

BASEBALL

July 4th Two big Games

Franklin vs. Red Cloud
Forenoon at 10:30. Afternoon at 3.

The Red Cloud Hardware and Implement Company have added to their already mammoth stock a line of

First-class Harness

We will be pleased to show them to you. Also, the

DeLaval Cream Separator

And don't forget we are leaders on the new style

Auto-seat Rubber-tired Buggies

priced from \$29.78 up to the highest. Extra A grade with ball bearings at \$135.

Now is the time to get your Cultivators. We have the Ohio Bully Boy, Goodenough, Morrison, Sattley, Flying Swede, Dempster, Canton, Kingman

Red Cloud Hardware and Implement Co.

WM. WOLFE, Secretary.

The Best Men.
"I can get an English coachman a place twice as quickly as a German or a Yankee coachman," said an employment agent. "Each country, I find, is supported by the public to turn out one kind of workman of peculiar excellence. Thus England's specialty is the stableman."

"France's specialty is the chauffeur. The cook, too, is a specialty of France."

"Scotland is noted for its engineers, and in the field of sport for its golf coaches."

"The Swiss are considered to be the best watchmakers. It is never any trouble to get a Swiss watchmaker a job."

"The Swedes are the best sailors. Germans are at a premium as brewer hands."

"Italians are in demand as plaster workers, a trade wherein they wonderfully excel."

Two Waters from One Well.

Two kinds of water flowing from the same well are to be found at Riverside Park, Logan's Park, and An eight-inch pipe is sunk into the ground for a distance of 80 feet, and inside this is a five-inch pipe, which is carried down somewhat farther. Fresh water from the limestone stratum comes up between the two pipes, while water which tastes and smells strongly of hydrogen sulphide comes up through the five-inch pipe from a lower stratum. The sulphur water flows at the rate of a gallon a minute from the drinking fountain over the well, while the fresh water flows with smaller volume from a pipe about 20 feet distant.—London Globe.

MULE PROVED RIGHT IN SACRED KEEPING

DID WELL TO STAY OUT IN OPEN DURING STORM.

Call it Stubbornness or Prescience, or Anything You Wish, But His Action Saved the Life of His Rider.

"Everybody knows that all mules are brainy, but the mules of Old Mexico have something of their own," said a man who has spent many years in the neighboring republic, to a New York Sun writer. "A Mexican mule will do just so much work and not a bit more."

"The riding mule, for instance, is fully aware of the distance, down to a rod, he is supposed and required to traverse in the progress of one traveling day, and all the sharp sticks or goads or dynamite on earth won't get him to do a bit more than what he knows to be the correct distance. The Mexicans have a peculiar saying in connection with this characteristic of the Mexican mule. You ask a Mexican, for instance, how far it is by muleback to such and such a point."

"Two days' journey if you are not rushed, but three days if you are in a hurry," the Mexican will reply.

"His meaning is that if you don't ask any more of your mule than you should ask of him the mule will be able to make the trip in two days. But if you attempt to drive the brute he'll soldier on you, and in consequence the journey will take you three days."

"Now for the prescience of which I spoke. I don't know what else to call it. The latest instance I saw of it was when I was riding through the state of Sonora a month or so ago on an old gray mule that knew every turn and twist of the road I was taking so thoroughly that I let the bridle reins hang and permitted him to go it alone."

"Along toward evening a terrific thunder storm came up. The air was heavy with the fumes of sulphur—something I had heard about but had never experienced before—and the crashes were deafening. The road was rocky and bad and there was only an occasional scrub pine alongside."

"The old gray mule, when the storm reached its height, stopped his jog of a sudden and stood in the middle of the road, peacefully enough. He wasn't worried, apparently, but he considered that that was a pretty good place to stand during the continuance of the tremendous electrical storm, for it was out in the open."

"For myself, I wanted to get under the shelter of a pine tree about a hundred yards ahead of me. But the mule wouldn't and wouldn't see that. Him for the open, and there he stood."

"I prodded him with the spurs, but he merely looked around at me in a disgusted sort of way. Then I dismounted and tried to lead him. Nothing doing. He wouldn't budge."

"So at length, giving in to him that he knew more about it than I did, I wrapped my poncho about my head and stood at his head, waiting for the storm to pass. I hadn't stood by the mule in that way for more than three minutes before I saw a couple of balls of red fire playing around the trunk of the pine tree that I'd wanted to get under the shelter of. Then there came a positively deafening crash and when I could see again there was that pine tree stretched across the road and a good part of it in kindling wood."

"I suppose maybe that old gray mule didn't know, I give it to him, anyhow, that he did."

The Pigs of Brittany.

"Brittany is all right," the traveled man said, cautiously, "but beware of the pigs there."

