

Brief Snapshots At Folk In the Public Eye.



JAY GOULD.

HE Gould family has been very much in the public eye of late. Some members have been conspicuous for one thing and some for another. Some have been winning honors and some merely notoriety. Jay Gould, son of George J. Gould and grandson of the late railroad king whose name he bears, has set out to make his mark as a tennis player. Some day or other he may make his mark in the world of business, but at present the world of sport is that in which he aims to shine. His latest achievement is winning the title of amateur champion in court tennis from the Britons. That was rather cruel on Mr. Gould's part, because the sport is one in which the British have always claimed to beat the world. Young Gould's chief opponent and the player from whom he won the championship was Eustace Miles. He is a vegetarian, and it was in allusion to this in connection with the battle over tennis that Punch perpetrated the following lines:

A wonderful athlete called Miles
Conted cabbage in forty-four styles.
The result of this food
Was exceedingly bad.
Jay Gould has a corner in smiles.

At the crucial point in the contest with Miles Gould's racket wrist went back on him. Twice it took a cramp and play had to be stopped while it was massaged. At this time Gould played as if his very life depended on every stroke of his racket. His doggedness—the "sand" which made his grandfather such a dominant figure in his lifetime—kept the young player going even after he had used up all his boyish store of vitality.

In the house of George Gould are domestic peace and tranquility. Miss Helen Gould, never having married, is not troubled over the question of how to manage a husband. The domestic affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould have not protruded into the public gaze. But Anna and Howard and Frank have all had reason to think favorably of the "trial marriage" idea. Anna won the title of countess, but at the price of much unhappiness and finally a resort to the divorce court. Howard and his wife, who was the actress, Katherine Clemons, have frequently quarreled and are at present seeking freedom from each other. And now the quarrels of Frank and his wife have become public property. In the latter case the husband says it is another instance of too much mother-in-law. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Gould have denied that there has been any serious quarrel between them, and Mrs. Gould remarked: "Whatever trouble we have had has been caused in a measure by my mother's quick temper. She does and says a lot of things she doesn't mean."

Mrs. Gould was Miss Helen Kelly of New York and was quite popular in society. She married Mr. Gould five years ago. She is tall and slender, with golden brown hair. Her mother, Mrs. Edward Kelly, in speaking of the incident, said: "This was not a case of 'too much mother-in-law.' It was a case of a loving mother trying to save her daughter from a broken heart."

The witty Bishop Stanford Olmsted of Colorado at a dinner in Denver said apropos of Sabbath breaking: "I was talking to an eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance. 'I suppose,' I said, 'that in your district rain affects the attendance considerably?' 'He smiled faintly. 'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"

Dr. Louis Klopsch, editor of the Christian Herald, who was recently decorated by the emperor of Japan, accomplished much through his journal for the relief of the starving Japanese in the famine of a year ago. He is now engaged in similar work in behalf of the famine stricken Chinese.

The decoration given him in recognition of his services to the Japanese was that of the Order of the Rising Sun, and it was conferred by Baron Takewa Ozawa, personal envoy of the mikado. About fifteen years ago Dr. Klopsch, through the Christian Herald, raised a large sum of money for famine sufferers in Russia, and the late Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, whose sermons were for years published by Dr. Klopsch, accompanied him to Russia to assist in the distribution of the relief. Dr. Klopsch received a testimonial from the czar for his work in this connection. Since the



DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

death of the elder Talmage Editor Klopsch has supervised the publication of the sermons of his son, Rev. Dr. F. De Witt Talmage. Dr. Klopsch is a native of Germany and came to this country in early childhood.

Sir Edward Grey, who has been put up by the present Liberal government in England to defend one of its principal measures, the army bill, is one of the leading figures in parliament. It is predicted that he will some day be premier. He has been in parliament since he was twenty-three, and at thirty he was Gladstone's undersecretary for foreign affairs. He was greatly assisted in his political career by his wife, who died about a year ago. In an article about Lady Grey written at the time of her death the writer stated:

"Even apart from her devotion to her husband she was the keenest possible Liberal politician, though the daughter of an old Tory squire, Major S. F. Widdrington, whose ancestor is mentioned in the 'Ballad of Chevy Chase,' and her personal popularity in the border county was responsible for much of its Liberalism. For Sir Edward she worked incessantly and brilliantly, from his first political campaign, two months after his marriage in 1885, down to the late battle, from whose triumph she has been so tragically called away. Lady Grey had a large desk at Folton devoted to political papers, answered many of Sir Edward's letters and throughout his five campaigns frequently took notes at his opponents' meetings of points in the speeches which she thought needed reply."

