

Wild Animals and Medicine.
A writer in the British Medical Journal thinks that an interesting essay might be written on the addition to medical remedies made by animals. It is said that it is to dogs we owe the knowledge of the fever abating properties of bark, while to the hippopotamus is attributed the use of bleeding. The story as told in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny is as follows: "The river-Horse hath taught physicians one device in that part of their profession called Surgery, for he finding himself over-grossed and fat by reason of his high feeding so continually gets forth of the water to the shore, having spied afore where the reeds and rushes have bin newly cut, and where he seeth the sharpest cane and beat pointed he ets his body hard on to it to prick a certain vein in one of his legs, and thus by letting himself blood maketh evacuation, whereby his body, otherwise inclining to diseases and maladies, is well eased of the superfluous humor, and having thus done hee stoppeth the orifice againe with mud and so stancheth the blood and healeth the wound."

His Idea of the English.
The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued: "Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people! When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'"—Memoirs of Victor Hugo."

Rossini and the Drum.
When Rossini's "Gazza Lndra" was performed for the first time the drum in the orchestra not only excited much comment, but caused the enemies of the composer, whom they denounced as a "foolish inventor of musical novelties," to threaten Rossini with bodily violence. One young man, a pupil of Rossini's, gained admission to the composer's presence and declared that art had been so violently outraged by the invention that he must kill the offender. He drew a weapon, but consented to listen to argument. He had been a soldier, and when the composer asked him why there should not be a drum where there are soldiers he sheathed his knife. "Promise me, though," he said, "that you will put no drums in your future music." Rossini promised, but forgot.

The Retort Courteous.
A young man in a hurry went through the left side of a pair of swinging doors in the senate wing of the capitol at Washington last session and almost knocked over a senator who was about to push through the right side.
"The young man apologized profusely. 'I'm very sorry—I didn't know I was—I am in a great hurry.'"
"That's all right, son," said the senator. "But let me give you a piece of advice about going through doors like these. Always go through on the right side and turn to the right. Then if you meet anybody coming through and bump into him you needn't apologize. He'll be a durned fool, and it won't be necessary. Good morning."—Saturday Evening Post.

Greatly Underestimated.
"Bobby" asked his Sunday school teacher, "do you know how many disciples there were?" The little boy promptly said that he did and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on, "And I know how many Pharisees there were too."
"Indeed!"
"Yes'm. There was just one less than there was disciples."
"Why, how do you know that? It is nowhere stated how many Pharisees there were."
"I thought everybody knew it," said Bobby. "The Bible says, 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees,' doesn't it?"—Youth's Companion.

The Grandest.
"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night."
"And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth.

Crazy.
Wigwag—I believe there's a tingo of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Henpeckke—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—Philadelphia Record.

London in 1784.
In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says, "The highroads thirty or forty miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of fifty or more years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them," a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion.

M. La Combe in another part of his book exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, conyers, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread. The brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer. The milk-woman spoils her milk with snails."

The Blood Red Banner.
Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood red caps were followed by the mob. A blood red flag waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood red was the color of the trades union flags during the middle ages, and it framed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315. Through the whole of French and every other national history those striking in their own ways for liberty have worn the blood red cap and hailed the blood red banner as their leader. It is a curious fact that never has a monarch chosen it as his color.—London Answers.

Naive Lying.
A police official of New York, disussing the case of a policeman found guilty of protecting gambling houses, said: "The man lied too naively in defense of his innocence. He was like a carpenter employed by a newspaper friend of mine. My newspaper friend writes a good deal at home, and his study being next to the nursery, the children's noise disturbed him, and he employed a carpenter to make the wall sound proof between the two rooms. 'T'll fix it all right,' said the carpenter confidently. 'The best thing to do will be to line it with shavings.' He completed his job, then he called the literary man in. 'She's sound proof all right now,' he said. 'We'll test her,' said the literary man. 'You stay here.' And going into the nursery, he called to the carpenter in the study, 'Can you hear me?' 'No, sir; I can't,' was the prompt reply."—New York Tribune.

