

RIOT IN CHINESE THEATER.

Three Killed and Several Wounded in New York Playhouse.

New York, Aug. 7.—As a result of a battle between members of the big Chinese societies in the Chinese theater in Doyer street, three Chinamen were killed, two others probably fatally wounded and many others injured. When the police succeeded in breaking up the riot they had arrested more than enough inhabitants of the Chinese district to fill the Elizabeth street and other police stations in the vicinity. According to a report made by the police the Hip Sing Tong started the trouble and selected the Chinese theater, which is seldom visited by the police, as the most favorable scene for operations. The theater holds about 400 people and on Sunday night was packed. In the back of the building were several Hip Sing Tong members with big revolvers concealed beneath their flowing garments. Suddenly as the actors on the stage reached a climax in the play there was a loud explosion, quickly followed by several others near the stage. The actors fled in terror and the audience surged as far as it could toward the rear, where several of the Hip Sing Tongs began an indiscriminate fusillade into the throng. It develops later that the first explosions were made by huge firecrackers. Finally, in desperation, the audience charged on the men with the revolvers and bearing them down got to one exit which was open. There they fought desperately to reach the street. In a few minutes Chinatown was a scene of the wildest excitement. When the five policemen managed to force their way into the theater they found five men lying in pools of blood and a score or more hiding under benches, the backs of which were splintered with bullets. The men most dangerously hurt, four of them, were hurried to the hospital. Two of them died shortly. A squad of police hastened to the headquarters of the Hip Sing Tong in the Bowery, where they arrested three men in the building and found four others hiding on the roof. A little later Mock Duck, leader of the Hip Sing Tong, was arrested.

Morgan Confers With President.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 8.—J. Pierpont Morgan had a conference with President Roosevelt, lasting an hour and a half. The president himself is authority for the statement that it related practically entirely to the case of the Hankow railroad of China, a controlling interest in which is owned by J. P. Morgan & Co. Incidentally, and as relating in a measure to the railroad interests held by Americans in China, the pending peace negotiations formed a topic of conversation by the president and Mr. Morgan.

Republican River Overflows.

Bloomington, Neb., Aug. 3.—Owing to the continuous rains Republican river has again risen out of its banks and is flooding the lowlands, doing considerable damage.

Populists Make Bid for Fusion.

Lincoln, Aug. 4.—The Populist state executive committee fixed Wednesday, Sept. 20, at Lincoln, as the time and place for holding their state convention. As this is the date and place already selected by the Democrats, it is regarded as a bid for fusion.

Honors Requisition for Buster.

Lincoln, Aug. 4.—Governor Mickey honored the requisition of Governor McDonald of Colorado for the return to Victor of Frank Buster, alias Frank Martin, who is charged with the murder of Martin O'Connor, a miner, on April 5, 1905. The man is under arrest at Grand Island, Neb., where he was located after a chase extending through Utah, Nevada, Washington and Alaska.

Judge Ryan Goes to Iowa.

Lincoln, Aug. 4.—Former Supreme Court Commissioner Robert Ryan for twenty-five years a resident of Nebraska, the first of the week will remove to Des Moines to become a partner in the law firm of Ryan, Ryan & Ryan. Judge Ryan assumes the place of his brother, Judge David Ryan, the head of the firm, who recently died there. The other two members of the firm are nephews of Judge Robert Ryan.

South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, Aug. 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; steady to strong; native steers, \$3.75 to \$5.40; cows and heifers, \$2.75 to \$4.30; western steers, \$3.00 to \$4.50; Texas steers, \$2.75 to \$3.85; range cows and heifers, \$2.00 to \$3.50; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$4.20; calves, \$3.00 to \$5.00; pigs, \$4.10 to \$6.00; Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; 5 to 10c higher; heavy, \$5.75 to \$6.00; mixed, \$5.00 to \$5.50; light, \$4.50 to \$5.25; pigs, \$4.75 to \$6.50; bulk of sales, \$5.80 to \$5.90. Sheep—Receipts, 3,500; 10c higher; western yearlings, \$4.80 to \$5.10; wethers, \$4.25 to \$4.75; ewes, \$3.00 to \$4.50; lambs, \$6.25 to \$6.75.

Kansas City Live Stock.