Former Senator Chandler's statement that a movement is on foot among Christian Scientists to retire Mrs. Eddy from the headship of the sect and put in her place Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson has called attention to the career of that lady. She was formerly first reader of the First Church of Christ, Scientists, New York, and has been called high priestess of Christian Science in that city. The church of which she was head recently erected a new edifice at a cost of about \$1,000,000. Mrs. Stetson while its first reader, or pastor, enjoyed a salary of \$5,000. She is head of the Christian Science Institute in New York.

After her retirement as first reader in the First church she remained a member of the board of trustees and the most influential person in the organization. There was a movement about two years ago to dispute her leadership, but it did not succeed.

Dr. B. D. Evans, one of the experts in the Thaw trial, was criticizing at a physicians' dinner the browbeating method of cross examination that the courts permit. "But my criticism," Dr. Evans ended, "has been feeble, and what good is feeble criticism? The critic, to score, must be epigrammatic, unexpected, humorous. Thus, in my native Bridge-town, a candidate for congress spoke at a mass meeting, and afterward a politician asked an old farmer what he thought of the speech. "'Waal, I dunno,' said the old man soberly, 'but I think six hours' rain would 'a' done us a lot more good.'"

The subject of equal pay for men and women who teach in the public schools has been a good deal under discussion of late. Sometimes even the male teachers do not receive very high salaries. Senator Isidor Rayner of Maryland is one of those who believe that the educators of the land are none too well paid. At a reception not long ago he told a story about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries were extremely low.

"A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address," he said. "The banker concluded his remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words: "'Long live our schoolteachers!' "'What on?' shouted a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks."

Curve Pitching. Curve pitching is not a new feature of baseball by any means, yet many veteran "fans" will remember the days when the man who talked about making a ball curve would have been locked up in the town calaboose with iron pills chained to his ankles. Baseball historians aver that curve pitching came into vogue in the early seventies in some localities, and in spite of the length of time that has elapsed since that period, in which the development of curves has been diligently pursued, it is the opinion of expert observers that there are many mysteries and possibilities that are as yet unsolved and inexhausted.

Even In Death. Roberts—Poor Williams died and left a wife and three children. Jones—That's nothing. He was too mean to take them anywhere when he was living.—New York Life.

Genius is not essential to good preaching, but a live man is.— Phelps.

A LOST SWORD.

It Was Frederick the Great's and Was Consecrated by Napoleon. While Prussia was at his feet after the battle of Jena, Bonaparte visited Potsdam, and there he saw the sword of Frederick the Great. He took possession of it, saying, "I value this sword more than all the treasures of Prussia." It was deposited at the Invalides on May 17, 1807, with military pomp and ceremony, to the immense gratification of the people of Paris.

But there came the black days of 1814, and with the allies on the point of entering the French capital the governor of the Invalides, Marshal Sorurier, received orders to take steps for the preservation of the precious trophies there collected, especially the sword of Frederick the Great. Interpreting this instruction in a peculiar fashion, the governor took effective measures for preventing them from falling into the hands of the enemy by making a bonfire of them, and it was said that he threw Frederick's sword into the flames.

This statement was confirmed as late as 1857 by an eyewitness. Thus perished, as was attested in 1830, when an official inquiry was made into the matter, between 1,500 and 1,600 war flags and other memorials of victory. The ashes and remains were thrown into the Seine at the mouth of a sewer. The sword could not, of course, have been destroyed in the conflagration, but it was never seen again. It happened that in 1815 an engineer, having ascertained the precise spot where the debris from the fire had been put into the river, made a search and recovered from the bottom a considerable number of bronze and copper articles which were returned to the Invalides. But the sword of Frederick was not found. One would like to think that it was not the fate of this historic weapon to rust away in foul mud, but that it had undergone the noble transformation of being turned into some implement of peaceful industry. Of this, however, there is no evidence.—London News.

HE OVERDID IT.

A Last Wager That Might Perhaps Have Been Won.

