

SHIPS THAT NEVER RETURN

There Were 266 Vessels That Went Down Last Year in the Sea, Say Statisticians.

Careful French statisticians compile each year for the Bureau Veritas a record of the accidents and losses suffered by a twelvemonth by the merchant marine of all nations from which data are obtainable.

Nine hundred and eighty-six of the world's merchant marine—steam and sail—totally lost in the year 1908, say these careful French statisticians.

Gen. Bingham Illustrates. Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, who resigned the post of chief engineer of New York's bureau of highways because he could get nothing accomplished, said the other day to a reporter:

"Despite all my efforts in that office, there were no results. I reminded myself—though in no invidious sense—of Gobsa Golde.

"Gobsa Golde, the well-known clubman, was found by a police officer, very late one night, in a pitiable state of intoxication. The wretched fellow stood beneath a lamp post, which was kicking with might and main.

"Slightly amused, the policeman watched him a moment. Then he said:

"Here, sir, what are you doing here?"

"No reply. Only—bang, bang, bang—Gobsa dealt the lamp post three more kicks.

"What are you doing?" repeated the policeman.

"Gobsa delivered another quick volley of very furious kicks, and then, looking up, he said:

"Oh, I know she's in all right, 'cause there's a light upstairs."—Exchange.

Padding a Canoe to College. Three young men in a boat, to say nothing of the rest of the outfit, are floating down the Mississippi river on a month's journey to St. Louis, where they will enter Washington university when the fall term opens, a little more than a week hence.

Padding in a canoe to college is a novel manner to reach a destination in these days of rapid transit, but A. L. Partridge, A. Sidler and E. Dixon have made the trip before and they think the rigors of a 1,000 mile trip by canoe is just the sort of thing to train them for a winter's study.

It was in the middle of August that the students began their long journey near the headwaters of the Wisconsin river. Their canoe was fitted out with everything needed on the long and arduous trip and experience had taught them that their larder needed to be well stocked.—St. Louis Republic.

Natal's Valuable Springs. Natal has recently discovered that she possesses springs of a similar nature to those which have made New Zealand celebrated. Not long ago springs were discovered rising from an island in the Tugela river. Now sulphur springs have been located near Greytown. The latter can hardly be regarded as a new discovery, since many years ago they were known to exist by the Dutch community in Natal; but the waters have been proved to contain similar chemical constituents to those of Harrogate and other popular European springs.

Turkey Gobbler and Copperhead. Jacob Vieler, resident in the Bottle Run district, saw a turkey gobbler belonging to his flock indulging in a battle with something in one of the fields the other day while the hen members of the flock were flying better members of the flock.

Quite Likely. Small Robert complained of feeling ill one morning. "I think I've got a fever, mamma," he said.

"What kind of a fever, dear?" queried his mother.

"I don't know," replied the little fellow, "but I expect it must be the Jaseball fever."

Contrary Reaction. "I wonder why young millionaires are going off to hunt wild deer?" "Perhaps because the tame dears are hunting them."

Believes in Others Helping. Mrs. John Lewis Bremer of Boston and Cohasset, Mass., is one of the few wealthy women in this country who conduct clubs of working girls.

Practically all the new coats are made full length and cut on straight lines. They are made up in pongee, soft finished taffeta and rubberized silk.

Among the novelty coats for fall are those made of taffeta or silk serge and lined with heavy cloth, the cloth being used for the trimming.

Silks, and especially silk veivets, are in the highest favor, and three silk frocks are seen now where before two were shirtwaists and suit skirts.

The large collar revers and deep turn-back cuffs are much in evidence in new jackets. Quite a number have skirts trimmed to correspond with the jackets.

The grandfathers frill is still in favor. Formed of a triple frill of point d'esprit net falling in a cascade down one side of the corsage, it makes a pretty finish for almost any gown.

When sleeves are of the peasant type, large folded back cuffs are usually employed as trimmings, with perhaps a narrow undersleeve of some sheer white material, net or all-over embroidery.

Black or dark blue taffeta tailor-mades, trimmed with fringe, are one of the inventions of the year. Taffeta is coming into more and more favor and a strenuous vogue for it is undoubtedly ahead.

Hatpins for Fur. A useful little idea for furnishing winter hats is to make fur hatpins. A little furry knot looks sweet and a scrap of odd fur, taken from some that is "done for," can often be found.

