

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Leslie M. Cheever, who eloped with his wife's sister, was arrested at Stromsburg Tuesday morning.

John R. Logan, who has been selling blackboards in Plattsmouth, was arrested by Chief of Police Slater, charged with assault upon Mrs. Soemnichsen at her home.

While playing with an argun Mark Melvin, son of W. T. Melvin of Plattsmouth, accidentally discharged it, the bullet striking his left eyeball below the pupil.

York is now ready to welcome its Manila soldiers in a style that will put all former demonstrations to the blush. On October 6 the formal reception takes place, and the program arranged will consume exactly twenty-four hours.

A long standing feud between two prominent farmers living some distance from Allen resulted in a horrible murder on a country road last Thursday.

Henry Marron, a prominent and wealthy farmer, well known in this section of the country, became engaged in an altercation with Maurice Casey, another leading farmer.

Launch a Dry Goods Trust. New York.—(Special)—The Herald says: Arrangements are maturing for the organization of a \$50,000,000 dry goods corporation in this city to control and operate dry goods and department stores throughout the country.

Rockefeller in the Trust. New York.—(Special)—The Times says: The Union Steel and Chain company, which was organized some months ago under the laws of Delaware, is reaching out in every direction to control, so far as possible, the blast furnaces, Bessemer converters, ore mines, rolling mills and chain and iron works of the country.

Glass Makers Combine. Martinsville, Ind.—(Special)—Manufacturers representing 92 per cent of the window glass production of the United States have organized a combine which will be capitalized for \$30,000,000.

Cattlemen in a Combine. Kansas City, Mo.—(Special)—Ev. Congressman M. E. Peters of Kansas is promoting a combination of cattle shippers and feeders which it is expected will practically control the cattle business of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and the Indian Territory.

Refering to the trade which the United States already has with Formosa, the American consul there says it exceeds that of any other country except China.

The age at which children begin to work is 11 years in England, 14 years in Switzerland, 13 years in Germany and 12 years in France, Holland, Russia and Belgium.

A decision has been rendered by the supreme court of California upholding the right of labor organizations to boycott obnoxious employers and securing an injunction except upon a showing of specific acts of a criminal nature.

Later circles of the northwest are much agitated over reports, which are received with general credence, that hundreds of Japanese contract laborers are being brought into Puget Sound.

TWO BIG COAL TRUSTS

COMBINED CAPITAL IS 104 MILLION DOLLARS.

Lines Along Monongahela River and Railroad Lines are Included in the Deal.

Pittsburg, Pa.—(Special)—Two consolidations of coal mining interests have been completed here within the last fortnight which will affect the consumers of bituminous coal throughout the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and the great lakes region.

The second is the Pittsburg Coal company, which includes what are styled load coal companies, owning 192 concerns and all their various interests, including coal docks at various points in the great lakes, five coal railroads in the mining regions and over 80,000 acres of coal lands, most of it in fee simple.

The total capitalization of the two concerns will be \$104,000,000, of which the railroad combination has \$44,000,000 and the river coal \$60,000,000. The river combination owns and controls 94 out of 122 properties along the Monongahela river from Pittsburg to a point sixty miles south.

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HOW ROYALTY SHOPS.

The queen does not visit shops in person, as do many of the princesses and princesses. She has her commands written and sent to the various establishments she patronizes, and the proprietors of these dispatch special messengers with the goods she desires to see.

These messengers, as a rule, wait while she inspects the things, but sometimes goods are left for a time to await inspection by her majesty. The couriers of various royal personages, from her majesty downward, are to be seen daily in the West End executing commissions and giving orders for goods to be submitted on approval for their royal employers.

As a rule it is the custom of shopkeepers to dispatch the articles required by some trustworthy member of the firm. He visits the royal residence and sees a footman, to whom he explains his errand, and then is passed on for the examination of several other footmen, till at length, by a series of stages, he is brought into the presence of a lady-in-waiting, who takes his message as to prices and other details of the goods ordered, and also takes the goods themselves to be examined by the intending royal purchaser.

While the goods are being leisurely examined the messenger waits the royal decision, be it a long or a short time, which is notified by the second appearance of the lady-in-waiting, who gives the necessary orders. The messenger then bows himself out, and is again passed through the hands of the different grades of footmen, until he at last emerges into the outer air of commonplace humanity, and wends his way back to the busy West End.

Her majesty is somewhat fastidious as to orders she gives for personal requisites. It is a well known fact that should they show these articles or allow any description of them to appear in the press, her majesty would at once deprive them of her custom.

There is one very rich princess who delights to go shopping, but is most particular that neither the proprietors of the shops she frequents nor their employes shall ever, by word or deed, signify that they recognize her as of royal blood or treat her in any way other than a lady of no particular importance who has been attracted by something displayed in the windows and come in to purchase.

