

RUSSIAN HEIR AND ENGLISH PRINCESS

The Heir Apparent to the Russian Throne May Soon Wed.

The rumor comes from England that the Grand Duke Michael, heir to the czar of Russia, will shortly plight his troth to the charming little granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Margaret of Connaught.

As seen by European eyes this betrothal is one of the most important, if not the most important, which is likely to take place in years among the imperial and royal families. And this importance lies in the fact that it is hoped thereby to provide for the future succession to the throne of Russia.

Nicholas II., the present ruler of Russia, has three daughters, but no sons, and as the Russian imperial family law excludes women from the throne, it seems very probable now that the succession will not fall to the lot of a descendant of the reigning monarch.

It was only last summer that Michael became czar-witch, an honor which fell to him upon the death of his brother, the Grand Duke George, who died of consumption.

The Princess Margaret of Connaught is the oldest daughter of the duke of Connaught, the third son of Victoria, queen of England. She is really a very pretty child, and it is not too much to say that she is the most attractive of the queen's granddaughters. Princess Margaret was born in January, 1882, and is just 18 years old this month. In royal families it has come to be considered that from 18 to 20 is a very reasonable age for a princess to be married, since through a marriage thus early she learns to accommodate herself to those peculiar conditions under which a queen must live.

The girl princess is of slight, graceful figure, has hazel eyes, brown hair, and features extremely pleasant and refined. Albeit her nose is slightly retroussé, this fact does not detract from her one bit—rather adds a dash of piquancy to her pretty features, writes Mary L. Stevens in the Boston Home Magazine. It was only during the present year that Margaret put on her first long dress—a creation which has been described by one writer as a garment that would not excite the envy of American hetresses.

The father of the princess, the duke of Connaught, is one of the generals in the English army. The duke is one of the most popular of the queen's sons and a loyal, patriotic Briton to the core. Indeed, so true is this that he absolutely refused a short time ago to accept the heirship to the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a sovereign state in Germany, because the acceptance would compel him to leave the English army and the country he delights in calling "home."

To indulge in generalities, it is claimed in some quarters that every unmarried princess in Europe would be envious if the Grand Duke Michael should win the affections of the little English girl, scarce yet out of short dresses. As czarina she would come into possession of the greatest collection of precious stones and jewels in the world; the wife of the most absolute ruler of the largest empire in the east, and in addition have the opportunity, dear to full many a woman's heart, to absolutely rule the absolute

strength, it may be recalled, but his health was exceedingly poor. He died in the prime of life from a complication of diseases, which seem to have been transmitted in some form to each of his children except the Grand Duke Michael.



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT. She is reported to be engaged to Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

The future ruler of Russia is at present in Scotland at the home of the duke of Connaught, and everywhere has been received with acclaim. It is said that Queen Victoria is very much pleased at the prospect of the marriage, as she wishes to bind the Russian empire as closely to England as is possible.

The young grand duke has traveled widely since it was not considered so important to keep him in Russia, as it was his older brother, now dead. Like his brother, the czar, Michael is said to have ideas which are comparatively liberal, and furthermore to have more moral courage and strength to carry them out than has the present ruler.

A POTATO EXPLOSION.

The Reappearance of the Vegetables Created Much Surprise.

I often wonder we had not more accidents in our cooking school, considering the crass ignorance of our ladies, says Lady Broome in Cornhill's Magazine.

up a good deal of useful knowledge. These girls also cleaned up after the class was over, so saving the poor, weary cooks, who early in the undertaking remarked with a sigh: "The young ladies do make such a mess, to be sure!" Well, this girl was very steady and hard working, but abnormally stupid, saw fit one morning to turn on the gas in certain stoves some little time beforehand. The sheds were so airy, to say the least of it, that there was not sufficient smell to attract any one's attention, and the gas accumulated comfortably in the stoves



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA. The reported fiance of Princess Margaret of Connaught.

