

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

The Nebraska Presbytery was in session at Beatrice last week.

The Wymore battery of light artillery will be inspected on Friday of this week.

Boyd county is booming and land is changing owners rapidly at interesting prices.

The majority of the local elections held last week resulted in a victory for the license ticket.

Chairman Lindsay has officially summoned the republican state convention to meet at Lincoln on June 18.

William Mackenzie, local agent for the J. E. Boyd Commission company at Beatrice, has disappeared.

By the bursting of a steam pipe on his locomotive, Fireman Huston was severely burned near Shelton.

H. C. Vail, a young lawyer of Albion, has announced himself as a candidate for congress from that district.

A new Coelis engine of 250 horsepower has been put in at the Kearney electric company's power house.

William Manigraine, living southwest of Blue Hill, aged 79, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn.

Negotiations have been closed for the purchase of the Express Publishing company at Beatrice by a new company.

For the first time in the history of the county not a jury case was called at Madison at the term of the district court.

Joseph Bowers, 16 years old, of Hastings, is under arrest on a charge of having held up and robbed a young lady.

Ninety mortgages, amounting to \$106,531 were filed and \$9, amounting to \$136,632 were released in Gage county last month.

The Northwest Nebraska Teachers' association met at Norfolk last week with an attendance of over 300 on the first day.

George Gould, who was arrested in connection with the wrecking of the Platte Valley State Bank at Bellwood, has been released.

Edward Meredith, a farmer living near Nebraska City, was kicked in the head by a horse and it is thought he will lose the left eye.

J. E. Owen of Wayne, with a big grading outfit, commenced work at Butte last week on the Verdigris branch of the Northwestern.

William and Frank Skrabel are in jail at Beatrice, charged by their mother with stealing \$2,700 from her, but she has relented and will bail them out.

Enlisted men of the recently returned Twenty-second infantry, stationed at Fort Crook, are complaining of ill treatment by the young lieutenants of the regiment.

The union revival meetings which have been in progress at Humboldt for three weeks have closed. During the meetings there have been 275 confessions.

Burlington train No. 12 was saved from being wrecked by a farmer living two miles west of Trenton, who stopped it from running on a burning bridge.

Governor and Mrs. Savage and ten members of the state military staff and their wives attended the charity ball of the Knights Templar at Kansas City last week.

Twelve Eddyville women, heavily veiled, raided a joint at Eddyville and smashed the large mirror and other furniture and destroyed several cases of liquor.

"School Buildings and Grounds in Nebraska," a book of 278 pages, including 300 illustrations, has been issued by the department of public instruction.

Some Wesleyan students and one of the professors at University Place went hunting, and accidentally demonstrated the fact that fire will burn, and that on a windy day it travels at a rate of speed that justifies the use of the adjective "wild."

New York Sun: "You promised me before marriage that you would make every effort to make yourself worthy of me." "I know I did, and the result was that I overdid it, and made myself better than you deserve."

The duke of Gallarant, prince of Mofetta, recently entered a cage containing four polar bears belonging to the Bernard menagerie, which is at present staying in Milan. He provoked the animals, which roared furiously, but they were soon mastered and he then put them through several exercises. On coming out of the cage the prince was heartily cheered.

The value of a man's opinion on a subject depends on what it costs him to live up to it.

Tomorrow at Noon.

A TRAGEDY.

Four hours before the Chicago express entered the Grand Central station, a passenger in the sleeping car Arcadia was in a state bordering on frenzy.

He had smoked so many cigars that the porter regarded him with apprehension. He had stamped up and down the aisle so fiercely that a baby had shrieked in fright whenever he appeared. He had cursed so horribly that the ancient spinster in the section next his had been on the point of swooning several times.

He was a big, athletic fellow, with a ruddy complexion, determined lips, and eyes like gray velvet, with black lashes and brows. His face would have been noticeable at any time, but now, crowned with an enormous silver-embroidered sombrero and distorted with impatience, it was doubly conspicuous.

"That cowboy must be getting ready to kill somebody," said the commercial man from Omaha to the railroad man from Buffalo.

