

CELEBRATE
4-JULY-4
—AT—
CAPITAL BEACH
LINCOLN, NEB.

Fireworks Band Concerts Bathing
Balloon Ascension Boating Vaudeville Theatre

THE STORY OF BUCK AND BRIDE

"Oh, say, grandpa," said Dickie, and his head was buried so deeply in a big old trunk in the barn that only a pair of sprawly legs and two long feet hanging on to a nail in the floor by the toes, and a dusty trouser seat could be seen.

"Oh, say, grandpa, here's two of the dandiest pairs of cows' horns with little brass balls on them. Only three of them look as if they had been broken off. Can I have 'em, grandpa? I asked first."

"Can't I have one pair, grandpa?" begged a voice from another corner, then a red-faced boy appeared.

"Let me see them," said grandpa. "Why, they are old Buck's and Bride's horns. No, I guess I'll keep them a little while longer. Upon my word, I'd forgotten about them."

"But, boys, I can tell you a real good story about them," he added.

"When? when grandpa? Now; will you?" And Dickie swept off a clean place on a bench with the sleeve of his coat.

"Well, suppose we wait until after supper. That'll be a good time and I can think about it a little."

So in the early evening—the time for story-telling—grandpa sat down before the fireplace, with a boy on each side of him. Each lad had a stick and a jackknife, whittling.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said grandpa, "when I was a little boy we didn't have as many horses in our part of the country as there are now. But we used oxen, which are just as strong and sometimes as swift as horses. Though usually they are slow. I guess you have not seen them very often. They are fastened together by a wooden yoke and driven by rein sometimes, but oftener controlled by a person merely speaking and cracking a whip.

"Father gave me a pair of young ones, black and white, and said I was to train them. I was much pleased and made up my mind that they would be the best team in the country. I named them Buck and Bride. I was always gentle and never abused them, and soon they grew to love me and would do anything I told them to.

"One day I took them to be shod. An ox, you know, has a split hoof, like a cow, and so each foot must have two shoes. That makes eight shoes to an ox, doesn't it? I must tell you how they shoe oxen, as it is very different from shoeing a horse. The ox is first led into a frame about three feet wide, which is built of strong timber, with a floor in it. Two heavy poles push up on each side of the ox's shoulders, holding him firm; then two more just back of his horns, to which ropes are attached, and these hold his head and shoulders perfectly still. Two broad leather bands, fastened loosely to poles, as high as the ox's back, are next passed under his body, and hook on the other side to another pole. These poles are turned around, shortening the bands until the ox's raised off his feet. The feet are then roped back, hoof upwards to other poles, and tied tightly so they cannot move. The blacksmith is then able to nail the shoes on quickly, without being bothered by the animal's struggles.

"Buck and Bride could go so much better after they had been shod, as they did not slip in going over the rough roads. Ice and melting snow made it very slippery, and one had to drive with great care.

"One day, along in April, father was chopping with a very sharp ax, and it slipped and cut a gash in his leg. The blood spurted high and we both knew that he had cut an artery. Together we managed to bind it up above the wound and stop the blood flowing, but father was dreadfully weak.

"You must get me down to Dr. Mead's right away," he said. So I managed to partly carry him to the outhouse and wrap a blanket around him. He held the stick with which we had twisted the bandages around his leg, and I drove. We started pretty fast, but I had good control of the oxen, so I didn't care. But just at a turning point in the road I heard a

noise and looked back. Father was lying with his eyes shut and the blood was pouring from his leg. I roped the reins. I was so frightened I did not know what I was doing and sprang to his side. In a minute I had the bandage tightend, but I had to hold it. The oxen were running very fast now, and the reins were dragging. I dared not leave father a second and could not have got them, anyway. I called to Buck and Bride; they tried to slacken, but could not. Faster and faster we flew. The road was narrow and very steep. I was terrified. The oxen were beyond their own control now. We were near a turn in the road. They switched to one side suddenly and struck a small tree. It snapped off and on we went. Another curve and so sharply did we turn that the sled partly slipped over the side, but only for a second. On it went, the oxen taking great leaps, unable to help themselves a bit.

