

THE RUBICON.

By William Winter.

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!

RED CLOUD

One of the Fiercest of All
Our Indian Warriors.

FROM GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S "FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS" IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Far away in Wyoming lived the Sioux Indians, a fierce and warlike tribe.

At first the young braves were angry with him, but he soon showed them that he was a skillful warrior.

The Sioux Indians have a wonderful festival which they call the sun dance.

Fort Phil Kearney in Wyoming was in the middle of the Indians' country.

Nobody could say now that Red Cloud was not a great leader.

At last, in 1874, the Indians came to one of Uncle Sam's army posts for a "big talk."

At last, after many years, the war chief began to feel that he could not win his fight.

Then at last, when Red Cloud was a very old man, more than eighty years old, he was sick for the first time in his life.

He saw how Uncle Sam was trying to take care of everybody in this big country of ours.

An Unnamed Country. For years Canadians have protested against the appropriation by the people of the United States of the designation "American."

The Buffalo Express quotes a Canadian correspondent as stating that the annoyance of our northern neighbors because of our arrogation of the name "American" is becoming less and less.

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An amusing anecdote is told of a well known French general who played a conspicuous part in a cavalry charge at the battle of Solferino.

In relating the charge, which he did at every dinner party, he was in the habit of throwing in half a dozen bayonet thrusts and a couple of stray splinters from a shell.

On one occasion, at the table of the late Duc de Morny, having imbibed more than the usual allowance of '47 Chateau Yquem, he drew a more than usually startling picture of his riddled and perforated condition.

"You remember it well, De Planey, don't you?" he added, turning to his aide-de-camp.

"No, general, I don't remember it; how could you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the very cannon ball that killed your horse struck the breast plate of a cuirassier behind us, and then bounded back and took my head off!"

"Sody crackers? Yes'm," said the country storekeeper. "I got 'em. I'll—er—send 'em up to you!"

THE REFORMED BRONCO.

May Be Seen Any Day in the Bridle Paths of Central Park, New York.

To the general public the word bronco suggests everything wild and vicious in horseflesh.

Yet some ten years or more of cross-breeding, says Country Life in America, has accomplished this somewhat amazing result.

His middle piece is no longer distended from much eating of grass food, nor is he so loosely joined to his quarters as his prototype.

But through all this transformation he still retains the leg characteristics of his bronco ancestry.

His power of endurance has diminished somewhat, but even so he has few equals and no superiors.

ARMY BALLOON STATION.

Aerial Headquarters at Omaha Will Cost \$1,000,000.

Some time this month work will begin on a new army station for the development and trial of war balloons at Fort Omaha.

A steel house for the storage of the balloons when not in use has just been completed at a cost of \$100,000, says Harper's Weekly.

One of the features of this house is the size of the doors. These are seventy-five feet high and weigh fourteen tons apiece.

Col. W. A. Glossford, who is in command at Fort Omaha, spent a year recently investigating the balloon department of the French, English, German, and Italian war departments.

A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

Knew More Than the Expert When It Came to Local Conditions.

"We were sitting around the stove in the bar of the little hotel in a Maine town," writes an electrical salesman in the Electrical Review.

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said: 'Electric lights all out, boys, and yet it ain't blowin' hard wither. Somethin's happened to the dynamo, maybe.'"

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before.

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind.

"Look here, young man, if you know a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business, you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places and that they get to slatting in a good stiff breeze.

"No, general, I don't remember it; how could you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the very cannon ball that killed your horse struck the breast plate of a cuirassier behind us, and then bounded back and took my head off!"

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COMMERCIAL COLUMN. Weekly Review of Trade and Latest Market Reports.

Bradstreet's says: "Although trade reports are somewhat irregular in character, owing largely to varying weather conditions in different sections of the country and uncertainties caused by impending elections, the general undertone is toward sustained improvement."

Wholesale Markets. New York.—Flour—Receipts, 33,024 bbls.; exports, 7,065; market quiet, but firm.

Wheat—Receipts, 250,800 bush.; exports, 186,339. Spot market strong; No. 2 red, 1.07 1/4 @ 1.08 1/4 elevator; No. 2 red, 1.08 1/4 f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.13 1/4 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.09 1/4 f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—Receipts, 80,000 bush. Spot firm; No. 2, 84 1/2 c. nominal elevator and 85 nominal f. o. b. afloat to arrive.

Oats—Receipts, 78,000 bush. Spot steady mixed, 26 @ 27 1/2; natural white, 26 @ 27 1/2; clipped white, 32 @ 40 lbs. 5 1/4 @ 5 3/4.