When it got as far as the cigars at an informal supper the other night, at which the manager of one of the most talked of New York hotels was the host, the talk turned on the perfection of modern hotel management. The manager boasted of the fact that in his house at least the clerks were paragons of memory and cleverness. "Yet I will bet the cigars," said one of the guests, "that exactly at midnight when the clerks change I, having no room here, can walk to the desk, ask for the key of a certain room, giving the number, and get it."

"Done," said the manager. Exactly at 12 the man making the bet entered the lobby as if he had just come from the street. This dialogue followed at the desk: "My key, please—No. 76." "Yes, sir; what name?" "Mr. Johnson." "Yes, Mr. Johnson." The clerk turned back to the desk as if to reach the key from the rack. For a moment he was out of sight of "Mr. Johnson."

Then to "Mr. Johnson's" dismay he was quietly seized by two men, who seemed to come up from the floor on either side of him and who asked him very politely, but with firmness, to leave the hotel at once.

It was then that the manager appeared from behind a pillar and explained. A few moments later, when they were smoking the cigars, the chagrined loser said: "Well, that's a wonderful thing. How the deuce do they remember everybody they see?" "Easy enough," said the manager, "and then in this particular case there isn't a room in the house numbered below 100."

The loser bought more cigars without being asked.—New York Times.

The Biter Bit. An old Lowlander had been persistently asked by his son, who was doing very well in London, to pay him a visit. Having at length decided to comply, he spent a fortnight in the metropolis and duly returned north to tell the tale. A pompous person invited him to his house soon after the old man's return, with a view to having some amusement at the latter's expense. "And what was it that most impressed you in the great city?" asked the pompous gentleman. "Well, sir," quoth the old fellow, "the thing abune a' that impressed me maist was my ain insignificance. 'Deed, sir, I was strongly advise ye to gang—it wad dae ye a vast deal o' guid, sir!'—Dundee Advertiser.

Nothing Unusual. Lord Cromer when ruler of Egypt made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British premier a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil. "Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."—Cleveland Leader.

A Practical Reason. Investigating Teacher—Do any of you boys know why "X" stands for an unknown quantity? Wise Little Aleck—I know, 'cause my pa says when you lend an "X" you never know when you're going to get it back.—Baltimore American.

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HERO OF NANSHAN HILL.

Prince Fushimi of Japan, Who Is Now In England. Much was heard of Prince Sadanaru Fushimi of Japan, cousin of the emperor, during the war with Russia. He is forty-nine years of age and a full general and fought in the war against China as well as in that against the armies of the czar. In the latter war he was most prominent while directing the operations of a division of the army in southern Manchuria, and his heroic conduct at the battle of Nanshan Hill, when the Japanese troops



PRINCE FUSHIMI.

charged the enemy nine times in the face of a withering fire, is still well remembered.

Prince Fushimi visited the United States at the time of the world's fair at St. Louis, and he is now attracting attention by his visit to England as special envoy of the Japanese emperor. Prince Edward of Connaught not long since journeyed to the orient and conveyed the Order of the Garter to his majesty the emperor of Japan. Prince Fushimi was charged with making a return call, so to speak, and acknowledging the honor conferred by the British sovereign on the mikado. On his arrival in England he was met by the prince of Wales, the cabinet and officers of army and navy. An amusing incident occurred in connection with the visit. It so happened that the comic opera entitled "The Mikado" was being presented at one of the theaters of London when the prince arrived. Fearing that the burlesque of Japanese customs and officials which it contains might offend the emperor's envoy the British lord chamberlain prohibited its performance. This caused protest and the visiting prince was appealed to with the result that the ban was removed, Prince Fushimi remarking that he did not see any harm in the opera and would like to witness a performance himself.

CAREW-TERRY.

Great English Actress and Her Marriage to Her Leading Man.

It seems that the great actress Ellen Terry was wooed both before the footlights and behind the scenes by her leading man, James Carew. When Miss Terry sailed for England at the close of her recent tour of the United States the interesting fact was disclosed that she had for a third time taken a husband, the marriage, which occurred on March 22 before a justice of the peace, having been kept secret until the actress was ready to sail for home. News of the romance was then conveyed to the public by the groom. Mr. Carew is well known both in America and England and is a resident



ELLEN TERRY AND JAMES CAREW.

of Chicago, though born about thirty-five years ago in the state of Indiana. He played prominent roles with Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," with Henrietta Crossman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and with Alice Fischer in "Mrs. Jack." About two years ago he joined the company of Miss Maxine Elliott and went abroad with her, appearing in "Her Own Way." A year later he joined Miss Terry's company, returning to America with her for the season just closed.