"Either that or he's going to see his girl," replied the other.

The railroad man was a keen judge of human nature. Tom Weir, ranchman from the Valley of the River of Lost Souls, Colo., was on his way to New York to find his sweetheart.

As he sat moodily biting an unlighted cigar and counting the mile posts, he recalled, as in a dream, his meeting with the exquisite creature he was seeking.

He remembered that clear, bright morning when he rode, jingling and clattering, into Durango, just as the train from Alamosa was pulling into the station; how he threw himself off his Mustang and joined the crowd of miners, cowboys, loafers and "treasurers" on the station platform to see the passengers alight.

He heard again the murmur of admiration as she stepped from the train and walked through the throng with the air of a princess.

His heart pounded madly as he recalled the masses of red gold hair, the luscious lips, the eyes of most unholly blue—the blue of the mountain sapphires—and the graceful, svelte form.

His thoughts shifted to the afternoon when he was introduced to her at the ranch adjoining his own. She had come to visit her school friend, the wife of his neighbor. He remembered her wonderful pink gown with clouds and billows of lace, the tiny fan she wielded so coquettishly, the rings on her white fingers. She looked like an angel to the big, clumsy, blushing, stammering ranchman—a pink and white angel with a halo of dazzling blonde hair.

Poor Tom Weir then and there lay his great, unsullied, honest heart at her feet. From the first moment she spoke to him he was her slave.

Now he thought of those heavenly days that followed; the long walks and rides in that glorious air that mounted to their heads like champagne; the nights when the great red moon swung over the snow-crowned peaks; the first mad kiss, the tender confession, the sweet surrender and the solemn betrothal.

And now he was going to see her!

Two years had gone by since the girl of his heart had said good-by to him; since he had held her to his brawny breast and with swimming eyes and husky voice begged her not to forget him.

She had written him often, sweet, kind, tender letters, letters he had kissed and cried over and put under his pillow at night. She had kept her word. She had not forgotten him—that radiant creature, O, where was a man so madly happy as he? And O, when, when, would this train get into New York?

There was only one little bit of alloy in this happiness; a mere trifle, to be sure, but still there. A few words in her last letter had troubled him. He had read and re-read them, trying to discover just what caused his uneasiness, but in vain. Still a vague, intangible something seemed threatening him. Some instinct sounded a note of alarm as he pored over the perfumed paper in his hand.

"I am tired of teaching," the letter ran. "The life of a governess is so narrow, so confining. So I have gone in for art."

That was all. Art—art? Art is perfectly harmless. To be sure. But it was strange that he had never saw her draw or paint anything. Indeed, he remembered that when with the enthusiasm of the typical western ranchman, he had pointed out the beauties of his beloved mountains, she had seemed rather bored than otherwise.

He made a sudden resolution. He would go to New York. He would see her and beg her to give up art and come near to nature's heart with him. There was no reason why their marriage should be longer delayed. He could give her a pleasant home, even if a trifle lonely. But she would never be lonely. Would he not be with her? And she could paint all the pictures she wanted in Colorado as well as in New York.

Yes, he would go to her. He would sweep her off her feet by his passionate pleading; he would carry her away with him; he would bring her back to the mountains and to his home.

The train thundered into the station. Tom Weir had never been east of Denver before. The babel and confusion annoyed him. He thought of the solemn, wind-swept mountain spaces and of the wide spreading peaceful plains. He longed to find a quiet corner. But the clatter and hubbub pursued him to his hotel.

The address of the letter he was carrying over his heart took him far uptown. When he succeeded in mastering the intricacies of the bells in the apartment house he found a door was opened by a port little maid, who stared superciliously at his height and breadth, his sombrero and his clothes.

"No," she drawled. "Miss Cameron is not in; she is driving in the park."

"Can I see her this evening?" he demanded imperiously.

"Why, no," she said, with astonished eyes. "of course not. No one ever sees her in the evening."

"When can I see her?" He felt himself going hot and cold by turns.

"You might possibly see her at noon tomorrow," snapped the maid. "She's never up before noon." Then she shut the door with a decided bang.

