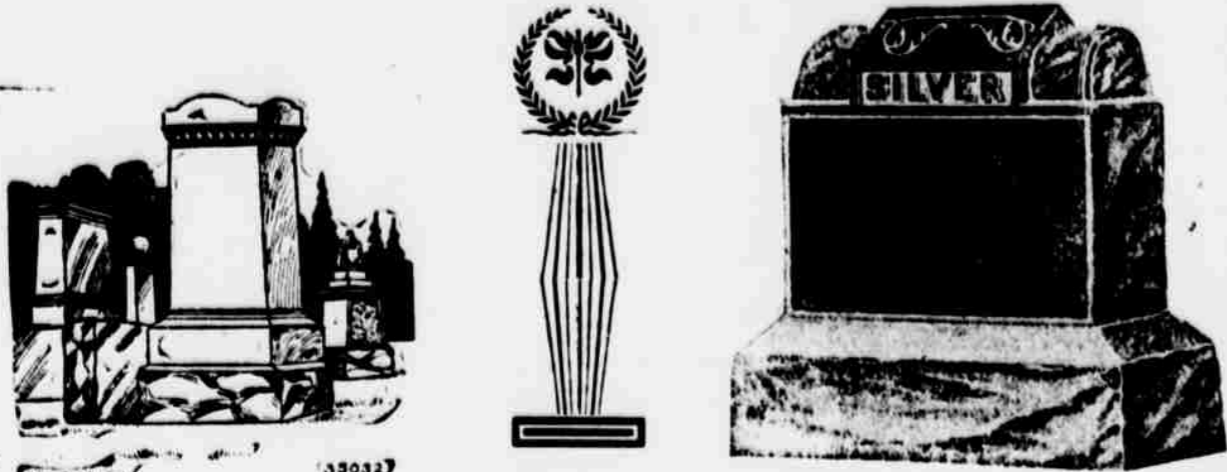


# DECORATION DAY



Will Soon Be Here  
You Will Want A

## Monument or a Marker

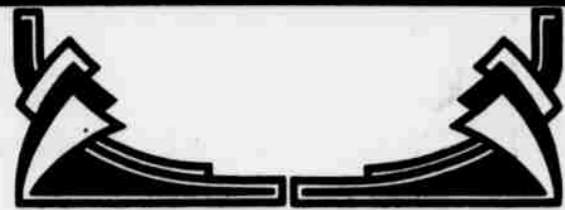
We Design And Build Them. We  
Solicit The Opportunity To Demon-  
strate Our Ability In This Line.

## Overing Bros. & Co.

Red Cloud,

Nebraska

## CREAM SEPARATOR TALK



That dairying is one of the most profitable branches of farming, is, and has for a long time, been a well known fact. Not only in that it keeps the fertility of the soil at home, where it may be used to produce other crops, but also for the fact that it provides the farmer with a weekly cash income from the sale of butterfat. That the farmers of this vicinity are aware of the benefit to be derived from this source, is apparent by the high prices which are being paid for milk cows. After investing \$75.00 or more in a milk cow, why not derive the full benefit from such a purchase by the use of a good cream separator? In this article we wish to present to you the RUMLEY-OLDS cream separator, which has no superior on the market. This separator is of the disc type of machine, which is recognized as being the best type and has many superior points over other machines. The makers have not figured how cheap, but how good they could make a cream separator, and every feature to be found on this machine are considered the acme of cream separator construction. Some of the points to be found on this separator are the helical gears, reversible phosphor bronze worm wheel, ball bearing contact points on bottom and top of bowl spindle, noiseless roller ratchet which engages instantly at any point, large milk supply can with no sharp corners (easily washed and kept clean) split wing for milk distribution in bowl with patent wings which distributes milk evenly to all discs alike (therefore allowing of closer skimming and less discs than other machines of like type, also allowing of slower speed and prevents milk from foaming and thereby being dangerous to feed to calves). Call and see this machine and be convinced. We are willing to allow you to try this machine in competition with any other make of separator in the market. ONE TRY WILL MAKE YOU BUY.

