

# IS RECEIVED COLDLY

## ALLIES SHOW PRINCE CHING LITTLE COURTESY.

### GERMAN LEGATION SNOBS HIM DIRECT

Not Allowed Entrance—Americans and Russians Extend More Courtesy—Chinese Question May Be Settled by International Commission.

A Pekin, China, dispatch of October 14 says: Prince Ching, who visited the foreign ministers yesterday, did not receive that cordial reception he seemed to expect. At the British legation, the first one he visited, the demeanor of Sir Claude MacDonald was chilly in the extreme and the visit occupied no longer than five minutes. Prince Ching was in his sedan chair, borne on the shoulders of eight gorgeously apparelled servants, preceded by four Chinese officials, of high rank, each wearing the insignia of the peacock's feathers. A troop of Japanese cavalry acted as escort and guard. From the English legation the cavalcade went to the German legation, but were refused admission to the Germans, being informed by the Chinese interpreter of the legation that the representative of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Germany, were not receiving social calls at present from Chinese officials. At the Spanish legation, where the French minister also resides, the call lasted twelve minutes, and at the Austrian legation not as long.

At the Russian over an hour was spent. From there the American legation was visited. Here the prince was received by Mr. Conger and the members of the legation. The prince told Mr. Conger that he felt ashamed to look him in the face, but that personally he had done all in his power to prevent the catastrophe that had occurred, but the force of events had proved too much for him. Ching said that he had merely come to pay a visit of respect to an old friend.

It is stated on reliable authority that at the Japanese legation Ching was informed that Japan was utterly opposed to any division of China by the powers, and that both England and America would stand by her in this demand; that China would have to pay heavily for the trouble she has caused, but it would not mean loss of territory.

It is now believed here that the settlement of the situation will be made by an international commission, either at the Hague or at Washington, at which China will not be represented. If the opinion of high officials here can be taken as a guide Russia, Germany, France, and possibly Italy, are in favor of a division of China, with a merely nominal Chinese empire, while England, America and Japan will demand the open door policy, a heavy indemnity, and for a long period the policing of the country by an international force.

## RUNS INTO AN OPEN SWITCH

### Burlington Suffers a Bad Accident on the Iowa Side.

One of the most disastrous wrecks which the Burlington has suffered for some time occurred near the bridge switch on the Iowa side of the Missouri river, between Plattsmouth and Pacific Junction, when No. 27, the Kansas city train, ran through an open switch and crashed into passenger train No. 4, which was standing on a side track waiting for the other train to pass. Following are the casualties:

Killed—Engineer W. F. Roberts, St. Joe, struck by tender of his engine.

Injured—Fireman Robbiss, St. Joe, skull fractured; may die.

Engineer Tippens, leg broken.

Express Messenger Harry Kenard, St. Joe, injuries about head and feet.

B. A. Haskins, Bismarck, Mo., passenger on Kansas City train, injuries about head.

Express Messenger Billinger, Schuyler train, internal injuries, not serious.

Marie Hardy, Trumbell, Ia., slightly injured.

Mrs. F. M. Stafford, Trumbell, Ia., slight bruises about the face.

The body of the dead engineer and the injured trainmen were taken to Plattsmouth on a special train.

## KILLED BY A TRAIN.

### Employee of Burlington at Ansley Has Life Crushed Out.

Fred Dahmar, an employe of the Burlington and a highly respected citizen of Ansley, Neb., was killed by being run over by a stock train. He was shoveling cinders from the track and did not see the train backing up. He leaves a wife and two sons. He was a member of the Royal Highlanders and Mystic Legion and carried \$4,000 insurance.

### Killed at a Crossing.

One man, a girl and a boy, were killed at Newcastle, Pa., by a Pittsburgh & Lake Erie passenger train at Robinson Crossing. Another man was so badly injured that he cannot talk. Their names are unknown.

### Hispano-American Congress.

The Hispano-American congress, which was authorized by a decree signed by the queen regent in April last, will open November 11, in the grand hall of the national library at Madrid. The number of delegates appointed already is over 3,000. A program of fetes has been arranged.

