



A BUNCH OF CHUMS ON THE RANGE.

## RANGE HORSES WITH HEARTS

Loves and Friendships of Animals in the West.

### NATURE STORIES NOT FAKES

Colts Sometimes Kidnaped by Mares Without Offspring of Their Own—Equine Chums that Stick Together.

"Did you ever hear of one mare kidnaping another mare's colt?" asked a stockman from Tee Dee, Mont., who drifted into town last week with a carload of horses of the range. "It isn't exactly common, still scarcely a spring pass with its crop of young colts that I don't have one or two cases right in my own bunch. It's one phase of the love horses feel for one another. The attachments of animals for one another and for men and places make an interesting chapter in natural history. You can't work much among horses or cattle, either, for that matter—without coming up against their friendships and their dislikes. And even mules—western mules, that is—sometimes show a genuine affection and something enough like conscience and what in a man you'll call professional pride to be taken for them. "The kidnapping of colts generally takes place after the first colt or two have come. The first colt is always an object of interest to the rest of the bunch, and the mares hang around it, they watch to every movement, protect it, pet it. It's like the first baby born to a young couple, with a big circle of adoring uncles and aunts and grandpas and grandmas standing round worshipping it. "Sometimes this affection will run away with one of the mares, especially if she has out her own colt. She will hang around a colt trying to enlist its affections, with a lot of coaxing it away from its mother, and some fine day she will sneak away with it. "Of course the true mother is frantic at the loss of her kid and I have to drop everything and restore the lost child to its rightful parent. Sometimes the colt prefers to stay with the wicked, designing mare. Sometimes it runs back to its mother with every show of joy. But, either way, it's a clear case of kidnapping. "These western range animals have lots of the old Adam in them, meaning what was good in Adam as well as what was bad. Take the friendships of horses for one another, for instance. There's something very pretty in that. "Horses run together in bunches or groups. These bunches are like big families or clans or fraternities. The horses of a bunch get so attached to one another that it is impossible to separate them on the range. "Say you want a couple of mares out of a bunch. Do you think you can just ride out and bring them in? No, sir. You'd take every horse in the bunch or none at all. They stick close together, herding one another, watching out that the weak old ones and the little young ones don't get cornered out or left behind, and the leader—every bunch has its leader—would see to it that you took in all or left in all. If I want to get in one colt to brand I have to corral all the eighty in my horse bunch. "It's only western range horses, so far as I know, that develop friendships like this. In other sections it's every horse for himself and the devil take the hindmost. There's just as much difference, for instance, between a Blue Grass and a Montana horse as between a Kentucky colton and a Quarter county cowboy. Kentucky horses are that selfish! "We Montana fellows had an illustration of this difference at the beginning of the war with Spain. It was down at Chickamauga and we had Kentucky horses for mounts. "The first night after we had reported we turned our horses loose in the country outside the town, supposing of course they'd stick together through the night like bunches and that next morning a man could go and bring the whole bunch in. "But instead of banding together and keeping bunched in the chimney, how are ye, old man, style of the practice, no sooner had each horse slipped his bridle than he lit out for a corner where he could be by himself. "When morning came the Montana cowboys were in despair. But bring in the horses they must, so Bert Jones and one or two other fellows went out with their ropes, determined to rope something or bust. "James succeeded at last in locating his own horse and roping it. And then there was something doing sure. "Old Kentucky had never seen a rope before, had never seen one descend, writhing and hissing through the air, over the head and around the neck of any horse of his acquaintance, much less his own. As he felt it tightening about his windpipe he naturally tried to shake it, rearing and plunging, now standing on his hind legs, now bolting, until he had pranced and side-stepped plumb into a tent that happened to be in his way. "James stayed with him till he had succeeded in getting a backstomper on his head. By that time the tent looked as if a Kansas cyclone had struck it. The pegs had been pulled out, the sides crashed, the guy ropes snapped and the whole top had collapsed. "A voice came out of the ruins of the tent. "Who are you?" it demanded in a tone of authority.