Miss Terry was born at Coventry, England, in 1848, and is therefore fifty-five years of age, or nearly twenty-five years her husband's senior. She was married first to George Frederick Watts, the painter, from whom she separated. She was married a second time to Charles Wardell, an actor, known on the stage as Charles Kelly, who died some years ago.

MARK TWAIN'S CHILDREN.

A Case Where Attempted Punishment Proved a Hopeless Failure.

Ordinary punishments answered very well for Susy. She was a thinker and would reason out the purpose of them, apply the lesson and achieve the reform required. But it was much less easy to devise punishments that would reform Clara. This was because she was a philosopher who was always turning her attention to finding something good and satisfactory and entertaining in everything that came her way. Consequently it was sometimes pretty discouraging to the troubled mother to find that after all her pains and thought in inventing what she meant to be a severe and reform compelling punishment the child had entirely missed the severities through her native disposition to get interest and pleasure out of them as novelties. The mother, in her anxiety to find a penalty that would take sharp hold and do its work effectively, at last resorted, with a sore heart and with a reproachful conscience, to that punishment which the incorrigible criminal in the penitentiary dreads above all the other punitive miseries which the warden inflicts upon him for his good—solitary confinement in the dark chamber. The grieved and worried mother shut Clara up in a very small clothes closet and went away and left her there for fifteen minutes. It was all that the mother's heart could endure. Then she came softly back and listened—listened for the sobs, but there weren't any; there were muffled and inarticulate sounds, but they could not be construed into sobs. The mother waited half an hour longer. By that time she was suffering so intensely with sorrow and compassion for the little prisoner that she was not able to wait any longer for the distressed sounds which she had counted upon to inform her when there had been punishment enough and the reform accomplished. She opened the closet to set the prisoner free and take her back into her loving favor and forgiveness, but the result was not the one expected. The captive had manufactured a fairy cavern out of the clothes hanging from the hooks and was having a most sinful and unrepentant good time and requested permission to spend the rest of the day there!—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

The coward shoots with shut eyes. Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye. The paleface's arm is longer than his word. When a fox walks lame, the old rabbit jumps. A squaw's tongue runs faster than the bird's legs. There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail. The Indian scalps his enemy. The paleface skins his friends. Two men will live together in quiet and friendship, but two squaws never. When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs. There are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.—Scrap Book.

A Dog and an Egg.

A farmer in a western state possessed two dogs, a big one called Alice and a small one that was named Billy. Alice, greedy creature, was fond of fresh eggs. When she heard a hen cackle she always ran to look for the nest. One day she found one under the fruit shed. But she could not get the egg because she was too large to go under the shed. She went away and soon returned with Billy, bringing him just before the hole.

Billy was stupid and did not understand. Alice put her head in and then her paws without being able to reach the egg. Billy seemed to understand what was wanted. He went under the shed, brought out the egg and put it before Alice, who ate it with great satisfaction, and then both dogs trotted off together.—Chicago Tribune.

Lively in the Tenements.

A young woman new to mission work on the east side, New York, was lately moved to comment sadly upon the monotonous and cheerless existence of the inhabitants of the tenements. "I suppose there is little brightness and recreation in your lives," said she to an eleven-year-old girl. "Oh, I don't know about that," answered the girl. "It ain't so dull as you might think. Dere's always some 'thin' doin' to keep us from gittin' blue. It's lively sometimes, all right. For instance, las' night the people on our floor was a-cuttin' up high. Dere was a gentleman next to us what had 'le tremens, an' de lady right across the hall from us was jagged so she nearly bit her sister's ear off."—New York Tribune.

Hurt His Feelings.

"I told you that poor young widow," began Mrs. Nuritch, "that you'd give her boy work if"— "Well, I won't," interrupted Nuritch. "She sent him today with a note that said, 'I must find employment for my son, even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her callin' me a mere pittance!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Use For Poetry.

"Do you enjoy poetry?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is a great conversational convenience. It enables people to quote instead of being stupidly original."—Washington Star.

"His only happiness can keep us young."—Blackwood.

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