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HEIRS TO THRONES WHO NEVER WIELDED THE SCEPTER.

Semarkable Cases Recalled in Connec tion with the Untimely Death of the Duke of Clarence-A Mixture of War. Romance, Scandal and Disaster.

It may be fairly said of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the throne of Great Britain that nothing in life became him like the leaving of it He came into the world prematurely. He was of weak health and lacked moral stamina. Only the shadow of royalty pro-



CLARENCE. PRINCE GEORGE. the flerce light of a police court inquiry Added to the e handicaps he was weighted down by the title given him, for all the Dukes of Clarence known to English his tory have suffered either through folly or

But for the last few weeks of his existence he basked in the sunshine of popular approval and spontaneous loyalty. His en gagement to Mary of Teck, a princess na-tive to British soil, endeared him to those who some day expected to become his subjects. They quit sneering at him as "Collars and Cuffs," affectionately dubbed him "Prince Eddy," and enthusiastically de-clared that "Albert Victor was a good deal of a man after all." Death has changed all that, however. Hardly had the breath left the poor young fellow's body when speculation and rumor strove with indecent haste to tear aside the veil that obscures the future. While the bereaved maiden who hoped to be a bride next month wept by the corpse of her betrothed, her name was already being coupled in the public prints of London with that of the new heir presumptive, Prince George, the second and sole surviving son of the Prince of Wales. The reason for this is shown by the following paragraph, published not twelve hours after the Duke of Clarence's

On July 29, 1889, Alexander William George Duff, who was then earl of Fife, but who was subsequently created duke of Fife, married Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Of this marriage there was born on May 17, 1891, a daughter, who was christened Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louisa Duff. As the succession now stands, in the event of the death of the Prince of Wales and Prince George, the throne of England would fall to the wife of the Duke of Fife, and after her death to Lady Alexandra Duff, her daugh-ter, who is not yet a year old. This possibility ter, who is not yet a year old. This possibility is not viewed with equanimity by the members of the nobility, who believe that all the heirs to the throne should be of the full blood royal. It is hinted very broadly that a marriage between Prince George and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck will be arranged.

If such an arrangement is to be carried out it will not lack for precedent. Something over a quarter of a century ago Nicolas was heir apparent to the throne of Russia and the Alexander now ruling Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R was his younger brother. The two one afternoon engaged in some rough sort of amusement and Alexander struck Nicolas a blow, purely by accident, that laid him the time betrothed to Marie, daughter of Christian, king of Denmark, and the attachment of the two was very great. The Danish princess mourned her lover sincerely, and then—for reasons of state—became the wife of the new heir. The result was hardly to be expected. Alexander III and his empress have lived together in happiess and harmony for more than a quarter of a century, and last fall the royal couple celebrated their silver weiling with great

magnificence. A tinge of romance surrounded and il-lumined the last days of the Duke of Clar ence, but in that respect he was by no means singular. English history teems with wonderful tales of heirs, apparent or presumptive, who never placed the crown upon their heads. Harold was nothing more than a claimant when he headed the Saxons and went out to meet that other claimant, William, and to sink beneath the The Direct Texas Route might of Norman valor. There, too, are the Arthurs, almost as unlucky, in a way. as the Clarences. Arthur, duke of Brittany, could hardly be termed an Englishman, but he was to all intents and pur poses the rightful heir.

His uncle, the doughty Richard of the Lion Heart, was minded to go crusading. and before he set out he named the lad, son of his brother Geoffrey, as his success sor. Another brother, John, he placed in ower during his absence in the Holy land. John soon seized the crown, gave out that Richard was dead and made things unpleasant for his nephew of Brit-



MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR. tany. Richard's return upset the plot, but death gave John a new opportunity. He ascended the throne and waged war in the kingdom's French possessions against Arthur, or rather against Arthur's ambitions advisers. The lad, then but sixteen years of age, was captured at Poiton, and while b ing transferred by water from one prison o another was slain by his well intructed custodians.