### Rankin Run Over.

James L. Rankin was killed by a Monongahela traction train while driving his horse along Forbes avenue in Pittsburgh, Pa.

## MAKES IMPORTANT CATCH

### Sheriff of Box Butte County Thinks He Has Train Robbers.

Sheriff E. P. Sweeney of Box Butte county has succeeded in capturing Harry Slaterman and Frank Gustmeier, alias Frank Ertz, the two men thought to be the robbers who held up the Burlington train near Haigler, Neb. Slaterman came into Alliance under suspicious circumstances with three horses. He was apprehended by the sheriff as soon as his suspicions could be confirmed and lodged in jail, where he confessed to Sweeney that he and his partner, Gustmeier, had stolen the horses between Paxton and Ogallala, in Keith county, and had also robbed Werr Brothers in Lincoln county of \$433 in gold and several dollars in silver, all of which they had gambled away.

During the interview with Slaterman the sheriff learned that Gustmeier was over on the river, and after riding all night succeeded in capturing the accomplice twelve miles east of Bridgeport at Smith's ranch. The prisoners tell some strange tales about each other, unaware, and of course cause some amusement for the jailers. Although they have so far confessed to nothing directly as to the holdup and robbery many things go to show that Sheriff Sweeney has trapped the culprits at last, as all the circumstances known fit the case exactly. The actions of the men will be closely watched and every precaution taken to secure the prisoners.

Sheriff Sweeney has wired information to Burlington officials and others interested. Officers took Slaterman to Ogallala and Gustmeier to North Platte where they will be held on the above charges, perhaps later to face the charge of train robbery.

## TWO DROWNED IN CESSPOOL

### Father and Son at Omaha Meet Death Together.

Charles M. Geppner and son Roy were overcome by sewer gas and drowned in a cesspool in the rear of Mechanics' home a boarding house at 710 South Fourteenth street Omaha, in which they resided. The two Geppners, in company with W. H. Anderson, had dug a new cesspool and were making arrangements to empty the contents of an old pool therein, a proceeding which is contrary to a city ordinance. The younger Geppner and Anderson were working on a platform at the top of the pool, while the old man was underneath. The latter was overcome with gas, and the men on top caught him, but lost their grip and he fell.

Young Geppner went into the pool and lifted up his father so that Anderson could catch him. Anderson held on as long as possible, calling lustily for help. None came, and in the meantime young Geppner had also been overpowered by the gas. Both father and son fell into fifteen or twenty feet of water and silt, where their bodies remained for nearly a half hour, until taken out by the men of No. 1 hook and ladder company.

The coroner was notified and took charge of the bodies. Charles M. Geppner was fifty years of age and the son twenty-five years.

## RECOMMENDS INDEMNITY.

### Uncle Sam Must Settle for Louisiana Lawlessness.

The president will recommend to congress the payment of an indemnity to the families of the four Italians who were the victims of a mob at Tallaluy, La., about two years ago. A report from a special agent of the department of justice clearly established the fact that the men were killed by the mob, and that none of the perpetrators of the crime were ever punished by the state authorities, notwithstanding the representations of the national government.

The governor of Louisiana caused an investigation, and there were some proceedings before a grand jury, but the result was the national government found itself bound to make some sort of reparation in answer to the Italian government's representation and this will take the form of an indemnity for each of the four persons killed who were Italian citizens at the time of their death.

### Hills Gets Four Years.

Rev. Roland Hills has been sentenced to serve four years for bigamy. A jury at Blair, Neb., found him guilty, the trial judge being Judge Baxter. Rev. Hills was married in England, but not getting along with his wife he came to America. In the '90's he came to Blair and married Miss Dollie Powell. The appearance of wife No. 1 upon the scene led to his arrest, trial and conviction. Mrs. Hills No. 2 and her four days old son will live with her parents at Florence.

### Farmer's Heavy Loss.

J. F. Siems, a prominent and wealthy farmer ten miles north of Columbus, Neb., sustained a loss of \$1,800 by fire, partially covered by insurance. Two barns with most of their contents were destroyed, including over 2,000 bushels of small grain, thirty-five tons of hay, a binder, two plows, two cultivators, a corn planter, a corn sheller, a sewing machine, a feed cutter, etc.

