

LAUNCELOT LEWIS' RIDE.

Journey of Six Hundred Miles Through Australia.

In these days of records and record breakers, it seems almost impossible for anyone to win fame in a wholly new sphere. It is improbable, however, that the record made by Launcelot Ashley Lewis, son of John Lewis, a well known stockman of Koorina, South Australia, will be beaten for many years to come. His ride may be looked upon as unique in the annals of Australasian travel.

When in his presence, and is his most attentive listener during the sermon. She may deliberately enter the pulpit and climb up into one of the pulpits, or sit on the steps of the chancel, or stand on the chancel cushion, and rest her little chin in her hands, while her elbows rest on the rail, and she gazes intently at the speaker during half the service, but she hears every word he says. Yesterday she took her seat in the gallery and scattered rose leaves on the congregation below. She horrifies the staid and formal members of the congregation, and more than one has tried to restrain him and keep her in dignified bounds; but they might as well have tried to have restrained the sparrows of old that built their nests in the altars told of in the Psalms. Like the average woman, "when she wills she will, and there is an end of it."

The large open enclosure adjoining the big monkey house in the "Zoo." She handles the wheel very cleverly, much to the amusement of the large number of spectators who spend hours in watching the funny antics of the big ape. The photograph was taken under great difficulties, for "Maja" is very much afraid of the sight of a lens, and will not keep still for a moment, if she becomes aware of the presence of a camera. Our illustration was obtained, after a number of useless efforts, by using a concealed apparatus.

FISHING FOR SPONGES.

How They Are Sighted and Brought Up from the Water. The sponges of commerce and the dried specimens of other species are not the actual animals, but merely their skeletons, or framework. That which constitutes their vital parts is removed in preparing them for market.

Sponges do not have the power of motion possessed by most animals; they are nearly always attached to submerged objects. Since it is impossible for them to go in search of food, they can grow only in

pieces of brush or stakes into the sand just out of the water, or where it is very shallow.

They remain in the crawls while undergoing maceration and the refuse is carried away in the ebb and flow of the tide. Usually they are left in the crawls for a week, then the fishermen remove them and give them a beating for the purpose of removing all chance of impurities. After the beating they are thoroughly cleaned and are ready for market.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Harry," said the teacher, "in your essay on 'Washing' you say that he never went fishing. What authority have you for making that assertion?" "Why," replied Harry, "haven't we been taught that he never told a lie?"

A little boy had been sent to the corner grocery to get some eggs and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them. "How many did you break?" asked his mother. "Oh, I didn't break any," he replied, "but the hells came off some of them."

"Nellie, dear," said the indulgent father to his 4-year-old daughter, "if you like your new doll, you ought to come and put your arms about my neck and give me a real kiss." "Oh, papa, I don't want to, but as she did so she remarked: 'Oh, papa, I do not want to kiss you!'"

Of course it happened when there was company present. "Mother," said Willie's elder sister, who had been reading a nautical story, "what is a spanker boom?" "You bet I know," broke in Willie vociferously.

Then they all made haste to change the subject, not because Willie knew, but because he thought he knew.

An exchange says that a little girl in Hillsdale, Mich., petitioned the Lord for fair weather and the next morning the sun shone bright and clear. She told of her prayer to her grandmother, who said, "Well, now, why can't you pray tonight that it can be warmer tomorrow so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the response, and that night as she knelt she incorporated this request in her little prayer: "Oh, God, make it hot for grandma."

The young king of Spain is a bright boy. The following anecdote is told about him by the Madrid correspondent of the London Telegraph: "One afternoon King Alfonso, on returning home from a walk, ascended the staircase and looked in vain for the officer who should have been in command of the royal guard on duty. The king called for an adjutant and asked him the name of the officer on duty that day. 'It is Captain X, your majesty.' 'Will you kindly remember me to Captain X, then, and tell him I often think of him, though I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time.'"

A little girl, about 3 years of age, was obliged, for some time, to endure the nagging annoyance of a maiden aunt, relates an exchange. The child puzzled her little mind as to the best means of getting rid of her tormentor and at last hit upon a plan which, she thought, would have the desired result. She spent the whole of one morning writing a letter, and having finished it, she disappeared in the garden. In the course of the afternoon her mother asked the gardener what Alice had been doing, and was surprised to learn that she had dug a deep hole and put a letter in it. A search was made, and the following epistle was discovered, addressed to the potentate of the nether regions at his official residence: "Dear Mr. Satan—Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very funny person, and does worry me so. Alice."

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Marion Crawford says of herself: "Most of my boyhood was spent under a French governess. Not only did I learn that language, but I learned to read—geography, arithmetic, etc. were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy, because it was the language of my daily tasks. The consequence is that to this day I write French with the ease of English."