This is cut in a circle and gathered round, being drawn up over the head of an ordinary hatpin. A little cockade of tulle might be added, but when this is done they must be sewn on at such a position that they stand up at the side of the hat and do not stick out in ungainly fashion when the pin is thrust through the crown. For feather hats the same notion can be carried out, covering the pin with a scrap of leather trimming or marabou.

Three Costumes



WALKING COSTUME.—Cloth of serge would make up well in this style; the skirt has a floating panel down front taken on to within a few inches of foot.

The basque of the Russian coat is added under a belt of black satin, the revers are also of satin edged with black and white striped silk; this with a binding of satin trims the sleeves; a frill of soft lace adds a finish.

Hat of black satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

Visiting Dress.—Eau de Nil Venetian cloth is used here, the skirt is slightly high-waisted, and is trimmed part way down each side by cord sewn on quite straight, with a waving of narrower cord between; a row of buttons is sewn on the inside, little openings are left at the foot, to show

pieces of material trimmed with cord. The Magyar bodice is trimmed to match, with the addition of black satin, which forms straps outside cord, and finishes collar and cuffs.

Hat of Tagel to match, trimmed with a feather and bead cabouchon.

Smart Dress.—This becoming dress is made up in vieux rose delaine, patterned in black and white, and in plain vieux rose delaine. The tunic and lower part of bodice are of the fancy delaine, the latter is prettily trimmed with strappings of black satin, which also edge the over-sleeves and yoke, while lace is used for the under-sleeves and yoke; the lower part of skirt and upper of bodice are of the plain delaine.

Hat of black chip, trimmed with an aigrette and a large rosette of vieux rose tulle.

of these bonnets and white bengaline others. One combines the two materials, the chiffon being shirred in bands and used to trim the more severe outlines of the bengaline.

For a very new baby a long dress has a three-inch ruffle at the foot, applied with cording. A bow of pale blue ribbon, with streamers that reach almost to the hem of the long skirt, is caught at the left side near the shoulder.

For a little tot in short dresses there is a dainty coat of accordion-plaited white chiffon, with a forward turning hem, and a little cape made of white bengaline, embroidered.

Children's Garments. The best-selling styles in children's garments are those that are copied from women's wear, says the Dry-goods Economist. It is surprising how becoming these little coats are. For example, the shawl collar and side fastening, so popular with the grown-ups, are also meeting with great success in children's coats. The same is true of the hood effects, pointed collars, new shape sailors and incorable revers. Even the cut-up seams are being employed by the designers with considerable success.

Little Silk Boleros. The dressmakers have experimented with boleros for two seasons, and they seem to have landed them into fashion at last. They are worn in bright colors with white muslin gowns or old-fashioned frocks of floral or gaudy. They are finished around the edge with a plaited ruffling of ribbon or a ruffle of lace. The severe ones have only a thick cable cord covered with silk or satin.

To Clean Silver Mesh Bag. Any woman who owns a German or sterling silver mesh bag or purse, and who has learned how one soiled light dresses and gloves, will be glad to know that she can clean it in a few minutes herself at home. Just take plenty of soda (common baking soda), this is what the jewelers use, and a little water, brush, rinse well and dry and think of the economy—it looks as good as new.

To Cook Peas. This is an excellent way to cook peas when they are a little old: One quart of peas, four ounces of pork, one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of water, two small white onions, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Cut the pork into small bits. Put butter in steppan; when it melts, add the pork and cook gently until a light brown, then add the water, peas, onions, and pepper.

MARKING THE FALL COSTUME. Many New Ideas Are to Be Found Among the Latest Effects Designed.

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CUPID HAS SINECURE IN JAPAN

CHICAGO.—There never, never—no, never—was a happier little couple than K. Yamasaki, the Japanese consul to Chicago, and his petite bride, who have journeyed clear across the Pacific ocean to make their home in Indiana avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. The ensuing chapter of the little romance that skipped across half the world, and the story of how this well-born little Japanese girl gladly traveled to remain beside her liege lord, reads like one of the tales of Onoto Watana.

Bound by all the ties of family and home, love of parents and friends to the land of her birth and her dearest associations, and not even knowing well the English (or American) tongue, she has done much to back up the declaration they both made recently, that they were really "soul-mates."