## Edward Hanson Hardware and Implements

RED CLOUD,

NEBRASKA

### STATUE PUZZLES WISE MEN

English Scientists Unable to Place Stone Figure Which Graces Hall of Westminster.

The lions of Westminster are legion, some in the flesh and others in stone or marble; recently there has been an addition to the menagerie, around which there is an agreeable halo of mystery.

In a gloomy niche half way down Westminster hall there is dimly to be described a gray stone statue of a king which has just been taken out of the Architectural museum and perched aloft. There is a heavy crown on his head over long flowing hair, the beard is rippled and majestic. In his left hand he holds the orb, but the scepter hand is gone. The old king broods over the hall of kings.

The experts are puzzled over his history. He stood in Westminster hall for many centuries side by side with other stone kings and all were tidied away by the government in 1856. Recently it occurred to Lord Beauchamp to try the effect of bringing them back. Several of the beautiful Gothic windows are blind, forming niches suitable for statues, and all the old forgotten kings may take their places in them.

This first one is a beautiful personage. No one knows what king he is or whether it is merely an ideal figure of majesty, but it is certain that he is the work of some fine fourteenth century craftsman.

The battered king is the grandest statue in the hall. Below him lie in ghostly row the kings done with the petty realism of the modern age; immediately under his blind majesty's gaze is the broad face, cynically furrowed, of the merry monarch. The unknown king towers over these people like a visitant from ampler times.—London Times.

### HIS HEART SET ON LUXURIES

Indian Brave Wanted White Man's Appurtenances to Set Up in His Tepee.

There is a small Siwash village near Seattle where the squaws do bead work to sell to tourists, and the braves make baskets, which they retail from house to house. There is one old Indian whose baskets are bigger, brighter and better than all the other baskets made in the village and wear longer, and Crooked Bear never comes back from his frequent trips to Seattle with any of his stock left over. Neither does he return loaded up with fire-water like his brother Indians, nor does any of his basket money go for gaudy trinkets and red calico, and gambling has no charms for him. He carefully saves all his money because he wanted to own three white man's luxuries, a telephone, a bicycle and a talking machine. Already he has had a telephone put in his tepee, and though he never has more than one or two calls in a year on it, and then from some person ordering baskets, it is a constant source of pride and gratification to him. He will sit for hours in silent admiration before it, and puts the silent receiver to his ear a dozen times a day. He also has a bicycle, on which he rides about the country with a load of baskets, and he is now saving up for the talking machine.

### Why Thunder Sours Milk.

It is universally known that milk turns sour after a thunder storm. This has been attributed to the large quantity of ozone which is liberated by the electricity in the air. The experiments of Professor Trillat in Paris do not confirm that theory. He has established that atmospheric depressions cause putrefying gases—normal quiescent—to rise to the surface of certain substances, and in support of his theory points out that odors of all sorts are more permeating after storms. These atmospheric depressions accelerate the decomposition of gases and tend to liberate them. Hence lactic ferment is produced. Professor Trillat has made many experiments with diverse substances under varying pressures and has observed that when the barometer is lowest (during storms, etc.) the decomposition of gases is most rapid.—Harper's Weekly.

### Trousseau.

In ancient Greece the trousseau were made by all the women of the bride's house. Later the Merovingian chiefs exacted that their brides should come to the marriage bringing all their possessions. When the daughter of the seigneur of Covey married, her trousseau, or "troussees," included "nine servitors, thirty liegemen, a chaplain, and an astrologist." The customs of the seigneurs evolved popular "fashions," and, high and low, the women multiplied their garments and the fashions of them.

Under the empire the trousseau was composed of jewels, lace, fine underwear, bonnets, and veils.—Harper's Weekly.

### Heroic Rescue.

Three-year-old Montague and two-year-old Harold were having a bath together in the big tub.