George W. Smalley, the American toy who is now correspondent in this country for the London Times, had no greater trial during the war with Spain than the humiliation of having his dispatches passed upon by Grant Squires, Greely's assistant censor. When Mr. Smalley heard that \$15,000 a year as London correspondent of the New York Tribune Squires was making \$7 a week as a reporter for that paper.

Lord Wolseley, who is at the head of the English army, is in Scotland, the next day reviewing the troops in Yorkshire, then in London inspecting the volunteers, a day or two after inspecting a night attack at Chatham and torpedo trials at Sheerness, and then with the Duke of Sutherland, the commander-in-chief's apparent youthfulness makes people forget that he is now 65 years of age and has been actively employed in the army for forty-six years.

Mr. Curzon's term as viceroy of India will last five years. His salary is about \$400,000 a year, with all expenses paid by the government, and he is expected to live in great magnificence. This salary and perquisites seem small compared with the incomes of three of the native princes who are allies of Great Britain and who have \$15,000,000 a year. The office of Indian viceroy is one of great power and great responsibility. While the late Lord Lytton was hated for his tyranny and exactions, Lord Ripon, whom Mr. Curzon succeeds, was idolized by the people, who are a grateful people when well treated.

Durham White Stevens, upon whom has been conferred the Japanese decoration of the Second Order of the Rising Sun, had previously received two other decorations from the Japanese government. His acquaintance with Japan began in 1872, when he was appointed secretary of the United States legation at Tokio. In 1884 he received the third-class decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun. In 1886 he received the second-class decoration of the Order of the Sacred Treasure for services rendered during the Japanese-Chinese war, and in connection with the conclusion of the new treaty between Japan and the United States.

The Sirdar of the Egyptian army, says an English paper, once had a very extraordinary experience, having swallowed a bullet with which he had been wounded, and which he now preserves as a memento. During the campaign of 1888 Major Kitchener was hit in the side of the face by a bullet during a skirmish near Suakin, and was taken down the Nile and thence to the Citadel hospital at Cairo, where, despite all the efforts of the surgeons, the bullet could not be located. The wound was a healthy one and soon healed, and the medical officers came to the conclusion that the bullet had worked its way out, without being noticed, on the passage down the Nile. The major's nurse one day tempted his patient's appetite with a tasty beefsteak, which he put down at once, and he exclaimed: "Billion, pulled loose from the neck and soon the game is in the dingy. Thus the work goes on until a boatload is obtained, and then they are taken ashore and placed in crawls to be cured. The crawls are built by sticking



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA Writes:

When worn out, I find nothing so helpful as a glass of Vin Mariani. To brain-workers and those who expend a great deal of nervous force, it is invaluable. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

From the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French Army:

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FATEFUL HOUSE OF HAPSBURG

Its History for a Century Marked by a Succession of Tragedies.

CRUSHING BLOW OF RUDOLPH'S END

Story of the Archduke and His Unhappy Love—Maximilian's Execution—Innumerable Sorrows of the Emperor.

Again fate has dealt a heavy blow to the houses of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach, adding another sorrow to that heavy burden which has borne down to despair the ancient rulers of Austria and Bavaria. The spirit of tragedy seems to have marked them in their own and to have played with them in order to drive its lessons deep into the hearts of men. The fate of the emperor of Austria is but the climax of a life overflowing with heart-breaking and tragedy.

Chief of the recent tragedies of the house of Hapsburg, relates the New York Herald, was the supposed suicide in 1889 of the Archduke Rudolf Francis Charles Joseph, son of the emperor and heir to the throne, the one on whom all the hopes of the imperial house had rested. This affair is now known as the Meyerling drama. Several versions of the tragedy have been given out, but the facts in the case probably never will be known to any one outside the royal house.

The archduke was deeply infatuated with the charms of the Baroness Vetsera, a beautiful young girl, who returned his love. He wished to be united to her bymorganatic marriage, but his father would not allow it. On the evening of January 29 the archduke met the baroness in a gamekeeper's house, not far from the castle of Meyerling. In the morning both were found dead, lying side by side. It was asserted that the baroness had taken poison and that the prince had shot himself.

Another story is to the effect that a forerunner went to the house where the prince and the baroness were found dead, and gave some instructions regarding the hunt that was to take place. He knocked loudly at the door. A window was opened and a man jumped out and ran away. The forerunner aimed and fired. The fugitive fell, and when the forerunner walked up to him he recognized, to his horror, the crown prince, who had fainted. The shot had entered the prince's shoulder. The forerunner called for help, and with the assistance of a man who ran to his aid, carried the prince into the gamekeeper's house.

The baroness, seeing the prince in a faint and bleeding from a wound, imagined that he was dead. She immediately took up her traveling bag and pulled out a phial. Before she could prevent she drank its contents and fell dead upon the floor.

