

Boy Shot While Swimming.
Norfolk, Aug. 16.—Barney Elaeffer, aged twenty years, was shot twice by Farmer Dietz for swimming in the Elkhorn river on Dietz's premises. His condition is serious.

Boy Killed by Threshing Machine.
Cozad, Neb., Aug. 16.—A six-year-old son of O. J. Hanby, a prominent farmer living nine miles southwest of here, was run over by a threshing machine and instantly killed.

Prisoner Saws Hole Too Small.
Elk Point, Neb., Aug. 14.—A prisoner held here in the county jail awaiting trial for highway robbery nearly escaped. He had sawed his way up through the floor of the office of the clerk of the courts, under which the jail is located, and had pushed his head and one arm and shoulder through the opening, but was unable to get further or even back into the jail and reach his improvised saw. He finally called help to get him out of the hole, and Jailer Anther promptly secured his prisoner.

CONDITION OF NEBRASKA CROPS.

Corn is Growing Finely, but Rain is Needed in the Northwest.

Lincoln, Aug. 16.—Stacking and threshing has progressed well except in a few southwestern counties, where work was delayed by wet weather the first part of the week. Spring wheat is mostly cut and the damage by rust is generally considered small. Considerable grain is still in the shock in western and northern counties, while in central and southeastern counties it is mostly either stacked or threshed. Corn has grown finely in most parts of the state. It is curing heavily, with large stalks and promises a large crop. In northeastern counties a lack of moisture has caused the crop to be less promising, and the high temperature of last week injured corn in small areas in a number of northeastern counties, while rain would benefit the crop generally in that part of the state.

STATUE OF MORTON ARRIVES.

Bronze Monument Reaches Nebraska City Ahead of Schedule.

Nebraska City, Neb., Aug. 14.—Several weeks ahead of its schedule the massive bronze statue of the late J. Sterling Morton, which is to be erected at Morton park, in the western part of this city, arrived here. It was understood that the statue, which was reported some time ago as having started from Paris, was shipped in bond to Omaha, where it would be released and brought to this city whenever the committee asked for it. Instead it was released in New York on Aug. 3 and came direct to this city. The statue, which weighs with the pedestal 2,330 pounds, is considered by those who have seen it to be a faithful portrait of the late secretary of agriculture. The committee will meet next month and fix a date for the dedication of the statue. It is expected that all of the sons of Mr. Morton will be present and take part in the ceremony.

FENCES NOW FEW UP NORTH.

Prosecutions by Uncle Sam Causes Them to Fall Very Fast.

Omaha, Aug. 15.—The activity of the United States district attorney's office in prosecuting the land-fencing cases is causing no little tribulation to the cattlemen in the North Platte, Valentine and Alliance districts, and reports from special agents of the land department now in these fields indicate that the fences are coming down rapidly.

It is known that leading representatives of the cattlemen have been to Washington to try to call off the prosecutions, and it is incidentally rumored that a strong effort has been made to secure the removal of the officials who have been so earnest in ferreting out these cases. As nothing has yet come of this, the inference follows that the department of justice does not intend to handicap the officials in their work in the slightest.

Stenographer Dave Dickinson of the district attorney's office has just returned from a trip through the northern part of the state and he reports that fences have become a very scarce article in that section, which he attributes to the activity of the department of justice in requiring the removal of all illegal fences.

Special District Attorney Rush expects to visit the cattle country within a few days to familiarize himself with the conditions up there and to ascertain how nearly the cattlemen are complying with their promises to take down their fences.

Opera House at Webster City Burns.

Webster City, Ia., Aug. 15.—Fire of mysterious origin totally destroyed the opera house block, Wells' restaurant and part of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows hall. The loss will be about \$25,000.

Sure Thing.

Juswed—Do you know, old man, I don't spend so much money now as I did before I was married. Mooney—How's that? Juswed—Well, I don't have it to spend.

Wings of the Morning.

(Continued from Page Three)

caused her to hasten to his side. The Dyaks had broken cover. Running in scattered sections across the sands, they were risking such loss as the defenders might be able to inflict upon them during a brief race to the shelter and food to be obtained in the other part of the island.

Jenks did not fire at the scurrying goag. He was waiting for one man, Taung S'All. But that redoubtable person, having probably suggested this dash for liberty, had fully realized the enviable share of attention he would attract during the passage. He therefore discarded his vivid attire and by borrowing old garments made himself sufficiently like unto the remainder of his crew to deceive the sailor until the rush of men was over. Among them ran the Mohammedan, who did not look up the valley, but waved his hand.

When all had quieted down again Jenks understood how he had been fooled. He laughed so heartily that Iris, not knowing either the cause of his merriment or the reason of his unlooked-for clemency to the flying foe, feared the sun had affected him.