Mother left them a moment while she went into the next room. Suddenly a succession of agonized shrieks called her. Two dripping, terror-stricken little figures stood, clasped in each other's arms, in the middle of the bathroom floor.

"Oh, mother," gasped Montague, "I got him out! I saved him! The stopper came out and we were going down!"—Youth's Companion.

### SPIES HELP TO WELLINGTON

Archivist of French War Office Says Spanish Officers Betrayed the Great Napoleon.

An interesting statement was made not long ago before the French Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, by M. Bonnal, archivist to the French war office. According to M. Bonnal, Dumouriez, "coached" Wellington from 1803 to 1814, and the latter often reaped the benefit of betrayals by aristocratic French officers who had relatives in London.

M. Bonnal goes to the archives of the Spanish war office, there to hunt up confessions by Spanish officers in the service of King Joseph Bonaparte of their own treason—some of these confessions recorded as early as 1815, under Ferdinand VII. Without any sort of shame they acknowledge then that they betrayed Joseph to secret agents of Wellington.

In a time of universal scare, Wellington saw more clearly than anyone—this was his great merit—that Napoleon was fast using up the military resources of France, and, indeed, all but its soil, climate and genius, and tiring out the latter. He managed to keep Spain an open sore in the enemy's flank, and thus left hopes to the continental courts for the downfall of the Corsican if they could coalesce against him.

M. Bonnal says that plans dictated by Napoleon for his brother King Joseph's guidance were found by guerrillas and passed on to Wellington. The idea of the lines of Torres Vedras to defend Lisbon has been placed to the credit of that renowned captain. Their real author is now discovered in the French Colonel Vincent, who knew the country and had served as a military engineer under Junot and Dupont. His plans to fortify the Torres Vedras hills were stolen and sent to Wellington.

### ALMA MATER ALWAYS LOVED

To the End of Life College Man Thinks With Joy of His Golden Student Days.

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those who use it with understanding and sympathy, an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty and pride. It seems to them "a tender influence, a peculiar grace," that reaches out across miles and years, drawing them back to their Alma Mater, and the comradeship of their classmates. To most graduates the college life seems their golden age; through the mist of years the campus becomes an island of Utopia whose very tediums grow bright in the retrospect, the sting of whose sins and failures was always lessened by the power of the ideals and hopes that filled its air. No campus ever was a Utopia, and the most golden age of memory has doubtless been much alloyed with baser metal, but if there is not something very bright and beautiful in American college life it is hard to account for the feeling in thousands of gray-haired men that long ago in their youth, besides the education they got or failed to get, they gained around the knees of Alma Mater lasting joy, strength and inspiration that was not entirely contained in the books they read and cannot be exactly measured by the knowledge they acquired.—Paul Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine.

### They Did Better Then.

"We are losing all our secrets in this shabby age," an architect said "if we keep on, the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well."

"Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter.

"Take ink. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of mediaeval manuscripts is as black and bright today as it was 700 years ago.

"Take dyes. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain today brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics.

"Take my specialty, buildings. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas ours—horrors!"

### Never On.

Senator Penrose, on a visit to Atlantic City, rang for a bellboy to take a telegram, but it was not until the twelfth or thirteenth ring that the boy appeared.

"You've been a long time coming," said the senator.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "You see, sir, it's our dinner hour."

Senator Penrose smiled grimly.

"I know why you bellboys are called buttons," he said. "You're always off."

### Acceptable Gift.

A woman who has traveled widely says one of the most acceptable gifts one can make to a friend going on a steamer is a box or jar of stuffed prunes. These are rarely given, can be eaten when other fruits are indigestible and are mildly laxative.

As one authority advises free use of prunes for nervous people, declaring they have a quieting effect, the eating of prunes on shipboard should help to check seasickness—always augmented by "nerves."

### WHERE HORACE MADE SONG

Sabine Home Rendered Immortal by Poet Still Retains All Its Famous Beauty.

