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THE merchants who sell Gordon Hats appreciate the value of the returning customer, the value of growing business. Gordon Hats, soft or stiff, \$3.00.

Notice to Non-Resident. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Iowa Bank Falls. Breaks Sn & Blockade.

CHILD'S TESTIMONY IS FALSE In Chicago Case Juvenile Witness Says She Was Coached by Woman. Chicago, March 30.—A child's testimony, reversed, saved five men from the gallows. The result was a striking parallel to the case in which a fortnight ago Millionaire Peter Van Vlissingen practically demonstrated that under police pressure a boy named Wiltrax had given false testimony leading to the conviction of the boy's father for murder.

EACH SHOT THROUGH HEAD Fire May Have Been Started to Cover Up a Crime. Keokuk, Ia., March 30.—Examination of the bodies of C. Lemlee and wife, the aged couple found burned to death in their dwelling house at Montrose, disclosed the fact that each had a bullet hole through the head. A revolver with two empty chambers was found in the kitchen near where the man was found.

Royal Arcanum Wins Out. Lincoln, March 30.—The effort to drive the Royal Arcanum, a fraternal insurance order, from Nebraska, has failed. It was made by the representative of a home insurance order on the ground that none of the Massachusetts fraternal companies complied with the Massachusetts insurance laws.

Asks Large Sum From State. Des Moines, March 30.—Ephraim J. Dean, a pioneer of Waverly, filed a claim of \$100,000 with the state legislature against the state of Iowa for alleged false imprisonment twenty-eight years ago. Dean claims to have been falsely confined in a lunatic asylum, after which he was wrongfully compelled to spend seven months in a Blackhawk county jail.

File Suit to Recover \$100,000. Sioux City, March 30.—The Modera Woodmen of America filed a suit in the United States court to recover judgment for \$100,000 against the estate of the late E. H. McCutcheon, a former Holstein banker, and twenty-two sureties upon an indemnity bond for \$200,000.

Henry T. Bogardus is Dead. Chicago, March 30.—Henry T. Bogardus, perhaps the most widely known telegraph operator in America, is dead here in a sanitarium. Bogardus had a unique history. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., about sixty years ago, and on the death of his wife became an inveterate traveler.

Humphrey Murder Mystery. Humphrey, Neb., March 30.—An unknown young man was found murdered near here. He was well dressed, twenty-two years old, had \$7.35 in his pockets and a card bearing the name of William O'Brien.

Peace Negotiations Abandoned. London, March 30.—The Times' correspondent at Montevideo, Uruguay, says the peace negotiations have been abandoned and the government is raising fresh forces in preparation for a winter campaign.

Iowa Bank Falls. Eldora, Ia., March 30.—The private banking firm of O. E. Miller & Son of New Providence has failed. Proceedings in bankruptcy have begun. The cause of the failure is not announced.

Breaks Sn & Blockade. Mandan, N. D., March 30.—The passenger blockade was raised at this point and passengers from six west-bound trains who had been delayed here were sent forward.

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME. The Duke of Teck has been appointed temporary military attaché at Vienna. Hiram Howe of Factory Village, N. H., seventy-seven years of age, has saved and piled twenty-four cords of wood during the winter. Captain Ira W. Cary, who played an important part in the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, has just died at his home in Morristown, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Licht of Burkettville, Mo., who have lived in the same place for fifty-one years, have boarded thirty-seven schoolteachers in that time.

BRITISH BRIEFS. Ireland has now a bank holiday all to itself—namely, St. Patrick's day. The average farm laborer's family in England lives on \$185 a year. The average mechanic's family spends \$300. The British parliament when filled consists of 593 peers and 670 members of the house of commons, a total of 1,263 persons.

MODES OF THE MOMENT. Shaded white effects are much in evidence in the souchache trimmings. A new color, something of a cross between cloth and crepe de chine, is among the latest fabrics for spring costumes. Brown, and especially a particular shade of brown unromantically known as "mud color," is in the lead in the new colored veilings.—New York Tribune.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES. There are 147,259 panes of glass 18 by 23 inches in the Palace of Agriculture at the world's fair. Two hundred of Uncle Sam's marines who have been on duty at Panama are going to the fair to give exhibition drills. Night has been turned into day in all of the large exhibit palaces. Numerous electric lights have been put in place, and scores of workmen are busy night as well as day installing the exhibits.

THE COOKBOOK. Salt pork for cooking should be clear fat. The lean has a harsh, salt flavor. A pinch of sugar added to freshly made mustard not only makes it much more tasty, but keeps it fresh much longer. In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender. If one be out of olive oil a salad dressing may be made by mixing thoroughly a teaspoonful of salt, a salt-spoonful of white pepper, a salad-spoonful of wine vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of good, rich cream.

ROLL CALL IN KOREA. Slowly died the last red sunbeam; slowly came the hush of night. Where the moon illumined stronghold of the bearded Muscovite. Broke the landscape's rolling contour in a fair Korean vale. Many a warrior's heart was heavy, many a warrior's cheek was pale. For the bloody fight was o'er. Silenced was the cannon's roar. All was quiet as a form without a soul. And before the call of taps. Several noncommissioned chaps. Volunteered Wolf heartedly to call the roll. Major Hittethopsky! Present. Major Fourshchafsky! Here. Brave old Spikethegansky, absent. Bugler Blowsky, standing near. Punkeroff is here, and Snifsky. Pretzelvich and Michael Stifsky. Up spoke Quartermaster Diffsy. "Can't lose me, boys, never fear!" Present, too, were Bobtailstraighty, Accupsky Bluffery. Cushmanromsky, Pingpongsky. Vladimir Onstingkeroff. Butternisky, Maltesensky, Lageroff and Antifatsky. Ivan Casoyatthobsky. And the selfish Feetintroff. Not to mention many more with appellations much the same. Who retorted "Here!" and "Present!" when the time to answer came.



