

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 48

JUST IDLE CHATTER

Bits of Gossip and Social News Gleaned From Here and There for the Information of Readers of This Paper.—Odd Fellows Celebrate Ninety-First Anniversary of Order.—Wedding of Miss McLean and Norris Newcomer Occurred Tuesday.

Jonathan lodge of the Odd Fellows celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of the order Tuesday evening at the Presbyterian church with a very appropriate program of music, speaking and singing. While not very strong, numerically, in Florence, having only a membership of some sixty or seventy, great credit must be given the members for the excellent program rendered. The program follows: Hymn, choir and audience; invocation, Rev. W. H. Amos; address, William H. Larkin; vocal solo, Mr. Lehman; violin solo, Mr. Danielson; hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," choir and audience; address, Rev. George S. Sloan; vocal solo, Mr. Conover; hymn, choir and audience. The address of Mr. Larkin was very well received and consisted in a great measure of the work of the order and he quoted many statistics on its growth. Great credit is given the Rev. Sloan by the lodge for the active part he took in the exercises in providing suitable music and for his exceptionally good address on Friendship, Love and Truth, the motto of the order. The Odd Fellows marched to the church from their hall and appeared in the full regalia of the order.

Ask your grocer for German bakery bread.

Mrs. C. A. Grigg is spending a few days in Des Moines.

The city council will meet Monday evening at the city hall.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

J. M. Whitted will spend the summer with his son at Papillion.

For Sale—A two-seated surrey. Telephone 215.

G. W. Mauciani has finished putting in the new cement walks around the school house.

The Ponca Improvement club will meet at the Ponca school house Monday evening.

Mrs. Ennis and daughter, Mamie, spent last week with Mrs. Ennis' father, S. P. Tyler, in Herman.

For sale cheap, family carriage in good condition. Inquire Florence 402.

The Improvement club will hold a meeting at the city hall Tuesday evening and elect officers for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grigg entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson, Mrs. King and W. W. Eastman of Omaha at luncheon Friday.

O. B. Nash of Kansas City who spent last week visiting Florence friends, returned to his home Monday morning.

Prof. L. W. Chase of the University of Nebraska is expected next week to look over the River road so as to advise as to the best methods of making a first class road of it.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The Board of County Commissioners visited Florence Monday to look over the paving and see what is needed to connect it and the macadam road in Omaha.

Last week the contractor finished paving the east side of Main street and this week the street car company paved between its rails and the contractor concreted the west side of the street. The work will be finished in another two weeks barring bad weather.

I need the money. What will you give me for the north half of lot 1, block 5, subject to the sidewalk tax, 22 feet front on Main street.—E. L. Platz, phone 315.

A full line of Gasoline Stoves from \$3 to \$26. J. H. Price.

Mrs. John Kimball was the guest of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Wednesday.

Notice.

The city marshal will take up and impound any and all cows found tied or loose on the streets of the city of Florence as provided for by ordinance. Owners of cows not desiring to pay impounding costs will please take notice. By order of the City Council.

NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

Bits of Social Gossip From the Thriving Suburb of Interest to Florence Residents.

Blair post, G. A. R., has put ninety-three markers at the graves of the old soldiers in the Blair cemetery.

M. E. Lange, Methodist pastor at Blair, was celebrating his forty-third birthday anniversary with his cousin, Edward Brenne of Fort Calhoun.

W. H. Woods attended the dedication of the Blair depot and found a delightful time Thursday evening. The first ticket from the new office was sold Friday morning to Elder Buffington of Herman, a veteran of the civil war, now 88 years old.

The McCarty school house, now building, is thought to be one of the most modern in the country. It replaces one burned down last fall. It is 32x52 feet, of cement block foundation on a brick base, two entrances, a library, cloak rooms, rolling partitions and nine large windows on the north side and will cost about \$3,000.

Mrs. Henry Fleece of Tekamah had her birthday anniversary celebrated last week. Her father, Elder Woods, went up and spent also a day with another daughter, Mrs. George Resor.

Miss Maria Preston and Miss Hazel Coleman of Iowa, who have been teaching school in Kansas, were here visiting their grandfather, the aged John Trimmer. Miss Hazel returned to Iowa and Miss Marie went to South Dakota to visit another sister.

Benton Bowen, a soldier of the civil war, for two years a Fort Calhoun property owner but recently of Tekamah, has been sent to an asylum at Council Bluffs.

Charles Ducher, a millwright employed by the alfalfa mill here, is the son of a pioneer mill builder in Texas and a grandson of a pioneer of the same trade in Illinois.

John Trisler, wife and baby have been to Lincoln on a visit.

Mrs. George Resor, a member of the Relief Corps, wants to know why they do not mark the graves of the mothers and wives who suffered during the absence of their loved ones during the civil war.

George Resor of Tekamah presented W. A. Woods with the broadax used on the first log house in Decatur over fifty years ago, and often used in early building in Tekamah. It is so badly worn as to have been discarded as useless.

To trade—Imported Homer Pigeons for laying hens. Phone Florence 340.

Perfection Blue Flame Oil Stoves. Best on earth. I am agent for Florence. J. H. Price.

The swine department of the 1910 State fair, September 5th to 9th, will contain a fine showing of Poland China, Berkshire, Duroc, Chester White, Hampshire, Large Yorkshire and Tamworth hogs. The prices now obtained for swine will make this show one of extreme value, and Superintendent G. A. Leonard of Pawnee City is busy assigning pens to those making early applications.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Weber, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., returned to their home in Blair, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Wallace in Omaha Tuesday evening.

Miss Martha Wallace and Miss Helen Johnson of Omaha were the guests of Misses Alice and Elizabeth Platz Tuesday.

Miss Prudence Tracy and Miss Vera Kindred attended the spring festival of the Scandinavian Young Women's Christian Association in Omaha, Tuesday evening. Miss Kindred was on the program.

Mr. and Mrs. Petzold and daughter of Lodge Grand, Mont., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plein. Mr. Petzold is a missionary to the Indians of Montana.

The choir of the Immanuel Lutheran church of Omaha, under the leadership of John S. Helgren gave a sacred concert that was well attended Thursday night at the Swedish Lutheran church.

TROUBLES OF AN EDITOR

Just Because He Can't Read All Kinds of Writing on All Kinds of Paper from All Kinds of People He is Roasted to a Turn and That by a Seedy Looking Individual Who Thinks He Can Write Poetry to Beat the Band.

The editor was sitting in his office one day, when a man entered whose face was clothed with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B" said the editor, trying to spell it.

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,'" said the man.

"S?" Oh, yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'Sal for Dinner,' or 'Souls for Sinners,'" said the editor.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the sort. That's my name—Samuel Bruner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other week, entitled 'The Surcease of Sorrows.'"

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smearcase Tomorrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that is what I am here to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think me a fool. (The editor coughed.) Let me show you. This first line, when I wrote it, read in this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, I induced her to elope.' 'Weeping widow' mind you. A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much!"

"It's hard, sir, very hard," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight, 'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.' In its printed form you make me say: 'Take away the tinkling honey; put some flies in for the boss.' By George! I feel like attacking somebody with your fire shovel! But, oh, look at the sixth verse. I wrote: 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper and saw the lines transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they are open at the knees.' I thought that was taking it an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in tomorrow."

"I will," said the poet, "and will come armed."

Memory Worth Preserving.

There is an organization known as the Order of the Runnymede. It is composed of the descendants of the Barons of England who were instrumental in compelling King John to sign the Magna Charta, or Great Charter, at Runnymede, five miles from Windsor Castle, in June 1215.

Much Money in Junk.

Much money is made by the sale of old rope and string. Thousands of dollars are netted by the buying and selling of old fishing nets alone; but the amount is a mere bagatelle to the cash that is turned over in the handling of old cordage at the docks.

A Home Hint.

Many people having home and loved ones close around them let dullness creep in, when by just a little effort and congeniality, a little loosening of the tension of duty, a little yielding to a sense of humor, all might be sweet and good.—Woman's Life.

Guidance.

Guide the people by law, subdue them by punishment, they may shun crime, but will be void of shame. Guide them by example, subdue them by courtesy, they will learn shame.—Confucius.

Philosopher's Tribute.

Women, according to a German philosopher, are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

Spanish Proverb.

A man that has had his fill is no eater.

SENATOR BURKETT EXPLAINS

Writes Editor of Tribune About Free Delivery of Mail in the City of Florence.

The following letter sent by Senator Burkett to the editor of the Tribune this week explains the situation as regards the free delivery of mail in Florence:

Washington, April 18, 1910.

Mr. E. L. Platz, Florence, Nebraska.

Dear Sir:—I have your letter of the 14th instant. In reply would say that I have been bearing down upon the Department as hard as I could to get them to establish the free delivery system in Florence, but they insist that it is impossible at present. I think a little later on, perhaps about the first of July, they will put it in. You can be sure I have been doing all I could in the matter.

With kindest personal regards, I am Yours truly,

E. J. BURKETT.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. J. L. Houston entertained at luncheon Wednesday.

Charles Cottrell has been on the sick list the past week.

Mrs. Newell Burton was the guest of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Tuesday.

The Kierle Grading company lost one of their big draft horses Wednesday of this week.

Charles McDermid and Anderson Rogers of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie Wednesday.

Poultry wre, double galvanized, 50c per 100 feet in full roll lots. Every size in stock. J. H. Price.

Mrs. M. C. Coe gave an elaborate luncheon last Saturday in honor of Mrs. T. B. Olmsted and daughter, guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted.

Mrs. T. B. Olmsted, Miss Olmsted and Miss Mary Olmsted, who have been visiting at the home of R. H. Olmsted, left for their home near Cincinnati, O., last Tuesday.

The Eagles will join with the Omaha and Benson aeries in holding memorial services at Omaha Sunday morning, May 8.

The Eagles have hired a special car and with their wives will pay a visit to the Benson aerie, Friday night to see the special minstrel show for their delectation.

Thursday evening at the Presbyterian church the ordination of Rev. George S. Sloan as pastor of that church took place. Rev. Dr. W. M. Wheeler of South Omaha and Rev. Dr. McConnell of the Westminster Presbyterian church of Omaha, performing the ceremony.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Florence citizens laid siege to the Board of County Commissioners Friday afternoon in behalf of a project to have the county pave four blocks lying between Briggs street and the city limits. The four blocks connect Thirtieth street in Omaha and Main street in Florence. Main street has been paved with brick for a distance of fifteen blocks and the improvement of the middle stretch will be a considerable benefit. The county commissioners referred the request to the legal department of the county. The Florence delegation included T. D. Crane, R. H. Olmsted, Henry Anderson, J. B. Brisbin, Frank Brown, John Lubold and Bert Fowler. The commissioners, after looking over the road Monday, decided to do the paving.

Big sale of shoes at cut prices at Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Mr. Bernard Wolff has taken the management of McClure's Market. He comes recommended with about 12 years experience in meat cutting and market management, and every one will be given the most courteous and efficient service.

The Clover club girls will meet Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt and bread making will be the lesson. Corn bread, whole wheat bread, etc., etc., and two weeks from Saturday a demonstration will be indulged in. The girls have decided to study the home life and writings of Louise Alcott. Florence Anderson and Pauline Nesbit were elected members at the last meeting.

Telephone your news to 315 before Wednesday evening and it will appear in the Tribune.

SHUT UP HIS CHICKENS

Method Adopted By Florence Man When His Neighbor's Chickens Persisted in Digging Up the Garden He Had So Carefully Planted and Tended.—A Plan That is Recommended to All People Troubled in the Same Way He Was.

A man who lives in Florence, and says that it is a fine place to live in, even though his pet cocker spaniel was killed by a half-grown coyote and the neighbors' chickens raise Cain with his flower beds.

"The chickens bother me more than anything else right now," said the man. "I've grown tired complaining to my neighbors and don't know just what I should do."

"I can give you a tip," said his friend. "I will give you a plan adopted by a man I knew at Denver. He was troubled with his neighbor's chickens. The neighbor would not listen to reason, was inclined to invite trouble, while my friend was determined to solve the matter in a peaceful manner. It had already reached a point where the two did not speak as they went by. One night my friend hid a dozen eggs under the bushes in the lawn. The next afternoon, when he observed that his neighbor was looking his way, he meandered about and picked up an egg here, another there and put them in his hat. After he had gathered in the dozen he started back to the house. The neighbor was all eyes and came over to the fence.

"Them's my eggs," he declared.

"No, they're mine," said my friend.

"My hens laid 'em," insisted the neighbor.

"Maybe, but they laid them in my yard, and I'm going to keep them."

That ended the incident. But that very day the neighbor built a pen around his premises and took mighty good care that his chickens did not wander from home.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. Swanson and Mrs. Haskell went as delegates to the missionary convention to Colon, Neb., this week.

Imogene Study club will meet next Thursday afternoon, May 5, at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt. Election of officers for the coming year will be taken up. This is the annual meeting and several important matters will be discussed. The ladies are planning an informal social meeting inviting some expert Shakespeare student to review our past year's work, to be held within a week at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt.

