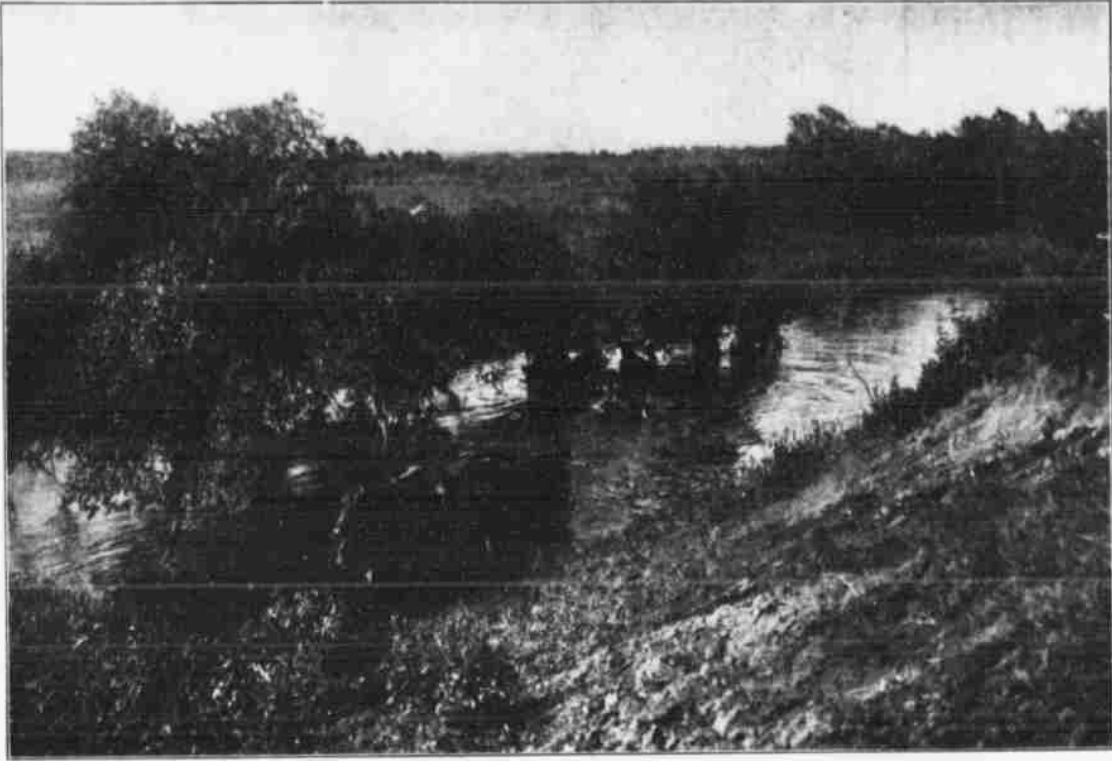


Two Bits of Nebraska's Pastoral Scenery



REST IN SHADE AND STREAM—Photo by a Staff Artist.



WHERE CATTLE FEED ON LUSH GRASSES—Photo by a Staff Artist.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

MCROISSET of the French institute tells of a savant, his countryman, who was on his way home with the mummy of an ancient Egyptian king. Intercepted by a customs house officer on the German frontier, the professor tried to explain the nature of his baggage. This was a matter of considerable difficulty, but in the end the officer took a practical view of the situation, for he said, quite gravely: "Well, let it pay as salt junk."

Alfred Asselin, the poet laureate, is 67. He was educated at Stonyhurst and St. Mary's college, Oscott, from which latter school he took his degree at London. He was called to the bar and practiced till 1861, when he published his second book, "The Season; a Satire," and embarked on a literary career. He has published many volumes of verse, three novels and many review articles. In 1896 he was appointed poet laureate and since then he has published "England's Darling" and "The Conversion of Winckelmann," and more recently a miscellaneous volume of verse.