Soon afterward the crown prince came to and was taken by his own orders to the castle of Meyerling. Here he ordered his valet from the room into which he had been carried, and here he placed a pistol to his head and fired a fatal shot.

Letters of the prince and of the baroness, found after the tragedy, tend to disprove this version, and indicate a premeditated suicide on the part of both parties. Then there were several witnesses who declared that they had seen the bodies of the prince and the baroness lying side by side immediately after the tragedy.

Another Story of the Affair. A man by the name of Johann Tranquillein, known by the sobriquet of "Baron Schau," who died on Ward's Island after a career of dissipation in the United States, asserted that he drove the crown prince to Meyerling on the day of the tragedy, and told a very different story of the prince's death. He said that he drove the prince and a jolly party of friends to Meyerling. No women were in the party.

Supper was served in the castle of Meyerling, and during the festivities Baroness Vetsera suddenly made her entrance into the supper room and with flashing eyes asked the prince if it was true that he had renounced her. The prince, after a silence, answered that his father would allow no further relations between himself and the baroness. The latter then drew a revolver and fired at Rudolf.

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MARCHING OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS (Reprinted from The London Sketch. General Sir Evelyn Wood says: "Regarding the infantry marching, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot, or since I was first stationed there twenty-eight years ago. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

TERRORS OF LA GRIPPE. From the Chicago Medical Era. "Many patients recover very slowly. The lassitude and weakness calls for something in the nature of a tonic, and for this purpose I am satisfied that I have found a preparation that answers the purpose. I refer to Vin Mariani."

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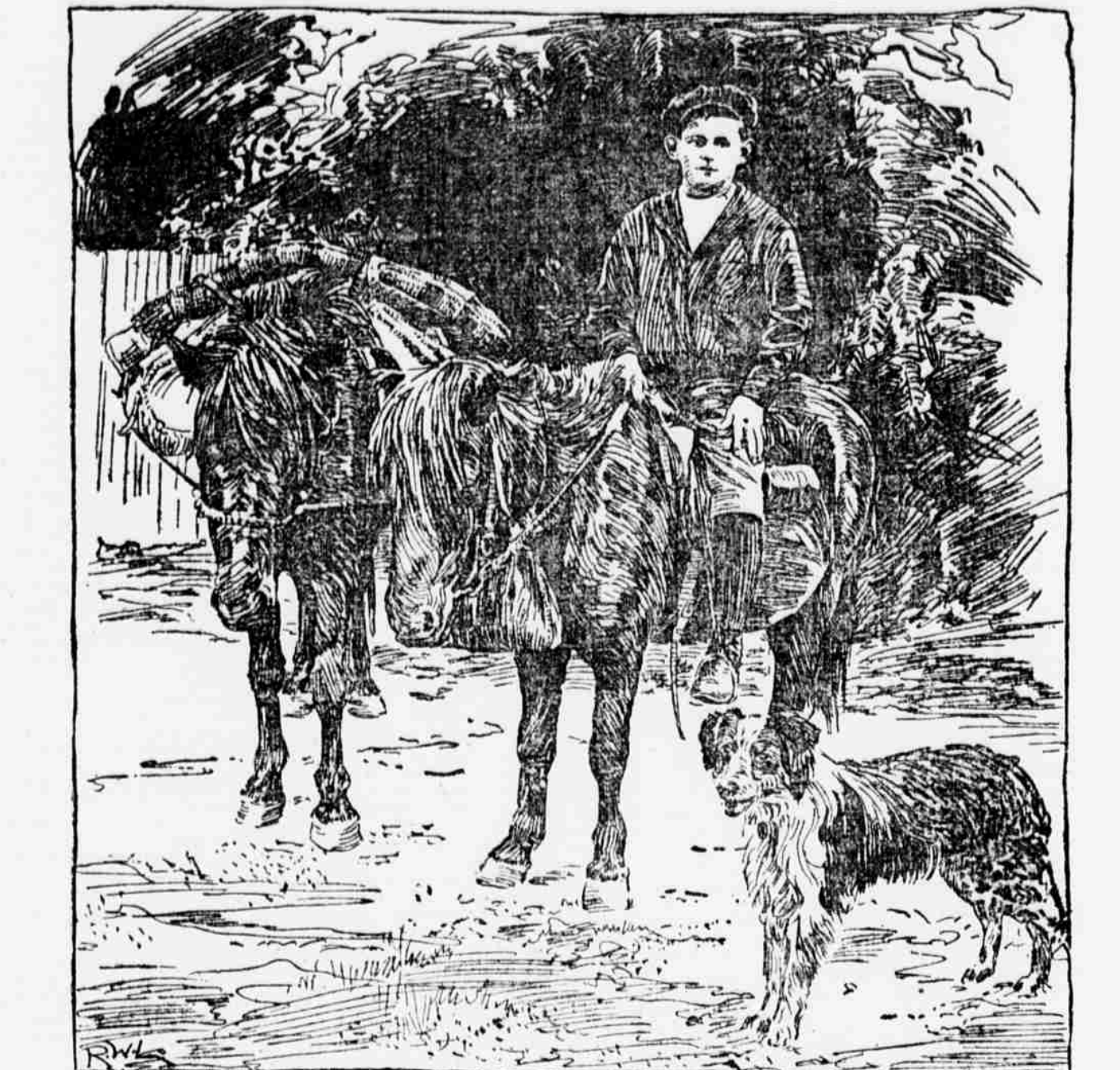
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LAUNCELOT ASHLEY LEWIS ON THE ROAD.