Tom strode away, hurt, angry, suspicious. What in the name of God did it mean. Art, a carriage, living in luxury. Never up before noon. Suddenly he stopped and cursed himself for a mean, pitiful cur that he should suspect her of anything that was not good and pure and womanly. Tomorrow—tomorrow at noon, he would see her. Everything would be explained, and on his knees he would beg her to forgive him for his unworthy suspicions.

As he entered his hotel he ran into a man from Denver he knew. They shook hands and adjourned to the bar. Tom was honestly glad to see him. To tell the truth, the ranchman was lonely and a bit homesick.

"Got the dumps?" laughed the man from Denver. "Oh, brace up! Go to the theatre and amuse yourself. Let's see. Go to the Gotham. There's a great show there. Out of sight. Say, but there's a girl there that's a beauty. The town has gone wild over her. She is on only for a few moments, but she leaves an impression. I'll see you tomorrow about noon. Good night—in a hurry," and he was gone before Tom could tell him that tomorrow at noon he had an engagement.

The theatre was crowded. The stage was peopled with hosts of pretty girls with brazen smiles and alluring eyes. There was plenty of fun and music and dancing and laughter.

But Tom was not interested. Perhaps his lonely life had not fitted him to enjoy such a shaking of folly bells. Perhaps the heart that had always reverenced womanhood despised the dubious jest, the offensive innuendoes.

He wondered as he looked about how nice women could bear to listen to such stuff.

At times he lost sight of the stage. "Tomorrow at noon" ran in his mind. It throbbled through the melody of the orchestra, it resounded in the strains of song. The violins breathed and whispered and sobbed the refrain over and over, "Tomorrow—tomorrow at noon."

At last the stage was darkened. He heard some people next him talking about the beautiful woman who was to pose as a statue. He leaned forward.

The curtains parted. On a pedestal stood a woman with masses of clustering hair falling over her white shoulders. Her superb form stood out like marble against the sombre background.

There under the blaze of the calcium she stood—her head thrown back, her eyes half closed, all those sweet charms of which he had scarcely dared to dream flaunted to the devouring eyes of hundreds.

What was it the men were calling out as the carriages rolled up to the door of the theatre? Oh, yes, how stupid of him! "Tomorrow, at noon," of course. And what did all those blazing letters read in the glittering signs along the crowded thoroughfare? "Tomorrow at noon—tomorrow at noon."

He went up to his room. He laughed as he hung himself upon his bed. "Tomorrow—tomorrow at noon."

The man from Denver knocked on his door and rattled and shook it. "Wake up, Weir!" he shouted. "wake up. It's Darling of Denver. Come, you lazy beggar. I want you to go to luncheon with me."

There was no answer.

"Wake up, Weir!" he called again, banging the door with his fist.

But no answer returned from the silent room, where the brawny form lay stretched upon the bed and where the blood was slowly trickling down from the white forehead in which the ranchman's sure bullet was buried.—Edith Sessions Turner in Post Dispatch.

Embarrassment.

Have you ever— Tried to save time in a barber shop by getting a shave with your three-inch collar on?

Stepped off a cable car backwards, or tried to connect prematurely with one on a slippery pavement?

Taken off your hat to a lady acquaintance in a preliminary canter on a bicycle?

Had a 300-pound lady repose gracefully on your pet corn in a crowded street car?

Rummaged all through your clothes, lost your temper and disgraced yourself in a vain endeavor to find the communion ticket that was resting peacefully in your husband all the time?

Tried to buy a pair of garters for your wife in a department store?

Met your wife in a restaurant where you were treating the pretty typewriter to a lunch?

Tried to bluff on a pair of deuces when four aces was the best hand out?

Seen the horse you have bet your last cent on left at the post?

Stepped on the business end of a tack while waiting the baby to sleep at 3 a. m.?

If you have done any or all of these you will know what embarrassment means.

The Coal Find in Nebraska.

Mr. H. M. Wallace of Washington, who has of late been investigating the coal finds in Nebraska, and particularly those near Swedeberg, was in Lincoln recently and believes that prospects for Nebraska having her own coal are very flattering.