"I had all I could do to hang on and hold father. We were approaching the road and on the further side was a rail fence. On we flew, scarcely touching the ground, swerving from side to side, till at last we reached the road and jumped across it into the fence. There was a quick stop, then on again, but slower. I called loudly to the oxen and they then slackened up and stopped. Both were tired out and could scarcely stand or breathe. But I grabbed the reins and jumped back into the sleigh. I then managed to turn around and drive back to the road by sometimes kneeling on the reins and turning with one hand and by calling to them. Father was still in a faint. I drove right to the doctor's and knocked on the door. The doctor and I carried father in.

"Just in time," said the doctor. "He's pretty far gone."

"Well, we took him home and put him to bed. I unharnessed the oxen and it wasn't till then that I saw both of Buck's horns and one of Bride's had been broken off. I went back to the fence and found them. Good, faithful animals! They had done their best in coming down the hill without any guiding and had lost their pretty horns. I felt awfully bad because they did not look near so fine. I gave them a good supper and let them rest for two or three days. The other one of Bride's horns we sawed off.

"Father got well again in a few weeks and we were soon hauling wood again. But we could never get Buck and Bride to climb that mountain as long as they lived. They would go any place on level ground, but stopped and would not go a step up a hill. Father did not try to make them do it, as he said they had earned the right to do as they wished about it. We had them for many years and finally they died of old age.

"Those horns are the ones which were broken off in our wild ride down the mountain. You may have them, boys, but take good care of them for the sake of my two good old oxen."

—Marion A. Long, in Detroit Free Press.

Bigger Than He Looked.
"Dear me, Tom, you eat a good deal for a little fellow!" remarked Uncle John to his nephew. "I s'pect I aren't so little inside as I looks outside," was Tom's ingenious explanation.

Gulls as Letter Carriers.
Successful experiments have been made in Toulon to use gulls in place of carrier pigeons. They have this advantage—that, unlike pigeons, they are always ready to fly, even in the fiercest storm.

MAXIMS FROM MEXICO.
—
There's no gain without pain.
—
To the hungry no bread is dry.
—
He who has little has little to fear.
—
Flies cannot enter a closed mouth.
—
It is good fishing in troubled waters.
—
No evil will endure a hundred years.

NEW ONION RECIPES

GOOD DISHES MADE FROM AROMATIC VEGETABLE.

It Would Seem That All Possibilities of Cooking This Valuable Food Had Been Exhausted, But Try These Three.

What cooks would do if suddenly deprived of the onion makes one shudder to think. There is no savory dish without a hint of its toothsome presence. Its varied uses are legion; it is not only valuable in cookery but is useful medicinally. It is said that in cases of malaria the free use of onions is wonderfully helpful, while onion tea is one of the latest aids in the treatment of gall stones. Onions are also good for those who are poor sleepers, being soothing to the nerves. Onions may be boiled, fried, stewed or baked, or eaten raw as a salad; in fact, so general is their use that it seems hardly possible to suggest a new recipe, but here are two or three that will be valuable:

Onion Soup.—Cup up four large onions and brown them in six ounces of butter for two minutes; add salt, cayenne and a quart of stock; cook slowly one hour, then add a large cup of hot milk with two beaten eggs and stir in quickly. Lay in the bottom of the tureen toasted bread squares sifted with Parmesan cheese and turn the soup over them.

Baked Spanish Onions.—Take four Spanish onions and with a sharp knife cut out some of their centers; do not pare them, but boil in salted water one hour; take them out, dry them and stuff them with grated cheese, butter, pepper and salt. Bake with a moderate oven. When done they may be eaten from the skin or the outer skin removed and a rich brown gravy poured over them.

Onion Fritters.—Make a batter as for clam fritters and add three large onions grated, pepper, salt, and a dash of celery salt. Fry in hot lard and serve with English chops.

To Make a Mending Box.
It is easy to make a good mending box from an ordinary wooden box bought from your grocer. Cover it with denim and pad the lid. Line the box with a pretty wall paper. On the inside make pockets of denim with flaps to fasten down and tack these pockets on with brass-headed thimble, scissors, etc. Fill the others with scraps of woolen and cotton material for mending. On the inside of the lid tack a pin cushion filled with all sorts of needles and some common pins. On ironing day fold each garment that needs mending and place it inside the box. Then, when a neighbor comes in to pass the afternoon pull out your box from where it has been serving as a window seat or stool, and the weekly mending will not be such a bugbear.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade.
Wash and cut in small pieces one quart tender rhubarb, peel thin one-half dozen oranges, and cut the yellow rind into thin shreds, removing all the white pith. Cut in slices and remove seeds. Put the rhubarb in a pan with the oranges and peel, and one pound and a half granulated sugar. Place over a gentle fire, stirring frequently until reduced to the consistency desired. Turn into marmalade pots, and leave uncovered until the following day, then cover with paraffin and seal. This is excellent and keeps well.

