

TELLS OF LULULANU

Traveler Speaks of Savages He Met in Western Part of China.

They Are Warlike Race, Living in a District Which is Mountainous, but Very Rich in Mineral Resources.

Shanghai, China.—Little is known even in China about the Lolo country in the western part of the empire, but a short time ago a missionary came from this district and he was able to tell us that these savages are friendly to the white man who deals with them cautiously and that they are submitting to the teaching of the few missionaries that have penetrated into the district.

Lololand has attracted a good deal of attention in Shanghai, and even in America recently, on account of the travels in that district of Dr. DeWenli, who accidentally shot a native of Tibet and had to be tried in Shanghai for manslaughter. Following this, an Englishman named Brooke was murdered by Lolos and the real facts have only come to light with the return of Mr. E. S. Little, who has been on an expedition in western China. Mr. Brooke was stoned to death after shooting a Lolo chief in self-defense.

Mr. Little traveled through the country from Yachow, across the Tungsho river down to Ningyuan and across the Yangtze, at a place 500 miles above the highest point at which it is navigable, and he found that this country consisted of lofty mountains with passes 10,000 to 11,000 feet high. The mountains tower on all sides and throughout the district named they are held by Lolo savages, who are continually at war with the Chinese, or each other. When Mr. Little entered the country he immediately came into touch with a score of raids. On one occasion he passed through a valley on either side of which were opposing forces of Lolos. On another occasion he heard that the road in front of him had been the scene of two raids and he found that 40 people had been carried off captive and sold as slaves by the Lolos.

Mr. Little had many unpleasant experiences, but he was able to talk in Chinese with many of the Lolos, as they understand a little of that language. The men have copied to some extent the Chinese dress, but over all they wear a woolen cloak. The women wear shirts, but no shoes, stockings or underclothes. All of them are strangers to soap and water. Some of the women have pretty features and the whole race is dark, but of fine carriage and physique, and Mr. Little considers them superior in many respects to the Chinese. The Lolos are armed with antiquated firearms, long spears and all sorts of miscellaneous weapons. They are clever at stone throwing and when they cannot reach their enemy for a hand-to-hand encounter they hurl pieces of rock through the air with remarkable accuracy.

The whole country has great possibilities. Mr. Little saw gold, copper, zinc, lead and silver mines, some of which were being worked successfully in the native way, and others are waiting for the necessary capital. In the course of his journey he passed mountains of highly mineralized rock that had not been developed or touched in any way. Through all these mountains there are many streams of water which would give power for running factories and lighting them.

Romance of Korean Prince

Man Who Defied Laws of His Country and Married Chinese Maiden in Chicago.

Chicago.—Yun Tohi Ho, a prince in Korea by birth, who addressed the Men's National Missionary congress, held in that city recently, became a center of interest to the delegates when it became known that he has played a role in an international romance for which he was forbidden to enter the domains of the royal family of which he was a member, or his own country.

"While the Chinese empire shortly following his return from the United States, where he graduated from Vanderbilt university at Nashville, Tenn., and later from a school in Georgia, where he went to study arithmetic. Prince Yun Tohi Ho, or as he calls himself, T. H. Yun, met and fell in love with a girl from a prominent Chinese family," said the prince's friend. "He knew the law in Korea which forbids the marriage of a Korean and a Chinese, but his love for the woman was none the less ardent. Finally, in desperation he wrote to a girl acquaintance in Nashville, with whom he had become acquainted while attending Vanderbilt, and asked her for advice.

"Marry her and let things take their course," was the cabled response, and the prince followed his American friend's advice.

"Promptly he, and his bride, as well, were forbidden entrance to the Korean realm. The prince then became a school missionary in China and performed such notable work that his government finally relented and both he and his wife were requested to take up their abode in the prince's home land. He became a factor in governmental affairs and was finally placed on an important commission to one

LONDON RESUMES MORNING RIDES



King George V Returning from a Morning Ride

London.—Once more it has become fashionable to take a morning ride in Rotten Row—a custom that fell into disuse after the late King Edward discontinued it because of his advancing years. King George V. may be seen nearly every pleasant morning cantering through the park with one or two companions, and his example is being followed gladly by the aristocratic residents of the West end.

PAYING OLD DEBTS

Man Living in Gotham Liquidating Obligations Contracted by Father.

Advertisements for Addresses of Creditors of Firm Which Failed Twenty-Eight Years Ago—Many People Suffered.

New York.—"I should be very sorry if an honest desire to pay a man's debts in this world is so rare that it is worthy of a newspaper story."

This was what Fred Tench of the contracting firm of Terry & Tench replied when asked why he had advertised for the addresses of several of the creditors of the firm of W. E. Tench & Son, which failed in 1888. That he should be anxious to pay off obligations for which he is not legally responsible did not occur to Mr. Tench as anything out of the ordinary or especially meritorious.

For twenty years it has been the dream of Mr. Tench to gather all the creditors of the old Tench firm and pay them what his father and he owed when they went down to financial ruin. Now his dream is being realized. Thousands of dollars is being sent to men the Tenches were unable to pay at that time.