Miss Vera Kindred sang a solo at the Scandinavian Y. W. C. A. Spring Festival in Omaha, Tuesday evening where she has sung for the past three years. She was accompanied by Miss Prudence Tracy.

A home wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt, Mine Lusa Lodge, Florence, Tuesday evening, April 26th, when the marriage of their niece, Miss Rose M. McLean to Mr. Morris Newcomer, of Cody, Wyoming, was solemnized. About 150 guests were present. The bride was handsome in a gown of lingerie, train, with veil, and was given away by her uncle, Alonzo B. Hunt. The bridesmaid, Miss Vera Allen, of Chicago, formerly of Omaha, was beautifully costumed in white, and carried pink roses. Mrs. Frank Welty opened the ceremonies with a charming song, "Beloved, It is Morn," and was followed by the ringbearer in the bridal party, Master Lytle Underwood, who carried the ring in a large American Beauty rose. Rev. F. T. Rouse of the First Congregational church of Omaha, received the bridal party and performed the simple ring service, in the east bay window of the large living room, which was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. E. D. McLean, of St. Paul, brother of the bride. Mrs. G. S. Rogers and Mrs. Fred Patterson, of Sioux City, assisted Mr. and Mrs. Hunt in looking to the comforts of their guests. Buffet refreshments were served at 9:30. The bride leaves a host of admiring friends, who regret her departure from their midst, her future home being in Cody, Wyoming, where Mr. Newcomer has extensive ranch interests, also a large store and banking interests. The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rice, of Mt. Morris, Ill.; Mrs. W. E. H. Wagner, aunt of Mr. Newcomer, Springfield, S. D.; Mr. Howard Wagner, cousin of the groom; Mr. E. D. McLean of St. Paul, brother of bride, and Mrs. Fred Patterson, of Sioux City.

ONE ON ATTORNEY OLMSTED

How a Farmer Got Ahead of Entering Lawyer When He First Began Practice of Law.

R. H. Olmsted has been practicing law now for a good many years, but he has never forgotten an experience he had when he first started out to practice.

This is the story of the trial, in which a farmer accused his neighbor of stealing his ducks. Olmsted was employed by the accused to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged, because he had seen his ducks in the defendant's yard.

"How do you know they were your ducks?" asked Olmsted.

"I should know my ducks anywhere," replied the farmer, giving a description of their various peculiarities whereby he could distinguish them.

"Why," said Olmsted, "those ducks cannot be of such rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," admitted the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The violet Kensington club entertained the Boys of Honor at a taffy pull at the home of Mrs. Paul, Saturday evening. The evening was spent in pulling taffy and playing games. All had a good time.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Reynolds and the Misses Edith Derry, Prudence Tracy and Miss Lillian Bondesson heard Clarence C. Eaton of Tacoma, Wash., deliver his masterly lecture on Christian Science at the Brandeis theatre last Friday evening.

Thoroughbred White Rock and Buff Orpington eggs for hatching. Very best stock. Prices reasonable. Mrs. W. R. Wall. Tel. 114.

The Violet Kensington club met at the home of Mrs. Paul Thursday and elected new officers, as follows: Marie Elwell, president; Minnie Bullock, vice-president; Hallie Shipley, secretary; Malissa Davis, treasurer; Irene Jacobson, club reporter; Fern Marr, Thurma Morgan and Constance Potter, committee.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The supreme court has just affirmed the judgment of the district court at Omaha in the case of Mrs. Maggie Wallenburg, wife of August Wallenburg, employed by the Omaha Water company, against the Missouri Pacific Railway company for \$5,000.00. Mrs. Wallenburg was injured nearly five years ago at the 30th street crossing in Omaha, and the case has been most stubbornly contested in both courts, with the final result that Mrs. Wallenburg will now receive the full amount of the judgment, with interest and costs, amounting to more than \$6,000. Mrs. Wallenburg was represented by attorneys McCoy & Olmsted, who, with their client, are to be congratulated on their skillful and successful conduct of the case.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

W. A. Yoder has started his new house on Clay street. W. B. Parks doing the work.

The school house presents a bright new appearance now that the painters have finished.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The law requires that all persons must clean up their premises of all rubbish and combustible material and same must be attended to at once.

GEORGE GAMBLE, Fire Inspector.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

Will sell cheap my fine family carriage, almost as good as new. Examine it at my barn in Florence.

R. H. OLMSTED, Tel.: Florence 146 or Douglas 16.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.

Early Ohio, grown from Red River seed, and Carman No. 3. Excellent late potato. 40c per bushel. M. C. COE, Florence, Nebr.

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**
IN PUBLISHED BY WASHINGTON COURTESY IN GREAT BRITAIN
SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a dog, a Bible and a silver box, which lead her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when an Ohio, and that his name is John Reveli Charnock of Virginia. Near the skeleton she finds two women's rings, one of which bears an inscription "J. R. C. to M. P. T. Sept. 10, 1869." Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem had attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her, and they decide to put their theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a hand-clasp they go away together. A few days on his yacht shows her that the man only professed lofty ideals to possess her. Katharine discovers that the man is married. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Her training had not been manual, but she was bright enough to supplement her lack of skill and after some hours of hard work she actually got one oar in an upright position and securely lashed. Out of the heavy cloak—more a huge circular than anything else—she improvised a sail with the other oar as a boom thrust across the boat between the mast and the little forward deck. The coat had been heavily braided. She ripped the silk braid from the edge, cut off the hood of the cloak and managed a triangular sail laced by the silk braid to mast and boom.

The boom was immobile and the only way she could sail was straight before the wind. If the wind shifted, she would shift with it. She had some slight control over the vessel with the helm, but that was all. It was noon when she finished her labors, but she was more than satisfied with what she had accomplished, for the cloak was big enough to give an appreciable way to the boat. She guessed it might be three or four knots an hour. That would be nearly 100 miles a day. She could eke out her provisions and water for five or six days longer and she could go without for two or three days after the last drop and morsel had vanished. Perhaps she might run down a habitable island in that time. Possibly, although this possibility was more faint than the other, she might be seen by some vessel and picked up. At any rate, all she could do was done. She felt better, too, because she had made a human contribution to the determination of her fate. She was no longer absolutely at the play of chance. For five days she sailed steadily on, the breeze remaining even and holding unvaryingly true for that period. She learned the trick of lashing the wheel at night and so was able to take as much rest as her tired, worn and racked body permitted in the confinement of the little boat.

She had abundance of time for thought. Time was when she had revelled in such opportunities, but there was less enjoyment in the chances afforded her now. That she who had lived in the high realm of speculation should suddenly become a woman of action, fighting for life, struck her as a strange thing. Insensibly the conditions of her present existence modified her philosophy. It seemed different, a smaller thing. She was less sure and confident of herself alone in the great immensity than in the crowded city. There were no applauding thousands. She breathed no air of adulation. She was alone with her soul. The man who is alone is always face to face with God, though his eyes may be hidden so that he cannot see the Divine. It was so with this woman.

Never had she so craved other companionship. She would have been happy if she could have believed that there was a God, for had there been a God she would not have felt so deserted. So she fought on against her soul and her circumstances—a losing battle.

The sixth day opened dark and gloomy. The wind had risen during the night. The day broke heavily overcast. Even to her inexperience she could realize that a storm was at hand. She had seen nothing during the period; that is, nothing of which she could avail herself. Twice, once to starboard and another time to port, she had passed low lying islands, dim on the horizon. She had no way of checking the boat or of changing its course to run down either of them. She had to go on just as she was. She realized that she could never land unless she were driven directly upon some island that might lie in her course. She knew, too, that the chances that might happen were very remote. She had daily diminished the portion of food and drink she allotted to herself. She had husbanded everything with the utmost care. On the sixth day they were gone. She awoke with a frightful craving which intensified as the day drew on.

She was thankful for one thing that the sun was veiled, although she heat in the humid, heavy, overcast air was something almost unbearable. Under the freshening breeze the boat went much more swiftly than heretofore. She had that satisfaction, but she had the apprehension that if the wind grew any stronger her sail, service-

able as it had proved and stout as it was, would be torn to pieces. The silk braid had done splendid service, but she marked that it was now strained to the breaking point. Again the helplessness of her position came upon her. She could not take down the sail. In the first place she was afraid to leave the helm and in the second place she realized that if she started to furl it she could only do it by cutting the lashing and at the first cut the whole thing would blow away. So she held on. There was nothing else to do.

The night fell in a burst of rain which was most grateful to her, but which was a forecast of a fiercer blow, and at midnight the hurricane broke in full force upon the little boat. The first blast tore the sail from the lashings. By a lightning flash she caught a glimpse of it for a second, whirled away like a great bird. For some reason, perhaps because one or two shreds of cloth still clung to the mast, and perhaps because the broad blade of the oar offered some surface for the thrust of the wind, she was able by the exercise of constant vigilance and all the strength of which she was capable, to keep the boat before the wind. Hitherto she had had no idea of the violence of the wave motion. It was with difficulty that she kept herself from being dashed to pieces against the sides or hurled overboard in the mad whirling and plunging to which the launch was suddenly subjected. It was caught up by one wave after another and driven on for hours. She could not tell how long. She lost all consciousness of time and of everything else except that she must cling to the helm. The boat was still hurled forward. One great wave after another would seize her, uplift her and bear her on. The strain upon her arms was terrific. She locked her teeth and hung on, breathless, exhausted, yet determined.

But there was a limit to her powers and she felt that it had been reached. Yet she did not deliberately let go. One final and terrific heave jerked her away from the wheel. She fell sprawling in the bottom of the boat, but had sense enough to lock her hands around a thwart and lie there. The launch broached to in an instant. She was turned broadside to the waves. Fortunately she did not capsize instantly and the next breaker filled her. She lay, her gunwales flush with the water. Her motion was still violent, but less jerky. She was swept ever onward by the vast undulations.

The indomitable woman clinging to the thwart managed to keep her head out of the water. She realized that that was the end and yet while she had a remainder of strength, while she could draw a flickering breath, she would not give up. The boat, being water-logged, did not pitch so much as before and she was able to maintain her hold, although every wave that broke over her drenched her again and again.

She wondered why the boat did not sink and then she realized that the empty gasoline tanks which she had closed and locked, prevented the final catastrophe; that the boat was in a certain sense a life boat; that it would float so long as the water pressure did not succeed in opening the tanks. Therefore, she was for the moment safe. The only immediate danger would be the capsizing of the boat which would throw her out. Since the launch was already full of water the woman did not think this was likely to happen.

She held on, her vitality gradually growing weaker, hoping for the morning and an abatement of the storm. She had no idea of time, of course. She could not tell what the hour was. It was still dark, however, when a strange sound smote her ear. She heard it above the wild scream of the wind and the awful beat of the waves. It was a crashing sound, a battering sound, a fearful, portentous sound. The boat ran forward more swiftly now. She wondered the reason. Taking advantage of a brief lull, she abandoned her grip on the thwart and rose to her knees. Immediately in front of her she saw a white wall disclosed to her by the lightning flashes. She did not know what it was. The roaring sound came from thence. She was being borne rapidly toward it. She was nearing it with astonishing swiftness. The boat was moving more quickly now than at any time since she had been in it. At last it broke upon her consciousness that the white wall was a mass of foam; that the sea was crashing against some hidden shore and that great breakers were there.

The land that she had longed for indeed lay athwart her course. In another moment she would be in that mass of boiling foam. Well, she had fought a good fight. The end was at hand. With some instinct of the heroic, death would not find her lying down. Desperately she struggled to her feet and stood, balancing herself to the wild onward rush of the boat. The wall of foam was close at hand. For one second she threw out her arms and the next moment, with a crash which she could feel if not hear, the boat beneath her feet was lifted up and hurled on something fearfully solid. She was thrown through the air like a bolt from a catapult. A wave struck her in the back and beat her almost into insensibility. She was tossed and driven half unconscious over the space of shallow water and rolling sea upon a sandy shore. Blindly she crawled on. The

waves seemed suddenly to have lost their power. She did not know that she had been thrown past a barrier reef and carried over a lagoon and dropped on a sea beach; that only the most unusual and gigantic waves could reach her, but she knew that they had little power to harm her. And so she crept desperately and doggedly on until she fell forward in the warm sand and lapsed into absolute and total unconsciousness.

CHAPTER IX.

Latent Passions.

The three years which had elapsed had made a vast change in the relations between the man and the woman. In the beginning and for a long time hers had been the dominant position. So absolutely had she ruled that to him she had been as a god. So entirely had he obeyed that to her he had been a devotee. Once she discovered his ductility and had begun to teach him, the relationships had commenced to change. Gradually each had recognized the humanity of the other. Together students they had naturally approached a common level. Every new knowledge she imparted to him was an abdication of some of her supremacy. Every new knowledge he acquired was an inspiration to her high level.

Three years is a short time in the educational life of a human being, but she brought to her side of what was slowly developing into an equation the highest training, a natural ability to impart what she knew, an absolute devotion to the endeavor and an entire freedom from other interests. So fascinating had the experiment been that she had scarcely missed the rest of the world. I wonder if he had been a woman instead of a man if

learned to write, although he knew what writing was, for she had explained it to him, and had made shift to teach him the Arabic letters. She also taught him geography, astronomy, natural sciences, and above all, history. She unfolded the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them before his vision, touching lightly, as has been the fashion of such unfoldings, upon the misery and the shams. His was a singular knowledge indeed. There were some things about which she was reticent, being a woman, and some things she could not tell him at all; but being a man, with imagination quickened, he thought of these things the more—for these were some of the deeper things of life and nature!