"Bert James, Montana First Volunteer." "Well, I don't want this thing to happen again," went on the voice that was used to being obeyed. "The cowboy faced about in the direction from which it came. "You blankety, blank, blank, blank," he thundered, do you think we want it to happen again? "Then he glanced to look up. Towering above him out of the wreckage of the tent stood General Grant. "There was a twinkle in his mild blue eyes. "Young man," he said sweetly to the Montana cowboy, you want to be a little more subordinate in the future or you'll get into trouble. "Talking of the friendships of range horses for one another reminds me that range cows show a curious affection for the spot where they have their first calf. For years afterward, if it is a possible thing, they will return and have their calves in the same old place. "A few years ago I bought a bunch of cows in Ekalaka and seven out of the number that looked to be in the poorest shape I put in the cowshed. There a little later they had their calves. Then as soon as the calves were branded I turned them all out on the range. "The following spring, when the shed was left open to dry, six of those seven cows came back and had their calves in it again. They didn't come together, but during April and May they all sauntered in. They had found their way back, one thirty miles, one ten, one over twenty-five miles and so on up to fifty. The seventh cow had died, or doubtless she'd have turned up too. "Peculiar? Well, the peculiar thing about the whole business to me was that each cow returned to the exact corner or stall where she had been kept the year before. And the six cows kept that caper up as long as I kept them, which was five years or better. "But about the most interesting exhibition of instinct or memory or association of ideas or what ever you would call it, that I ever saw was in a couple of cow ponies and an old mule that used to be drifting about on the range north of the Yellowstone a few years ago. You sometimes read in the papers of wornout old fire department horses who when an alarm rings forget the pedler, wagons or dump cars they are pulling and dash off for the fire, all their dormant senses awaking again at the dear, old familiar clang. Well, that's the sort of thing that happened to Button on Sunday, the old X I T cow pony. Year after year he had worked on the roundup till their joints got stiff. Every May they would start out with the outfit, following down one creek and up another till November and frosts made rounding up uncomfortable. Then they'd be turned out on the range for the winter till the next May would begin the old roundup life all over again. "Roundup work is devilish hard on ponies. Worse than polo, if possible. They age early under it. Button and Sunday couldn't have been over 7 or 8 when the X I T men, deciding they were worn out, put a couple of fresh ponies in their place and started off without them. "In the course of the summer the outfit struck the valley where the two old brones were grazing. No sooner did the derelicts catch sight of the familiar roundup wagon and the boys who had been their pals than they insisted on throwing in with them. The boys couldn't shake 'em. "And so long as the X I T was operating in that country, Button and Sunday would continue to work it with them. Without any man riding 'em, they'd spend their mornings circling, then stand on herd or help work the herd afterwards. Say, but they were stars at standing on herd! They warn't no foxy old cow or cocky young steer could rush 'em or fool 'em. "When the outfit had worked its way out of the valley where the ponies were located, they'd shake a day-day, as it were, to the gang and return to their grazing. "Those two cow ponies loved their business better than many humans love theirs, but they didn't love it so well as Billy, the old mule of the Bar Z. He was plumb in love with his. "He, too, had had his day with the roundup, and he, too, had been discarded for a younger, smarter animal. When spring came Billy was looking to go as usual, and it almost broke the old fellow's heart to see the boys pulling out of Miles City without him. "Aln't I a Bar Z boy as much as any of 'em?" he sorter says to himself. They ought to give me a square, even if I have shipped myself and have corns forrard. They can't shake me so easy! "And with that the old boy lit out after the others. And he followed the Bar Z outfit of his own accord for two years, working just as he'd been used to work in his young, smart days. Then he got so ornary that Dynamite Joe, the foreman, was afraid he'd hurt someone who wasn't onto his temper, and he sold him."