Philadelphia.—Wheat—Firm, 1c higher; contract grade, October, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/4 c.

Corn—Quiet, but steady; No. 2 for local trade, 86 @ 86 1/4 c.

Oats—Dull, unchanged.

Butter—Firm; extra Western creamery, 29c.; do., nearby prints, 31.

Eggs—Firm; Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, free cases, 25c. at mark; do., current receipts, in return cases, 24 at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 25 at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 24 at mark.

Cheese—Firm; New York, full cream, choice, 13 1/2 c.; do., fair to good, 12 1/2 @ 13.

Poultry—Alive, steady, fair demand; fowls, 12 1/2 @ 14 1/2 c.; old roosters, 10 @ 10 1/2; spring chickens, 14 @ 15; do., ducks, 11 1/2 @ 12; old ducks, 11 @ 11 1/2.

Baltimore.—Flour—Dull and unchanged; receipts, 19,739 bbls.; exports, 30,299 bbls.

Wheat—Firm; spot contract, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/4; spot No. 2 red Western, 1.04 1/4 @ 1.04 1/2; October, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/4; November, 1.02 1/4 @ 1.02 1/2; December, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/4; steam No. 2 red, 99 @ 99 1/4; receipts, 37,055 bush.; exports, 315,544 bush.; Southern, on grade, 98 1/2 @ 1.01 1/2.

Corn—Dull; year, 67 @ 67 1/2; January, 67 1/2 @ 67 3/4; receipts, 15,681 bush.; Southern white corn, 81 1/2 @ 82; Southern yellow corn, 82 1/2 @ 87.

Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 53; No. 3 white, 52 1/2 @ 53; No. 2 mixed, 51 @ 51 1/2; receipts, 8,932 bush.

Rye—Firm; No. 2 Western export, 83 1/2 @ 84; receipts, 5,227 bush.

Butter—Firm; fancy imitation, 22 @ 23; fancy creamery, 29 @ 30; fancy ladie, 20 @ 21; store-packed, 16 @ 17.

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Our Latest Products.

Once upon a time there was a man who, having gambled in the Street, played the races, gone up in a balloon, traveled to the Yukon, and done other adventurous things, decided that he would raise a family.

"I wish," he said, "to hear the patter of little feet on the stairway, to tell fairy stories in the gloaming, to have chubby hands in mine, and all the other accessories. Before doing so, however, I will examine a specimen American family, which, I believe, is the latest and best example of the art of civilization."

"The latest idea," said the father, proudly, "is to bring up your children on an equality. We conceal nothing from them, and give them the benefit of all the latest information. This is Bessie, my fourteen-year-old."

"Have you read this article on sex?" asked Bessie, languidly, after shaking hands. "Really, it is very crude. I could write a better one myself. Its pathology is lamentable."

"This is Bobbie, my ten-year-old," volunteered the happy father, bringing forward number two. "Bobbie, shake hands."

"The old gentleman there," he said, "insists on introducing me to every one. Sorry I can't stay and give you my views on the conduct of the administration, but I have a date with a vaudeville queen. Get to bed early," he said, warningly, to his father as he went off. "When you sit up late you're irritable at breakfast, and your manners are simply unbearable. At your time of life there ought to be nothing doing at all."

"This," said the father once more, "is my little four-year old, the apple of my eye. Here, Mildred, dear."

"Go 'way," said Mildred, shaking her curls. "You're a bounder—any man with a waistcoat like that is. Now, papa," she added, "don't scold, 'cause I have a right to say just what you and mamma say—isn't it taught now in my primary?"

But the man waited to hear no more. Two hours later he was seen by our private detective in a real estate office, signing a ten-year lease for a bachelor apartment.—Harper's Weekly.

TAMING A MOTORIST IN MAINE.

A Phillips gentleman who has been passing the summer in the Dead River region relates a pat story of the contested rights in a highway as between automobile and a wagon and their respective owners.

The tooting continued, however, much to the disgust of guide and horse. Unable to stand it longer, the guide stopped his horse, reached under the seat and drawing up a Winchester and pointing it in the direction of the auto, said calmly:

"I've asked you to stop that noise. A gentleman would have done so under the conditions. Now you fool that horn again, and I'll fill your tires full of holes. I guess that'll widen this road enough for you."

The tooting stopped and the wagon slowly proceeded, followed by a silent auto till the roadway became wider.—Maine Woods.

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