

**CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS**

**Features of the Day's Trading and Closing Quotations.**  
Chicago, July 18.—Possibilities of damage to the wheat crop in the northwest resulted in a slight rally in prices here today. At the close the September option was up 1/8c. Corn showed a gain of 1/8c. Oats were off 1/8c. Provisions were up 5/16 12 1/2c. Closing prices:  
Wheat—July, 85 1/2c; Sept., 83 1/2c; Dec., 81 1/2c; May, 85 1/2c @ 85 1/2c.  
Corn—July, 57c, new, 56 1/2c; Sept., 55 1/2c @ 55c, new, 55c.  
Oats—July, 30 1/2c @ 31c; Sept., 29c; Dec., 29 1/2c; May, 31 1/2c.  
Pork—Sept., \$12.95; Oct., \$13.02 1/2.  
Lard—Sept., \$7.22 @ 7.25; Oct., \$7.30.  
Ribs—Sept., \$7.92 1/2; Oct., \$7.97 1/2.  
Chicago Cash Prices—No. 2 hard wheat, new, 87c; No. 3 hard wheat, new, 85c; No. 2 cash corn, 57 1/2c @ 58c; No. 2 cash oats, 30 1/2c.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

Chicago, July 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; slow to 10c lower; good to prime steers, \$5.00 @ 5.50; poor to medium, \$3.00 @ 5.25; stockers and feeders, \$2.40 @ 4.25; cows, \$2.40 @ 4.40; heifers, \$2.00 @ 5.00; canners, \$1.35 @ 2.25; bulls, \$2.00 @ 3.90; calves, \$1.00 @ 5.50; Texas fed steers, \$4.10 @ 5.00.  
Hogs—Receipts, 13,000; 5c to 10c higher; mixed and butchers, \$5.60 @ 6.05; good to choice heavy, \$5.85 @ 6.02 1/2; rough heavy, \$5.35 @ 5.95; light, \$5.70 @ 6.05; bulk of sales, \$5.80 @ 5.95.  
Sheep—Receipts, 15,000; 15c to 25c lower; lambs steady to 15c lower; good to choice wethers, \$4.90 @ 5.50; fair to choice mixed, \$4.10 @ 4.75; western sheep, \$4.00 @ 5.25; native lambs, \$4.75 @ 7.50; western lambs, \$5.00 @ 7.65.

**South Omaha Live Stock.**

South Omaha, July 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,700; 10c lower; native steers, \$3.75 @ 5.50; cows and heifers, \$3.75 @ 4.40; western steers, \$3.00 @ 4.00; range cows and heifers, \$2.25 @ 3.50; canners, \$1.75 @ 2.65; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 @ 4.10; calves, \$3.00 @ 5.50; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.00 @ 4.00.  
Hogs—Receipts, 1,500; steady; heavy, \$5.50 @ 5.75 1/2; mixed, \$5.52 @ 5.55; light, \$5.37 @ 5.45; pigs, \$4.50 @ 5.25; bulk of sales, \$5.52 @ 5.57 1/2.  
Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; slow, weak; spring lambs, \$6.50 @ 7.25; yearlings, \$5.50 @ 6.00; wethers, \$4.75 @ 5.20; ewes, \$4.20 @ 4.50.

**Two Swim Lower Rapids.**

Niagara Falls, July 18.—Carlisle D. Graham of this city and William J. Glover of Baltimore successfully swam the lower rapids of the Niagara river from the American side of the whirlpool to Lewiston. The distance of four miles was covered in twenty-six minutes by Glover. The swimmers did not venture in the upper rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life. Both men wore life belts and inflated rubber rings around their necks. From the start Glover took the lead. Until the Devil's Hole was reached the swift current and roaring had the swimmers in their grasp. At that point a swirling eddy caught Glover and he was down nearly two minutes. His life belts saved him.

**Stock Yards Men Plead Not Guilty.**

Kansas City, July 18.—Seven of the twelve stock yards men indicted by the grand jury for alleged weighing frauds were arraigned, pleaded not guilty and were released on furnishing bonds of from \$1,000 to \$1,800 each. Their cases were set for trial on Oct. 4. Three of the indicted men, Charles Wiggins, who is now a Nebraska farmer; Ray Bowen, who is at Omaha, and William A. Towers, a prominent cattleman, did not appear. The whereabouts of Towers, who is charged with mortgaging cattle twice, are not known.