Match Arranged by Families. "Soul-mates!" That's what they say they are, to Americanize the Japanese phrase. Their tailor-made romance suits them fine. They always expected to wed some fine day, even as children. That's the way they do it in Nippon. Misoa had nothing to say about the match, and neither did Mr. Yamasaki. Their families arranged the whole affair, and the families surely ought to know. Negotiations began long before either ever had felt the thrills of love.

Now, if the average American girl was given in marriage after this fashion, what a loud cry would go up! In her headstrong independence she would stalk out of the house and run off with the man she really wanted, and this man would, nine times out of ten, not be the man her parents selected, which may argue for the American girl's fine independence but not for her sentiment.

Not so the Yamasaki family. Misoa smiled and blushed and accepted the man of her parents' choice.

This was learned upon a visit to the Japanese consul in Chicago and his bride.

Mr. Yamasaki is a man of middle height, with a strong, dignified face of a decidedly oriental type. His eyes are shrewd, kindly, clever, and have a friendly twinkle in the corner of them. His English is excellent. When asked for a little talk with Mrs. Yamasaki about the girls in Japan, he explained that Mrs. Yamasaki didn't know English, but he offered to act as interpreter.

Charming Type of Womanhood. So he went upstairs to get Mrs. Yamasaki. It was almost half an hour before he returned. And Mrs. Yamasaki was with him. She is charming. She is small, fragile, slender, as dainty and as exquisite as a bit of Sevres china. Her skin is a soft, warm olive, with an under color of faint pink at the cheeks. Her hair was dressed in a smooth, round pompadour, fastened with tortoise shell pins. Her eyes are dark almond, with a wistful look in them, a look of longing and infinite understanding. Her hands are the most wonderful of all, slender, brown, with tapering fingers. She wore a kimono of a dull blue shade, decorated in white flowers and with a wide white and blue sash, and on her feet were tiny white "Zoree" slippers with a separate compartment for the great toe.

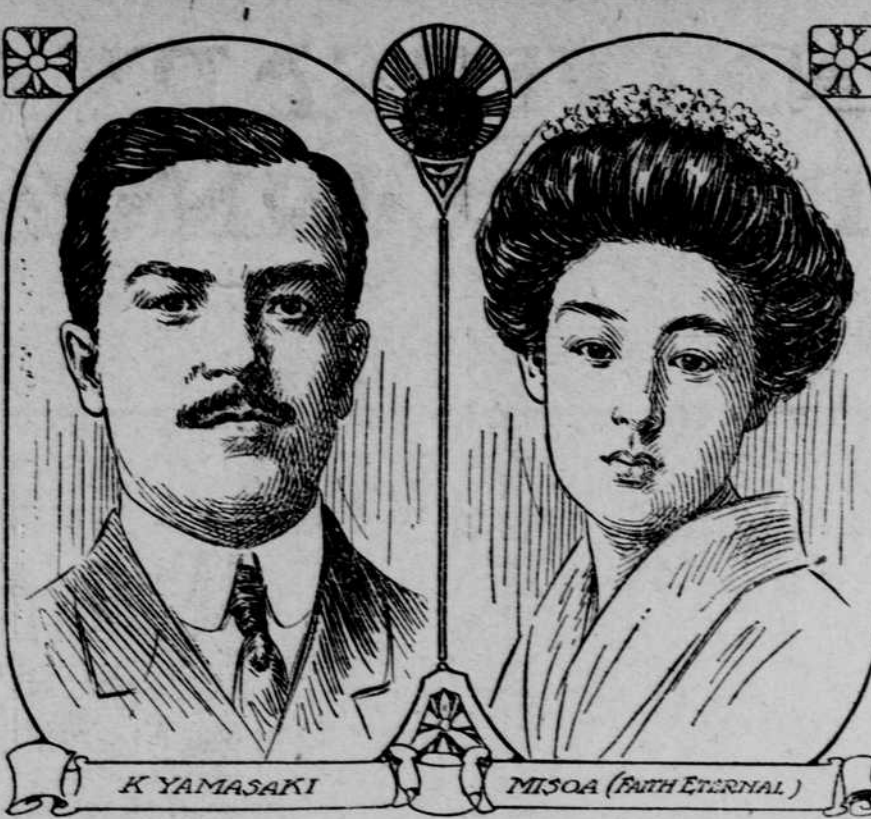
Mrs. Yamasaki shook hands, made a quaint little bow, and smiled. There is nothing foreign about the smile. It is a friendly, up to date smile that welcomes you and accepts you as a friend. She seated herself in a big, armchair of dull green.