Society in Newport is all in a flutter over the fact that representatives of three royal families are due to visit that seaside resort within a month. They are Grand Duke Boris of Russia, closely related to the czar and fourth in line of succession to the imperial throne; the crown prince of Siam and Prince Chem of China. Duke Boris is coming by way of San Francisco, the others are expected to sail from England immediately after the coronation. It is possible that all three may graciously shed the light of their royal countenance on Newport at the same time, hence the tremendous flutter there.

"I was fascinated by Senator Hanna's feet the other evening," says a writer in the New Yorker. "I was one of a group consisting of Senator Hanna, Postmaster General Payne and 'Dick' Kerens of Missouri. We were sitting in the little space in front of the cashier's quarters at the Waldorf-Astoria. Presently a gentleman and a lady stopped to speak to the Ohio senator and introduce a friend. Others followed, and for a half an hour or longer

he stood shaking hands with a procession of people who fled by, exchanging pleasantries with old friends and making new acquaintances. My eyes saved to fall on the senator's feet, and to chance my life I couldn't remove them from the Buckeye extremities. What attracted my attention first was the fact that they were very small feet and very neatly shod. Senator Hanna is a heavy, stockily built man, and one naturally associates such people with big, broad feet. I should say Senator Hanna wears a No. 7 shoe; possibly it is a No. 6. It wasn't the size of the shoe that held my gaze, however. It was the fact that, during that half hour of handshaking and conversation they never moved so much as a hair's breadth. They stayed where there were planted, firm and immovable. The feat (no pun) stamped the man as being absolutely destitute of nerves—a model of perfect composure and unconscious self-control. I never saw anything to better illustrate the character of the man than those feet. I will wager that not one man in 10,000 could go through that half hour's experience without shuffling.

On one occasion, relates the Louisville Courier-Journal, Colonel Wintersmith met General Custer and a party of friends. The general had a watch of curious mechanism which he had been showing to his friends and which Colonel Wintersmith asked to see. General Custer handed him the watch and then drew it back, with the remark that he feared to trust the watch in the hands of an old rebel.

"Yes, I understand. You are afraid I might recognize it," responded Colonel Wintersmith, quickly.

Mark Twain has grown wise in his old age. He has become financially very strong again and has not only recovered his lost fortune, but added thereto until he can correctly be described as a "rich man." For this happy condition he owes thanks to his friend and ardent admirer, Henry H. Rogers, the Rockefeller under-study and Standard Oil and copper multi-millionaire. He began several years ago making Mr. Rogers the custodian of his surplus cash, with a prayer that the multi should invest

it safely and profitably. The great capitalist accepted the charge in the right spirit and put the humorist onto sundry and divers good things, also not neglecting to let him out at the right time, a formality too often omitted in Wall street. The Twain account was nursed from a small beginning into formidable proportions and today stands a gratifying monument to the oil king's unselfish regard for a friend. To such a degree is Mr. Rogers interested in the temporal welfare of the famous author and lecturer, and so determined is he that no financial misfortune shall again overtake him, that he exercises a close personal supervision over receipts and disbursements. He is bent on making the sunset of the Twain life rosy and smooth. In this world's goods Samuel L. Clemens was never so well fixed as now.

Lord Paunceforte, the late British ambassador, though democratic in personal manner and fond of American ways, was a tremendous stickler for form on state occasions. When he was made an ambassador he claimed the right to sit next the president on all social functions which he and the chief magistrate attended. Vice President Hobart demurred and President McKinley decided in his favor on the ground—which doubtless appealed strongly to Lord Paunceforte—that the vice president occupied the same position toward a president that the heir apparent did toward a monarch.

Dr. Hepworth, who died a few days ago, was a preacher in Boston at the time of Lincoln's assassination by John Wilkes Booth. At once a hue and cry against Edwin Booth, and Mr. Hepworth, with voice and pen, denounced any such acclaim, stating on his personal knowledge that Edwin Booth was a loyal man, an excellent citizen and an ardent admirer of Lincoln, for whom he had voted twice. These utterances and writings more than anything else perhaps stemmed the tide of unreasoning denunciation.