Sauce for Fruit Fritters.
Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a cupful of sugar. Add the juice and grated rind of a lemon and three tablespoonfuls of water. Stir over hot water until it thickens. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar. When ready to serve pour a little of the sauce over a fritter and put on this a spoonful of the beaten whites.

Mush and Bacon.
Put thin strips of breakfast bacon on a toaster and lay in common sheet iron dripping pan large enough to allow toaster to rest one edge on bottom of pan. Put all in a hot oven and when cooked the fat will be in the pan and the bacon well browned and free from grease.

For the mush, bread the small slices by dipping first in egg, then in crumbs, and brown on toaster same as bacon, and when nearly done dot with butter.

Grained and varnished imitations of hard wood are best cleaned by rubbing well with cloths wrung out in borax soapsuds, never letting the water touch them. Afterward they should be rubbed with flannel barely moistened with kerosene. If there is too much kerosene it will dissolve and blur the colors. Clean hardwood with a flannel wet in turpentine, and rub afterward lightly with boiled linseed oil. Take off spots with fine sand mixed in oil. Apply it with a leather and rub with clean leather afterward to bring back the polish.

With a Proviso.
"When universal peace is finally established," said Alfred H. Love, the president of the Universal Peace union, in an interview in Philadelphia, "then many a man who now ridicules the peace movement will claim to have been its lifelong champion. It is always so. We thump and kick a poor, weak, struggling movement at its inception, and when it has succeeded and no longer needs our help, we give it the most solicitous support. There was once a young lady whose betrothed, a very poor young man, was about to set out for South America to seek his fortune in the rubber trade. As he took his leave of her the night before his departure, he said, tremulously: 'And you swear to be true to me, Irene?' 'Yes, Heber,' cried the girl; 'yes—if you're successful.'"

Twenty-One Yards of Sausage.
In the rivalry to make the biggest sausage some wonderful specimens are being produced by Germans in Pennsylvania. The latest record-breaker is the work of Jacob Ackerman, of Limeport. It is 64 feet eight inches long.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Temperature and Water.
At sea level water boils at 212 degrees, F.; at a height of 10,000 feet at 193 degrees, F. When Darwin crossed the Andes in 1835 he boiled potatoes for three hours without making them soft.

Does Your Head Ache?
If so, get a box of Krause's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Coming events that are calculated to separate people from their coin are always heralded by an advance agent.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Many a sweetheart turns out to be a bitter disappointment as a wife.

Wifely Consolation.
One of the physicians at a popular winter health resort was looking over his books one day, comparing his list of patients. "I had a great many more patients last year than I have this," he remarked to his wife. "I wonder where they have all gone to?" "Well, never mind dear," she replied, "you know all we can do is to hope for the best."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Napoleon's Famous War Horse.
Marengo, the famous war charger of Napoleon, is said to have been the greatest horse known to modern history. The emperor rode Marengo for the last time in the battle of Mount St. Jean, where the horse received his seventh wound. The steed died at the age of 36 years.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hot Shot for the Men.
Speaking at Cardiff, Wales, recently, Miss Gawthorpe, a suffragette, stated that a bride's blushes are caused by the knowledge of the kind of man she is going to marry.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

When some people tell us they did their best we wonder what their worst is like.

KC

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Stands for:

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Economy
Purity

In providing the family's meals,
don't be satisfied with anything but
the best. K C is guaranteed perfec-
tion at a moderate price. It makes
everything better.

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Guaranteed
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Pure Food Laws.

Jaques Mfg. Co.,
Chicago.

Whenever you buy oatmeal
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Quaker Oats

It's the best oatmeal made; and in the 25c family package, in addition to the oatmeal, you get a beautiful piece of American china.

There is a nice assortment of cups and saucers, plates, bowls, etc.; an easy way to furnish your table.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

Quaker Wheat Berries are the newest thing in cereal foods—delicious.