"In Japan the girls are not given the same education as the boys, are they?" was asked. Mr. Yamasaki spoke to Mrs. Yamasaki, she spoke of him. Her voice is husky, low, and very sweet. It has an Ethel Barrymore thrill to it, but it has a quick little sound that even Ethel could not imitate.

Mr. Yamasaki smiled at his wife's answer and translated: "Today the education of the Japanese girl is far superior to that of the past centuries. Formerly the girl was given very little if any education. But today the Japanese girl is educated much in accordance with the western methods. There are schools and colleges in all of the large cities. But the girls are educated differently from the boys. The boys are educated to take their place in the world, to make a living, to look out for themselves. The girls are educated to make homes—to be a comfort to their husbands."

Happy Home Life Their Ambition. "No! Japanese girls prefer a home life. If they are happy with their parents or their husbands they are content."

And Mr. Yamasaki looked at Mrs. Yamasaki, and they both smiled.



Wouldn't American women be a trifle happier if they forgot "careers" and devoted themselves to making homes? "And marriage and divorce?"

Sometimes in Japan the men court the girls in approved western fashion, but usually the entire affair is arranged by the parents of the young people. And although divorce is much easier to obtain, for it can be obtained on getting less frequent each year, and a wife is not "put away" among the better classes unless there is some reason for it. The Japanese women are not considered the equal of men in many respects, and their mission is the mission of happiness.

Then they were asked about clothes—women's clothes—in Japan.

"Japanese dress is very comfortable," translated Mr. Yamasaki. "It is graceful and beautiful as well. In Japan the patterns on the dresses have great significance. On joyful occasions, as celebrations and weddings, kimonos are worn with the patterns of the pine, the plum, and the bamboo, for these signify happiness—the pine is ever green, the bamboo ever straight, and the plum is the first blossom. The turtle and the crane also signify happiness when worn as dress ornaments, because, according to oriental legend, they signify long life. For funerals plain black or white is worn, but on other occasions the young women may choose any color to suit their individual tastes."

"What is your first name, Mrs. Yamasaki? Has it a meaning, as have most Japanese names?"

"My name is Misoa, and it means 'faith eternal.'"

French Her First Language. Mrs. Yamasaki is studying English. She was born in Paris and lived there until she was three years of age, returning to her parents' native home in Tokio with no knowledge of Japanese. She still speaks French, and hopes to conquer English soon.

And then Mrs. Yamasaki, sitting straight in the big American chair, smiled. She looked neither at me nor at the window for a glimpse of the out of doors, but at her dignified husband, and essayed her first English sentence during the interview.

"I like Chicago very much," she said.

Getting an absolute divorce by mere agreement of the two families concerned seems a strange custom to us here in America. But this is being done in Japan every day, and the results, as far as domestic happiness is concerned, seem to be about as satisfactory as those achieved with the methods of our advanced western civilization.

The Japanese system "translated," is something like this: Mrs. Flat-dweller calls her daughter, Lulu Ellen, to her and says: "Lulu Ellen, put on your nicest frock, for the man you are going to marry is coming to call on you. The wedding will be tomorrow."

And Lulu Ellen, all excited, dresses up and gets introduced to Freddie Blonde-boy. Then they proceed to get married, and the ceremony is just as impressive, and the hunt for a properly located four-room apartment is just as exciting, and the trousseau is just as expensive as if there had been a year's courtship entailing many frocks, much expenditure on both sides, and many wrong guesses.

As it is Done in Japan. And divorce? Mr. and Mrs. South-side may be quarrelling continually. He thinks she spends too much money on clothes and too much time on bridge, and she thinks he is a stupid, coarse old thing, anyhow. But of course they don't want to go to court about it. So they quarrel and quarrel and quarrel every day, and keep on quarrelling and lose out on the bits of happiness they might have cornered if it hadn't been for the quarrelling.

But a la Japon: Mr. Southside at the breakfast table, after he has finished his fruit and the sporting column, looks over at Mrs. Southside and says: "Louise, dear, what do you say to a nice, quiet little divorce?"

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TOO MUCH FOR HACK DRIVER

High-Sounding Name Made Old Man Think There Was Something Mysterious in the Wind.