Should any one be so unwise as to recognize her and render her the special respect due to royalty she promptly transfers her custom. One of her reasons for this is said to be a theory she has to the effect that did shopkeepers know her rank they would charge her exorbitant prices for their goods. In this she is mistaken, for in all respectable shops the prices of goods are alike to royalty and ordinary people.

The Princess of Wales is said to be the most fastidious of all royalties as regards her dress. Whatever is made for her in the way of dresses must never look as though the fabrics have been in human fingers, or that needles and cotton have been employed in the building of them.

The princess understands dressmaking thoroughly—for did not she and her sisters make their own dresses in their early days in quiet little Denmark?—and her generally placid temper is very much ruffled should a dress bodice require alteration that will show, or its make display such outlines as seams, and not fit the figure of the royal wearer like a glove.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, the wife of her majesty's second son, is as easy to please as the Princess of Wales is difficult. Seldom does she send a dress back to be altered, and she is gracious and pleasant as to her orders and the execution of the same.

The Duchess of York is very much liked by tradespeople. She gives little trouble to her modistes and is generally pleased with her toilettes, and with the manner in which her orders have been executed. She gained her ideas from her lamented mother, the Duchess of Teck, who was invariably pleasant, courteous and easily pleased.

The Mistress's Touch. "Oh," sighed a weary woman, "most of the work that I do is like washing one's face! One receives no credit for doing it, and yet it shows and is a disgrace if it is not done."

She might have added that only the lady and house mother would think of doing just the things she does. It is the trained eye of the mistress that notes the fingermarks on the edge of the door, where it, instead of the knob, has been seized by Bridget or Norah, not over-clean hand. It is never Bridget or Norah who thinks to wash out the soap cups in the various bedrooms, or who remembers every few days to scald out the water pichers, lest they acquire a musty odor. And it is the mistress who dusts the upper back rungs of the chair after Norah has given the drawing room "a thorough cleaning." Only the mistress discerns these things and sets them right. It is the lady housewife's touch and supervision that mark the difference between eye service and love service and makes of an ordinary house a true home. Since her little touches, that she feels do not show, bring about such results, may she not be satisfied!

"What's the reason of your ginity to that politician?" asked the rather romantic young woman. "Did he cross your path early in your career?" "No," answered Senator Bergman. "He didn't cross my path. We were after the same office and he ran over me from behind."

SHORT STORIES.

PURSUED BY A DERELICT.

Philadelphia, Pa.—(Special)—A strange tale of the sea was brought into home waters by the crew of the British ship Glooscap from far away Hilo. No more weird adventure is told in all the annals of navigation than that which was an incident of her voyage through the loneliest part of the Indian Ocean.

For many days on that homeward run, never to be forgotten by Captain Spicer and his men, the Glooscap was accompanied on her way by a battered, almost shapeless hulk, a nameless derelict, without sail and without steam, which hung persistently in her wake.

The mystery of the occurrence was appalling to the crew of the good ship. The Glooscap, laden with sugar for Philadelphia, weighed anchor from Hilo on March 23. Her voyage was to be a long one and through the most unfrequented of the earth's oceans. Nevertheless the ship sails fast and there was no reasonable supposition on the part of the crew or captain but that the run would be an uneventful one.

Anjer was passed on April 23 and for twenty succeeding days nothing occurred worthy of special mention. No sail appeared to break the monotony of sea and sky. The Glooscap, logging ten knots, ploughed steadily over the dreary waste of water. On May 14, at 4 o'clock in the morning, a drifting hulk was reported on the western horizon.

The day broke cold, misty and rainy, with a leaden sky. No more cheerless scene could have heralded the advent of the derelict. There is no more saddening incident which can occur in the life of a sailor than an accidental meeting with one of these grim reminders of a great and unavailing disaster. It is a silent appeal to their oft-blunted better natures.

The battered hulk, now abeam of the Glooscap, appeared to be that of a full-rigged ship. Her masts had gone by the board and she was partially waterlogged. The waves gurgled dismally through her deserted deckhouses and splashed heavily on the rotting boards. She was a melancholy and gloomy spectacle.

Captain Spicer scrutinized the wreck closely. There was no clew to her identity. The Glooscap continued on her way. Rain began falling and fog descended, intensifying the general gloom.

The unexpected meeting had its effect on the crew. There were no songs in the fore-castle that night. The sailors endeavored in sleep to forget the sad spectacle which they had involuntarily witnessed.

Captain Spicer was aroused the next morning at daybreak. A frightened groom stood outside his cabin door. "My God, Cap, the wreck! Look! It is following us!" and the boatswain pointed his finger sternward of the Glooscap.