## Some Quaint Features of Life

**Mother of Twenty-One Children.** MRS. ANNE R. M. LYCETT, the mother of twenty-one children, who had first and second tables at all meals to accommodate them all, died at her home in Baltimore recently. She was 84 years old and married when 14. She had always said that she found it no more trouble to raise twenty-one boys and girls than she did a few. She and her husband started housekeeping at their wedding and all the twenty-one were born in one house, in Battery avenue. Mrs. Lycett was of Irish descent and her husband, who is an engineer in the Baltimore fire department, was born in Ireland. He is 60 years old. The oldest living child is 28.

**The Wickedest Person.** Forty years ago the wickedest person in Allen county, Ohio, was old man Ellison, a well-to-do farmer. Not until he approached three score and ten did he mellow down, and then but a little. Once when attending a sale he soliloquized thus on his own decadence: "The old man's been putty tuff, boy. He's raised with some mighty hard cases, the old man has. But it's about over. The ole devil is, after him hard an' fas', the ole devil is, an' by 'n' by he'll get him. But he won't keep him long, the ole devil won't. By 'n' by he'll be glad to fetch the ole man back." "Well," spoke up Bill Pettit, his fierceest foe, "all I hope is when he does he'll forget where he found you."

**St. Patrick Overruled.** The other morning, while Mr. William Kennedy, Garrettsville, was walking through his farm at Tullamore park, relates the Dublin Freeman's Journal, he was surprised to see something wriggling in the grass. On closer observation Mr. Kennedy saw that the creature was a snake, which hissed at him as he closed upon it. The reptile made an attempt to get into a neighboring ditch, but Mr. Kennedy struck it twice with a black-thorn and killed it, and carried it to his home. A neighbor of Mr. Kennedy's who spent a long time in the southern states of America, gave it as his opinion that it was a spotted adder of poisonous variety. It is two feet eight inches long, and about as thick as an ordinary walkingstick, colored dark green on the back, with white spots, and light pale green underneath, with a beautiful orange band at the back of the head.

**Scared Horse to Death.** The auto has a new crime to answer for. William Gerhardt, a farmer, living in Campbell county, Kentucky, claims that his horse was frightened to death by the blowing of the horn on an automobile near Cold Spring. As the auto sped past the animal the chauffeur gave the horn a shrill toot, and the horse immediately dropped in the shafts

thing that happened to Button on Sunday, the old X I T cow pony. Year after year he had worked on the roundup till their joints got stiff. Every May they would start out with the outfit, following down one creek and up another till November and frosts made rounding up uncomfortable. Then they'd be turned out on the range for the winter till the next May would begin the old roundup life all over again. "Roundup work is devilish hard on ponies. Worse than polo, if possible. They age early under it. Button and Sunday couldn't have been over 7 or 8 when the X I T men, deciding they were worn out, put a couple of fresh ponies in their place and started off without them. "In the course of the summer the outfit struck the valley where the two old brones were grazing. No sooner did the derelicts catch sight of the familiar roundup wagon and the boys who had been their pals than they insisted on throwing in with them. The boys couldn't shake 'em. "And so long as the X I T was operating in that country, Button and Sunday would continue to work it with them. Without any man riding 'em, they'd spend their mornings circling, then stand on herd or help work the herd afterwards. Say, but they were stars at standing on herd! They warn't no foxy old cow or cocky young steer could rush 'em or fool 'em. "When the outfit had worked its way out of the valley where the ponies were located, they'd shake a day-day, as it were, to the gang and return to their grazing. "Those two cow ponies loved their business better than many humans love theirs, but they didn't love it so well as Billy, the old mule of the Bar Z. He was plumb in love with his. "He, too, had had his day with the roundup, and he, too, had been discarded for a younger, smarter animal. When spring came Billy was looking to go as usual, and it almost broke the old fellow's heart to see the boys pulling out of Miles City without him. "Aln't I a Bar Z boy as much as any of 'em?" he sorter says to himself. They ought to give me a square, even if I have shipped myself and have corns forrard. They can't shake me so easy! "And with that the old boy lit out after the others. And he followed the Bar Z outfit of his own accord for two years, working just as he'd been used to work in his young, smart days. Then he got so ornary that Dynamite Joe, the foreman, was afraid he'd hurt someone who wasn't onto his temper, and he sold him."