He had still an hour before the steamer started, and he resumed:

"The Breton pig is not fat and indolent like ours. He is as lean and fiery as a wolf, and twice a wolf's size. All over Brittany you see him, swaggering up and down the white roads, in search of roots, berries, frogs, anything—for he must forage for himself—his master never feeds him. Step out of his way, or he will snarl and leap at you."

"The Bretons are great drunkards. Sometimes they fall asleep beside the road. They awake with a sharp pain in the arm or leg, the pain of a hungry hog's teeth."

"And I could tell you a gruesome story of the babyhood of a handless Breton beggar whose parents once left him alone in his cradle with the house door open—but it is too horrible."

A Good Dodge.

Senator Elkins was congratulated at a dinner on his fine new yacht, the Marietta.

From yachts to yachting clothes the transition was easy, and Senator Elkins told a story.

"An old fellow," he said, "sat in a seaside cafe. He had finished lunch; he was now drinking champagne. The sun shone on the white sand, the sea sparkled, and every little while the old fellow ordered another cold half-bottle."

"With the third order he said un- casily to the waiter:

"Waiter, is my nose getting red?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered, "it is, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir."

"That won't do," said the old fellow. "That won't do at all. Waiter, send out and get me a yachting cap."

Looking Both Ways.

Mrs. Gudehart—Mrs. Fair has such a sunny disposition.

Mrs. Gossip—And such a shady disposition.

WIDOW HELD HER HUSBAND'S LITERARY TREASURES.

Not All the Wealth of New York, She Declared, Would Tempt Her to Part with the Books He Loved.

A New Yorker who returned a few days ago from the Catskill mountains tells of an old woman he met, who lives in a cottage just outside the little town of Cairo. This woman, Mrs. Gary, he discovered, has a valuable collection of books which belonged to her husband, who at one time kept a second-hand store in Washington, D. C., and who died about 20 years ago.

"I stumbled on the little wooden house and its occupant by chance," said he, "and it is a meeting I shall long remember. I followed her up an uncarpeted stair, through a bare room to where the books were. They lined a dozen rough shelves and littered the floor. Evidently they had not been disturbed for years. Piles of hand-some volumes in worn leather covers lay smeared in cobwebs and dust. I stooped down to pick up a book."

"Stop!" she cried, grabbing my arm. "You must not touch them! They were his, and you must not touch them!"

"Gradually, however, she relented. I was allowed to open some of the volumes under protest. Rare books they were. Three first editions, which lay half hidden in a pile of broken plaster would have brought, I believe, a total of \$500 at a book connoisseur's sale in New York; one copy of Poe, which I would have liked much to possess, lay in a moldy condition on the sill of the little attic window; several rare volumes of Dickens' works and an equally rare copy of Longfellow I found behind an immense traveling trunk, squeezed and scratched deplorably. Treasure met my hand and eye everywhere."

"Why, I protested, if you took these books to New York and placed them with proper persons you'd make a small fortune."

"To New York?" she echoed, raising her hands in alarm. "No, indeed, all the wealth of New York would not tempt me to part with one of them. They were his; that's enough for me."

"Take care of my books, Jane"—that was about the last words he said to me before he died. I have respected his wish, for they are here as he left them. You are the first to lay a finger on them, and you'll likely be the last, for before I follow him I'll make sure that his books'll fall into no strange hands. Here, during the latter years of his life, on the oak chair under the skylight, he would sit for hours and days on end with no company but his books. That night that was his last he was here for hours. When he came down to the sitting room he could not rest, and he said to me: "I'm going back to my books, Jane, and may read till late. Get to bed if you wish, and never mind me." So I went to bed, and on awakening at the first glimmer of dawn I saw I was alone. I cried "Andrew!" but no answer came; then I stole out and went up stairs. Ah, I remember as if it were yesterday. He sat here with his head down on his chest—dead. This book was in his left hand and his right gripped the chair arm like a vise. That other book on the floor lay as it lies now, open with its face down. There I have left it lie. No hand shall touch them. And so we walked silently out of the musty room, and she locked the door."

—New York Press.

Steel—Touchstone of Fortune.

Steel with its billion of money; Steel, with its myriad glowing furnaces, its thundering mills, and its smokestacks thick as stalks in a cornfield; Steel, with its thousands upon thousands of miles of ore land and coal land and gas land; Steel, with its endless railways and its fleets of vessels; Steel, with its swarming populations of workmen and its trade lines penetrating every business and every corner of the world, has become the touchstone of our fortunes and the barometer of our condition.

They used to say: "As New York goes, so goes the Union." Now they say that as Steel goes, so goes the whole mighty current of American business. We live and work in steel buildings, we ride in steel cars and steel ships, our intercourse is over steel wires—we are encompassed and entwined and connected, transported, and finally entombed by steel. We are Steel and Steel is us.—Harper's Weekly.