until the class started work. It chanced to be a lesson in cooking vegetables, and potatoes were the "object." About twenty-five small saucapans had been filled with water and potatoes, and the next step was to put them on to boil. I was not in that kitchen at the moment, or I hope I should have perceived the escape and have had the common sense to forbid a match being struck to light the gas in certain stoves. But I was near enough to hear a loud "pouf," followed by cries of alarm and dismay, and I rushed in while the potatoes were still in the air, for they went up as high as ever they could get. Happily no one was hurt, though a good deal of damage was done to some of the stoves; but it was a very narrow escape, owing doubtless, to the space and involuntary ventilation of these same sheds. In the midst of my alarm I well remember the ridiculous effect of that rain of potatoes. Every one had forgotten all about them and their reappearance created as much surprise as though such things had never existed.

NO SHOW FOR WRITERS.

The Outsiders Have Invaded Every Field Except Fiction.

The professional writing man should devote his efforts exclusively to fiction. In that field, if he can write at all, he need fear no rivalry. Why should he try to write of finance, when such masters as Henry Clews and Lyman J. Gage are offering their services at so much a column? Why write of law-making, when Tom Reed, ex-speaker, can had for moderate space rates? Why fool with an article on iron and steel when Andrew Carnegie can be persuaded at any time to dictate a page on giant industries? Why write of shipping when there is a retired Mahan with rolls of manuscript? Why write of electricity when there is a Tesla to exploit himself and Edison? Why write of medicine and surgery when there are Shradys in the field. There is no field of effort or invention that is not covered in magazine journalism today by authorities born to it. The whole world wants to write. It seems to be the national and international craze of the century. If I wanted an article on railroad reorganization I would give J. Pierpont Morgan \$50,000 to write it. It would carry more weight than all the combined efforts of all the ablest professional writers, cost less in the end, and return a handsome profit. If I could persuade James R. Keene to write his views on stock speculation and how to make a bear raid successful I could make \$100,000 in a year by the sale of such opinion. If Russell Sage were to open his heart and tell us by the column how to lend money in Wall street at 40 per cent a day, more or less, what would it be worth to a newspaper?—New York Press.

Sponge Bags.
A sponge bag for each member of the household is an absolute necessity. The most sanitary bag is of colored linen, lined with oiled silk. Shirts, the bag with wash silk ribbon in any color which fancy dictates, and embroider the owner's initials in the corner. In a large family it is well to have the sponge bag, laundry bag, bath mat, robe and towel of each member either plainly marked or of some distinguishing color.

Not Much Choice.
Smithers—I am going to have my picture taken. A good deal depends upon the pose, don't you know. Now, what kind of a position do you think would be the best for me. Brownling—Well, I don't know was going to say with your back to the camera, but then your hair is rather thin behind.—Boston Transcript.

Still Another.
"What ho! Within there!" shouted the knight at the castle gate. The warder got him up, yawning prodigiously. "Another man with a ho," said he to his faithful valet.—Indianapolis Press.

A HORSE'S JUMP.

He Leaped Through a Three-Foot Aperture Over a Door Six Feet High.

Badminton Magazine: Without very good evidence, I confess I should have been unable to credit an incident which happened the other day at Norwich; but this evidence has been overwhelmingly furnished, and the thing unquestionably happened. The Norwich riding school is entered by a door certainly not less than six feet three inches in height, and above this there is an aperture of barely three feet. The charger of an officer in the Seventh Hussars was going around the school the other day, with no one on his back, when suddenly, instead of turning the corner, he went straight for the door, tucked his head between his legs in what is described to me, and must certainly have been an extraordinary manner, and jumped out into the yard. The landing is on some flat stones; he slipped and came down on his side, slightly bruising himself, but doing no harm, and is now as well again as ever. When one comes to think what six feet three inches mean, and the manner in which the horse had to screw himself up in order to get through that aperture, the performance is certainly nothing short of marvelous. Captain Dibble, the riding master, who was in the school at the time, made a trooper, who was five feet nine inches in height, stand with his back to the door, and the woodwork was certainly a good six inches above his head. If this horse jumps as well with a man on his back as without, it ought to take something out of common to stop him.