Kansas City, Aug. 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 18,000; steady to 10c lower; choice beef steers, \$5.00 to \$5.55; fair to good, \$3.75 to \$5.00; western fed steers, \$3.75 to \$5.25; stockers and feeders, \$2.75 to \$4.40; cows and heifers, \$2.00 to \$3.25; bulls, \$2.15 to \$3.25; calves, \$3.50 to \$5.75. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; 5 to 10c higher; top, \$6.00 to \$6.50; bulk of sales, \$5.00 to \$5.50; heavy, \$5.00 to \$5.50; packers, \$5.00 to \$6.00; pigs and light, \$5.50 to \$6.00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,500; strong; lambs, \$5.25 to \$6.75.

Winds of the Morning.

(Continued from Page Three)

she laughed. Not yet did the tragedy of the broken kegs appeal to her. "Yes, but it achieves its purpose in two ways. I want you to adopt the precautionary method." "Trust me for that. Good gracious!" The sailor's rifle went off with an unexpected bang that froze the exclamation on her lips. Three Dyaks were attempting to run the gantlet to their beleaguered comrades. They carried a jar and two wicker baskets. He with the jar fell and broke it. The others doubled back like hares, and the first man dragged himself after them. Jenks did not fire again. Iris watched the wounded wretch crawling along the ground. Her eyes



The sailor's rifle went off with an unexpected bang.

grew moist, and she paled somewhat. When he vanished she looked into the valley and at the opposing ledge; three men lay dead within twenty yards of her. Two others dangled from the rocks. It took her some time to control her quivering utterance sufficiently to say:

"I hope I may not have to use a gun. I know it cannot be helped, but if I were to kill a human being I do not think I would ever rest again."

"In that case I have indeed murdered sleep today," was the unfeeling reply.

"No, no! A man must be made of sterner stuff. We have a right to defend ourselves. If need be, I will exercise that right. Still, it is horrid, oh, so horrid!"

She could not see the sailor's grim smile. It would materially affect his rest for the better were he able to slay every Dyak on the island with a single shot. Yet her gentle protest pleased him. She could not at the same time be callous to human suffering and be Iris. But he declined the discussion of such sentiments.

"You were going to say something when a brief disturbance took place," he inquired.

"Yes, I was surprised to find how hot the ledge has become."

"You notice it more because you are obliged to remain here."

After a pause she said: "I think I understand now why you were so upset by the loss of our water supply. Before the day ends we will be in great straits, enduring agonies from thirst."

"Let us not meet the devil halfway," he rejoined. He preferred the unfair retort to a confession which could only foster dismay.

"But, please, I am thirsty now."

He moved uneasily. He was only too conscious of the impish weakness, common to all mankind, which creates a desire out of sheer inability to satisfy it. Already his own throat was parched. The excitement of the early struggle was in itself enough to engender an acute thirst. He thought it best to meet their absolute needs as far as possible.

"Bring the tin cup," he said. "Let us take half our store and use the remainder when we eat. Try to avoid breathing through your mouth. The hot air quickly affects the palate and causes an artificial dryness. We cannot yet be in real need of water. It is largely imagination."

Iris needed no second bidding. She carefully measured out half a pint of the unsavory fluid—the dregs of the casks and the scourgings of the ledge.

"I will drink first," she cried.

"No, no," he interrupted impatiently. "Give it to me."

She pretended to be surprised.

"As a mere matter of politeness"—"I am sorry, but I must insist."

She gave him the cup over his shoulder. He placed it to his lips and gulped steadily.

"There," he said gruffly. "I was in a hurry. The Dyaks may have another rush at any moment."

Iris looked into the vessel.

"You have taken none at all," she said.

"Mr. Jenks, be reasonable! You need it more than I. I don't want to—live w—without—you."

His hands shook somewhat. It was well there was no call for accurate shooting just then.

"I assure you I took all I required," he declared, with unnecessary vehemence.

"At least drink your share to please me," she murmured.

"You wished to humbug me," he grumbled. "If you will take the first half I will take the second."

And they settled it that way. The few mouthfuls of tepid water gave them new life. Nevertheless by high noon they were suffering again. The time passed very slowly. The sun rose to the zenith and filled the earth and air with his ardor. It seemed to be a miracle—now appreciated for the first time in their lives—that the sea did not dry up and the leaves wither on the trees. The silence, the deadly inactivity of all things, became intolerable. The girl bravely tried to confine her thoughts to the task of the hour. She displayed alert watchfulness, an instant readiness to warn her companion of the slightest movement among the trees or by the rocks to the northwest, this being the arc of their periphery assigned to her.