Having an attorney assisted in effecting the incorporation of the company which expects to develop the Swedeberg field, Mr. Wallace was in a position to give quite definitely the scope of the work so far done and the character of the find, which has heretofore been carefully guarded as to details. Mr. Wallace believes that Nebraska will yet develop into a mining state and he intimates that traces of petroleum have been found which may lead to the discovery of oil wells.

Coal was discovered on the farm of Nels Gibson several months ago. The property is situated three miles from Swedeberg. Mr. Gibson with John Safranek and John Joseph, commenced work and made considerable progress on their own account. Indications were discovered which experts who were consulted believed most valuable. Their work was directed by friendly counsel which has led to the formation of the Standard Coal Mining company, incorporated in Arizona, which with a capital stock of \$1,000,000 will now prosecute the work of development. A manager of the company has been selected who is an expert in his line and plans for a thorough test of the field have been laid.

THE MEN INTERESTED.

Henry Torpin, of the Torpin Grain Co., of Oskdale, and a practical miner, will be at the head of the concern and will act as manager of development work. The vice president will be John Joseph; treasurer, John Safranek; secretary, C. A. Wenstrand. Of the original incorporators, Carl Carlson, Andrew Carlson, Nels Gibson, John Safranek, and Joseph Safranek have turned in land for their share of the stock and the company has been so far gotten under way that promises of several thousand acres of land have been already secured.

The secrecy that has been maintained regarding the find at Swedeberg has never been broken willingly for the benefit of the public up to the present. Now the company is willing to make known an outline of what has been accomplished and what is intended. Three holes have been bored to test the extent of the coal field. The second is 1,000 feet from the first and the third is 1,500 feet from the second, all in triangular form. In each hole three large veins have appeared. The coal is pronounced by Mr. Wallace to be the finest quality of lignite, which burns to a white ash and has no clinker material.

INDICATE ONE BIG VEIN.

In each of the three holes the veins appear at about the same depth with the exception that the two upper veins dip slightly, while the bottom vein is level, leading to the belief that further development will reveal a point at which they meet and form one large vein which will be of immense value. A fourth vein of eighteen inches was encountered at no great distance from the surface of the ground, but this was not included in the calculations. The first vein of value is three feet in thickness at a distance of something less than 100 feet from the surface. The next vein is four and one-half feet thick and the third vein encountered is nine feet thick at a depth of 225 feet. Above this last vein is forty feet of solid sandstone which will serve as an excellent roofing for a mine and greatly lessen the cost of operation when the work of mining commences. Over the three-foot vein is a covering of sandstone twelve feet thick and over the four and a half-foot vein the sandstone is twenty feet thick.

In addition fire clay was found by the drilling process and of the kind which has proved under chemical test and other tests at the state university here and elsewhere to be superior to the grade that brings \$6 per hundred on the open market in Lincoln. Strange as it may seem Mr. Wallace says that a thin vein of very fine iron ore was penetrated. It is not more than three inches in thickness but of remarkable purity. It was a great surprise to those familiar with Nebraska geology when found. The vein is too thin to be of commercial value, but its presence is regarded with interest.

In one stratum a peculiar ore was

encountered which on being assayed, showed a slight trace of silver but not enough to be of any value whatever.

PROMISE OF MORE BELOW.

As far as the coal find is concerned, Mr. Wallace says practical coal men and United States geologists with whom he has consulted on learning the conditions, say that undoubtedly a great coal bed lies deeper down, probably between 200 and 300 feet deeper. Many of the large coal mines are 2,000 feet down, at the lower depths the better grades of coal being encountered. The nine-foot vein on the Gibson property is a very valuable proposition in itself. Mr. Wallace says that a company stands ready the moment a shaft is sunk uncovering the nine-foot vein of coal and proving its presence to pay par for the stock of the corporation, or \$1,000,000. A proposition was made recently to purchase a controlling interest but was rejected by the owners of the land, who determined to form the company themselves and organize for development work. They have entered into an ironclad agreement that all stock issued shall be non-transferable for two years and then before any sale is effected the original incorporators shall have the first chance at it.

