him by the throat. Had the animal set his jaws just a trifle harder it would have been goodbye Sam. Mr. Prater was busy in his blacksmith shop, equipping the horse with new shoes. While at work, the animal, with ears lying back, reached its cold nose down to the face of Mr. Prater. He looked up and the beast took good hold of his throat. Down hard set the teeth and Sam was likely to perish of strangulation. The walls of his windpipe were pressed tightly together though the outside skin was very little abraded. But the horse let loose. It was several days before Mr. Prater recovered from the shock, and succeeded in breathing easy again.

Belvidere papers are moralizing. A stirring evangelist was there a while ago. After one of his most eloquent exhortations in which he had his hearers traveling south he sprung the pledge—tobacco pledge. One by one the men slapped down their names and tossed their wads and plugs into the church stove. Since then the stove will not burn. It will be canonized as a martyr and a new one will be given its old stand. So aver the papers in religious accents.

SETON-THOMPSON'S REVERSES.

A nice dinner was recently given to Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton. There were said to be present Mr. Gilder-Watson-Richard, Mr. Bacheller-Irving, Dr. Mitchell-Weir, Mr. Bangs-Kendrick-John, Mr. Stockton-Frank-R., Mr. James-Henry, Mr. Churchill-Winston, Miss Johnston-Mary, Mrs. Phelps-Stuart-Elizabeth, and Washington-T.-Booker; not to mention Mr. Howells-Dean-William and Mr. Page-Nelson-Thomas.

A DIPLOMAT'S ANSWER.

On one occasion Lord Palmerston was "heckled" by an audience which demanded to know whether he would vote for a certain measure. With an appearance of the utmost frankness the speaker fronted the audience. "I will," he began. Loud cheers from the conservatives. "Not." Yells from the opposition; consternation in the other party. "Tell you," calmly resumed the speaker, amid general laughter and good feeling.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyeffy is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Muggins—"My husband told me a barefaced lie when he came home this morning." Mrs. Buggins—"The lie my husband told me had whiskers on it."—Philadelphia Record.

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