**BANK RECEIVER DISCHARGED.**

**Missouri Secretary of State Acted Too Fast in People's Bank Case.**

St. Louis, July 18.—On motion of the attorneys for the People's United States bank, capitalized at \$2,500,000, Judge McElhinney of the St. Louis county circuit court dissolved the receivership for that institution and discharged Receiver Selden P. Spencer, appointed by him several days ago on the request of Secretary of State Swanger of Missouri.

Judge McElhinney's action was based on the ground that Secretary of State Swanger failed to make a personal investigation of the affairs of the bank before making application for a receiver. The court stated that the receiver had been appointed on representations, which, it had developed, were based by Secretary of State Swanger on his impression of the conditions prevailing at the bank and its method of conducting its business and not on facts secured by a thorough investigation.

**The Brass Band.**

"George?"  
"Yes, dear?"  
"Before we were married you once asked me if I enjoyed a brass band."  
"Yes, perhaps I did."  
"You did. And I said yes. But it seems I misunderstood you, George. My wedding ring is making a black mark on my finger."  
"! !"—Cleveland Leader.

**Joy.**

Joy is one of the greatest germ killers in existence. It is a positive radiant force, irresistible and compelling, before which all discouragements and ills go down in utter defeat. A good dose of joy will do more for you than any tonic or medicine you can name.

**Where Ignorance is Bliss.**

A well known physician has observed that the best thing that can happen to a man with diabetes is not to find it out, and the same might be said with some justice of a number of diseases.—Hospital.

**Wings of the Morning.**

(Continued from Page Three.)

Instantly the scales fell from his mental vision. What! Distrust Iris! Imagine for one second that riches or poverty, good repute or ill, would affect that loyal heart when its virginal font was filled with the love that once in her life comes to every true woman! Perish the thought!

Laughing at his fantastic folly Jenks tore the letter into little pieces. It might have been wiser to throw the sheets into the embers of the fire close at hand, but for the nonce he was overpowered by the great awakening that had come to him.

"Good gracious! Don't gaze at me in that fashion. I don't look like a ghost, do I?" cried Iris, when near enough to note his rapt expression.

"You would not object if I called you a vision?" he inquired quietly, averting his eyes lest they should speak more plainly than his tongue.

"Not if you meant it nicely. But I fear that 'specter' would be a more appropriate word. Just look at my best gown!"

She spread out the front widths of her skirt, and certainly the prospect was lamentable. The dress was so patched and mended, yet so full of fresh rents, that a respectable housemaid would hesitate before using it to clean fire irons.

"Is that really your best dress?" he said.

"Yes. This is my blue serge. The brown cloth did not survive the soaking it received in salt water. After a few days it simply crumbled. The others are muslin or cotton and have been adapted."

"There is plenty of men's clothing," he began.

"Unfortunately there isn't another island," she said severely.

"No. I meant that it might be possible to—er—contrive some sort of rig that will serve all purposes."

"But all my thread is gone. I have barely a needleful left."

"In that case we must fall back on our supply of hemp."

"I suppose that might be made to serve," she said. "You are never at a loss for an expedient."

"It will be a poor one, I fear. But you can make up for it by buying some nice gowns at Doucet's or Worth's."

She laughed delightedly. "Perhaps in his joy at my reappearance my dear



"Is that really your best dress?"

old dad may let me run riot in Paris on our way home. But that will not last. We are fairly well off, but I cannot afford ten thousand a year for dress alone."

"If any woman can afford such a sum for the purpose you are at least her equal."

Iris looked puzzled. "Is that your way of telling me that fine feathers would make me a fine bird?" she asked.

"No. I intend my words to be understood in their ordinary sense. You are very, very rich, Miss Deane, an extravagantly wealthy young person."

"Of course you know you are talking nonsense. Why, only the other day my father said—"

"Excuse me. What is the average price of a walking dress from a leading Paris house?"

"Thirty pounds."

"And an evening dress?"

"Oh, anything from fifty upward."

He picked up a few pieces of quartz from the canvas sheet.

"Here is your walking dress," he said, handing her a lump weighing about a pound. "With the balance in the heap there you can stagger the best dressed woman you meet at your first dinner in England."

"Do you mean by pelting her?" she inquired mischievously.

"Far worse. By wearing a more expensive costume."

His manner was so earnest that he compelled seriousness. Iris took the proffered specimen and looked at it.

"From the cave, I suppose? I thought you said antimony was not very valuable?"