MANAGER TORPIN.

The manager, Henry Torpin, has a reputation for accomplishment in mining work. He was interested in the building of the Elkhorn railroad from Wahoo to Lincoln and has taken a deep interest in Nebraska. He took active charge of coal mines at Glen Rock, Ia., bringing a mine that was producing forty cars of coal a day up to 600 cars a day. He was recently compelled to go to Denver for his health, but has recovered sufficiently to enable him to return to Nebraska and engage in this work. The other gentlemen are prominent farmers and business men of the vicinity of Wahoo. Mr. Joseph is a retail merchant at Wahoo, Mr. Safranek is a butcher there and Mr. Wenstrand was once county treasurer of Saunders county.

The purpose is to bore in different localities and locate if possible the point of convergence of the veins. As soon as the lower side is discovered, a shaft will be sunk and work upwards will be begun, this for the sake of securing perfect drainage. Mr. Torpin will personally superintend all this work.

It is quite certain that coal exists in many localities in Saunders county. Near Valparaiso at a depth of sixty-eight feet on Representative Jamison's farm the thin eighteen inch coal vein discovered first at Swedeberg was pierced. A number of farmers are working in this locality putting down a hole in company though not organized. These borings develop a thick vein of yellow ochre. The borings at Swedeberg developed in addition to what is mentioned above a bluish clay and a snow white clay with no grain whatever, appearing like the finest talc when rubbed with a smooth surface. There was also some substance resembling pigment for paint.

TRACES OF OIL.

Valparaiso is about twenty miles from the Swedeberg field and in this distance at a place Mr. Wallace declined to indicate he found excellent traces of petroleum. He has seen 400 acres of land through which a creek runs on which oil oozes and floats. He has not had a chance to have the product assayed, but will do so this week. He says that oil if it exists in this state is probably very deep. He mentioned 300 feet.

Mr. Wallace admitted that the matters he related might seem strange to Nebraskans who have been accustomed to regard this as an agricultural state pure and simple. He said the character of the men interested was proof that the proposition must seem good to them. As an instance of what has been going on he indicated that a representative of Armour's interests had offered one farmer near Memphis \$104,000 for eighty acres of land, which was refused.

The company was incorporated in Arizona because Nebraska is not a mining state and Arizona is, having good set of mining laws which have been passed on by legislators and supreme courts. A company of home people may work in their own state under articles of incorporation filed elsewhere in Nebraska as in other states.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Columns of clouds vary enormously in size, but as long as they remain of moderate dimensions in line weather, they indicate a continuance of brightness. But, when, in hot weather, they grow exceptionally large, they give warning of storms, with high temperature—and with great certainty when they assume a dome-like shape.

The earliest known hot water heating is curiously traced to Greenland, where the strangely forgotten colony of Norwegians had increased to 1,000 villages in the fourteenth century. A German author was told in 1516 of the heating and cooking of water in pipes from a hot spring. The ruins of the colony were located in 1125, and the hot spring was some years ago seen by an American artist.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortion of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plains. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by Mr. H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they

be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together." Some of these whirls will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.

Geologists and geographers will be glad to learn that they may soon expect the publication of a new map of Iceland, on which Mr. Thorodsson, whose labors in his native island is so well known, has been engaged for 20 years. It is on the scale of 1-600,000, or about twenty English miles to the inch, and thus affords at a glance an excellent picture of the general physical structure and geological characters of the country. But it is also replete with details which are expressed in symbols that take up little space and are readily intelligible. The map, of which we have seen a proof copy, is excellently engraved and printed. In colors at Copenhagen, and will be issued under the auspices of the Carlsberg fund. The title and table of signs are in English.

The east received 260,000,000 feet of lumber during the last year, by rail from the Pacific coast.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Scarfs of chiffon in pearl or ivory tints, with applique of hand-painted black velvet, are among the spring novelties.

White batiste makes charming frocks for young girls who have not yet attained to the dignity of silk and wool gowns.