He at once quitted the post occupied during so protracted a vigil.

"Now," he cried, "we can eat in peace. I have stripped the chief of his finery. His men can twit him on being forced to shed his gorgeous plumage in order to save his life. Anyhow, they will leave us in peace until night falls, so we must make the best of a hot afternoon."

But he was mistaken. A greater danger than any yet experienced now threatened them, for Taung S'All, furious and unrelenting, resolved that if he could not obtain the girl he would slay the pair of them, and he had terrible weapons in his possession.

CHAPTER XIII.

RESIDENTS in tropical countries know that the heat is greatest, or certainly least bearable, between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the conclusion of a not very luscious repast Jenks suggested that they should rig up the tarpaulin in such wise as to gain protection from the sun and yet enable him to cast a watchful eye over the valley. Iris helped to raise the great canvas sheet on the supports he had prepared. Once shut off from the devouring rays, the hot breeze then springing into fitful existence cooled their blistered but perspiring skin and made life somewhat tolerable.

Still adhering to his policy of combatting the first enervating attacks of thirst, the sailor sanctioned the consumption of the remaining water. As a last desperate expedient to be resorted to only in case of sheer necessity, he uncorked a bottle of champagne and filled the tin cup. The sparkling wine, with its volume of creamy foam, looked so tempting that Iris would then and there have risked its potency were she not promptly withheld.

Jenks explained to her that when the wine became quite flat and insipid they might use it to moisten their parched lips. Even so, in their present superheated state, the liquor was unquestionably dangerous, but he hoped it would not harm them if taken in minute quantities.

Accustomed now to implicitly accept his advice, she fought and steadily conquered the craving within her. Oddly enough, the "thawing" of their scorched bodies beneath the tarpaulin brought a certain degree of relief. They were supremely uncomfortable, but that was as naught compared with the relaxation from the torments previously borne.

For a long time—the best part of an hour, perhaps—they remained silent.

The sailor was reviewing the pros and cons of their precarious condition. It would, of course, be a matter of supreme importance were the Indian to be faithful to his promise. Here the prospect was decidedly hopeful. The man was an old soldier, and the ex-officer of native cavalry knew how enduring was the attachment of this poor convict to home and military service. Probably at that moment the Mohammedan was praying to the prophet and his two nephews to aid him in rescuing the sahib and the woman whom the sahib held so dear, for the all-wise and all-powerful Indian government is very merciful to offending natives who thus condone their former crimes.

But, howsoever willing he might be, what could one man do among so many? The Dyaks were hostile to him in race and creed, and assuredly inflamed against the foreign devil who had killed or wounded in round numbers one-fifth of their total force. Very likely the hapless Mussulman would lose his life that night in attempting to bring water to the foot of the rock.

Even if the man succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his present associates, where was the water to come from? There was none on the island save that in the well. In all likelihood the Dyaks had a store in the remaining sampans, but the native ally of the beleaguered pair would have a task of exceeding difficulty in obtaining one of the jars or skins containing it.

Again, granting all things went well that night, what would be the final outcome of the struggle? How long

could Iris withstand the exposure, the strain, the heartbreaking misery of the rock?

He shook restlessly, not aware that the girl's sorrowful glance, luminous with love and pain, was fixed upon him. Summarily dismissing these grisly phantoms of the mind, he asked himself what the Mohammedan exactly meant by warning him against the trees on the right and the "silent death" that might come from them. He was about to crawl forth to the lip of the rock and investigate matters in that locality when Iris, who also was busy with her thoughts, restrained him. "Wait a little while," she said. "None of the Dyaks will venture into the open until night falls. And I have something to say to you."

There was a quiet solemnity in her voice that Jenks had never heard before. It chilled him. His heart acknowledged a quick sense of evil omen. He raised himself slightly and turned toward her. Her face, beautiful and serene beneath its disfigurements, wore an expression of settled purpose. For the life of him he dared not question her.

"That man, the interpreter," she said, "told you that if I were given up to the chief he and his followers would go away and molest you no more."

His forehead scanned with sudden anger.

"A mere bait," he protested. "In any event it is hardly worth discussion."

And the answer came, clear and resolute:

"I think I will agree to those terms." At first he regarded her with undisguised and wordless amazement. Then the appalling thought darted through his brain that she contemplated this supreme sacrifice in order to save him. A clammy sweat bedewed his brow, but by sheer will power he contrived to say:

"You must be mad to even dream of such a thing. Don't you understand what it means to you—and to me? It is a ruse to trap us. They are ungoverned savages. Once they had you in their power they would laugh at a promise made to me."

"You may be mistaken. They must have some sense of fair dealing. Even assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. Their chief, having gained his main object, might not be able to persuade them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring to pacify them."

"Iris," he gasped, "what are you saying?"