"That is not antimony. It is gold. By chance I have hit upon an extremely rich lode of gold. At the most modest computation it is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. You and I are quite wealthy people, Miss Deane."

Iris opened her blue eyes very wide at this intelligence. It took her breath away. But her first words betokened her innate sense of fair dealing.

"You and I! Wealthy!" she gasped. "I am so glad for your sake, but tell me, pray, Mr. Jenks, what have I got to do with it?"

"You!" he repeated. "Are we not partners in this island? By squatter's right if by no better title we own land, minerals, wood, game and even such weird belongings as ancient lights and fishing privileges."

"I don't see that at all. You find a gold mine and coolly tell me that I am a half owner of it because you dragged me out of the sea, fed me, housed me, saved my life from pirates and generally acted like a devoted nursemaid in charge of a baby. Really, Mr. Jenks—"

"Really, Miss Deane, you will annoy me seriously if you say another word. I absolutely refuse to listen to such an argument."

For some time they stood in silence until the sailor commenced to reproach himself for his rough protest. Perhaps he had hurt her sensitive feelings. What a brute he was to be sure! She was only a child in ordinary affairs, and he ought to have explained things more lucidly and with greater command over his temper. And all this time Iris' face was dimpling with amusement, for she understood him so well that had he threatened to kill her she would have laughed at him.

"Would you mind getting the lamp?" he said softly, surprised to catch her expression of saucy humor.

"Oh, please may I speak?" she inquired. "I don't want to annoy you, but I am simply dying to talk."

He had forgotten his own injunction. "Let us first examine our mine," he said. "If you bring the lamp we can have a good look at it."

Close scrutiny of the work already done merely confirmed the accuracy of his first impression. While Iris held the light he opened up the seam with a few strokes of the pick. Each few inches it broadened into a noteworthy volcanic dike, now yellow in its absolute purity, at times a bluish black when fused with other metals. The additional labor involved caused him to follow up the line of the fault. Suddenly the flame of the lamp began to flicker in a draft. There was an air passage between cave and ledge.

They came back into the external glare. Iris was now so serious that she forgot to extinguish the little lamp. She stood with outstretched hand.

"There is a lot of money in there," she said.

"Tons of it."

"No need to quarrel about division. There is enough for both of us."

"Quite enough. We can even spare some for our friends."

The hour drew near when Jenks climbed to the Summit rock. He shouldered ax and rifle and set forth. Iris heard him rustling upward through the trees. She set some water to boil for tea and, while bringing a fresh supply of fuel, passed the spot where the torn scraps of paper littered the sand.

She was the soul of honor for a woman, but there was never a woman yet who could take her eyes off a written document which confronted her. She could not help seeing that one small morsel contained her own name. Though mutilated, it had clearly read—"Dear Miss Deane."

"So it was intended for me!" she cried, throwing down her bundle and dropping to her knees. She secured that particular slip and examined it earnestly. Not for worlds would she pick up all the scraps and endeavor to sort them. Yet they had a fascination for her, and at this closer range she saw another which bore the legend—"I love you!"

Somehow the two seemed to fit together very nicely.

Yet a third carried the same words—"I love you!" They were still quite coherent. She did not want to look any further. She did not even turn over such of the torn pieces as had fluttered to earth face downward.

Opening the front of her bodice, she brought to light a small gold locket containing miniatures of her father and mother. Inside this receptacle she carefully placed the three really material portions of the sailor's letter. When Jenks walked down the hill again he heard her singing long before he caught sight of her sedulously tending the fire.

As he came near he perceived the remains of his useless document. He stooped and gathered them up, forthwith throwing them among the glowing logs.

"By the way, what were you writing

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while I had my bath?" inquired Iris demurely.

"Some information about the mine. On second thoughts, however, I saw it was unnecessary."

"Oh, was that all?"

"Practically all."

"Then some part was impracticable?"

He glanced sharply at her, but she was merely talking at random.

"Well, you see," he explained, "one can do so little without the requisite



"I love you!"

plant. This sort of ore requires a crushing mill, a smelting furnace, perhaps big tanks filled with cyanide of potassium."

"And of course, although you can do wonders, you cannot provide all those things, can you?"

Jenks deemed this query to be unanswerable.

They were busy again until night fell. Sitting down for a little while before retiring to rest, they discussed for the hundredth time the probabilities of speedy success. This led them to the topic of available supplies, and the sailor told Iris the dispositions he had made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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