All belts point down in front, whatever their width. With the thin gowns soft belts of ribbon are worn knotted at the back with two ends not much more than a quarter of a yard long.

In the line of silver novelties, but primarily for boudoir use rather than table service, is the hatpin holder in French gray with a saucy little cupid decorating the center of the slender column.

A novelty in the petticoat line is made of linen, in different colors and of the same quality of which the gowns are built. A wide circular flounce, with heavy linen lace in points inset around the edge and medallions of embroidery scattered at intervals all over it, is the finish, set on with a narrow insertion of embroidery.

Tea sets with a different flower on each cup are one fancy, and another is the pretty vases with violet iris flowers on a misty gray background. Inkstands, pen trays, birds and animals in this porcelain are the fad of the moment, and to the list may be added dress buttons and flies and beetles made in porcelain for the heads of hatpins.

Some of the new French walking or "costume" jackets of soft tan, antelope, nun's gray or biscuit cloth have revers and turn down collars faced with white cloth overlaid with silk passementeries in green, black or dark brown—or blue, the collar and revers are sprinkled with French knots in one of these colors, wrought with heavy buttonhole twist.

One of the conspicuous features of the new gowns is the belt which is as varied as the figures on which it is worn. It is made of silk striped around with black velvet ribbon, the two combined forming tab ends at the back, or of plain silk, or soft ribbon without the velvet, draped a trifle wider at the back and sometimes forming a rounded point.

Piques are shown this season in a greater variety of effects than ever, including the so-called robe patterns, which bid fair to have a summer of unexampled popularity. A stylish model of soft pale blue pique has embroidered figures in white. The skirt cut in panels shows round the foot an underskirt of finely tucked, plain blue pique. The sailor collar of the same is edged with a band of the white embroidery, also the vest and lower part of the sleeves.

For the taffetas, crepes de chene and other soft, light fabrics that are so much used for dressy spring gowns, a princess effect is almost a necessity for the matron who wishes to be really smart. These gowns are long and sweeping. Some of them have a princess back, made of side pleats running from the top to the bottom of the skirt, with pleats flaring toward the hem to form the fullness of the skirt. The fronts finish at the belt to form a blouse and bolero effect and all sorts of fancy embroideries, basket braids or ribbons are used to trim them.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Ethel Lorimer, the 13-year-old daughter of ex-Congressman Lorimer of Illinois, has composed an "Ave Maria" which is said to be very creditable and is being sung in Catholic churches in Chicago.

Miss Leola Stidham, a Creek Indian girl, a student at Hardin college, Chicago, has been selected sponsor for the Indian Territory division of the United Confederate Veterans at the reunion to be held at Dallas, Tex., April 22d.

Unlike some other European sovereigns, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland can leave her dominions when she pleases. The only obligation imposed upon her in this respect is that she shall spend at least ten days of each year in Amsterdam, which is the real Dutch capital, The Hague being only the seat of government.

Miss Ella Sheppard Moore is the last survivor of the famous Jubilee singers of Fisk university, Nashville, and is still connected with that institution. As a member of the company she traveled five years in Europe and six years in America and has sung before Queen Victoria and many of the crowned heads of Europe.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, recently gave a banquet in Boston to eight people at a total cost of \$2.25, or 25 cents per plate. The bill of fare was vermicelli soup, boiled fish, boiled potatoes, lettuce salad, cake and tea. The company sat at one large table, and Mrs. Green entertained her guests with stories and anecdotes.

The Manila Critic says that when General Weyer was sent as governor general to Manila, Don Carlos Palanca, the wealthy Spaniardized Chinaman, whose funeral last September was marked by great pomp, determined to send Mrs. Weyer a gift, the customary way of obtaining the good will of the Spanish officials. He found at a jeweler's two necklaces, each costing \$20,000, and both being so beautiful that he could not choose between them. So he sent both to Mrs. Weyer, with the message that she should make her choice. He received a warm letter of thanks from her, stating that the necklaces were so beautiful that she could not decide between them, and hence would keep them both, which she did.

Love's young dream often bumps up against a rude awakening.