But the change in the relations between the two were not greater than the change in the woman herself. She was no longer a philosopher. That which she had disdained, she admired; that which she had abhorred, she loved; that which she had refused, she accepted. She was a Christian in belief as last. Alone, or practically so, face to face with God in his world, God in His Book, God in humanity, her specious ideas of life and her relationship to it had broken down. She had learned to kneel beside that man and pray. She had learned to seek elsewhere than in herself for power to enable her to live her life and fulfill her tasks.

She had not wished to be a Christian. She had fought against it, struggled with it, agonized over it, but a compelling necessity was upon her. The convictions of her conversion tore the veil from before her face, dispelled the mist that hung about her. She saw herself as she was, a woman who under the influence of wrong ideas, false conceptions, had branded herself forever. No, not in the eyes of that

course between him and that woman except that she had been good to him—sometimes that is as much as the wisest recall of a mother—and that she had taught him and made him say always that prayer whose coherence and meaning to her intense surprise she found herself imparting to him. And she could not make up her mind to take from him the reality of the only recollection that remained to him.

Her new belief, as has been said, was both joy and sorrow to her. Save for her experience in the ship she had been happier in her philosophy. She had suffered grievously through her trust in it and in man, but her consciousness that she was fundamentally right in her beliefs had consoled her. Now to feel that she had been wrong; that she had thrown away under the leading of a false light what she could never again—Ah, no Magdalene ever wept bitterer tears at the feet of Jesus than this woman in her hours of solitude over her mistaken past, her loss and shame.

She had hours of solitude, too. Early in the life they lived, she had laid down certain regulations. He was in the formative period then and had unhesitatingly acquiesced in them. So far those regulations had neither been abrogated by her nor broken by him. A care upon the farther side of the island had been found and that was his home. They breakfasted together at a certain hour, which he told by means of the sun and she by her faithful watch. The morning was spent in study. In the afternoon they separated, each passing it in accordance with individual preference, but he rigorously kept to his side and she to her side of the island during the period. Certain dividing lines clearly established and understood marked which was his and which was hers. At supper time they met again and passed the time together in conversation until the rest period arrived. Things had to be this way else life would have been unendurable. They lived on the natural products of the island which were varied and sufficiently abundant to fulfill all dietetic requirements.

She had also taught him things not learned from books. Among them, truth, honor, duty and dignity—all the virtues. Her instruction had been—first, that which was natural—ethical merely, but afterward it had grown spiritual. Unspotted from the world he, and she washed white she hoped and prayed in spite of spots, they lived a life of idyllic innocence. Yet because he was a man and she was a woman, strange fires glowed beneath the outward calm, strange ideas and desires and thoughts rose from both hearts. This was inevitable. Her original relation to the man had been one of so great superiority as to be fatal to the early development of any feeling but the maternal. Even now she possessed the superiority which association with her kind, her longer training and her greater opportunities had given her. And yet she could only recognize that to the impartial view considering his abilities and opportunities he stood quite on a level with her. Perhaps had he enjoyed her chances he might have stood higher.

She began to idealize him, to dream about him, to wonder. She trembled on the verge of passion. She knew his to be a brilliant mind. She divined his to be a knightly soul. Physically, in face and figure, no more splendid man, untrammelled by base convention, ever stood upon the earth's surface. Grace and strength mingled in harmony that was as striking as it was full of charm. She had no opportunity to test his courage, for no physical danger ever menaced them. But she believed in his manhood thoroughly.

The woman had had bitter experience with love. Following what she believed to be the highest inspiration she had wrecked her life and brought herself to this pass. The revolt in her soul at the thought of the man who had so degraded her, or who had so taken advantage of her ignorance and innocence—the more complete since they were covered by a confidence of knowledge and sophistication—as to allow her to degrade herself, convinced her that what she had mistaken for divine light was only a false fire, an ignis fatuus which had led her into the marsh and slough of slime and shame. She loathed the thought of that man. She had loathed, when she had been thrown upon that island, the thought of all men. This one had given back her confidence in her kind. Yet sometimes she wondered whether that confidence were warranted or not because of him. Suppose he should come in touch with the world, what would happen? Was he, too, capable of breaking a woman's heart? Would he do it? Was her's the heart? What would the soiling touch of the sordid conditions under which life was lived, as she had known it, do for him? Would he still be unspotted? Would he think her the same? She had taught him many things. But how should he learn to fight temptations, temptations with which he had no experience, which never came to him, she fondly dreamed.

Yet she had confidence in him. She had confidence in God, and we cannot have confidence in God without some confidence in man. The converse, too, is true. Therefore she believed. She was confident that he would rise supreme in the face of every test. She wondered if the test would ever be ap-



plied to him, if she would be there to see. She found herself praying for affirmation in both matters. Her belief in him would only be belief founded upon hope until he had been tried. There was a doubt about him that must be resolved; she must resolve it. She could never be satisfied, in spite of her belief, until she had done so. The very fact that she thought so keenly upon the subject; that she was so interested and engrossed in the situation was evidence to her that she cared more for the man than she had dreamed it possible.

And what of him? For once her intuition failed her. She wanted to see him tested and tried; she wanted to see him tempted and triumphant, but he was all of that in those very hours in which she fancied him so unthinking. It never occurred to her that he might entertain an earthly passion for her. She still, from ancient habit, believed herself so far above him that such an ambition would have been little less than sacrilege to him. She lulled herself to sleep with that idea. She believed, she knew, of course, that all that was needed was a suggestion from her. To love is the lot of man. This man had seen no other than her. If she said the word, it would be accomplished. She held the only key to his heart; her hand could unlock it on the instant. She forgot the master key and the Master Hand.

He had controlled that strange trembling that used to take him whenever he touched her, but she could feel his pulse beat and throb when by chance there was any contact even of the casual between them. Sometimes he had asked her strange questions which she had put by, and sometimes she caught him looking at her in strange ways that sent the blood to her skin, and sometimes turned her pale. Yet she lived in the fool's paradise. She did not awake to the possibilities of that which she had made him because her apprehension of him had not kept pace with his apprehension of her. To her he was still in some degree the creature that he had been and sometimes she thought upon her growing love for him with a feeling of shame as if it were a condescension, a derogation.

She did not know what blood was leaping in the veins of the man and how he taught himself, because she had instilled in him honor and decency and Christlike self control, to repress these things. She did not know how much faster he had learned certain things than she had intended. She did not know how instinctively he had leaped to conclusions which she imagined were still latent in his mind. This was a good man, this was an honest man, this was a gentleman, this was a Christian man. There was no question about his faith. It was as simple and abiding as it was sincere. The early Christians who had been brought in personal touch with the Master and his men were not more faithful, acceptant and devoted. Yet this was a very human man in spite of all these things, a man of splendid vigor and health with all a man's impulses, hopes, dreams and aspirations. And he loved her.

He, too, sat upon the white sands of the gemlike island and looked out



She Had Confidence In God.

into the far blue of the Pacific washing the distant shores and lands peopled with strange creatures of history and romance and he, too, wondered. He had had no experience with men and the world and he longed to get away and to take her away.

She had long since discovered that he was a gentleman, an innate gentleman; that he had been well born, and she had seen to it herself that he had been well bred. Yet no mortal man ever went through greater fires of unknown and mysterious temptations than he. He forced himself not to speak words that burned. He checked the free course of thoughts that bubbled and seethed within his brain, and the relationship between them remained that of mistress and man, teacher and taught, friend and friend. It was he who so maintained it, though of this she was unaware.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Driven On for Hours.

that absorption would have resulted from their intercourse?

On his part, he brought to bear upon the problem of learning, it was soon developed, an intellect which although entirely untrained was unusually acute, a faculty of acquiring knowledge as great as was her ability to impart it and a reasoning capacity which kept pace with his other qualities. Indeed, the main thing with which she had to contend at first was his lack of application. But so soon as he had learned enough to enable him to realize the importance of learning more she had no trouble on that score. It was as if a mature mind had been brought to bear upon the problems of adolescence. He grappled with things in that way. Whatever she taught him, he learned, he mastered all; and the mastery inspired him to learn more. His mnemonic ability was prodigious; for all the years of his life he had not been storing up the insignificant, the immaterial, the unnecessary, in his brain cells. He remembered all that she taught him with unvarying accuracy. His was a powerful, vigorous mentality which had known nothing and upon which she wrote what she pleased. To the judgment of a man he added the receptivity and ductility of a child.

She had taught him first of all to speak and then to read; then rudimentary mathematics such as he could do in his head. There was nothing that she could devise that was practicable for writing. There was no slate on the island, the rock was not suitable. Therefore he had never

God whom she had learned to fear, not in the eyes that Christ whom she had learned to love, but in the eyes of men; yet she was a woman who was pure in heart. Perhaps these thoughts and this consciousness had more to do with keeping her content even that her intense pre-occupation in the man and her work, for she realized what she would have to face if she went back to the world which had mocked her while it applauded her. That world, therefore, she now began to fear. The one being upon earth with whom she could be associated, who knew nothing about it, who could cast no stone at her, she realized was the man whom she had made, and this man looked to her almost as men look to the Divine. Yet she felt that some day he would have to know. Some day she would have to tell him. What then? That feeling was ever with her. She constantly asked herself that question and found no answer.

Indeed, it was he who had taught her the truth of Christ. She had not been able, she had felt a strange unwillingness, if indeed it were possible, to break down the lingering remains of faith in that man. That babble of childish prayer had, in some strange way, caught her heart strings. It was the one memory of intelligence that had remained to him. Now that he was capable of expression, again and again he had told her of the dim recollection of a long voyage in an open boat with a woman and some animal, which she knew must be the dog. He could remember nothing of the inter-

Dr. Van Eeden, a noted Dutch scientist and author, tells the people of this country there is too much running to Europe for our ideals in art, finance and public policy. This country should have an art and literature that are distinctly American. This big, beautiful land, which Providence has filled with the resources of all goodness, should be sufficient to itself. Copying European art has been destructive of American ideals, and has wrecked an originality that would have achieved far more than imitation. The basis of art progress is inspiration and not copying, and yet, in this country, we have been going upon the idea that following the lines and tints and insight of ancient art is the perfection to which we aspire. The idea of Dr. Van Eeden is that we should absolve ourselves from this tendency and strike out for ourselves toward the high altitudes to which a kindlier religion, a broader science and a deeper sense of social duty directs the way.

Another reign of terror is apparently begun in Russia. The assassination of the dreaded head of the secret police shows that the anarchists are by no means subdued, and will probably create consternation throughout Europe and retard progress in Russia, for coercive measures will probably be adopted and popular liberty be given a check in the endeavor to seek blindly this most insidious of enemies, who strikes only in the dark. In the meantime, it will add a new horror to the life of the terror-haunted czar.

Have Their Troubles.
Samuel Gompers, at the recent convention in Washington of the Civic Federation, said of children:

"Children should be protected from wage slavery, for, when free as air, they have enough trouble, dear knots. Walking along an East side street, I came on two tiny tots, the smaller of whom was bawling as if to break his lungs.

"A window opened and a little girl shrieked:

"Tommy, who's been a-hittin' of ye?"

"Nobody's been a-hittin' of him," the larger tot answered. "He's swallowed a worm."

A Real Story.
"Mike is a lobster!" announced Pat, bringing his fist down on the table.

"Now, Pat," he expostulated, "why call him such a name as that?"

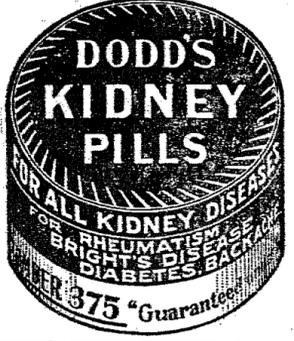
"I mane exactly phwat I say. He's nuyther more n'r less th'n a lobster. He star'ts out green, all right, but the' mair he gits into hot wather, he turns red!"

EXPOSURE TO COLD
and wet is the first step to pneumonia. Take Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller and the danger is averted. Un-squaled for colds, sore throat, quinsy, etc., and 100c.

We don't mind seeing other people get up in the world so long as they refrain from using us as stepping stones.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

There is danger in delay; also in haste.



An "unsinkable" target, sent all the way from the Brooklyn navy yard to the Philippines, to be used in practice by Uncle Sam's warships of the Pacific fleet, was actually sent to the bottom. This might seem a reflection upon the judgment of those who constructed the target. But circumstances alter cases. It was not anticipated that the men behind the guns would shoot with such force and effect. The target was of armor plate, with air chambers to keep it afloat. But the bluejackets filled it so full of holes that even air chambers could not save it, and down it went. The incident is another testimonial as to the kind of firing done by the men on American naval vessels.