Slightly Influenced.

"Rastus," said the candidate, "did you ever sell your vote?"

"No, sirree," was the emphatic answer. "But when a man comes aroun' and heps me out a little wif de rent and de grocery bill, I owes him a little pure friendship, doesn't it?"—Washington Star.

Historical Revelation.

"How could you distinguish Achilles from the girls?" asked the Greeks.

"How could you see that he was a man in woman's garb?"

"He didn't," explained Ulysses, "drop his handkerchief every time he turned aroun'."

My! But Isn't He Nasty!

Young Green—Do you know, sir, I believe that woman is really endowed with a sixth sense.

Old Grouch—Humph! Just about a sixth, all the women I've met.—Tribune.

IT WILL BE RALPH HEREAFTER.

A Youngster's Outspokenness That Taught Grandpa a Lesson.

There is a very well-known man in Brooklyn who is particularly proud of his grandson, a bright boy of four years and a few months. But, like all fond grandpas, he believed teasing amusing to the child as well as to himself—and he recently received the shock he deserved. The little lad was playing industriously with a doll when the proud grandpa said:

"My! playing with a doll—why your name must be Susie—not Ralph."

No word from the boy, who kept right on playing with the doll.

"Susie," said the grandpa, just rushing to his fate, "do you like dolls?"

The boy moved perceptibly, but clung to the doll.

"Dear little Susie—you used to be a boy."

The boy lifted his head indignantly and with deep pathos, said: "Grandpa, I hate to tell you so, but you're a d— fool."

Great was the consternation of the grandfather and amazement of the mother, who tragically ordered the boy to his room, while she called attention to the tears that rolled down her cheeks at such a fearful offense. Finally she told the little fellow that he might be forgiven if he begged his grandpa's pardon. But the boy believed his grandpa the offender and said so. His mother sternly read him a lesson against profanity, and especially about disrespect to grandparents. The little fellow was touched, and going over to his grandpa said, compromisingly:

"I am sorry I called you a d— fool—but if I cannot call you a fool can I call you a lemon?"

Hereafter grandpa will call Ralph by his right name.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Naming the Baby.

The naming of a baby is considered important even among people whom we are apt to regard as uncivilized. And, curiously enough, these very folk contrive to avoid the arguments that so often ensue when father and mother disagree over whether the little stranger shall be called Jack or Marmaduke, Priscilla or Jane.

The Mahometan father and mother each write the choice of a name on a slip of paper and place both in the Koran. Whichever slip is drawn first is the name given to the child.

A pretty Egyptian custom is to light three candles, naming each after a god or some exalted personage. The child is called after the candle which burns longest.

Hindu mothers name their children, paterfamilias not having a word to say in the matter. The naming ceremony usually takes place when the baby is about 12 days old, and a flower name is usually chosen.

Chinese girls are simply numbered one, two, or three, until they reach years of discretion, when they are allowed to choose a name for themselves. The boys, however, are given a temporary name until they are 20, when a father decides what magnificent appellation they shall rejoice in for the rest of their lives.—N. Y. Weekly.

Ignorance of the Bible.

Biblical allusions, which permeate our literature, touch no responsive chord in the majority of college students nowadays, writes Prof. W. L. Cross, in Education. Though some of them are fairly familiar with names like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samsun, David and Daniel, very few know anything about the lives of these men as related in the scriptures. Not long ago, to recall an extreme case, not one of 40 students under my instruction could quite place Judas Iscariot; and a venerable colleague of mine discovered a Jew among the seniors who had never heard of Moses. To lift the burden of this ignorance, several colleges have recently incorporated parts of the Old Testament into their most elementary courses in English with great success from the standpoint both of the student and of the instructor. But a knowledge of the Bible obviously belongs to an earlier stage than this. It is a pity that political and religious considerations stand in the way of introducing into the public schools an available body of splendid literature. Fortunately politics and prejudice cannot hamper many of the large preparatory schools.

Her Sublime Admiration.

"Oh, dear, will you look at it again?" sighed Mrs. Howard Newcome in an ecstasy of bliss. "Isn't it magnificent? Turn this way now. A side glance brings out the traditional beauty. I have never seen anything so perfectly exquisite. Dear, do come over here and look at it from this view. One would never believe that such a lovely thing existed in the world. The perspective is simply grand. How inspiring and noble. Here is another view from the right. Doesn't it show off even to better advantage? I am simply entranced with admiration."

What is Mrs. Newcome looking at? Some masterpiece in a picture gallery?

No, indeed. It is an old kitchen chair she purchased at a second-hand store, which she thinks is a "genuine antique."—The Bohemian.