Looking at a sunlit space from cover and looking at the same place when sweltering in the direct rays of a tropical sun are kindred operations strangely diverse in achievement. Iris could not reconcile the physical sensitiveness of the hour with the careless hardihood of the preceding days. Her eyes ached somewhat, for she had tilted her sou'wester to the back of her head in the effort to cool her throbbing temples. She put up her right hand to shade the too vivid reflection of the glistening sea and was astounded to find that in a few minutes the back of her hand was scorched. A faint sound of distant shouting disturbed her painful reverie.

"How is it," she asked, "that we feel the heat so much today? I had hardly noticed it before."

"For two good reasons—forced idleness and radiation from this confounded rock. Moreover, this is the hottest day we have experienced on the island. There is not a breath of air, and the hot weather has just commenced."

"Don't you think," she said huskily, "that our position here is quite hopeless?"

They were talking to each other sideways. The sailor never turned his gaze from the southern end of the valley.

"It is no more hopeless now than last night or this morning," he replied.

"But suppose we are kept here for several days?"

"That was always an unpleasant probability."

"We had water then. Even with an ample supply it would be difficult to hold out. As things are, such a course becomes simply impossible."

Her despondency pierced his soul. A slow agony was consuming her.

"It is hard, I admit," he said. "Nevertheless you must bear up until night falls; then we will either obtain water or leave this place."

"Surely we can do neither."

"We may be compelled to do both."

"But how?"

In this his hour of extremest need the man was vouchsafed a shred of luck. Before he could frame a feeble pretext for his too sanguine prediction a sampan appeared 800 yards from Turtle beach, strenuously paddled by three men. The vague hallooing they had heard was explained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSIAN DISHONESTY.

It Permeates Every Class of Society From Highest to Lowest.

Veracity is a scarce article in Persia, according to the Rev. Napier Malcolm. In his "Five Years in the Persian Town" he writes of conditions in Yazd as follows: "In the Yazd bazaars probably not less than one-third of the speeches made by Mussulmans are falsehoods. One day a cook of a European went to the bazaar and after the usual haggling fixed the price of some meat at 12 kranas for thirteen pounds. 'But,' said the cook, 'you've got your thumb on the scales.' 'Did you think,' retorted the butcher, 'that I would give you meat at thirteen pounds for 12 kranas unless I kept my thumb on the scales?' We had a neighbor who was considered a fairly respectable man whose sole business was the forging of seals.

"But the fact is that every class, from the highest to the lowest, is thoroughly permeated by the leaven of dishonesty. A Mohammedan assured me that truth speaking and honesty had nothing to do with religion, but were purely a matter of climate. 'In that case,' said I, 'the people of Persia ought to speak the truth very well, for

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one of the Greek historians who lived before the Mohammedan era declared that the Persians were famous for speaking the truth. 'But who does not know,' replied the Mohammedan, 'that the climate of a country changes entirely every 2,000 years?'

A SWIMMING POOL.

How to Make One in a Brook or Running Stream.

The brook or running stream of natural outdoor water gives a variety of chances for the man who wishes to live his life aright. The brook can be converted, without being diverted, into a swimming pool for boys by building a dam at the point where the banks do a little extra shelving and tend to form a natural basin. The bottom should be spaded out and made more of a reservoir in its capacity and shape. The dam itself can be made by a family of boys at the cost of the lumber and nails involved. The embankments are sodded. The sides of the spillway are made of wooden posts driven into the ground and boarded up. This makes a box up affair, or rather two boxes, one on each side of the stream. These boxes are filled with sand, rocks and sods to make a solid cubic piece of resistance. The sodded embankments run across the valley or depression of the brook hollow to the higher ground. By means of a lever—a pole (playing into a wooden jawed socket and weighted with a rock or pieces of iron)—the water gate can be opened against a strong headway of water. The water flows over the top of the spillway when it is closed, and by raising the gate the pond can be emptied or reduced to the normal level of the brook.—Country Life In America.

In the Orange Free State.

At an examination for admission to the British Military college at Sandhurst many candidates in answer to a question about hydrogen wrote that the gas was not found in the Orange River Colony. This puzzled the examiner, who told the story to an army coach. The coach, after thinking awhile, said: "I have it. I remember impressing the fact on a number of my pupils that hydrogen does not occur in the free state."

Is Yours Damp?

A subscriber who complained to the publisher that his paper was "damp" received the reply from the patient and long suffering editor that perhaps it was because there was so much "due" on it.

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