After a long, hot and dusty journey by train the New York commercial traveler arrived in Richmond, brushed enough dust off his face to make sure that the right man was getting off, and hailed one of the little sea-going hacks common in the Old Dominion city. It was driven by an aged negro. "Drive me to a haberdashery," said the traveling man surveyed his soiled raiment with disfavor. "Yessuh," said the negro, "Giddup." The old horse started off at a little stiff-legged trot. The driver seemed to be thinking deeply. By and by he pulled the horse to a stop, and leaned backward to his fare. "Scuse me, suh," said he, "but way do you all want to go?" "Drive me to a haberdashery," said the traveling man. "Oh, yessuh," said the negro. "To be sure, Giddup." The hack rattled on for a little way, and then the negro stopped, got off the box and poked his head in over the little door. "Mebbe Ah didn't get dat name jus' right," said he. "Would you all mine repeatin' it, suh?" The traveling man said for the third time that he wanted to go to a haberdashery. The old driver shook his gray wool and looked grieved. "Ah'm an ole man," said he. "Youah kin trust me. Wheeah is it you really want to go?"

This One Is on Hugh. "When I came into the Union station the other morning, after traveling all night," said Hugh Reilly, at the Commercial club, "I went into the barber shop. 'When you spend the night on a sleeping car,' I said to the barber, 'it doesn't improve your personal appearance, does it?'"

"Well," said he, as he looked me over, "I don't know how you looked when you started, but perhaps you're right."—Washington Herald.

A Paraphrase. "You take close notice of the places to which people are invited."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox; "in our circle invitations are the sincerest flattery."

As dawn precedes the sun, so should acquaintance precede love.—Du Bose.

Wm. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

A peck of trouble looks like a bushel to the man who is up against it.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

He is a wise man who laughs at the antediluvian jokes of his tailor.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I can say I am a well woman. I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."

—Mrs. HERMAN SIETH, Pound, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Asent's Good

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ARE DRIVEN EVEN TO DEATH

Terrible Toll Demanded of Men who Work in Stockholds of the Ocean Liners.

While toiling and sweating in the stockholds of a big long distance liner, I have often wondered whether the passengers dancing on deck or drinking iced drinks under an electric fan have the remotest idea of the human suffering that is involved in sending them along at 16 knots an hour.

They may catch sight of a man in torn clothes, black as a miner from top to toe, his face in streaks where the perspiration has run in a steady stream from his brow; they may even go so far as to mutter: "One of the stokers—jolly hard work in this weather!" But they know nothing of the grim and ghastly truth.

In the stokehold of every ship the leading hand of the watch is a picked man, who is as strong as a young giant, knows his work perfectly, and has fast legs of mutton. He is known as the "bully," and his official

instructions are that he must never actually use his fists on the men while driving them to work. He never does strike the laggards "officially," because, if a fireman or a trimmer complains that he has been knocked about, it is always declared that the men had some private quarrel.

Whether the men are fresh at the game or old hands, they all have to do their spells of four hours without a break, even if their heads feel as though they were bursting and their limbs burnt or cut. It is enough to break the heart of any man the first week, while the ship is in comparatively cool weather, but the climax of suffering is reached when the work has to go on just the same in places like the Red sea or the Indian ocean.

To realize all it means, one must consider how trying it is to remain in the temperature of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit without having any work to do. If you add to that the fact that the men are driven to throw coal on their furnaces in that temperature you get an idea what it involves for them. Heaven help the man who tries to

shirk work when the word has been passed round that the mails are behind time! The leading hand, whose official instructions are not to hit, forage his instructions. He works like a fiend himself, and drives the others at the same time. If the ship's doctor is unsympathetic, it is almost a case of "work or die" for the stokers.

We had one fireman who was completely knocked out and he had a badly swollen ankle. He asked the doctor to give him a day or two off, but was told to go back to work. He started his four-hour "shift" at mid night, but in a quarter of an hour said he could not go on. He was struck and bullied, but demanded to see the ship's doctor. The doctor, perhaps annoyed at being called at that hour gave him a cursory glance and told him to go back to the stokehold. He struggled with the work for a quarter of an hour, and then when his strength failed, he was hit on the head with a shovel. He staggered away and, in despair, leaped overboard, where he must have been eaten by sharks in a couple of minutes.

Nebraska Directory

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