of fact way, for he undertook it purely as a holiday journey. Early last January he decided to pay a visit to some friends living at Wannanbool, Victoria. In such a case most boys of that age would be taken to the railroad station and handed over to the conductor, who would keep an eye on him. This boy came from a more daring stock. His father has on more than one occasion made overland trips from the southern to the northern parts of the Australian continent. The boy himself having had a thorough training in bush life and horsemanship, conceived the bold plan of doing the long and lonely journey of 570 miles each way in true bush fashion, astride his favorite pony with a pack pony by his side.

Nelle is a brown-haired maiden, whose straight locks her mother keeps braided in two tiny braids down her back, or, rather, her neck. She is neatly dressed, and is sun-browned until she is "brown as a berry." She speaks with a foreign accent, feeling those who do not know her parents to believe she is either a descendant of the American aborigines or of some European nations, or may be of the isles of the sea.

places where there is plenty of food such as they require. They are more active in fresh than in still water, and die in a short time if exposed to the air. The surface of a living sponge is covered with minute pores, through which water is imbibed, carrying with it both the air and the organic particles necessary for the support of life. Sponges are distributed through all seas, and are classified, chiefly, according to the structure of the skeleton. The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are the sponging grounds of the old world; the grounds of the new world are the Bahamas, southern and western Florida and parts of the West Indies.

A CYCLING APE.

Handles the Wheel Cleverly and Does Heavy Tricking.

Undoubtedly the greatest favorite with old and young of all the interesting inmates of the "Zoo" in Vienna is little "Maja," the unique female chimpanzee, which came here about six years ago from West Africa. On her arrival in Vienna little "Maja" was

very weak and small, but since has developed splendidly under the tireless care of her keeper, a woman, who remains with her almost all the time and has taught her many tricks. "Maja" has very cleanly habits, knows how to beg, throws kisses, rides a little toy horse, plays ten-pins and within the last few months has been made acquainted with the most modern of our dear sports, cycling. Ever since "Maja" received her wheel, a child's tricycle, she has been untrining in practicing upon it.



"MAJA," THE CYCLING CHIMPANZEE.

He arrived at Adelaide, Australia, from Koorina, about January 29 and after loading his pack horse, proceeded via the Coorong, thence to Portland, Port Fairy, and then on to Wannanbool. He covered the 570 miles in sixteen days of actual travel. His journey was only marked by two remarkable incidents. In writing of his experience young Lewis says: "I might mention that the pony I rode was only 11 1/2 hands high. The journey along the Coorong was very lonely. There are only two sheep stations on the Coorong, a distance of ninety-one miles. The only exciting experiences I met were when traveling through a bush between the Glenelg river and Portland. I traveled forty-four miles in one day through forest country and heavy sand. About midway I had to pass through about three miles of burning timber. It was the warmest time I ever had.

"My pony Rex carried me splendidly and was quite fresh on arriving home. Neither of my ponies had a scratch or a hair off them. I brought all my traps back with me and I had a most enjoyable trip. My actual traveling time was twenty-three days, although I rested five days of this time, so I suppose I really could say that I traveled the whole distance in eighteen days."

BABY FOR A MASCOT. Wee Bit of Humanity Cuts Queer Capers in a Church. Central Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn., has a mascot. Now, "a mascot is a mascot" to begin with, but this particular mascot is a wee tot of three, possibly four, summers. She is just a little dot of humanity that belongs to everybody and to nobody, relates the Memphis Appeal. She is no higher than the chancel rail, but makes herself at home in the big pulpit chairs, in the pews, on the organist's seat or any place where it suits her fancy to be. Her name is Nelle, and that is all any one knows. She goes to Sunday school and to church, and visits the neighbors with the freedom of a westerner who scorns restraints and formalities. The people in the neighborhood do not take kindly to her informal visits, but the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Hamner, the pastor and his wife, receive the little stranger, and treat her with much consideration. The result is, she is very fond of them, and shows her appreciation in one very promising way. Little as she could give an "old salt" some points on the modern methods of swearing, but Dr. Hamner told her it is not nice to swear and she religiously refrains from swearing.

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