The famous French geographer, Elisée Reclus, who is now in his 73d year, lives at Brussels in great seclusion, the only place

where a stranger can meet him being at a vegetarian restaurant where he takes his meals. He has been a vegetarian all his life and declares that the time will come when Europeans will look on beef-eating with the same horror that we do on cannibalism. One day he came to a friend pale and agitated. "My wife is deceiving me," he exclaimed, "and when his friend looked at him in astonishment he added: 'I have surprised her when she was boiling my spinach in bouillon.'"

Railroad men tell many stories illustrating the shrewdness of William Bliss of Boston, who was president of the Boston & Albany railroad before it was taken over by the New York Central and who is now one of the directors of the latter road. He was once called before the railroad committee of the Massachusetts legislature to testify on traffic matters, reports the New York Tribune, and a young member who was serving his first term undertook to examine him.

"I want you to tell me how much it costs to haul a freight car from Boston to Springfield," said the member.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Bliss.

"You don't know?"

"That was the answer I gave."

"What are you, anyway?"

"President."

"Of what?"

"The Boston & Albany railroad."

"Well, sir," began the legislator, in rising voice, "if you are William Bliss, president of the Boston & Albany, and you don't know what it costs to haul freight from Boston to Springfield, who in the name of heaven does know?"

"No one that I know, unless it is a member of the Massachusetts legislature who is serving his first term."

Another member continued the examination.

The latest story about King Christian of Denmark is that he was taking an early morning walk recently when a ragged fellow approached with every respect and said: "May I ask your majesty for your portrait as a memento? The king was called at this appearance of Loyalty, but regretted that he had not a portrait with

him. The tramp slyly suggested: "Pardon, your majesty, but if you look in your purse you will probably find one." King Christian laughed at the novel mode of asking for alms and gave the man a couple of crowns.

"Keep working and you will keep alive," is the advice of Senator Pettus, who carries his 81 years with surprising ease. One morning recently he was found hard at work at 7 o'clock, sleeves rolled up, chewing tobacco and grinding out letters. To the surprised remark of a friend he said: "I rise every morning at 5 unless I have been kept up late the night before. The secret of living long is to work hard. I notice that all of my friends who got rich and then retired are dead. I never get tired and I never get tired. The most deadly disease I know is to quit work."

During the late Arkansas campaign, in which Senator Jones was defeated in the preliminary fight for the senate, Governor Jeff Davis was on the stump against Mr. Jones. At one meeting the governor called attention to the expenditures of a senate committee of which Jones was a member. Said he: "I notice ladies and gentlemen, in the list of miscellaneous expenses of the committee in its published report of last month an item of \$12 for castor oil—for castor oil, I say. What in the world they need so much castor oil for no one knows. Why, that is enough castor oil to move the previous question in the senate of the United States."

An example of the estimation in which the late Congressman Amos Cummings was held in New York was given two members of the congressional delegation which went over from Washington to attend his funeral. A cabman demanded \$3 for a very short drive and the congressmen thought it was too much. They appealed to a policeman, who said that when they came to New York for a good time they must expect to pay for it. "But we didn't come for a good time," said one of the visitors. "We came here to help bury our old friend Amos Cummings." "What! Amos Cummings," said the officer. "Say, cabby, you take a dollar and get away quick as you know how."

New Story of Queen Alexandra

HERE is a brand new story of her majesty, Alexandra, soon to be crowned queen and empress. It was told with quiet glee by the other actor in it to various and sundry American friends. The other actor is the wife of a famous ship owner and head of a firm of ship builders. Thus she has been for years the heart and soul of various noble charities connected with England's merchant marine. She is further credited with having influenced her husband in affairs of international importance. Altogether she is as near to being a personage as a long purse, a clear head, a warm heart and a charming social tact can make one in the home of hereditary distinctions, the British Isles.