Sure enough, scarcely three miles in his wake, Captain Spicer saw the ominous visitor of yesterday.

Scarcely believing his eyes, he computed the distance traveled during the past twelve hours. A rough guess placed it at 120 miles. A fear seized the sturdy old mariner.

Nevertheless the crew continued to stand in trembling silence. They gazed with a nameless dread on the supposed Nemesis which followed closely. A sharp north-northeast gale was brewing.

At the request of his men Captain Spicer set all sail on the Glooscap. Toward 10 o'clock the wind increased and blew with frightful violence. Careening far to starboard and under a cloud of canvas which bent the mighty spars like reeds the ship tore through the foaming wave with ruchorse speed.

Night again came on, but it was a night of horror. The dread harbinger of death followed on relentlessly. Day succeeded day, but her apparent position remained the same. The more sensible ones of the crew sought to delude themselves with the thought that they were the victims of a hallucination. The remainder never turned their eyes astern.

For a week the novel chase continued. Despair and desperation had by this time seized the wretched tars. The long continued mental excitement at last had its effect. They were like demented beings and the officers feared they knew not what from their madness of terror.

May 21, when affairs on the Glooscap had reached a climax, the derelict disappeared. At noon, or eight bells, her motion was observed to be retarded. Soon she appeared a mere speck on the horizon and then passed into oblivion.

With her extinction came the reaction of feeling which made the rough men fall on their knees and thank God for their deliverance. For their deliverance from what they had confidently believed to be death.

And with the passing of the wreck a change, whether real or fancied, seemed to come over all nature. Once more the sun shone brightly, the clouds rolled away and the sea mew and dolphin sported over the dancing waves. So wonderful was the transformation that Captain Spicer considered it worthy of mention in the Glooscap's log.

She laughed uneasily. "It isn't a tragedy, is it?"

"Please don't. Of course it isn't to you. It's only an incident. Tomorrow night you'll be telling your friends what an uncomfortable trip you had. The people on the boat were so uninteresting. But there was one nice little man who brought you newspapers and fruit and magazines at the landings."

"Do you know—the low, musical voice of the girl roused him from reverie—"I think it is almost better not to make new friends if one has to give them up at the very start."

The Man's heart began to thump, and something seemed to be the matter with his head.

"Now, there is Mrs. Templeton—the Man groined to me, and I'm sure we could always be the best of friends. She has told me all about her mother and her brother in the navy. Her mother must be charming."

"To say nothing of the brother," mentally added the Man. "And now she—I mean her husband—has been ordered to Venezuela. She got the telegram today, and I know I'll never see her again."

"Poor little girl! You have your troubles, too, don't you?" "Too?"

"Yes—too. You know I'm so sorry to part with that gentle barber and the engineer and the pilot."

"If you're going to be horrid again tonight I'm going."

"Please—please don't go." The Man put his hand on the arm of her chair as if to detain her. "If you'll stay I'll try to stifle my grief about the barber. Won't you let me tell you about my brother, for instance?"

The girl looked away toward the Kentucky hills. After a while she leaned over and clasped her hands on the guard rail. Then she looked up into his face and her voice was almost a whisper. "If you don't care—I'd rather you would tell me about yourself."

"Temptress! Is that the way you torment your victims?" he laughed. "Is that what you said to the little boy from Cairo?" Then his voice was lower. "I've been trying for a week not to tell you about myself. I've tried to make myself think that I didn't care—since you didn't. That I could talk with you day after day, and sit here at night under the stars and hear your voice; that I would be able to smile and say goodby when the time came, and that the parting would be only the shadow of an hour. But I can't forget. Can't you see—can't you feel how impossible it is?"

The girl was not laughing now. "But—but—why must you forget?" She had risen and her blue eyes were looking down into his troubled face.

"Will you let me remember? And tomorrow will be only the beginning?" He was standing very close to her now, but the blue eyes had dropped their gaze. He took both her hands in his strong clasp.

"Don't," she said. "The pilot is looking."

"I don't care if the whole packet company looks. I love you." And the boat tolled on up the river with her cargo of sugar and molasses and sweetening humanity.

But the Man and the Old Girl forgot the heat and the mosquitoes.—Adapted from New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

"Eustis, old boy," said Roy Taylor, as he tilted back his chair and put his feet upon the fender, "when is the wedding to be?"

"Whose wedding?" "Miss Laura Bateman, or Bertie, which is it?"

"Well, frankly, Roy, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomer, with her soft blue eyes and queenly manner; but Bertie seems, although the younger, to be the more womanly and useful of the two. My entrance is the sign for cordial welcome, and, let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged."