Nine governors of states have given assurances of support to the Philadelphia Civic club's movement for the abolition of fireworks on the Fourth of July except for public displays. Other governors are doubtless in sympathy with the movement, but have not given the matter attention sufficient to dictate reply to the Philadelphia inquiry. The people of the United States are apparently ready for the inauguration of safe and sane methods of celebrating Independence Day.

It is proposed to carve a new state of Siskiyon out of adjoining parts of Oregon and California. So far as the rest of the country is concerned it would prefer a new state with a name that sounds less like raudeville. But, as under the constitution, the new state cannot be formed without the consent of both California and Oregon, it is hardly worth while to worry much over the name.

AS CAULIFLOWER SHOULD BE
In Vegetable That Does Not Need the Addition of Any of the Complicated Sauces.

Like other members of the same family, the cabbage or Brussels sprouts, cauliflower has a decided though delicate flavor of its own, and does not need complicated sauces to make it palatable.

To prepare it, trim off the outside leaves and cut the stalk even with the flower. Put upside down in a pan of cold salt water for fifteen or twenty minutes, then put into a generous kettleful of rapidly boiling water, to which a pinch of soda has been added. This keeps it white. Cook about ten minutes, then pour off this water, cover with more boiling water, adding a little salt, and cook 20 minutes or until tender. It should not be so soft as to fall to pieces.

If there is any scum on the water remove before lifting out the cauliflower. Put into a hot vegetable dish and cover with a white Bechamel or Hollandaise sauce. If preferred, the flowerets may be broken, mixed with the sauce, then served as a garnish for sweetbreads or chicken.—Emma Paddock Telford.

RECIPE FOR MEAT TURNOVER

Almost Any Kind of Chopped Meat Suitable—Best When Served with Brown Sauce.

Almost any kind of chopped meat may be used in these, and if the quantity on hand is small may be mixed with potato or cooked rice. This filling should be seasoned to taste with salt and pepper, onion, or whatever is relished, and laid on pieces of short biscuit dough rolled thin and cut into circles about the size of an ordinary saucer over the meat and its edges pinched closely together. If desired, the tops of the turnovers may be brushed over with the yolk of egg before they are placed in oven. About half an hour's baking in a hot oven is required. Serving with a brown sauce increases the flavor and moistens the crust.

Cannelon of Beef.

This dish is prepared by making chopped meat into a roll and baking it wrapped in a buttered paper, a method designed to keep in the steam and to insure a moist, tender dish. The paper must be removed before serving. The roll should be basted occasionally with butter and water or drippings and water. In preparing the roll an egg may be added for each 1½ pounds of meat, and chopped parsley, onion juice, lemon peel, or finely chopped green peppers make good seasoning. A thickened gravy may be made from the drippings, the liquid seed being either water or tomato juice. Strips of pork laid on the roll may be substituted for the buttered paper and basting.

German Rahm Torte.

The whites of four fresh eggs, one-half pound powdered sugar, a few drops vanilla flavor, one pint of whipped cream. Separate the eggs, save yolks for dumplings, whip until they begin to get stiff; add one tablespoon powdered sugar, whip again, add one more tablespoon sugar, now whip until stiff, fold in the rest of the sugar, spread on paper the size of a large layer cake; now put your pan in the oven until hot, place paper with cake on hot pan, and bake about twenty-five minutes or until it is hard, but it must remain white. When done lift off the paper; now whip the cream until stiff, add one tablespoon powdered sugar, a few drops of vanilla; spread between layers and on top.

Grape Juice Parfait.

Beat one cupful of whipping cream, one-half cupful of grape juice and strained juice of one lemon until thick. Cook one cupful of sugar in one-third of a cupful of water till it spins a thread, then pour in a fine stream onto two whites of eggs beaten stiffly and beat till foamy and cold, then fold in cream mixture into the meringue. Freeze.

Packing China.

When packing chinaware to be moved some distance, use a barrel and pack closely with crumpled paper. Tack a piece of gunny sack over open end of barrel. Freight handlers will not think of sending the barrel end over end when unloading, the usual manner of smashing goods.

Suet Pudding.

One teacup chopped suet, one cup chopped raisins, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup brown sugar, one teaspoon soda, two cups sweet milk, pinch of salt, one and one-half cups of flour; pour in dish and steam two hours. Serve with hot sauce.

Dusters.

Cut off the feet of lady's stockings, take the tops, rip them open in back, and sew two tops together. These make splendid dusting cloths that will throw off no lint whatever. Better than cheesecloth.

Shoes.

To remove mud from footwear take an ordinary clothes pin, cut one of the prongs off completely and you will have a device that cannot be surpassed for that purpose. Try it.

Croutons.

Croutons for soup can be quickly made by putting the squares of bread into a corn popper and holding over the hot fire and shaking frequently.

Western Canada As A Grain Producer

NEVER SAW SUCH FINE WHEAT ANYWHERE.

Gust Anderson of Maldstone, Sask, was formerly of Minnesota and has been in Central Canada three years. On January 16, 1910, he writes:

"Arriving fifteen miles from Maldstone, I bought a couple of steers from a rancher, as my capital was not large, and with the two oxen I brought with me, I broke 25 acres which I put in crop in 1908 and had to clear some brush. I earned \$45.00 by breaking fifteen acres for a neighbor and during the summer I put up hay and hauled timber and put up houses for other settlers. Notwithstanding a heavy frost on August 12th, I had 22½ bushels of wheat per acre and 60 bushels of oats. Off 35 acres of wheat in 1909, I got 27 bushels of wheat per acre and 1,200 bushels of oats of 20 acres. I never saw such fine wheat anywhere. We have plenty of rain between May and August and after August seldom any but dry warm days. Water can be had at from 20 to 40 feet and plenty of grass for cattle."

The evidence of Mr. Anderson is given because it is encouraging to the man of small means who is desirous of bettering his condition. It shows what can be done, and there is really but small limit to the man with push and energy to become wealthy on Canadian lands. And the grain that he raises is good. A press dispatch says:

The quality of the wheat continues to be the feature of the deliveries. In the total of 3,378 cars in the February inspections there were 2,847 of high grade stuff, a percentage of 84.28. For January the percentage was 82.21, and for the six months it was 88.5. This is an unusually high average, and it demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that the farmers in this part of the Dominion still know how to grow first-class wheat. The crop of 1908 was considered good enough, and its average of contract wheat was only 70 per cent. Good weather throughout the season was an important factor, of course, in insuring the high quality of the grain, and it is not likely that atmospheric influences of so favorable a character will be encountered for a long time to come. The best that can be expected is that a fair average for a term of years will be maintained.

Not Quite.
"Young man," inquired her father, sternly, "will you give her a home like the one she has been used to?"

"No," replied the truthful suitor, "for there will be no grumpy father to come home and make every one miserable by his kicking over trifles and swearing at matters in general. There will be no mother to scold her from morning to night for wasting time merely because she wants to be neat. There will be no big brother to abuse her for not doing half his work, and no little brother to make enough noise to drive her crazy when her head aches. There won't be any younger sister to insist on reading some trashy novel while she does all the work. She will not have with me a home like she has been used to, not if I can help it."—Puck.

Saving His Life.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo greatest doctor," said his servant; "he save my life once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes; me terrible awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He give me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He save my life."

The Crushing Reply.

She—What are you thinking about?
He—Oh, nothing much.
She (sweetly)—That's egotistical.—Harvard Lampoon.

Now for the straw bonnets.

Spring, bless her, may go as far as she likes.

Make room for the rhubarb pie and the strawberry shortcake.

When it saw the colonel the Sphinx remained discreetly silent.

Girls' names written on eggs are turned out of cold storage from one to three years old.

Similar dinners are still popular in the New York smart set and some of them cost \$100 per plate.

Paris has a "ham and iron" fair, though ham and diamonds would be a more appropriate combination.

Japan is taking an interest in baseball, which seems to assure a cordial understanding beyond question.

It will be hard for Kermit to content himself with the sport of clam fishing when he gets back to Oyster Bay.

Why should not the young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love? Spring millinery bills do not embitter his dreams.

Now science has achieved an invention to take the picture of beating hearts. This ought to make effective exhibits in love pleadings.

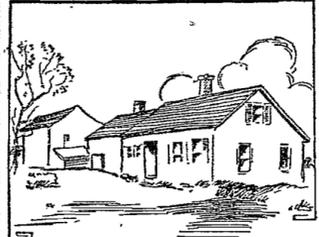
A celebrated oculist says that people seldom see things as they are. Particularly is this true when they look at get-rich-quick schemes.

HOME OF FAMOUS SINGER

House 100 Years Old Where Annie Louise Cary Spent Girlhood, Still Stands.

Durham, Me.—In this town is a well-kept story and a half house, the girlhood home of Annie Louise Cary, one of the most famous singers Maine ever produced.

After having successfully practised medicine in Gorham and Wayne, Doctor Nelson Howard Cary in the first half of the last century purchased the house at South West Bend owned



Annie Louise Cary's Home.

by the heirs of Jarvis Beals and moved his family to it. There were three sons and three daughters, one of whom was Annie Louise Cary. She first sang in public at the Union church at South West Bend. Her voice attracted the attention of Joseph G. Tyler, the village music teacher, who gave her musical instruction, the first she received.

It was not many years before the girl became famous, and soon was receiving large sums for her singing. She then purchased from her father her old home, which she greatly improved.

After her marriage to Charles M. Raymond, Annie Louise Cary no longer made Durham her home, but she frequently visited her family, and for years after the death of her father in 1877, kept the house up, and frequently stopped there. Eight years ago she sold the house, and since that time it has passed through several hands.

The house is generally thought to be more than 100 years old, and is one of the oldest in town.

Annie Louise Cary still visits Durham and goes to see her old home.

PREMIER OF THE VATICAN

Cardinal Merry Del Val, Papal Secretary of State, Conducted Negotiations in Roosevelt Incident.

Rome.—No incident in years, except possibly the severance of state and church ties in France, has caused such a feeling at the Vatican as the failure of Theodore Roosevelt to have an audience with the pope.

It was Cardinal Merry Del Val, papal secretary of state, who carried on the diplomatic negotiations which resulted in the refusal of Colonel Roose-



Cardinal Merry Del Val.

velt to accept the terms under which he might visit the pope. In some quarters the cardinal is being censured for his actions in the affair while in others his course has been commended.

Incorigible.

"Your son looks so very much like your daughter, Mrs. Raymond," said the friend, according to Mack's National Monthly. "Are they alike in temperament?"

"Not a bit. She's easy to handle, but that boy, I can't do anything with. Why, I can't keep him home at all; he's continually running away for days at a time."

"I'll tell you what to do. Put him in girl's clothes and I'll gamble he won't move out of your back yard!"

"You don't know my boy. I tried that scheme!"

"Surely he didn't appear on the street in his sister's clothes!"

"Didn't he? He hadn't been in them ten minutes when his sister's fellow came along, and seeing him sitting in the hammock with a book, invited him out to the theater and supper; and he went!"

Our Fair Constituents.

"There's one thing we will have to change if these ladies who wish to vote have their way," said Senator Sorghum.

"What is that?"

"We'll have to quit talking about 'the wisdom of the plain people.'"

Honestly Dishonest.

"That floorwalker at Gittem & Skinnems is honest, anyhow."

"When a person goes in there instead of saying, 'What can we do for you, madam?' he says, 'What can we do you for, madam?'"

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

LIMBURGER AND THE LAW

Odorous Compound Responsible for Some Trouble and a Little Alleged "Wit."

"Technically," said Judge Wells to William Rung in the municipal court, "you had the right on your side. However, you chose a form of cruel and unusual punishment that cannot be tolerated by this court. I'll have to fine you one dollar."

It appears from the evidence that Mr. Rung, who is a stereotyper, sat down to luncheon with Edward Snider, a fellow employee. The piece de resistance of Rung's luncheon consisted of Limburger cheese, and Snider, who regarded himself as something of a wag, had made certain remarks about the cheese, reflecting particularly on its odor. Thereupon Mr. Rung smeared a piece of the cheese over the humorous Snider's countenance.

"This," said Rung, as he stepped up to pay his fine, "is the kind of justice that smells to heaven."

"That will be about all from you," said the court bailiff; "cheese it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Getting Old.

"Was your wife pleased with that birthday gift you took home last night?"

"Dee-lighted! She said that I didn't seem to have a thing to do but to sit around and remember her birthdays."

Strength of Legs Differ.

In 54 cases out of every hundred the left leg is stronger than the right.

As a matter of fact man is not in rebellion against buttoning up his wife's waist in the back. He likes anything that proves he is a connoisseur about the house.

One good thing about the gaseous tail of Halley's comet, which is expected to envelope the earth before long, is that we shall not be compelled to get it through a meter.

Count Komura says that a war between this country and Japan is inconceivable. Little does he realize the strength of the imaginations of some of our after-dinner speakers.

New York gave away a car load of babies to New Orleans people the other day. This corroborates the old saying that generosity consists in giving away something which we do not want ourselves.

Sailing of the Mauretania was delayed half an hour by the nonarrival of some cans of cream. We are surprised to learn that the Mauretania does not have among its attractions a cowpasture and creamery of its own.