DRINK SAVED.

An Engineer from Sudden Death, and It Was Water, Too.

New York Tribune: "The life of a locomotive engineer is a most dangerous one," said Allen Runkle, of Philadelphia, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, "and some of their escapes are little short of miraculous. A friend of mine, who is now a prosperous business man, but who started life as a fireman and later became an engineer, owes his life to a cup of water, or rather the desire for one. He was at the time an engineer, and, wanting a drink of water, stepped from his seat to the water can on the tender to get it. He was just raising the can to his lips when there was a terrific crash, the entire side of the cab was torn off, and the air filled with flying pieces of wood and iron. Luckily neither he nor the fireman was seriously injured, and they, with the aid of the train's crew, managed to bring the train to a stop without further harm. They then found that the connecting rod on the right hand side had broken in two, and the two loose ends flying around with terrific force had wrecked everything with which they came in contact. The right hand side of the cab was torn to smithereens, and as the engineer's seat was directly above the loose end of the connecting rod attached to the rear driving wheel, had my friend not had that lucky inspiration to take a drink he would beyond question have either been killed outright or else possibly so badly mangled as to make death by comparison seem preferable."

GEN. LAWTON'S RUBBER TUB.

The Apaches Knew How Highly He Valued It.

The general made it a habit of his life to take a cold-water bath every morning before breakfast, and during the campaign he carried with him a rubber tub. It made no difference where he was, he ordered the tubful of cold water to his quarters every morning, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. In following the Apaches he reached a mountain. He knew that the Indians had fled there, and before pursuing them further he left his rubber tub and other tent equipments at the base of the mountain in charge of an old and faithful servant to guard the tub carefully until he returned. It was an old trick with that tribe of Indians when being pursued to circle around and return to the exact point whence they had started. The general left his tub and started out after the Indians. They circled around, covering a wide territory, and beat Gen. Lawton back to the base of the mountain. When he got there he found that the old sergeant and his six men had been killed, and that his tub had been carried off by the Indians. The Apaches evidently learned how highly the general prized his rubber tub, for they placed great store by it after they had captured it, and guarded it as closely as they did their own lives.

Perquisite of the Sailors.
It has been estimated that any crack steamer leaving New York takes with it bouquets worth from \$5,000 to \$15,000. In a few hours the passengers begin to feel queer and send the flowers out of their rooms. Then they are collected by the stewards, carefully sorted over and put into the ice-chest and when the vessel reaches her English port they are sold and the profits divided among the men.

Bread in Italy.
In Italy bread and sugar cost about three times as much as they do here.

THE LAZY MAN.

ISLES WHERE LABOR IS UNNECESSARY.

And Where the People Grow Fat on the Fruits That Nature Has Plentifully Provided—No Poverty and No Crime.

There are places on the earth where a man may live comfortably all his life without doing any work, says Lemuel Cooper, who was born on the island of Ruatan, one of the Bay group, a little chain or key lying some 20 miles off the coast of Spanish Honduras. To starve there would be simply impossible; it would be like trying to drown a fish. We have no beggars and no pauper class to maintain. There has never been a murder, theft is unknown and locks are unnecessary. Last year our mortality was one-fourth of one per cent.

Ruatan, continued Mr. Cooper, is 40 miles long and three miles wide. It has a population of about 3,000 people, mostly Carib Indians, and I doubt whether there is in all the world a more beautiful and prolific spot. The people are lazy simply because they don't have to work. Coconuts form their mainstay and there is nothing easier to grow. To start a grove one merely burns off a piece of land and plants the nuts in rows 20 feet apart. In from four to five years' time the trees are a dozen feet high and beginning to bear and after that the planter is fixed for life. He may bid adieu to care. The nuts are never picked, but as they mature they drop off, and this shower of fruit goes on steadily month after month all the year around. How long a tree will bear nobody can say, but there are some on the island that are known to be over half a century old and are still dropping their harvest of nuts.