One of the latest charities is a great seamen's hospital. Royalty deigned to lay the cornerstone of it and afterward to express great interest in its success. It began to be hinted that a peerage would reward the people who had built and endowed it. That was an agreeable, if distant, prospect. It seemed to grow suddenly nearer and clearer when the lady found herself abruptly "commanded to the queen"—and that within the brief space of an hour.

"What did I think of first?" she said in telling it. "Why that I had not a single absolutely new rag to appear in. Clothes! Oh! Yes—plenty, and fine enough for court wear, but then one wants special

things for special occasion. What made matters worse was I myself had a luncheon on hand—we were in fact just sitting down to the table when the royal message reached me. I dare say I turned all colors as I read, but luckily nobody noticed. Instantly I sent word to my maid to get other clothes ready, then went on entertaining my guests as best I might through the first courses. I knew to a fraction of a second how long it would take to dress and drive from my own home to Buckingham palace. I knew also that while the queen herself is never very punctual it would not do at all for me to be late and still less to be early. You can fancy my state of mind, lurching against the clock both ways. Presently I left my sister to explain my going and was soon rolling off to see the queen.

"Of course I thought of many things on the way, but chiefly of the hospital. I must be that which had caused the queen to send for me. Then foolishly I let my mind stray to a schoolmate, one Mary Z., who it happens had been a girl friend of the queen in the days when King Christian was not a king at all, only a poor Danish prince and glad to increase his income of \$1,200 a year by giving lessons in drawing to pupils of a girls' school. Mary had told me many stories of her friend Alexandra. I knew also that in the annual gatherings at Fredensborg the two nearly always met. I wondered a little if they had met this last year. It had brought changes to both

—a crown to Alexandra and a second husband to Mary, who had for years been a widow and thought to be inconsolable. But my mind did not linger on her very long—my concerns—our concerns, indeed, were so much more immediate and living. I had a fair general idea of how such private audiences went off, but was hazy as to whether I should kneel or merely curtsy and kiss hands.

"The palace authorities coached me the least bit. A lady-in-waiting met me, took me upstairs and along passages and at last left me to myself after telling me that the queen, though quite deaf, hated of all things to have voices raised in speaking to her. I must speak rather slowly and very distinctly—her own quick intelligence would do the rest. As to deportment, I must follow her indications—stand or sit, or retire, at what I judged to be her will. But she would make it easy for me—this I was assured—she made everything easy as far as court etiquette permitted.

"Before I had time to get nervous a lackey whisked me into the presence. There stood the queen, looking very sweet and unroyal, smiling, holding out her hand and murmuring my name. After our formal-informal greeting she led me to a chair a little at one side and sat down herself in another almost touching it. And then she said with a yet more engaging smile:

"I am so glad you have come. I want to talk with you over Mary Z.—'s second mar-

riage. She has told me often how much you were her friend. Do you think she can possibly be happy with a man so unlike her first choice?"

"And that was, I found out, absolute truth. For at least half an hour we gossiped, talking over our friend's affairs with the most bourgeois interest. Afterward—well, her majesty said kind things of us, my husband and myself, and especially kind ones of our hospital project. But that was wholly incidental—she had sent for me to talk over Mary's marriage."

Which goes to prove how well Kipling knew womenkind when he wrote:

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, Are sisters—under their skins."

A Feast of Reason

Chicago Record-Herald: "I was at a luncheon the other day," said a North Side woman, "where the hostess was a graduate of Smith college, three of the guests were graduates of Wellesley, two went through Vassar, two had been Bryn Mawr girls and the other women present were graduates of Northwestern, the University of Chicago and Wells, respectively."

"Well," were very interested. How I wish I could have been there. What did you talk about?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes. About how hard it is to keep help."

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