The appendix, thinking the human race has not enough trouble of its own just now, has started to make more by inventing for itself a new and exclusive disease. This disease the doctors have agreed to call "appendicitis gastralgia," and there is small doubt that those who wish to keep strictly up to date will contract it without delay. Indeed, appendicitis may go quite out of fashion.

A Real Prodigy.

"So you think your boy is a prodigy? But every man thinks his own son is the most wonderful being that ever breathed."

"I tell you this youngster is remarkable, no matter how you may sneer. I've seen him do a thing that I don't suppose any other boy of his age could possibly do."

"What's his specialty? Mathematics?"

"Mathematics? I should say not. He hasn't any more of a head for figures than I have, and learning the multiplication table was the hardest work I ever did in my life."

"In what branch of science does he seem to be particularly interested?"

"He isn't interested in science at all; but the other day a friend of mine who has a big automobile left the machine standing in front of my house for more than half an hour, and, although the boy was playing around outside all the time he did not once climb into the automobile or even touch the horn."

Just the Job.

Old Argus was boasting about his hundred eyes.

"A useful man for an office," cried the populace.

"Yes," added Argus, "and I can keep half of them closed when I want to."

Here the populace clapped their hands wildly.

"We'll make him custom-house inspector," they declared.

In the London streets there are nearly 10,500 boy traders under 14 years of age, and over 900 girl traders.

Ham Bone Soup.

Boil the ham bone, which should have some meat on it, in fresh water for about five minutes. Pour off this first water. Cook it gently and season to taste. Cut up potatoes fine and add to the soup. Just before serving pour in one cup of milk, thicken with a little flour. Before putting in the milk all fat should be skimmed from the soup. Other vegetables may be added if wished. If corn beef is not too salt, soup may be made in the same manner from the water in which it has been boiled. One egg may be beaten and stirred stiff with flour and the mixture dropped by bits into the soup and will be found an improvement.

Almond Tarts.

Ingredients: three eggs; one-half cupful of sugar; one-half pound of shelled almonds. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a cream, add the sugar, and beat vigorously. Pound the almonds slightly, and add them to the eggs and sugar. Place the mixture in patty pans lined with paste, and bake eight minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, distribute the egg among the tarts, spreading it on top, and brown nicely in the oven.

Orange Cocktail.

Cut orange pulp into very small pieces. Add finely chopped dates or figs and squeeze in enough strained orange juice to cover. If not sufficiently tart, add a few drops of lemon juice. Serve ice cold in glasses.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

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BANK OF FLORENCE
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4,
1909 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondeson
City Treasurer.....George Sliert
City Attorney.....R. H. Omsted
City Engineer.....John Lubold
City Marshal.....Aaron Murr
Councilmen:
Robert Craik,
J. H. Price,
Charles Allen,
Carl Feldhusen,
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Iron, President; C. B. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the
month at the school building.
W. E. Rogers.....Chairman
Hugh Sattler.....Secretary

TRADE UNION COUNCIL
OMAHA, NEB.

Florence, Neb., Friday, April 29, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

Speak softly. You might wake up
the Commercial club.

The weather man evidently got
April and March switched in his cal-
endar.

It isn't too late yet to make plans
for a celebration of the completion
of the Main street paving.

They say because of Blair being dry
the new depot was christened with
water, and not rainwater, either.

Don't forget the Tribune itself is a
big boost for Florence and is engaged
fiftytwo times a year in boosting.

One of the good ways to boost
Florence is by subscribing to The
Tribune, the only paper in the city.

Despite all the freezes and frosts-
to date, it is safe to say there will yet
be some fruit, although not much.

When summer finally gets here the
people of the cities will be asking
why fruit is so high and blaming the
fruit men for the excessive price, for-
getting all about our second winter
this year.

Next week if you will get up about
3 a. m. and go to the highest hill you
can find and cast your optics to the
east you can see what looks like a
star, but it's Halley's comet.

If you can not account for this
weather in any other way, just blame
Halley's comet. It's to blame for ev-
erything.

The government expert who has
been looking for causes for the re-
cent typhoid epidemic in Omaha lays
most of the blame on the water and
recommends the water company to
either stop the pollution of Mill creek
or move its intake pipe north some
distance. It's a cinch they can't stop
the pollution of Mill creek and the
moving of the intake pipe will cost
considerable money, but as long as
the money will be spent in Florence,
all right, go ahead.

The editor of a Missouri paper says
he stepped into the store of a busi-
ness man who did not advertise, and
was surprised to find him busy. The
storekeeper had the itch and a Water-
bury watch, and when he was not
scratching himself he was winding his
watch.

After lying dormant for some time,
the Improvement club has come to
life and promises great activity for
the betterment of the city. Every
business man and property owner
should belong and help push for the
good of Florence.

Before shopping in Omaha get
prices of Florence merchants. Satur-
day night coming home we saw a
man who had two boxes of strawber-
ries for which he had paid 15 cents
each, yet at the same time Florence
merchants sold them for 10 cents. On
the same car was a woman who had
paid \$3.60 for a pair of Kirkendall
shoes that she could have purchased
in Florence for \$2.50. Just give the
local merchants a chance and you will
save money.

A Florence man says he has a great
idea to get more eggs. He is equip-
ping his hen house with electric lights
to fool the hens into believing it is
daylight. By means of a switch he ex-
pects to make three days and two
nights out of every 24 hours and se-
cure three eggs where the ordinary
man gets one.

\$5.00 REWARD.

I will pay \$5.00 reward for informa-
tion leading to the arrest and convic-
tion of the parties who broke into the
moving picture theatre and stole part
of the machine.
J. J. COLE.

Hiram Baker's Moralizing.

Sometimes when I read of the men
Who're on the tip top notch of fame,
While every tongue and every pen
Lays 'yins' tributes to their name,
And when I think how close and
small

My life and lot is on this earth,
I have been fool enough to fall
Into the blues and hate it all,
And envy luckier men their birth.

Sometimes, when some chap wins the
prize,
And writes his name amongst the
best,

I think, s'pose I'd his chance to rise,
His education and the rest,
I wonder if I couldn't climb
The ladder jest as quick as he;
And then it almost seems a crime
That he should feast, while, all the
time,
There's but the hard, dry crusts for
me.

But, then again, I think, suppose
That all our brains was same as
his,
Who'd plough the furrers, plant the
rows,
And do the common stints there is?
If everyone could greatness share
This world would stop, I guess we'd
find:

We can't all fancy-work prepare.
The few have pleasant tasks and fair,
The many's got to git the grind.

God made us all, and put us here
As part of His almighty plan;
And each one's got his duty clear:
It's jest to do the best he can.
And if my place in life ain't what
I'd like to have it, nor as great,
Why, if I can, I'll change my lot,
And, if I can't, whate'er I've got,
I'll try to keep my furrer straight.

Diet of the Jerboa.

The jerboa in the arid parts of the
Sudan lives through the drought on
preserved melons. He preserves them
by burying them in sand, biting off
the melon just as it is ripe and dig-
ging away the sand from under it so
that it sinks below the level of the
ground. The wind then covers it up;
so the jerboa keeps his larder from
the hot sun. One jerboa will bury 40
melons in a season.

Butter and Microbes.

Butter is an excellent breeding
place for bacteria which tend to de-
compose it until it is useless as food,
unless it is kept in a cold place. Salt
also retards their growth, but has this
disadvantage, that it makes the de-
composition difficult to detect either
by taste or smell. Hence the prefer-
ence for sweet butter by those who
are particular about having it fresh.

For Better Health.

One heroic cure for dyspepsia is to
eat only when really hungry. As an
experienced doctor says: "No man
ever died of starvation without being
hungry." If the appetite does not re-
turn stimulate it by active exercise.
Babies sometimes suffer from too
much attention, too much dressing, too
much feeding and sometimes too much
medicine.

A Free Translation.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," continued
the earnest young lawyer, "the case
before you hangs upon that old Latin
maxim—'Falsus in uno, falsus in omni-
bus.' Now, gentlemen, what does that
mean? It means, gentlemen, that if a
man will tell one lie, he'll tell a whole
omnibusful of lies."

Enthusiasm.

When there is nothing left for a
man to be enthusiastic over he might
as well be dead.

ORDINANCE NO. 258.

Introduced April 11, 1910, by J. H. Price,
Councilman.
An ordinance granting to the In-
dependent Telephone Company of Omaha,
its successors and assigns, the right,
privilege and franchise to erect poles
and string wires and cables thereon to
construct underground conduits and
man-holes, and to lay wires and cables
in underground conduits and through
man-holes, and to stretch wires and
cables along, over, upon and across the
streets, alleys, avenues and public high-
ways of the City of Florence, Nebraska,
for the transmission of sounds, signals,
conversation and intelligence through
and over said wires and cables by means
of electricity, and to construct, establish,
maintain and operate a telephone and tele-
graph system and to conduct a general
telephone and telegraph business within
the said City of Florence and fixing the
compensation to be paid therefor and
repealing ordinances Number 226, 236,
261.

WHEREAS, On the 16th day of De-
cember, 1907, the City Council of the
City of Florence passed Ordinance No.
226, granting to the Independent Tele-
phone Company of Omaha the right to
construct, operate and maintain a tele-
phone exchange in the said City and,

WHEREAS, Said ordinance was
amended from time to time by subse-
quent ordinances Number 256 and Num-
ber 261, and,

WHEREAS, In pursuance of and in ac-
cordance with the permissions and
restrictions in said ordinances contained,
the Independent Telephone Company of
Omaha has constructed a building, set
poles, strung cables and in many other
ways expended large sums of money in
building, equipping and installing a tele-
phone exchange in said City of Florence,
which said exchange is still uncom-
pleted.

WHEREAS, The said Independent
Telephone Company of Omaha desires to
complete said exchange and the citizens
of the City of Florence are desirous of
having the said exchange to be com-
pleted for their mutual benefit and
advantage.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT OR-
DAINED BY THE MAYOR AND
COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That the Independent Tele-
phone Company of Omaha, its successors
and assigns, be and it is hereby granted
the right, privilege and franchise to
erect poles, with the necessary supports,
cross-arms and fixtures, and string
wires and cables thereon, and to con-
struct underground conduits together
with the necessary manholes and other
appliances, and to lay, place and stretch
wires and cables therein, along, over,
upon, under and across the streets, al-
leys, avenues and public highways of the
City of Florence for transmission of
sounds, signals, conversation and intelli-
gence through and over said wires and
cables by means of electricity, and to

construct, establish, equip and install a
telephone and telegraph system, and to
conduct a general telephone and tele-
graph business within the said City of
Florence.

Section 2. That said grantee, its suc-
cessors and assigns may, under the di-
rection of the proper constituted author-
ity of the City of Florence, make all
necessary excavations in any part of
the said streets, alleys, or public high-
ways for the purpose of erecting and
maintaining poles and other supports for
its or their wires or conductors, and for
repairing the same, and for the purpose
of laying, repairing and maintaining said
underground pipes or conduits, and said
manholes, and for placing, repairing,
maintaining and operating said wires
and conductors therein. All poles that
are erected and maintained pursuant to
the terms of this ordinance shall be
painted and erected at the edge of the
sidewalks, unless otherwise directed by
the properly constituted authority, in a
good and substantial manner.

When any excavation shall have been
made pursuant to the authority hereby
granted, the grantee, its successors or
assigns, shall restore the portion of the
street alley or public highway excavated
to the same good order and condition in
which it was prior to said work, and all
said work shall be done in compliance
with the reasonable and necessary rules,
regulations, ordinances or orders which
may during the continuance of this
franchise be adopted from time to time
by said Council or provided by law, and
said work of repairing said streets, al-
leys and public highways shall be done
to the satisfaction of said Council or
such official or officials as the law may
designate.

Section 3. Nothing in this ordinance
shall be construed as in any way to
prevent the proper authorities of said
city from severing, grading, paving, and
planking, repairing, altering or doing any
work that may be desirable on any of
the streets, alleys or public highways
of said city, or from doing any work
done if possible, in such manner as not
to obstruct, injure or prevent the free
use and operation of said telephone and
telegraph system of said grantee, its suc-
cessors and assigns.

Section 4. The grantee, its successors
and assigns, whenever or wherever elec-
tric currents are used or employed in or
about the use of the franchise hereby
granted, or the ground connect-
ed therewith, shall provide and put in
use such means and appliances as will
control and effectually prevent injury to
their proper channels on its or
their own wires, so as to prevent injury
to the property, pipes and other struc-
tures belonging to the City of Florence,
or any person, firm or corporation.

Section 5. For the purpose of furnish-
ing the City of Florence with the benefits
of competition, said grantee, its suc-
cessors or assigns shall not, without the
consent of the City Council, by ordi-
nance sell or transfer the conduits, poles,
wires or appliances of any kind or de-
scription or sell, lease, assign or trans-
fer any of the rights or privileges here-
in granted to any person, firm or cor-
poration, trust or corporation, now or
hereafter engaged in the telephone and
telegraph business, and any such trans-
fer shall be void and of no effect, di-
rectly or indirectly, with any person or
persons or any corporation, concerning the
rate to be charged for telephone and tele-
graph services, or for any officers, em-
ployed or managers of any telephone or
telegraph system constructed or being
operated in said city.