. Another Arthur was the son of Henry VII. The circumstances of his brief career are rather obscure, but the consequences of his early demise were mighty. In his place there appeared as heir apparent that notable personage who was to rule Eng-land as Henry VIII, who was to become the husband of six wives, the father of three sovereigns - the weak Edward, "Bloody Mary" and renowned Elizabethand the founder of a new religion. Had Arthur lived-but that opens up a field of speculation almost illimitable and not

within the scope of this article. Most famous, however, among those

heirs who never were the diadem of dominion was that magnificent soldier who fig ures among the great captains of the world as Edward the Black Prince. For a quarter of a century he was the dread meteor of wat that scorehed and desolated the fair fields of France and Spain. On Crecy's bloody plain he first approved himself a gallant knight, and when victory rested with the English he knelt to receive the congratulations of his father, the valiant and politic Edward III. There, too, he assumed the motto and crest of John of Luxemburg, the blind king of Bohemia, who fell in battle, and from thence date the three

distinguish the Princes of Wales. His warlike career, thus begun at the age of sixteen, took on new luster at Poitiers, where King John of France yielded himself a prisoner. As his father's vice roy he ruled all the conquered land be-tween the Loize and the Pyrences, and as Prince of Aquitaine he kept up the most gorgeous court in Christendom. A Spanish campaign, undertaken on behalf of Pedro the Cruel, shattered his health. The bril liant warrior, the sagacious leader, the "mirror of chivalry" became an invalid, and the last six years of his life were spent in enforced retirement. His father survived him but a brief while and the son of the Black Prince succeeded to power.

Can the generations of the exiled Stuarts be called beirs apparent? That is a mooted question, even to this day, for there now exists in England a society formed for the purpose of restoring the deposed family to the throne. The doubt goes back even to the time of James II. His second wife was Mary Beatrice, princess of Este. Their four children died young. June 10, 1688, "was born that prince afterward known as the Pretender." According to popular opinion, then inflamed against the monarch, this was a supposititious child procured from some base source and placed in the position of heir apparent. Twenty days later William, prince of Orange, entered England and drove out James. suspicion regarding the Pretender and his branch of the family remained so strong that when the crown was entailed on the Electress Sophia and her descendants in 1701, parliament deliberately ignored the claims of fifty seven persons who, had no question of legitimacy arisen, were better entitled to the throne according to all rules of precedence.
Like England, France also furnishes not-

able examples of those "born to the pur-ple" who never ruled. Mystery has always surrounded the case of that unfortunate youth whose parents, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, lost their heads during the French revolution. The Dauphin, as he was called, is supposed to have been poisoned in June, 1795, but at various times people have claimed his name, and others, still more audacious, have asserted, even in courts of law, that they were his pro-

Melancholy indeed was the fate of the two heirs apparent of the Bonaparte family.



CONGRATULATING THE BLACK PRINCE. poleon and Maria Louisa of Austria. After Waterloo and the abdication be was taken to Austria and created duke of Reichstadt. He died of melancholy and ennui in 1831, when barely twenty-one years of age. The end of Louis Napoleon's son is well known. He met a soldier's death in Zululand and sleeps beside his

father at Chiselburst. The scandal is still fresh that surrounds the mysterious taking off, either by sui-cide or murder, of Rudolph, heir to the

Austrian crown, and just now Spain and Mexico are agitated by the machinations of those friendly to the Carlist pretenders, and to the descendants of that Iturbide who was shot after holding court for a year in the halls of Montezuma.

So it will be seen that in many of their aspects the lives of those who have not reigned are not without elements of romance, tragedy and adventure.

Illiteracy in Peru. A recent census of Lima, the capital city

of Peru, discloses the startling fact that about one third of the total population of 100,000 is unable to read or write. These figures have alarmed the Peruvian author ities, and the advisability of introducing a compulsory education bill, appropriating an enormous sum of money for public schools, semifree academies, etc., is being seriously discussed.

Notables and Literature.

All the notables seem to be drifting into literature. Books are now threatened by Langtry, Patti. Mary Anderson Navarro and Bernhardt. The fashion seems to have been set by the self constituted censor of "society" eligibility, Ward McAllister.