**Her Voice Restored.** While singing at a church fair a year ago Miss Mary Dwyer of Ansonia, Conn., was overcome by stage fright on being treated to an enthusiastic encore. She returned to the stage, but was unable to utter a sound. Physicians were unable to restore her voice and as a last resort it was planned to give her a sudden shock in the hope of restoring her voice. The other evening two of her sisters went up stairs and hid in a closet, and Miss Dwyer was sent up in search of something. When she entered the dark room her sisters, robed in white, sprang out and Miss Dwyer screamed. Her voice is now as good as it ever was.

**Get the Ticket.** A well dressed man, whose general appearance and hand baggage indicated his recent arrival in this country, stood in the ticket line at the Grand Central station. When he reached the window he asked for one ticket to "Rocky Island." "Try the next window," he was told, and gathering up his belongings, he took his place at the end of another queue. "One ticket, Rocky Island," he said, when his turn came. "What place—ticket to where?" the clerk asked to the distress of a long string of people who had just a minute to catch their train. "Rocky Island, Eeelonio," said the foreigner, and the ticket agent directed the officer outside to show the man where he could get a ticket for Rocky Island, and for the third time he became the last man in a long line. "Don't worry," said the officer, "you have three hours' time for Rocky Island."—New York Tribune.

# Mid-Summer Clearance

OUR Annual Mid-Summer Clearance Sale is now in full swing and we're going to make extraordinary efforts to turn a large portion of our present stocks into cash. We've more goods on hand today than we should have this period of the year. We don't want to carry the goods over to another season—can't afford to. If the experiencing of a loss is the only alternative we will accept that gracefully. Our supreme thought is to close out the goods. We're going to put prices on the furniture, the floor coverings and the stoves that will make people buy who had intended to wait until Fall. We're going to move these goods—clear them out regardless of cost—sweep them away in a hurry. Read below—study the offerings.

## TAKE ALL THE CREDIT YOU DESIRE

### TERMS ESPECIALLY LOWERED FOR THIS SALE

SIDEBOARDS		PARLOR SUITS		EXTENSION TABLES	
Figure Your Savings.	Reg. Price	Reg. Price	Reg. Price	Reg. Price	Reg. Price
Handsome Sideboards, massive carvings	\$19.75	3-piece Parlor Suits, imported coverings	\$25.00	Extension Tables, strong and substantial	\$5.85
Large, massive Sideboards, extra large mirror	29.75	5-piece Parlor Suits, beautifully finished	\$25.00	Extension Tables, five large legs	10.25
Quarter sawed oak Sideboards, extra elaborate	35.00	3-piece Parlor Suits, very handsome	\$6.00	square	12.95
Very massive oak Sideboards	45.50			Pedestal Extension Tables, solid oak	23.50
				Pedestal Extension Tables, extra elaborate	28.50

  

BUFFETS		CHINA CLOSETS		PARLOR CABINETS	
Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price
Handsome Buffets, solid gold-up oak	\$25.00	China Closets, made of solid oak	\$20.00	Parlor Cabinets, in oak or mahogany finish	\$10.25
Buffets, artistic weathered oak	18.25	China Closets, bent end design	\$17.75	Parlor Cabinets, solid oak or mahogany finish	18.50
Buffets, very handsome design	33.00	China Closets, extra large	49.90	Parlor Cabinets, extra fine	24.90
Buffets, extra large and handsome	38.00				14.50

  