Section 7. The rent or charge for tele-
phone service under this franchise with full
and complete connection with the In-
dependent Telephone Company of Omaha,
South Omaha, Benson and Dupree, with-
out extra charge shall be as follows:
"For each full metallic long-distance
residence telephone shall be received an-
nually \$30.00 dollars per year, for full me-
talic selective signal two (2) party line
business telephones shall not exceed thirty-
six (\$36.00) dollars per year for each tele-
phone; for full metallic selective signal
two (2) party line residence tele-
phones shall not exceed twenty-four
(\$24.00) dollars per year for each tele-
phone; and for full metallic four-party
line residence telephone shall not exceed
eighteen (\$18.00) dollars per year for
each telephone; and for a full metallic
eight party line residence telephone shall
not exceed twelve (\$12.00) dollars per
year for each telephone, until connections
are made with an exchange of 5,000 sig-
nals in the City of Omaha, provided
that for each additional one thousand
(1,000) of one or more party line tele-
phones, over the said 5,000 telephones,
the maximum rental shall not exceed six-
ty (\$60.00) dollars per year for each
telephone or thirty-six (\$36.00) dollars
per year for each residence telephone.

It is provided, that the grantee may,
upon application, furnish service to sub-
scribers on a message rate basis, not to
exceed the following rates:
For individual line, unlimited, incom-
ing service, \$1.00 per month.
For each outgoing call, 2 cents.
For individual line, unlimited incoming
service, 50 cents per month.
For each outgoing call, 2 cents.

Section 8. The work of constructing
said telephone plant system and exchange
to be constructed, maintained and oper-
ated under the provisions of the fran-
chise herein granted shall be completed
within not more than six months from
and after the passage and approval of
this ordinance as provided by law and
its acceptance by the Independent Tele-
phone Company of Omaha.

Provided, That as one of the consid-
erations of the granting of this franchise
that the Independent Telephone Company
of Omaha, its successors and assigns
shall install and maintain free of charge
one single party line telephone in the oc-
cupancy of the City Clerk; one in the Mar-
shall's house and one in the Public School
houses during the life of this franchise.

Provided further, That as one of the
considerations of the granting of this
franchise, that said Independent Tele-
phone Company, its successors and as-
signs, shall maintain and keep in serv-
ice for telephone and telegraph purposes
during the term of this franchise, its
present brick building located on Main
and Harrison streets.

Section 9. Said grantee, its successors
and assigns, hereby agrees and covenants
to indemnify and save harmless the City
of Florence against all damages, costs
and expenses whatsoever, to which said
city may be subject in consequence of
the act or neglect of grantee, its suc-
cessors or assigns, or their agents, ser-
vants, in any manner arising from the
rights and privileges granted herein.

Section 10. The City of Florence shall
have the right of using the poles of the
Independent Telephone Company of
Omaha to string wires for fire and police
alarm.

Section 11. The Independent Tele-
phone Company of Omaha, its successors
and assigns shall keep all poles and cross
arms within the limits of the City of
Florence, painted.

Section 12. The rights, privileges and
franchises hereby granted shall terminate
at the expiration of twenty-five (25)
years from the date of the passage of
this ordinance, and shall commence the
day this ordinance becomes of force and
effect.

Section 13. The said grantee shall,
within thirty (30) days after this ordi-
nance shall have been finally passed and
approved, file in the office of the City
Clerk of said city, a written acceptance
of this ordinance and franchise hereby
granted and the failure upon the part of
the grantee herein to file such written
acceptance within the time specified,
shall be deemed an acceptance of all
the terms, conditions and restrictions
contained in this ordinance.

Section 14. Ordinances Numbers 226,
236 and 261 and each of them are here-
by repealed.
Passed this 11th day of April, 1910.
Approved this 11th day of April, 1910.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 265.

Introduced March 7, 1910, by Councilman
Chas. H. Allen.

AN ORDINANCE fixing the salaries of
certain city officers and requiring
bonds for the faithful and honest dis-
charge of their duties in certain
amounts, and repealing all ordinances
and parts of ordinances heretofore in
conflict with this ordinance and the
salaries and bonds of
said officers.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR
AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE:

Section 1. The several city officers
herein named shall receive the following
compensation for their services, and they
shall give bonds for the faithful and
honest discharge of their duties in the
amounts herein specified:

Salary per Bond to	Annun. Be Given.
Mayor.....	\$100.00 \$500.00
Clerk.....	150.00 500.00
Treasurer.....	150.00 500.00
Attorney.....	250.00 500.00
Physician.....	50.00 500.00
Councilman.....	50.00 500.00

Sec. 2. The compensation of the Mar-
shall shall include his compensation
as overseer of streets, shall be
\$85.00 per month, and his bond shall be
in the sum of \$500.00.
The policeman shall receive the sum
of \$2.00 per day.

Sec. 3. The compensation or salary of
all officers and agents of the city, not
herein specified, shall be fixed and de-
termined by ordinance and shall not
be increased or diminished during the term
for which said officer or agent shall be
appointed.

The official bonds herein re-
quired shall be approved by the council
before any such officer shall enter upon
the duties of his office.

Sec. 5. That all ordinances and parts
of ordinances heretofore in force fixing
the salaries and bonds of said officers, and
all ordinances and parts of ordinances in
conflict with this ordinance be and the
same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 7. This ordinance shall take effect
and be in force from and after its pas-
sage.
Passed and approved this 4th day of
April, 1910. F. S. TUCKER,
Mayor.

Attest:
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk. A15-22

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President.....
Worthy President.....James Stribling
Worthy Vice-President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Secretary.....F. B. Taylor
Worthy Treasurer.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Chaplain.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Inside Guard.....Daniel Kelly
Worthy Outside Guard.....Wm. A. Scott
Physician.....Wm. A. Dunn
Conductor.....Dr. W. L. Ross
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Gold-
ing, W. P. Thomas.
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's
hall.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.
Services next Sunday.
Sermon—3:00 p. m.
Sunday school—4:30 p. m.
Our services are conducted in the
Swedish language. All Scandinavians
are most cordially welcome.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
Charles G. Carlson.....Noble Grand
Lloyd Saums.....Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers.....Secretary
J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.
Visitors welcome.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....Gus Nelson
Escort.....James Johnson
Sentry.....M. M. Crum
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: W. R. Wall,
Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Pascale's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.

Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor
Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster
Chancellor.....Mrs. J. C. Cole
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at
Pascale's Hall.

Court of Honor.

Past Chancellor.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Judge.....Clyde Miller
Guard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
tersen, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

STORE NEWS

That is what your
advertising is, and
it will be of
interest to
the public,
and bring to you that increase of business you
are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

Bank at Home

Where the small account receives the same
good attention as the large one

Our Facilities are the Best

4% On Time Certificates of
Deposits

BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE FLO. 310.

WALL PAPER and PAINT

Florence Drug Store

GEO. SIERT, Prop.

Telephone, Florence 1121.
On the East Side of the Street.

H. A. WOOD

Contractor
and Carpenter

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone Florence 397 Florence,

See the Dot!

Is the dot large?
Oh, no! The dot is
small as a pin-head,
yet you see the dot on this
whole page because
it is very
conspicuous!

Does the dot say any-
thing? Oh, no; it's only a dot.

What a pity to put a
senseless dot where a
good ad read by every-
body would be worth
something!

Just so, if your ad was
here hundreds would read
it as you read the dot.

You even will read this
the second time!

WHY?

CLEARANCE SALE

OF LADIES SLIPPERS

FOR ONE WEEK AT

THE NEW STORE

THOMAS DUGHER, Proprietor

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED:

THE KNABE PIANO
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

MARK HAMBURG
EUGEN d'ALBERT
BERNARD STAVENHAGEN
F. FISCHAROVSKI
LATER SCHARWANKA
DR. HANS von BÜLOW
ALFRED GRUNFELD
EMIL SAUER
TERESA CARRARO
C. SAINT-SAËNS

The Florence Tailor
Has removed to the Rose Building on North Main Street and will make a specialty of
Suits to Order \$25.00
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

MEALS
The best in the city for the price.
Cooper's Over Henry Anderson's
GIVE US A CALL

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
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The Turn of the Die

By Starbuck Baxter

As Jefferson Jones entered his boarding house, his landlady, who had evidently been waiting for him, stepped forward and tapped him on the arm.

Jones turned, a hastily formulated excuse for his lucreless state at his tongue's end. Then he paused and stopped to stare, surprised. In the claw-like hand extended toward him were two bills—ten-dollar bills—and the vinegary face of his erstwhile nemesis was slit in a maidenish simper. "Take them, Mr. Jones." The voice of the virago was as soft as melting tar on a hot roof in July. "Take them, dear Mr. Jones. And please pardon me for daring to make such an unconventional offer, but—O, I am interested in you, dear Mr. Jones, and I know you are—temporarily of course—embarrassed."

Jones gasped. After a slight pressure his landlady withdrew her fleshless digits from the clammy palm of the youth and vanished into her own parlor. Jones had reason to gasp. He, unfortunate dry goods clerk, out of a job, was owing this woman three weeks' board, and no later than this morning he had been told that that day must either see its liquidation, or his quietness, minus trunk, from the smelly institution.

Faring forth with a heavy heart and scant prospects he found nothing to buoy the valvular organ and his return to Miss Gruffley's food emporium was a trip fraught with a disagreeable premonition of what was to come.

Jefferson Jones had not always been a delinquent. There had been a time not so many weeks back when he had stripped his board money from a substantial roll at each week end, and none had been prompter than he.

But now, alas, the good old days were gone. The prosperous firm of McSwuff & O'Leary had gone the way of greater concerns, unable to compete with the huge department stores. McSwuff was now a floor walker at the Colossus. O'Leary sold neck scarfs at the Pargainilla. Jefferson Jones, once their efficient hireling, was marching



"YOU ARE MODEST," SHE SAID

in the great army of the down-and-out, and waiting for a chance at Opportunity's back hair.

Jones noted the sudden thawing of Miss Gruffley with kindred feelings of relief and suspicion. He even failed, in his perturbed moment, to thank the lady for her loan or ask the reason of this sudden burst of confidence.

It was a changed Jefferson who peered at his reflection in the wry mirror of his hall room. With a touch of his old pride the youth seized brush and comb and carefully worked his thick hair into a part. The black of this contrasted strangely with his blue eyes and red-touched cheeks. Jefferson was a good looking man. It was no wonder that, with his easy carriage and broad shoulders, Janet Nifton loved him. A photograph of her stood on the dingy dresser, and Jefferson turned to gaze admiringly at this before descending.

The picture was done by one of the best artists in the city. One keen at analysis taking this into consideration with the party gown, the proud look of her, the daintily arranged hair of the maid, would say that Jefferson Jones was ambitious; that he aspired above his station.

Janet Nifton and the Jones youth were friends of long standing. Their acquaintance traced back to early days in Rousville where Janet in pig-tails, and prim, neatly-starched dresses came out of the far city, ostensibly to visit her aunt, but in reality to play with the freckled lad next door.

It was then that Jefferson Jones had placed Janet Nifton on a pedestal. She was there still. There would never be any other girl who could thrill Jefferson with a single word as could this maid.

But Jones was not forward. He realized the difference in their stations in life, and when he came on to the city, he was content to worship from afar.

It was different with Janet. A stroll along Fifth avenue Sunday resulted in an inadvertent meeting, and, since then, young Jones had spent several evenings at the home of the girl.

After the marvel of the landlady's loan, Jefferson Jones found his chamber too small for his soaring spirit and he again left the house. The fresh air stimulated him. The sphinx had no greater riddle than his.

"Mr. Jones."
A gloved hand touched the arm of the youth. He turned to face Janet Nifton.

"I had almost to run," began the girl indignantly, "trying to catch up to you. Are you training for a Marathon?"

Jones laughed. He shortened his stride to the length of her own. "I wanted to congratulate you," continued the girl, without waiting a reply. "We are all so pleased—father especially. He is much interested in you."

Jones stared. It occurred to him that the whole world was going mad. "You congratulate me!" he repeated.

"Certainly," answered the girl. "You know that I am interested in you." She flushed prettily. "I am glad that your future is so assured."

Jones thought of his jobless state, and the loan that he had so recently accepted from his landlady. He saw anything but an assured future ahead of him. He grinned.

"It is nice of you to be interested in me," he said, "but really, I don't understand."

Janet smiled up at him with a light in her eyes that brought the old inexplicable thrill.

"You are modest," she said, softly. "We know all about it; we can't help but know all about it, of course. You are certainly entitled to your rare good fortune. We are glad—Father and mother, and I—that it could have been you."

"But—" interposed Jones, politely striving to get head and tail to the mystery. "I don't—"

"O, here comes father now," interrupted the girl, gayly.

A tall, lean man, stern faced, and with iron gray hair, came up to them and promptly seized the hand of young Jones in a strong firm clasp. "Lucky fellow," he said. "I am glad that it was you—by Jove, you didn't know—the funny part of it."

Jones felt like saying that, as a matter of fact, he didn't know yet, but Nifton pere was keeping up a running fire of conversation.