The firm of W. E. Tench & Son was in business in Chippewa, Canada. The failure of the firm was a heavy blow and many people there whom the firm owed for material or work suffered.

From the moment of the failure it was the desire of the elder Tench as well as of the son to pay all the firm's debts, but the father never realized his ambition. He never recovered from the shock of the collapse of the firm, and when he died he handed over these obligations to his son as a sacred trust.

The younger Tench went to work with a will. The firm of Terry &

Tench was organized. It built the Manhattan bridge, is at work on the Pennsylvania railroad terminals and is a recognized leader among firms which take enormous contracts, for structural steel work, excavations, and do other work of that sort. No undertaking seems too big for Terry & Tench, and they try to do things a little better and a little quicker than others.

As the firm prospered Mr. Tench began to pay the debts of his father. The claims of all persons whose whereabouts he knew were settled with interest. A couple of weeks ago the residents of St. Catharines, Ontario, were surprised when they read in their local papers advertisements for the addresses of the creditors of W. E. Tench & Son, who had failed in 1888.

Some of these creditors were dead, some were near the end of life's journey, and others had moved away years ago. Among those who answered the advertisements was Capt. William Ross of Port Robinson, Ontario. He is now ninety years old and has very little money. He wrote immediately setting forth that his claim amounted to \$145.46, and that when Mr. Tench found it convenient to pay the money it would be greatly appreciated.

He was gratified to get a few days later not a check for \$145.46, as he had expected, but a check for \$298.92, the amount of the claim and the interest accrued.

BETTING IN MILLINER SHOPS.

English Society Women Inaugurate Plan to Charge Loss on Races to New Hats.

London.—The ruses adopted by some society women to indulge in betting on the turf without letting their husbands know anything about it, as revealed in the West London county court the other day, very much shocked the judge, Sir William Selge, who, with all his experience, never before had such a case tried before him.

It must, too, have been something of an eye opener to some husbands, who have been at times puzzled to understand the immensity of their wives' millinery bills and ought to induce them to scrutinize more closely these accounts in future.

In this case the fact was brought to light that society women not only bought hats from a certain West end milliner, but induced her to back horses for them, and that the item in the bill, "To one hat, \$10," really meant "Desmond's Pride, \$5 each way."

"The correspondence appears to disclose a shocking state of affairs," declared Sir William. "I wish that husbands who imagine their wives are purchasing expensive hats knew that instead they are investing the money on horse races."

Telling Criminals by Hair.

Paris.—Professor Bertillon, the famous criminologist, whose inventiveness is inexhaustible, has thought of a new device further to facilitate the identification of criminals.

His suggestion is that samples of the criminals' hair should be classified, graduated minutely according to the shades.

M. Bertillon is collecting samples of hair from all over the world to aid him in his task. Yesterday a large consignment arrived from Tunis. The eminent professor has not yet hit upon a method for identifying the bald.

Telephone to England.

New York.—Telephone communication between England and America may soon be a possibility if a new experimental submarine cable recently laid across the English channel by the British postoffice answers expectations. The cable extends from Dover to Cape Grisnez and is the first of the kind to be laid in tidal waters.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Scandal Wrecks Romance of the Zoo



NEW YORK.—The fowl house of the Central park zoo was scandalized one day recently when some sharp-eyed tattlers noticed the simultaneous disappearance of Clara, one of the young wild gray geese recently given to the zoo, and Brigham Young, the little black Spanish game rooster whose wild ways have deprived him of the countenance of the best classes in the fowl house.

It came out that Brigham Young and Clara were out in the park together. Chief Keeper Snyder, who went on their trail as soon as he heard about their disappearance, got wind of them near the alligator pool. A black wing feather by the eagle cages also showed that B. Young had been there. He had lost the feather trying to converse with a South American condor.

Then he went on up the path, walking in a manner that said that he thought himself a pretty fine fellow. The little wild gray goose seemed to be extremely proud of him.

It was about here that the little gray goose felt such a thrill of freedom and life that she quacked in her coarse, uncultured voice, and abruptly left the earth for a flight in the air.

B. Young tried to do that, too, but he fell back to the ground in a most undignified manner. When the gray goose came back after a circle of the neighborhood, he expressed to her, no doubt, his grave disapproval of undue boisterousness in a young woman considerably beyond the kindergarten age.

At any rate a coolness sprang up here between the couple. They went on down the mall until they came to the pool of water equipped with the fountain mechanism that spouts up many minute streams of water from the surface of the pool. B. Young started to walk slowly around the low curbing of the pool, but Clara, the poor, simple thing, jumped right in and, swimming out until she came underneath the showering streams, began quacking as loudly as she could, flapping her wings in a quick, excited way.

B. Young does not worship the convention. But even he stood stock still and glared at Clara. She caught his eye, but did not seem to be in the least ashamed. Whereupon he turned away, acting as if he didn't know the young thing cutting up in the pool.

Chief Keeper Snyder came down the mall on the trail. On the way back to the fowl house, Clara and B. Young refused to notice each other.