"Go there in disguise." "Just the thing; I will." It was the morning after a great ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her hair gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, was lounging on the sofa. Bertie, in a neat morning wrapper, with a large gingham apron, white collar and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some fine laces," said the servant; "will you see him?" "No," said Bertie.

"Yes," cried Laura; "send him up." In a few minutes the old man came in. He was poorly clad. His hair was white, with beard and mustache of the same hue. Making a low bow, he placed the basket he carried on the table and opened it.

"I have some fine laces here," he said, taking some from the basket, "that will just suit you, miss," and he held them before Bertie.

"Nonsense. That will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save 9 out of my housekeeping money."

"I should not wish to marry in debt," said Bertie.

The old man looked earnestly at the sisters. Laura had chosen three pieces, and said she would take them.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it." "Yes, I can; Eustis Ford is rich." The old man bit his lips.

"Think," said Bertie in a low tone "if you love him how much it will grieve him if he should discover this deceit."

"Well, I can call again for the money," said the peddler. "Yes; call again," said Laura.

So the peddler took up his basket, walked home, threw off his disguise, and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Bertie Bateman, which was accepted.

Laura has two sources of profound speculation. One is, "Why did Eustis Ford propose to Bertie instead of to me?" The other, "I wonder why the old man never called to be paid for the lace?"—Boston Post.

JUDGE NOT. Jack Lee came wearily along the avenue, but when he reached his house he ran lightly up the steps, for the loving greeting he was sure to get from his wife would drive business cares from his mind for a time at least. Her sweet, dainty ways, even her presence, changed this busy work-a-day world to Paradise to Jack, for Mr. Lee loved his wife.

Taking off his hat and coat in the hall he went quickly up the stairs to her sitting room, wondering why she did not meet him as usual. He found her fast asleep on the couch, and a letter she had evidently just finished reading before she fell asleep had fallen from her hand to the floor.

Jack stooped to waken her with a kiss, but as he did so his eyes caught the words of the letter. He picked it up, grew pale as he read, and letting it fall as though it had stung him, he turned toward the door.

Then he turned and looked at his wife as she lay there, with the last faint color of the dying day lighting up the pure beauty of her face. "My God, can it be true?" he whispered. This was what he read:

"Dearest—You say that you love me enough to leave all and link your fate with mine? Then dare all! Be ready at 10 o'clock tomorrow night at the usual place. Yours forever, Allen."

He went along the hall to his study like one in a dream—a bad dream. Could it be that she who had been his wife but for two short years loved another? Let him think. Had she not been as bright and happy of late? Who could he be?

To be sure, she had been engaged once when she was seventeen, but that was before he had met her. She said that had made her the more sure of her love for him. It had only been the passing fancy of a young girl. What a girl loves at seventeen she seldom at twenty-five.

He remembered, as she was going to tell him the fellow's name, he had stopped her with a kiss, and told her he had rather not know who his rival had been. How she had laughed at the thought of his having a rival!

"You say that you love me!" Oh, how it hurt! Could he let her, the sweet woman he had always known her to be, leave him? How the world would glory in the gossip of one more woman gone wrong and one more man fooled by a beautiful face.

No, a hundred times no! Rather he would leave her—that nothing should be said to her discredit, and take the burden on himself. The world never pardons a woman, but for a man she blinks her eyes and never sees. He knew that well. Yes, he would go; but where? He got no further, for some one had perched herself on the arm of his chair, and a sweet voice said:

"Why, Jack dear! I didn't know you had got home. Why did you not waken me? I had been looking over a host of dear mamma's old letters this afternoon, and was so tired that when it got dusk I threw myself on the couch and must have fallen asleep. And see, dear, what I found. I saved it to show you. A letter papa wrote to mamma before grandpa had consented to their marriage. I found it in a box of her choicest treasures."

Jack took it mechanically and—could he believe his eyes! It was the note he had picked up in her room a half hour ago. What a poor blind wretch he had been; but what a load had dropped away. He pulled himself together very quickly, so she did not notice his preoccupied manner, and with a smile, and "Tell me all about it, dear," drew her to him.

And she, sitting there with him in the light of the open fire, told him of the hard father who had relented at the last moment when his daughter had shown him this letter, which had been written over forty years ago.

SHIPS TELL WHERE THEY ARE.

A novel method of detecting the sound of a steamship's propellers has been invented by an Italian. He has made an apparatus which is a variation of the telephone. Several transmitters are submerged and arranged on land, or to point in different directions, all being connected with a receiver on board another ship. The direction in which the sound is loudest indicates the point of the compass in which the distant ship is to be looked for. Experiments have shown that a ship's propellers betray its whereabouts as a distance of six miles.