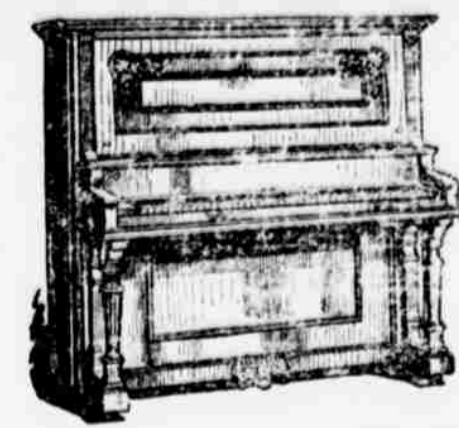
Was Entitled to Trouble.
Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Paget, who told the story, were walking down Bond street. A man came up and saluted the statesman.
"How do you do, Lord Palmerston?"
"Ah, how do you do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?"
The stranger's face clouded over, and he shook his head. "No better."
"Dear me! So sorry! Glad to have met you. Goodbye!"
"Who's your friend?" asked Sir James when the stranger had gone.
"No idea."
"Why, you asked him about his old complaint."
"Pooh, pooh!" replied the other unconcernedly. "The old fellow's well over sixty; bound to have something the matter with him."—London Globe.

The Archbishop Won.
Dr. Whately, some time archbishop of Dublin, once had an encounter with a young add-de-camp, and the private emerged victor. At dinner the soldier asked this singular question, "Does your grace know the difference between an archbishop and an ass?"
"Sir, I do not," answered Dr. Whately. "One wears the cross on his miter and the other wears it on his back!" explained the factious officer. "Do you know the difference between an add-de-camp and an ass?" asked the archbishop calmly in return. "No, your grace, I do not," was the reply. "Neither do I!" said his grace.—Liverpool Mercury.

Greeley's Writing.
During the early part of the nineteenth century the bad writing of great men became almost a byword. In fact, poor writing was considered by some people as almost a sign of genius. Horace Greeley was such a poor writer that his correspondents were sometimes obliged to guess at his meaning. It is related that a reporter on the New York Tribune who received a letter from Greeley discharging him presented it as a letter of recommendation to the editor of another paper.

The Spoon.
"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.
"Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book.

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Tombs of the Patriarchs.
No spot in all Palestine is so jealously guarded as the Haram or sacred area built above the cave where, according to tradition, he buried the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah. This Haram is inclosed within a double wall, an outer one of Arab workmanship, dating from the fourteenth century, and an inner very massive one with many buttresses, which competent authorities ascribe to the days of the Herods. No Christian or Jew is, except by very special permission, allowed within these walls. The most "unbelievers" may ordinarily do is to ascend from the street to the seventh step on one of the staircases between the walls. At a spot near the stair is a stone with a hole in it, down which, it is said, a long Bedouin lance can be thrust its whole length without reaching any obstruction. This, the Jews believe, reaches to the sacred cave itself, and in its neighborhood they assemble every Friday to mourn and pray, as they do before the wall of that other Haram—the temple area—in Jerusalem.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hercules' Labors.
The twelve labors of Hercules were: To slay the Nemean lion; to kill the Lernean hydra; to catch and hold the Arcadian stag; to destroy the Erymanthian boar; to cleanse the stables of King Augeas; to destroy the cannibal birds of Lake Stympachus; to capture the Cretan bull; to catch the horses of Diomedes; to get possession of the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; to capture the oxen of the monster Geryon; to get possession of the apples of the Hesperides and to bring up from the infernal regions the three headed dog Cerberus.

The Irresponsible Child.
Small Boy (noticing the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from the minister's watch chain)—Did you find it again, or is this another?
Minister—Why, my little man, what do you mean? I never lost it.
Small Boy—Oh, mother said you had lost the charm you had when you were young.—Judge.

Saw Things.
Oculist (trying various glasses)—How do they look now? See them any better? Mr. Wunmore—Well, the green giraffe I can seee firsr rate, but that red elephant an' the purple 'potamus still look kinder—kinder blurred.—Puck.

Sympathy.
"What made you kick Jimpson?"
"He called me an ass."
"Oh, well, kicking is a characteristic of asses, but I shouldn't think you'd want to confirm Jimpson's statement so quickly."—London Telegraph.

Why It Was There.
Aunt—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, auntie, I didn't see that one!—Punch.

Too Healthy.
"Do you believe that mosquitoes carry malaria?"
"Not the mosquitoes around here," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "They couldn't possibly do it and be so healthy."—Washington Star.

Persistence is the road to success. The only known exception to this rule is the case of a hen sitting on a china egg.—Exchange.

Prevent the Slips.
"A man who loves his kind forgives his brother's slips."
"A man who loves his kind doesn't have occasion to. He puts ashes on his pavement."—Baltimore American.