"I have been watching you for some time," continued Janet's father, "and I guess it is too late to speak of that now—I had intended to do something for you shortly—but here comes Forbes. I must speak with him. Don't forget to call—soon!" With another cordial shake of the hand, Nifton turned away.

For awhile Jones and the girl strolled on in silence.

"Janet."
The youth had at last come to a decision.

"Janet, would you mind telling me—explaining—what you and your father mean—what you were talking about when you spoke of my 'good fortune'?"

The girl stopped to stare at him in surprise. "Why, what do you mean?" she demanded. "Surely, with the papers full of it, you must realize that we couldn't help but know about your wonderful inheritance."

It was Jones' turn to stare. "Can it be," continued the girl, "that you, of all people, haven't heard? Haven't you read the papers? Haven't the lawyers come to you?"

"One question at a time," laughed Jones. "But—no to all of them. I don't know a thing about it."

The girl mused for a moment. "Do you remember that once back in Rousville you rescued an old man from drowning in Snail creek?"

"Yes," answered the youth. "An old pauper, who was walking to New York, I believe; he was very grateful, as I remember."

"That 'old pauper,' as you call him, continued the girl, "owned an invention that was financed after he reached the city, and his royalties amount to over a million dollars. He died yesterday. He had no relatives, and he left all his great fortune to you. The papers published the story to-day in full."

Both were silent for a moment. "Are you glad?" whispered the girl. "I am," answered the youth. "It will give me courage to ask even a greater gift of Fortune—some time."

The girl flushed.

Collection May Be Scattered.
The Italian government has refused—for financial reasons—it is said, to purchase the Paganini collection, which is now the property of the granddaughter of the great violinist. "Unless some appreciative person comes to the rescue, buys and keeps it intact," says a letter from Florence, "the valuable articles will be sold in this city at public auction. There are medals, decorations and valuable pieces of jewelry which were given to Nicolo Paganini by admirers; his bow, many instruments and a large collection of musical manuscripts. Does it not show a lack of patriotism on the part of his country to allow these treasures to be scattered?"—New York Tribune.

Water Power in New York.
The annual report of the state water supply commission estimates that no less than a million and a half horsepower can be developed on the interior streams of New York and that this stored up energy is equal to nearly a third of all the water power now utilized in the United States. The important bearings of such a situation on the future industrial development of the state cannot be overestimated.

Death, the Comforter.
There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. It puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and oppressed; it sets the prisoners at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked; it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labors. And the contemplation of it supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life after this.

Apple Trees in Tubs.
In Germany dwarf standard pear and apple trees about four feet tall and pyramidal in form are grown in small tubs for decoration. The trees bear from ten to 30 pears or apples which, when nourished with muriate of potash, are highly colored and effective both in the blossom and the fruit.—Helena Rutherford Ely in Scribner's.

Great Mystery Solved.
How many hairpins does a woman use when doing her hair? The hairpin editor of the Globe has investigated and makes this report: She uses just as many as she has. If she has only two hairpins she makes her hair stay up with two, but if she finds 20 in the top bureau drawer she uses all of them.—Aitchison Globe.

Why We Live On.
What a lot of frauds we are. Many a man is living on because he hates to have the world learn that his pearl studs are bogus, his gold dinner set plated, his watch a Waterbury, his dress suit a hand-me-down and his bank account nil.—New York Telegram.

Marry Young, She Says.
An Ohio girl who, at the age of 19, has had three husbands, advises every young woman to marry some good man as soon as she can. The Ohio lady's husbands must have been good enough to make fair settlements out of court.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The First Requisite.
Tom (vainly chewing his pen)—"I say, Jack, suppose you intended to invite a young lady to go to the theater, how would you begin?" Jack—"I'd begin by pawning my watch for the price of the tickets, that's how."—Boston Transcript.

Youthful Philosophy.
A small boy declared his intention of being "extra good" next winter. "Tain't no use to try in the summer 'cause mother will tell me not to go bathing or fishin', an' a feller's got to do somethin' ter pass away the time."

Daily Thought.
Don't worry over annoying trifles; the more you think about them the worse they seem. Make up your mind that you will do the best you can to remedy matters and then forget them as far as possible.—Home Chat.

Sweet Revenge.
Some day a philanthropic rich man will get revenge by leaving his fortune to the lawyers, so his kin can have the satisfaction of watching them waste it in fighting among themselves. Aitchison Globe.

The Philosopher of Folly.
"Women wouldn't have so much trouble with their men folks," says the Philosopher of Folly, "if they'd believe a little less of what they said before marriage, and a little more of what they say afterwards."

Nothing in It.
"Tell a lie about a friend," we heard a man say to-day, "and you will die suddenly." Nothing in it; too many people die lingering deaths.—Aitchison Globe.

Arctic Ice.
Cold water thrown on the ice of the arctic regions will crack it, just as boiling water will crack a piece of glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than water.

Love.
Of yore they languished, they burned, they died for love; to-day they chat about it, they make it, and, more often, they buy it.—Jouy.

Cause of "Busted" Banks.
"It ain't the tremenjous amount of money in a bank that busts it, it's the money that ain't there."—Boston Herald.

Clothes and the Man.
A man in expensive clothes may feel pretty cheap when he meets his tailor.

Personal Attention Required.
The man who doesn't look after his own interests soon finds out that no body else is doing it for him.

Worthy of All Honor.
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.—Henry Van Dyke, "Tolling of Felix."

Proof of Stupidity.
Obstinacy and vehemence in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—Barton.

Endless Chain.
Everybody who works makes work for somebody else.

One's Own Reflection.
Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

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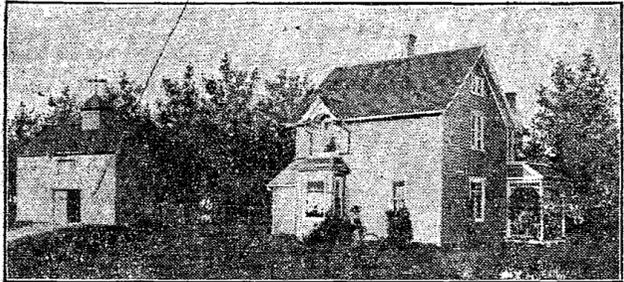
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Who Named Pennsylvania?
In connection with a recent sale in England of the letters of William Blathway, a correspondent of the London Daily News makes the interesting assertion that Blathway and not William Penn selected the name for the commonwealth which he founded in the new world. According to this authority, when William Penn applied to Charles II. for permission to name his new colony after the king, Blathway, who was in attendance on his majesty, being a staunch Tory and high churchman, vigorously objected. "No, your majesty," said he, "let the Quaker call it after himself," and Pennsylvania accordingly it was named. Secretary of state though he was, Blathway must have been an odd character, for he contrived to obtain the good opinion of both Pepys and Evelyn at one and the same time, but he played not fair to the Stuart cause. "He crossed, I believe, with James to Dublin and probably joined in the Irish jig with O'Flynn and the Lady Benedetta at Dublin castle and then apparently went straight back and espoused the cause of William."

The Old-Fashioned Woman.
"What caused your sudden blowing in?" asked a veteran in Shade Land of a woman who arrived the other day. The woman gave a sigh that blew over a tombstone as she replied: "I am an old-fashioned woman, and I did my work in a kitchen with a six-hole range, a big sink, three long tables, two pantries and a dishpan large enough to wash a turkey in. Two days ago I went to visit my daughter in a big city and found her cooking for her family in a chafing dish, doing her dishes in a washbowl and keeping them stored in the lower part of the washstand. When I saw her get the bread out of a big bowl on the piano, called a jardiniere, and reach for the butter out of the window, I felt a cold chill come over me, and then she 'made soup' by opening a tin can and pouring out a mess to which she added water from the wash pitcher. I knew no more." Then the old-fashioned woman gave such a sniff of disgust that it blew all the Shades over into the next county.—Atchison Globe.

Spectacles for Soldiers.
In many cases the vision of third-class shots has been much improved by the use of spectacles. In the First Northamptonshire regiment a third-class shot became a first-class shot. In the First Queen's a man who just missed being a third-class shot became a first. In the First Oxforde one failed and two third-class shots became second class and one third class became a first. In the First Cameronians one improved from non-effective to a second-class shot. In the First Royal Scots fusiliers one third-class shot became a second-class shot. These results are due to action taken by the medical authorities in 1907, when the eyesight of several selected regiments was carefully examined by army medical specialists in ophthalmology. Recommendations based on these examinations were made, and the government of India granted a free issue of suitable glasses to those men requiring them.—Lancet.

Remembered His Dignity.
An American mining engineer, recently returned from Santo Domingo, was telling a few days ago about the struggle for existence that some of the legion of army "generales" have when the country is tranquil. It was a two days' trip by horseback from the coast to the mine. A friend of the engineer arranged for a man to handle his luggage on the way, cook, feed the horses and perform other odd jobs. Just outside the town the porter, cook and hostler halted his horse and dismounted. He then explained that he could not enter the town with his pack until nightfall. The narrator asked the reason. "Ah," replied the native, "I am a general of the republic and cannot afford to lower the dignity of my rank by being observed acting as a peon."

A Land of Hunters.
Germany is a country of nimrods. There are 600,000 sportsmen, which means one gun for every 100 people. Each year fall to the gun, on an average, 400,000 hares, 4,000,000 partridges, 2,000,000 thrushes, 500,000 rabbits, 190,000 deer, 145,000 woodcocks, 40,000 wild ducks, 25,000 pheasants, 22,500 deer, 15,000 quails, 13,500 bucks, 1,400 wild boars and 1,300 bustards. In weight this "bag" represents 25,000,000 kilograms. The monetary value is 32,000,000 marks, or £1,280,000. The sum received for licenses to shoot is

Future for Indian Woman.
In speaking of the future of the Indian girl Miss Estelle Reel, who for 12 years was the superintendent of an Indian school, says that the Indian girl today who has received an education looks for a higher type of manhood in a husband than satisfied her mother. If she does not find her ideal, she is perfectly capable of earning her own living. She makes a superb nurse. Hospitals which have trained Indian girls are making a constant effort to enlist others of the race. She has infinite patience, forbearance, generally a magnificent physique and no trace of the "nerves" which so often cause a breakdown among over-civilized races. An Indian girl can go through the most trying surgical case with a stoical calm that is extraordinary. She never gets flurried, anxious or worried, and she obeys the physician as a soldier does his commander. In caring for cases of severe illness she seems to live on some strange reserve force and is a tender as well as a painstaking nurse.

The Miraculous Hazel Twig.
The German emperor will be interested in the investigation which the Cornish Higher Education authority is about to hold into the reported success of the "divining rod" in locating mineral deposits. He himself has become convinced, by submitting certain German "diviners" to critical tests in his presence, that not only water, but metals also, can be discovered beneath the ground, and he recently sent to German Southwest Africa a "diviner," whose sensitive rod indicated more than 100 places where borings brought copious supplies of water to the surface. In a test carried out in Berlin the emperor hid several metal objects in the ground, all of which were discovered by the sudden bending downward of the rod when the "diviner" (in this instance Prince von Carolath) stood over them.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dickens' Eloquent Appeal.
Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in byways, where only poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt, and crime, and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast.—Charles Dickens.

Sad Death of "Little Mother."
An unusually pathetic case was the suicide in New York the other day of a little girl who, since the death of her widowed mother had taken care of her younger brothers and sisters like a "little mother." The child had been extremely fond of her mother and since the death of the latter had been downcast and constantly brooding over the loss of her beloved parent. The burden of grief became too great at last and the other morning, after having prepared breakfast for her little brothers and sisters, the "little mother" tenderly kissed them and leaped out of the window. She died shortly after that on the way to the hospital.

King Edward's Many Titles.
Edward VII. is "by grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, king, defender of the faith, emperor of India," duke of Cornwall (in the peerage of England, creation 1337), duke of Rothesay, duke of Saxony, prince of Coburg and Gotha (the dukedom he resigned in 1863), prince of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, earl of Carrick, baron of Renfrew, lord of the isles, prince of Wales, earl of Chester, duke of Lancaster and earl of Dublin.

A Very Dry Country.
The landlord of a village hotel in a prohibition county in Indiana is very deaf.
The other day a drummer who was at the hotel walked up to the desk where the landlord was standing and asked: "Landlord, can you sell me a stamp?"
The landlord weighed the matter thoughtfully. Then he replied: "No, sir. I'd like to help you, but the durned dries is watchin' me so chus I had to cut it out."—Philadelphia Sat.



THE BACK PLATFORM.

Little Bobby took a ride on a street car the other day and then wrote the following composition on "The Back Platform."
"The back platform is a bully place for pickpockets and cigarette smokers. That's why you always find them there. Some men stand on the back platform because they are too mean to go inside. They are afraid they might have to give up their seat to a lady. Other men stand out on the back platform because they are foxy and think the conductor might forget their nickel in the rush. The only time a woman stands on the back platform is to raise her umbrella or give the conductor a piece of her mind."

Kind Old Duffers.