The unexpected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immolate herself for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn. Her eyes were lit with a seraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

"I have thought it out," she murmured, gazing at him steadily, yet scarce seeing him. "It is worth trying as a last expedient. We are abandoned by all save the Lord, and it does not appear to be his holy will to help us on earth. We can struggle to help us until we die. Is that right when one of us may live?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GEISHA GIRL.

It Takes Severe Training to Develop This Japanese Artist.

There are many geisha training schools in Japan, but the best of them all is, I think, the one in Kioto to which I, with some difficulty, gained admittance. It is apparently a delightful place, but it is a place of unrelenting toil. The girls are apprenticed to these schools by their parents or guardians at the age oftentimes of six years, and for ten years at least they are put through such a course of training as would break the spirits of girls less inured to unquestioning obedience to authority. Their physical training is of great importance, of course, and each little girl must go through such exercises every day as will keep her little body flexible as rubber, and after that is finished she must devote her time to tasks that far exceed in difficulty any schoolgirl work imaginable to one of us.

No woman of ordinary mind can possibly become a successful geisha, because she must be able to acquire and make use of every kind of worldly knowledge which will lend to her conversation a vivacity and charm that will lead men to seek her society. The dancing and the music are the least of a geisha's entertainment as it is understood by a Japanese. These are merely an accompaniment to the feast which is served by small apprentices, such little girls, indeed, as met us at

SAY, MISTER!

Do you know that it will pay YOU, as well as US, to buy your Building Material and Coal at our yards? Not only that our prices AVERAGE lower, or at least as low, as those of our competitors, but BECAUSE we take especial care of and protect all can be classed as REGULAR CUSTOMERS.

PLATT & FREES CO.
Coal. Lumber.

the door of the wine red and iris purple tea house in Kioto, but after the feast the men must be entertained by interesting stories and bright repartee, and in this the girls are trained rigidly.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

A LIMIT TO ALL THINGS.

Even to What a Woman Can Do With the Handy Hairpin.

He had been away on a long journey, and upon his return his wife was detailing to him a number of reforms and improvements which she had successfully engineered during his absence.

"And you know," she said, "the drawer that was locked for over a month and which you said couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well—triumphantly—I opened it!"

"Well, well. How did you do it?"

"With a hairpin."

"And the oven door," she continued, "has been slopping around on one hinge for ever so long just because you were too lazy to fix it, but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself—with a hairpin."

"And then there's that crayon portrait of mother that stood in the corner for almost six solid weeks because you never would bring me any picture hooks?"

"Well, I intended to, but—"

"Oh, but! Well, it don't make any difference now. I got it up with a hook I made myself—out of a hairpin."

"Ye gods!" he said.

"And there's Willie. You've been coaxing him and bribing him for a year, trying to break him off biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired weakly.

"No," she snapped. "Don't be a goose! With a hairbrush."

An Old English Ballad.

"Greensleeves" is a good old English ballad and tune mentioned by Shakespeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and has been a favorite since the latter part of the sixteenth century. The tune is much older than the words, probably as old as the days of Henry VIII. It is also known as "The Blacksmith" and "The Brewer" and was a great favorite with the cavaliers. A modified version is found in the "Beggars' Opera." The tune is still sung to "Christmas comes but once a year" and many other songs of the same rhythm or with the burden "Which nobody can deny."

Do You Eat Meat?

When you are hungry and want something nice in the meat line, drop into my market. We have the nicest kind of

Home-made Sausages

and meats, fish, and game in season. We think, and almost know, that we can please you. Give us a trial.

Koon Bros.,

Successors to ROBINSON & BURDEN.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.

Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1.00. Sold by H. E. Grace Druggist, Red Cloud.

Ice Cream Cool Drinks

BEST 15c MEAL

IN THE CITY

HALE'S RESTAURANT

Damerell Block.

H. E. ASHER, VETERINARIAN

Of the Kansas City Veterinary College. Office at E. Johnston's, the Brick Barn.

ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED

Telephone 82.

RED CLOUD, NEB.

At Bline Hill first Tuesday in each month.



MANLY BOYS MEAN MANLY MEN! Equip your boy with a "STEVENS", and let him enjoy nature and the invigorating sport of shooting, in the great "out of doors." STEVENS' FIRE-ARMS are Reliable, Safe, and Accurate; they have had these qualities since 1864.

We manufacture a complete line of RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS. For Sale by all dealers.

There are a few of them left. Better send in NOW for that ingenious Puzzle which we forward on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Send for Illustrated Catalog, containing detailed descriptions of entire output.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., P. O. Box 3093, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

Popular Flavors in

Summer Drinks

and **Ice Cream**

The Bon Ton

W. S. BENSE, Proprietor.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grover* on every box. 25c. Cures Grip in Two Days. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grover*