Mechanical.

Mrs. Haymow—Wall, dew tell, ef this here electric business ain't a-gittin' t' beat th' band.

SI Haymow—Somepin' new in th' paper?

Mrs. Haymow—Well, I sh'd sayb They've hed motor wagons an' motor boats and neawen they're a-gittin' motor policemen.

LACKED SENSE OF GRATITUDE.

New York Woman's Ridiculous Complaint Against Firemen.

"Talk about ingratitude," said a fireman, "according to the New York Sun, 'it would be impossible to sharpen any tooth belonging to a serpent or anything else so it could bite like the ingratitude of a woman, whose house caught fire recently. It was an ivy-covered house and very pretty."

"The fire had got a fine start before the alarm was sent in, and it took some pretty lively hustling on our part to keep the whole place from going up in smoke. However, we managed to save the house, the people living there, and most of the furniture, not mentioning a few pet dogs and a canary, so we flattered ourselves that we had done about all that could be expected under the circumstances."

"But we found that we were mistaken. The day after the fire the woman who owned the house gave us a call. We supposed she came to thank us—people do those things sometimes, you know—but she hadn't; if you will believe me, she had come to lambast us for tearing loose all those ropes of ivy that it had taken so many years to train over the walls of the house."

WATER THIS MAN'S ONLY DIET.

Los Angeles Citizen Tries a Novel Plan to Stop Smoking.

Just because Day H. Elmore, a Los Angeles cigar dealer, wanted to stop smoking and also reduce his weight, he began to live on nothing but water, and now and then a sour lemonade, 20 days ago.

He has lost 20 pounds off of his 200-pound total, and wants to lose four or five more.

His voice alone seems weak.

Otherwise this "personally conducted starvation tour," as his friends call it, has proven quite enjoyable, Elmore says, and he declares he rather dislikes the idea of ever eating again.

However, this is almost complete abstinence from sustenance which he is

undergoing now, with the result that the first week he lost flesh at the rate of two pounds a day; the second week he lost a pound a day, later half a pound, and finally but a few ounces.

He began the fast gradually, one meal and then one day at a time, until after he had gone three days without eating, when everything went well.

He does not feel nervous or run down, and sleeps well.

All Caused by Mongrel.

How a yellow mongrel dog "sicked" Theodore Roosevelt into reforming the New York police department was told to the Rockefeller Bible class by Jacob H. Rills. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was there.

Mr. Rills said he was going to jump into the bay one night when a yellow dog came up and rubbed against him. It was so friendly that he gave up the suicide idea and took the dog to a police station to spend the night.

A police sergeant threw Rills out and the dog bit the policeman, who promptly killed it.

Later, when Roosevelt was police commissioner, Rills told him of the incident. He was so incensed that then and there he began cleaning out the police stations.

Pneumatic Clocks in Paris.

The city of Paris is being rapidly supplied with a system of public clocks worked by compressed air under electrical control.

The entire area of the city is divided into sections about a mile and three-quarters in radius, and in the center of each section is a substation provided with a reservoir of compressed air, from which air pipes extend to all the clocks included in the section.

By means of electro-magnets, energized every minute with currents from the commutator controlled by the master clock at the central station, the air-pipes are intermittently connected with the reservoirs, and thus the compressed air, once every minute, drives forward the hands of the clock.

Where Circus Outfit.

One never thinks of the circus in connection with the sea, and there fore a waterside wanderer was very much surprised the other day to see a brilliant red-and-gold circus wagon backed up against the curb on South street, near Peck slip. His surprise was swept away a moment later by seeing three men emerge from the doorway of a sailmaker's shop with great bundles of white, roped canvas on their shoulders. Then he realized they were getting the "big top" ready for the season.—New York Press.

Going Down.

A public school teacher in Philadelphia had occasion once to correct the pronunciation of a pupil of Scotch origin. The lad persisted in saying "down" instead of "down." Finally, the instructor's patience becoming exhausted he shouted at the boy: "Down! Down! Down!"

The pupil in question remained undisturbed by this outburst, but another lad in the rear of the room quickly sprang to his feet, stuck out his hand in a mechanical way; then, suddenly exhibiting great embarrassment, sat down.

"Well, my boy," said the teacher, good-naturedly, "you must be a football enthusiast."

"Not exactly, sir," replied the boy. "I run the elevator down to Perkin's."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Kaiser's Ever Ready Revolver.

Emperor William II. is never without his revolver, and he is extremely skillful in the use of the weapon. It is inspected and freshly primed every morning so as to make sure it is in perfect working order.

Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the hand of an anarchist—this fate having been prophesied for him long ago—he is determined to make a stern fight for his life, and to have at any rate the satisfaction if he falls of inflicting some injury upon his assailant.