When the native needs something at the store all he has to do is to gather together some nuts and trade them for what he wishes. He hulls them by striking them on a stake driven into the ground and a man can easily hull 3,000 a day in that manner. My two brothers and myself shipped 1,000,000 nuts last year, and the total shipment from the islands would average about 8,000,000. Elsewhere the hull is a valuable by-product and is manufactured into mats and brushes and all sorts of fiber ware, but no attempt has ever been made to utilize it on the Bay islands. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of material has thus been allowed to rot on the ground. Everybody admits that a fiber works would be a profitable industry, "but what is the use?" the people say. "Haven't we everything we want already?" It is the indolence that gets in the blood. The longer you live at Ruatan the less you approve of toil.

Other fruits grow just as easily as the cocoanut and the only reason why that especially is grown is because it furnishes an easy crop, for which there is always a ready market. We have plenty of bananas, oranges, mangoes, plums and pineapples, and they are all delicious. They grow wild, without the slightest cultivation, and all one has to do is to pick them. Vegetables are equally prolific, and our native yams easily average 40 to 50 pounds in weight. A piece of cane stuck in the ground takes root and renews itself perennially for years. A stranger who comes to the islands is invariably amazed at the prodigality of nature and the apathy of the natives—that is before the lazy feeling gets into his blood. "Why don't you grow this?" and "Why don't you cultivate that?" he asks. The natives simply smile. "Why not take things easy and be happy?"

The next island to Ruatan is Utilia, which has a population of about 800 and is touched by several steamship lines. There is a good deal of trading from the island along the Honduran coast and the owners of the larger sloops and schooners make considerable money that way, but the main business is in cocoanuts. The first island of the chain is called Bonaceo and has about the same population as Utilia. Then there are two very small islands—Barbarat and Morat.

The strangers who occasionally drift to the Bay islands, through one chance and another, rarely leave. They are like the lotus eaters in Tennyson's poem. The American consul at present is Mr. Johnson, who comes from Wisconsin. He was delighted with the spot and sent at once for his wife and daughter. They are all there together now and insist that they will never leave. The climate, by the way, is singularly equable. The thermometer has never been known to fall below 66 or to rise above 88. Being part of Spanish Honduras, we are, of course under the government of that republic, but we are too far away to ever be disturbed by the storms of revolution, and at present things are peculiarly serene.

The Bay islands have the distinction of having the largest sharks in the world in their waters. They are found three or four miles from the coast and frequently grow to a length of 50 feet.

Murder at Waterloo.
Waterloo, Neb., Feb. 9.—Thomas Barton fatally shot his father-in-law, Mr. Hively. Barton and his brother-in-law, Dave Hively, were fighting in the street. Barton pulled his revolver and fired at Dave, but just at this instant the elder Hively stepped between them and received the bullet at the side of the nose. The doctors say that Hively cannot live. Barton has been put under arrest. It is said that the quarrel between him and Dave Hively was due to the charge that Barton was being beating his wife, formerly Emma Hively.

DECISION IN THE RATE CASE.

State Board of Transportation Rescinds Its Order Made in 1890.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 9.—The State Board of Transportation by a vote of 3 to 2, rescinded the order of 1897 restoring carload rates on live stock and instructed its secretaries to issue a substitute order on the railroad companies to make a reduction of 10 per cent in the existing cattle rates and 5 per cent in the existing rates for the transportation of hogs. Failing to comply with this order the railroad companies will be required to appear before the secretaries of the board and show cause why such a reduction should not be made.