MUSIC CABINETS		BOOK CASES		IRON BEDS	
Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price
Music Cabinets	\$11.00	Combination Cases, of handsome design	\$20.90	Handsome Iron Beds, all colors of enamel	\$25.25
Music Cabinets	18.00	Combination Cases, made of solid oak	24.50	Handsome Iron Beds, handsome designs	\$1.85
Music Cabinets	28.00	Combination Cases, extra fancy design	30.00	Elegant Iron Beds, extra heavy, big values	7.00
Music Cabinets	35.00			Fancy Iron Beds, several colors of enamel	13.75

  

DRESSERS		CHIFFONIERS		RUGS AND CARPETS	
Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price
10 Dressers	\$15.00	14 Chiffoniers	\$7.15	15 Brussels Rugs, 6x9 feet	\$12.50
12 Dressers	14.25	12 Chiffoniers	10.90	19 Brussels Rugs, 5-2x10-6 feet	14.75
16 Dressers	20.25	10 Chiffoniers	7.85	16 Brussels Rugs, 9x12 feet	22.50
17 Dressers (oak or mahogany)	20.75	10 Chiffoniers (oak or mahogany)	12.25	10 Axminster Rugs, 8-3x10-6 feet	36.50
15 Dressers (oak or mahogany)	26.90	10 Chiffoniers (oak or mahogany)	20.00	10 Wilton Velvet Rugs	28.00
19 Dressers (oak or mahogany)	35.75			5-3x10-6 ft.	28.00

  

CROCKERY		LAMP SETS	
Reg. Price	Sale Price	Reg. Price	Sale Price
Clearance on Crockery	50 per cent.	Lamp Sets, unheated of prices	50 per cent.
Great values		Be sure and visit this department, learn of the great values	
Discounts up to 50 per cent.		1,200 Pictures at one-half price.	

## At Home or Cafe

### Jetter's GOLD TOP THE PERFECT BEER

Nowadays people are pretty particular as to the purity of the beer they drink. The brewers of Gold Top have always been particular, have always taken imaginable precaution to insure to the drinker of Gold Top a beer that not only possesses a delightful flavor, but is pure and beautiful as well.

Jetter's Gold Top is bottled expressly for select cafe and home use. It is an ideal family beer. Our wagons deliver to all parts of Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs. Phone us for a case.

### Jetter Brewing Co.

TEL. NO. 8, SOUTH OMAHA.

Omaha headquarters: HUGO F. BILZ, 14th and Douglas, Tel. Doug. 1542. Council Bluffs headquarters: LEE MITCHELL, 1013 Main St., Tel. 80.

## KNOWING HOW

is an essential feature in brewing good beer. We pride ourselves on having mastered this feature. In

### Storz Blue Ribbon Bottled Beer

we have summed up all the knowledge obtained from forty years' experience in the science and art of brewing. We have produced a pure, sparkling, mellow beverage, rich in quality and of exquisite flavor.

The public has placed the stamp of approval on STORZ BEER by consuming over ELEVEN MILLION bottles of it in 1906. We invite you to try it.

"Phone Webster 1260"

STORZ BREWING CO. (6) OMAHA, NEB.

## Economy of time and labor by using electric power

The concentration of power made possible by the use of electricity effects a large saving of labor, cutting out the engineer and fireman entirely. The substitution of stationary wires for moving line shafts and belts reduces your friction load to a minimum and saves time of your operators.

Investigate.

### Omaha Electric Light and Power Company

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING  
Telephone Douglas 1062

## Bee Want Ads Produce Results

We put art into our printing—reflecting credit upon you and us.

All kinds of printing at the lowest prices consistent with good printing—always good work, good stock, quick delivery, low price.

Everything Needed for the Office

### OMAHA PRINTING CO.

Farnam and 10th Sts., Omaha  
Telephone Douglas 246.

Mail orders filled. Send for catalogue.

## Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY  
**J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.**