### Big Order for Steel Rails.

President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad has awarded contracts for 150,000 tons of steel rails, for which the company will pay \$26 a ton, or a total of \$1,900,000 for the entire order. The contract is understood, is divided among the Federal, Carnegie, Cambria, Pennsylvania and National steel companies.

Major General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Merritt, have arrived at New York from a protracted tour of Europe.



## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Turning Life's Pages.  
It was a dark December day,  
Outside all looked cold and gray,  
Inside the fire burned high and bright,  
Reflecting on all a ruddy light.

I was sitting at my table,  
Weaving my darling a childish fable.  
In his chair beside, my little four-year-old  
The firelight on his sunny curls, lighting them with gold.

His blue eyes on a tablet old and torn,  
In dimpled hand a pencil brown and worn.  
On every page a mark, then turned it o'er,  
Arrested my attention ere twenty-four.

Said I: "What are you doing, Willie dear?"  
"Nossing, mamma; just turnin' pages here;  
I writes every page until I'm frough,  
Den I stops when I has no more to do."

We are turning pages each and every one,  
And we have been turning since life began;  
Every page in our life in time a day,  
Every page is written in a different way.

Opening the book at the first, youthful joys and childish fears;  
But later on some trifling joy, or pages bathed in tears;  
For every day another page is filled  
By our Creator who hath our fortunes willed.

—Georgia M. Horne.  
Washington, Pa., Aged 14.

### Dolly Stories: Dolly Dimple.

One day when the snow was on the ground one of mamma's grown-up friends came to see me, and she brought a lovely white primrose growing in a pot, and a new dolly! Oh, I was so pleased with both gifts! I thanked dear Miss Hattie Nesmith, for that was her name, and I said: "I shall always love you, for you are so good to a sick little girl."

Mamma put the pretty plant on a table near my bed, and I held out my hands for dolly, and Miss Hattie placed her in my arms.

My new dolly was not very large, for she was a baby, and she had on a long white dress, trimmed with lace, and a little white woolen sack, tied with pink ribbons, and such a cunning little lace hood on her head! Her cheeks were pink, and she had a little bit of a dimple in her chin, so I named her "Dolly Dimple," after a little girl in a story book.

I went to sleep with Dolly in my arms, and when I opened my eyes again I thought I was dreaming; but I found Dolly Dimple was a real dolly not like those in dreamland. Miss Hattie had made a tiny blanket of pink and white stripes knit together, and when I woke Dolly was all covered up in it.

Mamma said: "When you are able to walk again, you shall have a doll carriage for your baby, and the blanket will be very pretty to put over Dolly when you take her out for an airing."

My good kind doctor came to see me the next morning, and I asked him to guess what my dear Miss Hattie Nesmith had brought me. He tried and tried to guess, and then he gave up; then I showed him my new dolly, and he was so surprised! What do you suppose he did? He took Dolly Dimple in his arms, and he asked her: "What is your name, little stranger?"

I said: "Dolly Dimple," playing it was my dolly who answered.

Then he made believe he wanted to have a secret with her; so he held her up and whispered loud on purpose, so I could hear. "Dolly, you are a pretty nice baby, and I think you will promise to help me get your mamma well again." Dolly said: "Yes, doctor." You know I spoke for Dolly.

"Well," he said, "if you will coax your little mamma to try and leave her bed and sit in the sunshine, I will bring you something pretty. It will be for your little mamma; but you can make believe it is yours."

"Oh, I know Dolly wished very much to find out what my good doctor would bring, but he only smiled and said: "Now, little mamma, it is your turn to guess. It is not a dolly. It is white, and it is alive."

One pleasant morning when mamma had put me in a chair for the first time for I had not been able to move for many weeks, my good, kind doctor drove up to the door. He looked up to the window, and was so surprised to see me sitting there he waved his hand and cried out, "Brave little girl!"

Then he tied his horse and made motions for me to shut my eyes. So I shut my eyes as tight as I could, and put my hands over my face. Then I heard the doctor come up stairs, and when he opened the door he said, "You may look now," so I opened my eyes, and he held out a basket with its cover tied down with blue ribbon.