An Unsecured Loan.
Though pawnbrokers are not supposed to have any favorites, only customers, there is a story that is told in New York that shows that they sometimes stretch their rules—if the right man comes along. A certain racing man had been having a very hard streak of luck. If there were twenty-one horses in the race, his choice would never be better than No. 20. Finally his money was all gone; also all of his negotiable property. When he had spent his last dollar for breakfast, he turned into the pawnshop where all his valuables were being cared for, and they amounted to considerable.
"I'd like to have \$500 on this," he said to the proprietor, laying down an ordinary lead pencil on the counter.
Without a change of countenance, the pawnbroker made out a ticket and passed the money over the counter.
Right there the racing man's fortunes seemed to change. Every one of his selections proved an easy winner, and, as he pushed his luck, he was able at the end of the week to redeem his pencil and all his other valuables.—New York Globe.

A Doubtful Guarantee.
The Arabs and, indeed, all Moslems have the practice of re-enforcing promises by adding to their word of honor the Arabic phrase Inshallah ("Please God"). How much meaning it conveys in some lands of the east is told in the pages of "In Moorish Captivity."
The pious proviso is a very useful formula to the Moors and is frequently used in making promises that they have no intention whatever of keeping, as they can then take refuge behind the Almighty when they are taxed with their breach of faith.
There is a story told of a man who owned a shop in Gibraltar and who knew the ways of the Moor. To him one day came one of the faithful, who was desirous of buying some cloth. On being informed that the price was \$2 a yard, payment in sixty days, he replied:
"All right. I will take so much and will pay you in sixty days, Inshallah."
"No," said the vendor, "the price is \$2, payment in sixty days. For sixty days, Inshallah, the price is \$2.50."

The Bible's Good Use of Words.
The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Saw.
"Fer 2 cents," said the boy with the dirty face, "I'd knock ye down!"
"Here's de 2 cents," said the boy with ragged trousers, tossing the coins at his feet and squaring off belligerently. "Now come on an' try it, durn ye!"
"Wot's de use?" rejoined the other boy, picking them up and backing away. "Ain't no sense in knockin' a feller down when ye kin git de man out'n 'im widout doin' it. See?"—Chicago Tribune.

Red Cloud played ball with Bertrand at Holdrege Thursday afternoon and won the game by a score 6 to 2. Our boys will certainly have a reputation as fast ball players in the western part of this state.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.
Mother Gray, a nurse in New York discovered an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for women's ills called ALSTRAIAN LEAF. It is the only certain regulator. Cures female weakness and backache, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. At all druggists or by mail 50 cents, Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

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for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address, L. DARBYSHIRE, Box 9999 Rochester, N. Y.

Weather Report.
The instrumental readings are from government standard instruments exposed in the manner recommended by the chief of the weather bureau:

Date	Temperature Highest	Temperature Lowest	Humidity	Direction of Wind	Amount of Rain
19	81	53	16	SW	Clear
20	94	60	90	SW	Clear
21	93	73	80	SW	Clear
22	95	67	81	SW	Clear
23	84	60	88	SW	Clear
24	83	52	10	SW	Clear
25	86	60	10	SE	Clear

Very respectfully,
June 25, 1908. CHAS. S. LEBLOW, Co-Operative Observer.

Order to Show Cause.
STATE OF NEBRASKA: In the County Court of Webster County.
At a County Court held at the County Court room in and for said county Wednesday, June 10th A. D. 1908.
In the matter of the estate of John Olson, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Gust A. Olson filed on the 10th day of June A. D. 1908, praying for the examination and allowance of his final account of the same, a decree of assignment of the lands belonging to said estate to the persons entitled to the same, an order distributing the residue of personal estate and thereupon an order discharging him from further burden and service in his said office as administrator.
Ordered, that Thursday, the 26th day of June A. D. 1908 at one o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said county and show cause why prayer of petitioner should be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.
[SEAL.] I. W. EDSON, County Judge.

Annual Estimate of Expenses and Report of Revenues Received.
The following is the annual estimate of expenses of the probable amount of money necessary for all purposes to be raised in the city of Red Cloud, Nebraska, during the ensuing fiscal year:
For officers' salaries \$1,000.00
For streets and alleys 1,000.00
For litigation 800.00
For supplies and printing 500.00
For maintenance of water works 2,500.00
For interest on water bonds 1,000.00
For interest on electric light bonds 800.00
For contingent and incidental expenses 500.00
For judgment fund 2,000.00
For street lighting 1,250.00
For maintenance of electric light works 900.00
Total \$14,800.00
The following is a statement of the entire revenues of said city of Red Cloud for the past fiscal year:
Collected on general fund \$1,550.00
Occupation tax collected 4,500.00
Collected on water fund 2,850.00
Electric light fund collected 8,092.25
Water levy fund collected 1,115.00
Electric light levy collected 1,100.00
Judgment fund collected 850.00
Total \$30,257.25
Approved June 15th, 1908.
J. O. CALDWELL, Mayor.
[SEAL.] L. H. FORT, City Clerk.