Two Girls with Lively Tongues. Miss Ada M. Crawford, eighteen years old, and in the employ of the E. C. Howe company, directory publishers of Philadel

phia, is put up by her acquaintances as the champion stamp licker of the world. When she first tried her hand at stamping envelopes for the company she did 1,500 in an hour, and she can now do 3,000. It is all done with her tongue, too, as she uses no sponge, and an odd fact

ESTELLE GARDINER. is that when business is slack she gets dyspeptic, but the more stamps she licks the more she eats

and the better she feels. When this story was published in New York most of the young women in the offices declared the thing could not be done, but Miss Estelle Gardiner, of a large business house in University place, declared she could beat it. She had never run for an hour at a stretch, but could lick and stick seventy stamps r minute. "New York doesn't knock unde, to Philadelphia in anything," she said, "and I will mee; Miss Crawford in a match at stamp lick ing for any amount at any time and place. She is now in practice, and so the world is likely to have a stamp licking match.

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

In the happy time a-coming there'll be nothing to provoke, But everybody then shall wear a light and casy

The scores of quite distressing things that pain us every day
Will in that blissful afterwhile be banished

Now We Cut Profits in Two. There'll be no broken cables then our wishes to defeat, And when we pay our nickel we shall always

get a seat; Nor shall we have to wave both arms to catch the carman's eye, He'll stop for us unsignaled in the sweet by and by. ostrich feathers and the "Ich Dien" that

The fellow with the eigarette, oh, he will me be there, in the other place, you know. Will any-

body care? For since he's fond of smoking 'twill be better far that he i go where he may smoke and smoke through all eternity.

man who on the crowded street keeps turning to the left It pleases us to say of his sweet face we'll be And women who with parasols are Jabbing at

our eye, They never can come near us in the sweet by And she who wears a mammoth hat while at

the theater.
Oh, then is when with ghoulish glee we'll have the laugh on her:
For while the one she tortured will the pearly gates pass through.
St. Peter, with an awful frown, will say to her.

bores who tell us stories we have heard a

hundred times
Andlong haired, crazy poets with their soft, Insipid rhymes— And likewise all the fishermen who ile and ile They'll never more disturb us in the sweet by

The broken elevator and the bridge forever These nuisances will nowhere in that city b discerned.

But this will please us more than all the jasper gold and pearl— We'll no more have to battle with the awful servant girl.

The ice man and the coal man—it will fill our

hearts with mirth
To know that while they may connive to own the entire earth

Cannot possess, when later on their time shall come to die, The merest, tiny portion of the sweet by and

The man who says, "I told you so," and fortunately, too,
The summer chump who asks us, "Is it hot

enough for you?"
both be barred; and better yet, they'li shut out every one Who whistles "Comrades," "Annie Rooney," "Johnny, Get Your Gun!" And it is pleasant just to think no woman

there shall come Who while on earth in public ever toyed with chewing gum. Oh, the place will be delightful, and it's worth our while to try To get a lead pipe cinch upon the sweet by and by.

-Chicago Tribune.

All from One Pig.

She was a pretty little thing, and it was plainly to be seen that she had not been married long. She tripped into a Mouros avenue grocery store and said to the pro prietor:

"My husband (there was a great em him how much more comfortable it would be for him if he took a seat, especially as there was such a comfortable chair so close at hand. That isn't what young ladies are supposed to say according to the modern novel, but it is what every level headed girl says of our fine easy chairs and the more she knows about them the surer she is that phasis on the word husband) bought a couple of hams here some time ago.
"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer.

"They were very nice; very nice indeed. "Yes, ma'am," assented the grocer.

"Have you any more like them?"
"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer, pointing
to a row of ten or a dozen hanging sus

pended from the ceiling.
"Are you sure that they are from the same pig?"
"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer without a

quiver. "Then you may send me two more of them," and she tripped out of the store as she had tripped in, and the grocer laughed a wicked laugh.—Brandon Bucksaw.



WHY GUBBINS DIDN'T TURN UP AT DINNER.

How to Keep Boys on a Farm. He told his son to milk the cows, feed the horses, slop the pigs, hunt the eggs. feed the calves, catch the colt and put him in the stable, cut plenty of wood, split kindlings, stir the milk, put fresh water in the creamery after supper, and to be sure and study his lessons before he went to bed. Then he hurried off to the club to take a leading part in the question, "How to keep boys on the farm."-Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.

Reparation.

Jones-I say, colonel, your dog bit my child, and you've got to make reparation. Colonel Brown-All right, Jones, I'll make suitable reparation. You (sadly) may have the dog. - Yankee Blade.

The Maiden's Choice. "I can assure you that I am a bachelor "So I supposed; but whose choice?" - Life,

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