"Why, my dear doctor," I said, "what have you in this pretty basket?"  
The doctor smiled and he said,

## THE ENGLISH SHERIFF

### THE VISION OF HIS GREATNESS AND GLORY.

Imposing Characteristics; Gorgeous Accoutrements—Two Americans Who Would Not Be Paralyzed to Please the Official Man of Buttons.

From the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror: About 10 o'clock, Aug. 1, 1906, Gen. Streeter of Concord, and the writer stood upon the sidewalk opposite St. George's hall, which is the court house in Liverpool, Eng., and saw in front of the great stone edifice a splendid coach drawn by a pair of beautiful black horses whose gold-mounted harnesses gleamed through the rich silk netting that hung over them supporting the heavy tassels that festooned their legs. On the panels of the door of the coach glistened the royal coat of arms. On the box sat a driver, beside him a footman and behind stood two outriders, all in full uniform. In front of the team in regular order were twelve tall and stalwart men uniformed in long cream-colored coats with red facings and gilt buttons, short velvet pants and top boots above which appeared silk stockings and silver knee-buckles and feathered hats which would challenge the hot envy of an Anoskeag veteran. Each carried in his hand some insignia of authority, one a spear, another a mace, and the others various weapons. In front of them posed a trumpeter. When all was ready the cortege moved solemnly down the street toward the Adelphi hotel.

Streeter and I followed on the sidewalk, for he was a guest at that tavern. When we approached the entrance the coach stood in front and the coachman and footman and outriders stood with folded arms on it. The twelve guardsmen in cream colored coats had cleared the passageway to the hotel door, the hall and the broad stairway leading down to it and stood lined up, six on each side of the vacant space. We made our way through the crowd that had gathered about and went toward the two spearmen, who held the walk on that side and majestically ordered us to "Fall back, fall back," and made a move as if to spear us with their weapons. Streeter fell back a step or two and then his Yankee dander rose and he said: "I pay 10s a day for a room in the Adelphi, and I'm going to it if all the queen's army stands in the way." He went ahead, and I, considering how thick he was and that the spear must go through him before it hit me, followed. The guardsmen, paralyzed by his audacity, did not impale him and we got safely in and took positions behind the armed gentlemen in uniform.

Soon after there appeared on the top of the stairs another imposing character in gorgeous accoutrements and behind him a small man in a three-cornered hat, a black swallow-tailed coat with gilt buttons marked "V. R.," a velvet vest similarly adorned, knee breeches, black silk stockings and patent leather shoes with silver buckles, and the pair solemnly marched with majestic tread down the stairway, across the hall and out over the sidewalk to the coach. The usher opened the door of the carriage and the guards stood with uncovered heads until the personages in swallow-tails had entered, when the trumpeter sounded an advance, the guards fell in behind, the outriders resumed their places and the

procession moved up the street to the court house.  
As the vision of greatness and glory disappeared I sank upon a settee in the hall and gasped: "The Prince of Wales!" Streeter, in whose head magnificence and might are always associated with courts, whispered feebly: "The lord chief justice." When we were able we asked the hotel clerk who he was. He rose to a grand height, looked down with a pitying glance at the two ignorant foreigners and staid proudly: "The high sheriff. He stops here."  
Then I fell down again and between convulsions said: "The high sheriff! Oh, how I wish I could see Nat Doane with such an outfit as that." To which Streeter, with characteristic Concord jealousy, responded, "or Frank Edgery."

## Helms Escapes Fortune Hunter.

There has been heard a good deal of abuse of bicycles as the cause of accidents, but in one case a bicycle accident saved a great deal of misery. A young helms at a fashionable watering place got engaged to a young man—a visitor who had no special introduction to the residents, but had the appearance of being wealthy. The wedding day was fixed. Two days before it he was thrown from his bicycle and so severely injured that the date was postponed indefinitely. Then suddenly there was a great expense. It turned out that he was a mere adventurer. He had obtained the house he occupied by a misrepresentation. He had paid the first part of the rent, but nothing else, not even his servants. He ran bills of sale on the furniture—which did not belong to him. He had borrowed money on the strength of his engagement and he would bring to his fiancée a mountain of debt for her to discharge. The postponement of the wedding alarmed one of his creditors, who pressed for money and there was none. The expose caused a definite breaking-off of the engagement and the girl was saved.