Not What He Expected. The Bore—I assure you that I only need to talk with a woman five minutes to know her most secret thoughts! The Lady—That must be very unpleasant for you. Consoled. Mr. C. of Germantown is quite an enthusiastic motorist. While speeding along Old York road some time since he saw a man and a dog far ahead of him, the dog running in and out of the bushes. As he whizzed past a moment later the dog darted out ahead of the machine to bark at it, was run over and instantly killed. Mr. C. stopped his machine and returned. "I'm very sorry, my dear sir," he said consolingly to the man. "Will that make it all right?" He held out a ten dollar bill. "It will," replied the man coolly, taking the money and putting it in his pocket. As the automobile flew down the road he looked sympathetically at the remains and soliloquized: "Poor little devil! I wonder whose dog it was?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Remunerative. "Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit. "It's fine!" ejaculated the young man. "How much did you get, father?" "How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irrelevance. "Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I only got 10 cents."—Lippincott's Magazine.

In Doubt. "Would you rather be handsome or rich?" she asked. "Well, that's hard to say," he replied. "The handsome man has a popularity that the rich man can't really attain, but the rich man has a better chance of getting the girl. I think, on the whole, I'd rather have a title, and then I could beat both of the others and get the riches with the girl."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Was Flourishing. "I hear that Jimpkins is getting along fine in the city," said Blubbson. "I suppose he is, maybe; but I never thought he would," commented Niverly. "His father told me he was flourishing, though." "Yes, he is. He is teaching penmanship."—Judge.

A Troublesome Imitation. Mrs. Hopkins—What kind of insomnia does Mr. Jenkins have? Mrs. Jenkins—Well, he doesn't like it at all when I tell him he has the "snoring insomnia."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Proof of It. "Travelmuch, I understand, is a finished scholar." "Right you are; he was shipwrecked on the cannibal islands a year ago and hasn't been heard from since."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Sure Enough. Teacher—Now that winter is over, you may tell me, Tommy, what is coming next. Tommy (promptly)—The circus.—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOR

SHE GOT SQUARE. How John's Wife Gave Hubby a Taste of His Own Medicine. Knowing the aversion of her husband to letter writing, the wife of a Chicagoan thus admonished him on his departure on a recent eastern trip: "Now, John, as neither I nor the children can accompany you, you must be eyes and ears for us and drop us an occasional postal card, telling us anything of interest you may see and hear. Don't forget, will you?" The husband promised and took his departure. The next morning but one his wife received a postal card containing the following message: "Dear Wife—I reached Pittsburg all right. Yours aff."

Though disappointed, she excused the brevity of the communication on the ground that her husband was doubtless pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived bearing the startling announcement: "Here I am in New York. Yours ever. Still later came another: "I am indeed in New York. Yours. The wife swallowed her disappointment and, being good at retaliation, seized her pen and wrote: "Dear Husband—The children and I are in Chicago. Yours. A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Chicago. In her next communication she grew a little more enthusiastic. She wrote: "Dear Husband—Here we are in Chicago. I repeat it, sir, we are in Chicago. P. S.—We are indeed. In due time John reached home and, fearing perhaps that his poor wife was afflicted with some sort of dementia, hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. For answer she slipped into his hand his own three postal cards.—Chicago Tribune.

Up to Date Bath. Much the worse for alcohol, a young fellow entered a Washington bath parlor early the other morning. He pushed the dents out of his hat, walked to the office counter with great confidence and announced that he wanted a bath. "What sort of a bath?" the clerk asked as he pushed the register toward the unsteady customer. "What kind yer got?" "Oh, we can give you a Turkish bath!" "Had too many of them already. Can't yer give me somethin' new?" "Yes; we can give you a medicated bath." "I don't want no quacks workin' on me. No gold cure for Willie." "Well, we can give you a Russian bath." "Not if I know it. Just give me a Japanese bath. That's my ticket!"—Washington Times.

Inventive Genius. "Yes, sir; this is a safety razor that gives you the same sort of a shave as you get at the barber shop," said the agent. The prospective customer rather poolpoohed. "But it does," persisted the agent. "See, here is a thingumajig that squirts lather into your eyes, and here is a small phonographic attachment that delivers an onion flavored oration while the razor is in use. Can you beat that?"—Judge.

His Wife. Gorley—You seem to have a model wife. Fitkins—Oh, yes; but, then, women are such curious things. When we married, Flora wasn't on terms with her mother; hadn't spoken to her for over a year. We hadn't been married six weeks before Flora had the old lady at the house, and she's been there ever since.—Boston Transcript.

Considerate Man. "Yes," said the meek little woman; "I consider my husband one of the most considerate men in our suburb." "But I thought you said he scolded you if breakfast was late." "He does, but he always closes the doors and windows before he begins, so none of the neighbors can hear."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



His Sister's Caller—And you say your sister is skittish and nervous? I suppose she would jump at a mouse? Willie—I don't know 'bout her jumping at a mouse, but I have heard her tell me that she would jump at a proposal, whatever that is.—New York American.

He Wondered Too. Tom—Well, well! I wonder if she's really going to marry him! Nora—That's what he said. Tom—Eh? Did he tell you it was all settled? Nora—You misunderstand me. I say he said what you just said.—Philadelphia Press.