This action was taken by the Board of Transportation after several hours discussion as to the best means of securing equitable rates for the transportation of live stock. The board met and examined several tables showing comparisons of rates under the carload and the per pound systems, indicating in nearly every instance an increase of from 5 to as high as 25 per cent. J. V. Wolfe suggested at the morning session that the railroads be given additional time to compile more definite information which would show to a certainty whether the present per pound rates are in excess of the rates charged under the carload system. Other members of the board opposed the proposition on the ground that several tables of this nature were then on exhibition and that to request the railroads to furnish additional information would simply add to the delay and the work of the secretaries, who were also expected to compile figures on the matter of rates.

Treasurer Meserve announced that he would endeavor to secure the adoption of a resolution reducing cattle rates 10 per cent and swine rates 5 per cent, but the question was not debated at the morning session of the board.

State Capital Notes.

Labor Commissioner Kent has completed a report showing the number and amount of mortgages filed and cancelled during the last half of the year 1899. On July 1, 1899, the mortgage indebtedness of Nebraska was \$154,047,326.53. This amount decreased \$1,168,871.57 during the six months, leaving \$152,878,455.06 as the total mortgage indebtedness on December 31st.

Auditor Cornell has ruled that all fire insurance companies doing business in Nebraska must agree that they will not directly or indirectly, by way of reinsurance or otherwise, write any fire insurance property situated in Nebraska, except under a policy that shall be regularly issued by the agent residing in this state. Such companies must also agree not to permit any person to solicit or receive an insurance policy upon property located within the state which shall be reinsured in any company not authorized to do business in Nebraska.

Orders were issued by the adjutant general discharging the following members of Company H of the Second regiment upon their own application: Privates J. R. Bebb, Charles A. Cox, Julius H. Dahlke, George W. Frieson, Harry P. Likes, Leroy H. Matlock and James C. Woodward. Private Fred Scott of the same company was discharged for desertion and Private Samuel Coddon of Company G was discharged without honor on the recommendation of the officers of the company.

A Fatal Accident.

ASHLAND, Neb., Feb. 9.—Charles Walker, 30 years old, was instantly killed last night. He had been visiting relatives in Clear Creek precinct, northwest of this city, and in company with William Bradby and Fred Truax came to town to attend a show. The three started home in an intoxicated condition and were running their team. On turning a sharp corner near Charles Miller's place near the city limits they were all thrown out. Walker's neck being broken by the fall. The other men were not seriously injured. Walker's home was at St. Louis, Mo., although he had been staying at Lincoln previous to coming here.

Miles Will Case Resumed.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 9.—Judge Thompson of Grand Island returned here and the hearing of the Miles will case was resumed. All the lawyers in the case are on hand to fight for their clients to the bitter end. John L. Webster of Omaha, attorney for the plaintiff, presented his argument, which will take two or three days to finish. The old time interest has been revived, but nothing of a sensational nature is expected.

Thompson is Free.

PONCA, Neb., Feb. 9.—The case of the State of Nebraska against R. R. Thompson, the Emerson attorney, charged with obtaining \$4,500 from W. H. Smiley under false pretense, came up for hearing before Judge F. D. Fales. The complaint was held bad in several particulars by the court and the defendant discharged. Thompson was bound over to the district court upon another charge. He furnished bond and is again a free man.

Suits Against Railroads.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 8.—Attorney General Smyth filed in supreme court suits for damages against the Burlington, Elkhorn and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads for violations of the carload rate order. The suits are for violations occurring since January 22, 1900. There are five suits against the Burlington, for damages aggregating \$25,000; four against the Elkhorn for \$20,000, and one against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul for \$5,000.

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GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA. The reported fiance of Princess Margaret of Connaught.

ruler of this immense kingdom. Michael, the grand duke, was born Dec. 4, 1878, and is just a little over 21 years of age. He is large, well knit together, and of exceptionally robust health. His father, Alexander III., was a man of remarkable physical

zine. Oddly enough, the only alarming episode came to us from a girl of the people, one of four who had begged to be allowed to act as kitchen maids. Their idea was a good one, for, of course, they got their food all day, and were at least in the way of picking