## Poison Turned His Hair.

Mr. Louis Kosok of Chicago is at the county hospital suffering from lead poisoning. His hair and eyebrows have turned green and he fears that his skin will turn the same color. His life is in danger and the doctors do not believe he can recover, his system having been thoroughly poisoned. Mr. Kosok has been employed in the smelting department of the American smelting and refining works for several years. In the performance of his special line of work the man was compelled to inhale the fumes of lead and brass. He has been doing this for several years. A few weeks ago he became ill and his friends were startled to notice that his hair was changing color. A few days ago he became helplessly sick in the shops and a physician was called, who diagnosed the case as one of lead poisoning, brought on by inhaling the fumes.

## The Shah's Peacock Throne.

Among the varied treasures of the Shah of Persia, perhaps the Peacock throne ought to be accorded premier place. The frame is entirely of silver, and above it the gleams of silver melt into molten gold. It is encrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. The rug on which the Shah reposes is edged with amethysts, and the pillow on which he reclines his imperial head is fringed with pearls. Some travelers, Sir Richard Burton among them, have estimated the value of the Peacock throne at \$25,000,000.

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Imagine working twelve hours every day flipping letters into cases of pigeonholes at the rate of 1,270 an hour, with the unstable deck of a rolling steamship for a floor, and keeping this up for six and seven days at a stretch. That's what the sixteen mail clerks composing the United States sea post service do for a living month in and month out.

Moreover, they have to work in what is practically an elevator shaft, three stories high and about fifteen feet square. Ventilation is supplied by blowers way down in the hold of the ship, which force the air up and out of the portholes on the third story or attic floor of the floating postoffice. Electric lights gleam night and day in every nook and corner of this elevator shaft, for it is hard enough to decipher many of the addresses on the foreign mail matter, even in the light of years of experience and a luminous imagination, much less in a dismal cabin 'tween decks.

The sea post service, now in its tenth year, has proved such an advantage in expediting the foreign mails that the postoffice department is contemplating the establishment of floating postoffices on two or more Atlantic steamship lines. Already five Hamburg-American, four North German-Lloyd, and three American liners are equipped with postal facilities, and the Cunarders and White Star ships are expected to be the next to carry expert sorters and address readers. In the winter season the American and North German Lloyd liners carry two mail clerks apiece. The men eat at the first cabin table or in the officers' mess, but room on a trans-atlantic liner is so much needed for high-priced passengers and freight traffic

that the allowance for the sea postal employes is rather grudgingly allotted. Usually they are given a small room below the berth-deck, lighted and ventilated by a couple of portholes, with low ceilings and narrow berths. In this "attic" or sky parlor, as the clerks call it, the separation racks are placed. These resemble Broodingagian pigeon cotes. Each compartment is labeled "New York," "Boston," "Ohio," "Japan," etc., when the vessel is bound thither, and "Hamburg," "Berlin," "London," "Norway-Sweden," "Russia," etc., when bound for Europe. On one side of the room is a "separation table," on which registered packages are sorted, a pair of small scales for weighing them, and stamps for marking supplementary mail.

One deck below, reached by a narrow companion-way, are the newspaper racks, great iron griddons, with big yawning canvas sacks suspended beneath. Into these pouches the third and fourth class mail matter is thrown with marvelous precision and rapidity. On the bulkhead wall a railroad map is placed to guide the sorter, if he is a bit uncertain where a particular package is to be thrown.

A trap door in the floor leads to the cellar of the floating postoffice, one deck lower. Here the bags of mail are first deposited when the ship leaves port. As fast as a dozen or so are emptied by the men at the separation table and distributed in the cases, another bunch is hauled up. Thus hour after hour, in fair weather and foul, in summer and winter, the men who earn their bread and butter by facilitating the exchange of news, of business matters, and messages of love, or other expressions of the human emotions, toil and toil.—Boston Herald.