"A simple case of incompatibility," said Snyder, "but, fortunately it was discovered early. We would prefer to say nothing more just at present." However, B. Young plans a visit to Reno, Nev., where divorces are so easily obtained.

Chicago Woman Maid for Her Hostess



ST. LOUIS.—While a score of invitations were on their way from Mrs. James Howe's beautiful Swiss chalet in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, to attend a five hundred club party and luncheon recently, Mrs. Howe's serving maid announced her resignation, to take effect immediately.

The dire news reached the hostess as she was dressing to receive her guests. "What's the matter?" called Mrs. C. Gregory Fleckenstein, Mrs. Howe's guest, from the room where she was putting on her white lingerie gown. Mrs. Howe told her, Mrs. Fleckenstein, whose home is in Chicago, was to be the guest of honor at the club party. But this had not been announced. Nor was she acquainted with those whom she was to meet.

"Let me be serving maid," she said promptly. "I think I can do almost as well as a real one. Where is my costume?" She hurried downstairs and returned in a dainty white

dress and checked serving apron.

"What a charming maid you have," was almost the first remark of the first club member who appeared.

"She's French," replied Mrs. Howe "and she can't speak a word of English. For that reason I'm afraid I will not be able to keep her. It's a pity, for she's so neat."

"I'll be glad to take her, if you aren't going to keep her," said the next guest. "Only I don't know whether I want such a pretty maid around the house. Of course, I trust my husband—"

When the party had gathered and the "maid" began serving the luncheon some of the guests tried their French by essaying remarks to the maid.

"Oui madam, oui," with a curtsy was the only reply. Again there was a whispered series of compliments or the graceful movements of the trim figure.

As the card play began the "maid" retired, and a few minutes later the guest of honor, Mrs. Fleckenstein, entered the room in her party gown. There was a gasp of admiring surprise as the "maid" of a few moments before was recognized. The unconventional introduction was the preface to a pleasant acquaintance between Mrs. Fleckenstein and the guests.

Stevenson's Grandson Finds Treasure



SAN FRANCISCO.—When little Louis Osborne, the eight-year-old son of Lloyd Osborne, novelist and stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, armed himself with his midget shovel and went out on a sand hill near his home here to dig a few days ago he had visions of finding treasure. This is not an unusual thing for the lad, for he has not heard his father's illustrious stepfather talked about without getting some spirit of adventure of the author of "Treasure Island" fixed in his mind.

So while Louis dug he hummed "Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho! Ho! and a Bottle of Rum."

The lad stopped digging because his shovel had encountered an obstruction. Tested carefully the thing that resisted proved to be metal. Thor

Louis dug more furiously than ever. In a few moments he unearthed a metal box. And, sure enough, it contained treasure. Opening it hastily the boy found 2,600 shares of valuable stock, deeds to city property, other valuable papers and several empty ring boxes.

Of course, the boy did not realize the value of the property, but he knew the papers must be worth a great deal or they would not have been placed in such a secure box. So he hastily carried his find to his mother, who turned the property over to the police.

The papers belong to Augustus Imbrie, a wealthy man whose house is closed and who is out of the city. The police think robbers ransacked the Imbrie residence and, after taking money and jewelry from the box buried it.

Praises Traits of His Dog in Rhyme



CHICAGO.—The muse of poetry was invoked recently by Isadore Herman on behalf of his dog Rover, who had gotten into trouble through carelessly inserting his teeth in the leg of little Israel Stern, son of Eli Stern, a neighbor.

Stern, on behalf of little Israel, filed suit in the municipal court against Herman, asking \$1,000 damages for the punctures which Rover inflicted on his son's leg. Herman, in response to Stern's complaint, came back with the following petition to the court:

"Defendant denies that said dog is or was of a savage disposition or of a vicious temper, not even in dog days, but, on the contrary, defendant avers that said Rover has always borne a good reputation among his neighbors, pals and associates in the community in which he resides for being a peace-

ful, quiet and law-abiding canine, always kind to his friends and faithful to his master. The defendant further avers that the dog is a great home body and is always at home at night."

The following lines in the bill express the attachment the defendant feels toward his dog Rover:

I like to see a little dog
Ad pat him on the head.
So prettily he wags his tail
Whenever he is fed.
Some little dogs are very good
And some are useful, too.
And do you know that they will mind
What they are bid to do?

"The defendant therefore prays," continues the bill, "that this honorable court will spare both dog and defendant from any decree which would in any way interfere with the long relationship heretofore existing between the defendant and his dog Rover."

Murder Without Malice.

The dean of the Suffolk School of Law, Boston, sends us the following gem from a freshman examination paper:

"Where murder is committed with out malice aforethought it is a case of manslaughter."—The Green Bag.

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Carrying His Audience With Him.

Nobody was more witty or more bitter than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client— My lord, my unfortunate client— My lord—" "Go on, sir, go on!" said Lord Ellenborough, "as far as you have proceeded hitherto the court is entirely with you."

If black could not be made to look like white, toasted cheese would not have so much drawing power toward the mouse trap.

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