A few verses written two thousand years ago have rendered the little valley of the Licenza one of the most famous places within easy reach of Rome. Had Maecenas been less generous a patron, had he never given the Sabine farm to Horace, had Horace never told the world and his friends how his days there were spent, few would now make the classical excursion into the Sabine hills, though time has not marred their beauty.

The villa of Horace has disappeared, but the hills are as lovely as they were in his day. Now, as then, if one goes from Rome to Tivoli, and thence to Villovaro, there turning up the valley of the Licenza and wandering on by road, as one must, since there is no railway; he comes, some few miles farther, to a great rock that springs abruptly from the lower slopes and lifts over them at an interesting angle. This is "the citadel Horace had to scale" to reach his house, and marks, it is thought, the boundaries of the farm. The only difference is that the little village of Rocca Giuvine rises on top, where of old stood the Temple of Vacuna, already in ruins when Horace sat under its shadow to write to his friend in Rome. The little town had done its best to meet its classical responsibilities, and has given the name of the temple to its piazza.

Here still are the olives that pay the Sabine farmers best, and the vines that yield the rough little Sabine wine that Horace has made more renowned than many a rarer vintage. Here are the hills where he wandered, and the woods that gave acorns to his flocks and shade to him. Here are the babbling spring and the banks upon which he rested during the hours he counted his happiest—the Bandalusian spring to which he promised immortality in his song. And as he promised so he gave. Not merely the spring, but all that vast estate, which the satirists of his time would have men believe was but "a lizard's hole," he has made immortal.

### INVENTOR OF CORN BROOM

Levi Dickinson, Native of Connecticut, Is the Man to Be Accorded the Honor.

"Although it is not generally known," said a manufacturer of brooms, "the house broom, such as the housewife uses, is comparatively a recent invention, dating back to 1786. Before that time husk brooms were used to sweep out the ovens and splinter brooms, made of birch, were used for everyday use. The present broom industry might be said to have had its beginning in Connecticut in 1786, when Levi Dickinson, a native of Weatherfield, went to Hadley carrying with him a new kind of corn seed which he showed his friends, saying that when full grown it would make better brooms than ever had been made. The Hadley women laughed at him, but despite this, Dickinson was not discouraged, but harvested his first crop of broom corn, managed to scrape the seed from the brush with a knife and a hoe, after which he made his brooms. He made the complete broom, including the handles, and grew his own fax for the twine, the whole costing him little. Believing that his neighbors would refuse to buy the new kind of broom, Dickinson in 1798 peddled his brooms in Williamsburg, Ashfield and Conway. The next year he carried them to Pittsburg. The new brooms took, for as soon as housewives found how much better they were over the old husk or birch broom they would buy no other. Other men went into the business and a new industry was born in Hadley. Dickinson lived until 1843, long enough to see the Hadley or corn broom in use all over the country, and the same broom, with improvements, is still in use."

### Too That Rocks the Cradle.

Unique and probably the most primitive cradle rocking device ever seen or employed in any part of the world is the one that has been adopted by the matter-of-fact squaws of the Kwakiut tribe of Indians now living on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The mother performs the double duty of spinning and rocking her infant, snugly packed in a hollowed out cradle stuffed with cedar bark strips suspended from the limb of a sapling. This is about the most realistic representation of the old nursery song, "Rock-a-by, Baby, in the Treetop" so far known.

The most striking part, however, is that the Indian mother uses her big toe as the motive power. With a cord attached to the bent limb and the other end wound around her toe, she swings her dangling offspring to and fro, leaving her hands entirely free for weaving.—Christian Herald.

### He Saw It.

Housekeeper—How is this? You promised to saw some wood if I gave you a lunch.

Tramp—I recall no such promise, madam.

Housekeeper—The idea! I told you I would give you a lunch if you'd saw some wood, and you agreed.

Tramp—Pardon me, madam; your exact words were: "I'll give you a lunch if you saw that wood over there by the gate."

Housekeeper—Exactly; that's just what I said.

Tramp—Well, madam, I saw the wood over there by the gate when I came in.