"The aged president of a college has been deposed because he was too affectionate in his conduct toward lady teachers and co-eds."
"Hum!"
"His friends are highly indignant, and declare his kindness has been misunderstood."
"Hum! hum! I'll bet I've heard of aged millionaires who were kind to chorus girls in just the same way."

Useless Popularity.

"It 'ud be a great thing," said Farmer Cornstossel, "if we lived in the times that fellor lectured about, when people carved what they had to say on stone inste'd o' writin' them."
"I don't see what good that 'ud do us," replied his wife.
"I could build a house with the valentines our daughter Jerusha has been gittin' these last four or five years."

Healthy, Too.

Gunner—The idea of the professor's saying we should be meat by living on peanuts, preposterous.
Guyer—Oh, I don't know. I've heard of babies living on peanuts and thriving.
Gunner—To the woods! What kind of babies?
Guyer—Why, baby elephants.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



"Did Sam gib his bride a ring fo' a weddin' present?"
"No, indeed; he done got her a big tub wid a patent wringer on it."

Hubby's Specialty.

My wife sure has me faded
When it comes to talk;
But when it comes to listening
I've got her beat a block.

Consistency.

"Mrs. Coldspring is such a temperance advocate I wonder she would appear in such a gay red dress."
"What has her dressing to do with it?"
"Well, naturally, you would expect her to dress in sober colors."

A Stupid Rooster.

"Have you heard the latest barnyard gossip?"
"No; but I'm listening with both ears."
"Dorothy Pullet jilted Jack Cochin because he kept calling her 'his dear little duck.'"

Its Consequences.

"This fame given President Taft's dancing will have a confusing effect on congress."
"Why will it?"
"Because now every member of the senate and house will want to take the floor."

Feminine Wisdom.

Him—Why does a woman seldom go to a man for sympathy in her troubles?
Her—Because she doesn't care to risk accumulating a lot of new ones.

Optimistic.

Dusty Dennis—Gee, pard, didn't I worry you when dat constable said he was going to investigate you?
Sandy Pikes—Naw! All great men are investigated dese days.

Uncertainty.

"You ought to figure out to a penny each month's income and expenditure," said the economist.
"Can't be done," replied Mr. Bliggins. "My wife plays bridge."

No Kick Coming.

"People in New York are being held up by a taxicab robber."
"Well, they are not compelled to ride in taxicabs, are they?"

Wanted to Know.

"Yes, I have been married for nearly a year now."
"Well, well! I am glad!"
"Gee! What did I ever do to you?"

THE PLODDERS.

Oh, brother Reggie's not like us,
We have to work all day,
And never mix up in a fuss
Nor get especial gay.
We've got to hustle more or less
And save up every cent.
Because we others don't possess
Artistic temperament.

Old Bill an' Bob an' Jake an' me
Wear ordinary hair,
An' each keeps busy as kin be
A-doin' of his share.
But Reggie, easy-going lad,
Ne'er thought of food nor rent,
Because he was the one who had
Artistic temperament.

He's owing almighty now,
I wonder if he'll pay;
He seems to start another row
With creditors each day.
An' though we often feel a lot
Of solid discontent,
We're kind o' glad we haven't got
Artistic temperament.

CHARITY AT HOME.



"Are you going out to-night, John?"
"Yes, my dear; we are going to form a charity organization society."
"Well, won't you give me five dollars before you go? You know charity begins at home."

Poor Maud.

Maud went up in an aeroplane
And came down with a thud;
It knocked the "a" from "Maud's" name—
And now her name is "Mud."

When He Shakes Off the Chains.

"McGoosler, the first baseman, is puttin' up a big holler because baseball players are slaves."
"Is he? What's his salary?"
"Thirty-five hundred."
"Well, if he quits being a slave he has his old profession to fall back on."
"What's that?"
"Washing bottles in a pop factory at seven dollars a week."

Lunch Counter Chaff.

"I beg your pardon, sir. You seem to be having trouble with your spaghetti."
"Well, what if I am? It's none of your business!"
"Quite right. And none of my spaghetti, either. If it was, I'd try to put it down my throat instead of the back of my neck."

Perhaps.

"I see where a minister somewhere says he will not marry any couple where the bridegroom has not at least an income of \$2,000 a year. Why do you suppose he says that?"
"Perhaps he thinks the marriages he refuses to perform are not feasible."

WASN'T PARTICULAR.



Spats—What brand of cigars do you smoke?
Sole—Oh! any kind anybody happens to have.

Been Trimmed.

The milliner can now be classed
With other rickshaws;
She's known to "trim" some other things
When she is trimming hats.
—Yonkers Statesman.

The Domestic Touch.

"It's a shame to strike a woman."
"Quite true, but I'll bet you've struck your wife."
"Sir!"
"For car fare."

The Signs.

"What kind of a nine has that amateur baseball manager?"
"I should judge it was a canine team from their dogged manner and his biting remarks."

Its Status.

"Paris is a great city for strangers, isn't it?"
"I believe just at present it has a large floating population."

Astonishing.

Laker—Did you see anything in Philadelphia that surprised you?
LaSalle (just returned from a visit)—Yes, moving pictures.

A Difference in Words.

Willy—What's the difference between lunch and luncheon?
Willy—About \$2.—Yale Record.

SAW CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Unreasonable Attitude of His Friend
Naturally Disgusted Man of
Business.

Solomon and Moses, while walking by the canal, saw a notice board which stated that five shillings would be paid to whoever rescued another man from drowning.
It didn't take them more than a minute to arrange that one should fall in and be saved by the other, and the "stakes" divided.
In went Sol, and found it rather deeper than he expected. However, he splashed about, crying:
"Come on, Moses! Save me!"
Moses hesitated.
"Sol," he said, "I've been reading that notice board again, and it says, 'Ten shillings for a dead body.' Now, do be reasonable."—London Tit-Bits.

Everybody in This Town
Is sick or will be some time with some of the diseases that NATURE'S REMEDY (NR tablets) will cure or prevent. If every person knew as much about Nature's Remedy as I do, most of this sickness would be prevented. I want you to know about Nature's Remedy. I want to send you free at my expense a 30 day treatment that you may know just how good Nature's Remedy is for Constipation, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaint, and why Nature's Remedy is better than Pills for Liver Ails. All Druggists. Write me to-day for free 30 days' treatment. A. H. Lewis, St. Louis.

Getting Even.
William, aged five, had been reprimanded by his father for interrupting while his father was telling his mother about the new telephone for their house. He sulked a while, then went over to his mother and, patting her cheek, said:
"Mother, dear, I love you."
"Don't you love me too?" asked his father.
Without glancing at him, William said disdainfully: "The wire's busy."

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

As Usual.
"Mrs. Parker is back in town."
"Has she any servants yet?"
"No! She's screaming for help."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes the throat.
Those who are addicted to white lies soon become color blind.
Lewis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.
All the disagreeable people don't live on cross streets.

A Quick, Clean, Easy Shave
NO STROPPING NO HONING
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
20% INTEREST 20%
Gold Bonds. Absolutely Secured.
If you have money to invest, write
PACIFIC COAST TRUST COMPANY
Chronicle Bldg. San Francisco
PATENT
Your ideas. 25-cent book and advice FREE. Established 1882. Fitzgerald Co. Box 8, Washington, D. C.
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 13-1910.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.
Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.
You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the specific remedy for that tired feeling, because this great medicine purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood. Be sure to take it this spring.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Purely vegetable—acts surely and gently on the liver. Cures Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
GENUINE must bear signature:
Dr. J. C. Watson

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Your ideas. 25-cent book and advice FREE. Established 1882. Fitzgerald Co. Box 8, Washington, D. C.
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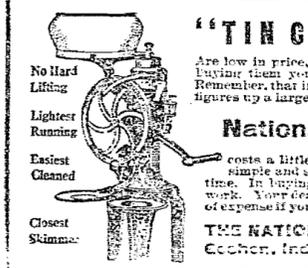
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 13-1910.

INSPIRATION OF LIFE.

We lose much as we pass along even the quietest ways of life. It is not necessary that we be conspicuous in the world to meet with abiding sorrows and losses that can never be forgotten or retrieved, says Columbia (S. C.) State. Affliction finds us in every retreat. We lose many material things, over which we grieve, although these may be replaced, and we may regain the heights we have lost. We lose ambitions and hopes and we sacrifice aspirations, and these we may not so readily replace, for the soil in which these spring will hardly grow a second harvest. And we lose ideals—chiefly because of our own languishing or indifference, though often because of the "long-lived pressure of obscure distress." We can seldom set up another ideal, quite so lofty, in the place of the one we have ceased to honor, or that has been shatt by the iconoclastic hand of circumstance. Ideals pass and leave us ren and seared in heart, and if we ate new ideals they are nearly all lower ones. We have been pressed down in the scale of life. We must keep our young faiths and ide fresh and strong, we must water them with our reverence, or we shall lose them and with them the glamour of the inspiration of life.

THE DEBUTANTE.

If in many a household a little child is the absolute sovereign, with no rival near the throne, in other homes the uncrowned queen is the girl at the verge of womanhood who is about to be formally introduced into society. She is the visible incarnation of the thought and prayer, the labor and the anxiety of parent or guardian, from her infancy. She has looked forward to the day of her debut with a certain impatience, as though to an emancipation of a kind, and yet she knows that the restraining influences around her life thus far have been as scarfs of silk or gossamer, and not like shackles, says Philadelphia Ledger. A hint to her has always meant more than a positive proscription, and never has it been necessary to enforce a harsh and rigorous command. To the girl who has been rightly trained, whose essential charm is enhanced by innocent reserve, unaffected candor, ardent enthusiasm for things that are beautiful and good, a manner unfailingly courteous and an enunciation musically sweet—to any maiden who unites these not incompatible qualities, the doors of social and personal opportunity are thrown wide open, and she is received with pleasure anywhere, as likely to impart more "sweetness and light" than she receives.



"TIN CAN" SEPARATORS
Are low in price, but they do not separate—consequently, in buying them you are simply throwing away your money. Remember, that in separating twice a day a little loss in cream figures up a large amount at the end of the year. The
National Cream Separator
costs a little more, but it gets all the cream and it simple and strong in construction that it will last a work. In buying a separator the only safe way is to work. Your dealer will demonstrate a National to you, or we will if you insist. Complete catalog sent for the cost.

BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

And save from one-third to one-half of the cost of any first-class heating plant, having EQUAL CAPACITY.

SIXTY DOLLARS

We sell a first-class furnace, suitable for a cottage with all pipe and fittings for \$60.00, and larger furnaces at proportionately low prices.

We manufacture 36 different furnaces of the leading styles. We own one of the best equipped furnace plants in the west. We manufacture the very best and sell at the lowest possible manufacturer's price. Our furnaces burn any kind of fuel.



The Bovee furnace is the only furnace having a perfect forced Ventilation System, that insures pure air in every part of the house. The value of this forced ventilation cannot be over-estimated, especially in case of bad lungs or sickness.

We ship everything properly prepared ready to install so that any handy man can properly install our furnaces without any assistance from a tinner.

Send rough plan of building to be heated and get our three-colored catalog and best plans for heating plant. A letter to us will save you about half the cost of your heating plant.

BOVEE FURNACE WORKS

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WATERLOO, IOWA

The Stark Year Book for 1910

is ready to mail. It will be sent to any person interested in fruit-growing on receipt of 7 cents to cover postage. The Stark Year Book for 1910 represents an entirely new idea in nurserymen's literature—it is a work of art as well as a catalogue of Stark Nursery products. Within its covers are 32 full-page illustrations of fruits and flowers, representing 175 varieties, done in four colors, and exactly reproducing nature. 84 pages are devoted to descriptions, prices, and records.

Stark Delicious, the apple that has revolutionized orchard planting and established a new standard of apple values (selling at \$10.00 per bushel box this year); Stark King David, another apple of wondrous quality and merit; Stark King Philip, a hardy black grape of California grape quality, and dozens of the very best things in the horticultural world are fully described, illustrated, and priced.

To any one planting one tree or many, of fruits or ornamental, this book is of incalculable value—a horticultural text-book—a guide to proper selection.

Stark trees have stood the supreme test of actual planting for 85 years—they are the yard-stick by which all other nursery products are measured—they are the first choice of this country's most successful orchardists. The success of the orchard is dependent on the kind and quality of tree planted. Stark varieties are the best of the best. Our record of 85 years of successful selling is a positive guarantee of tree quality.

Before you decide to buy, send 7 cents for the Stark Year Book—do it today before the edition is exhausted.

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NEW POPULAR SONGS

HAYDEN BROS., Omaha

"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spells Trouble to Me," "Just Someone," "Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!" "Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World is Mine," "Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

23c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail



Many of the people who come to us for Shoes express surprise and satisfaction at the way they fit. "They're as comfortable as the old ones," is a common expression here.

They're as good as they fit, too; they're made to wear, not just to see, and they wear so well that one pair sells another.

Ask to See These Two New Specials

Patent Colt, ankle strap pumps, patent bow, square edge, flexible sole, 1 1/2-inch spike heel. Others ask you \$2.75 or \$3.00, Our Price..... **\$2.50**

Gun Metal Oxfords

Short vamp swing toe last, wing tip, heavy fudge edge, 1 1/2-inch Cuban heel. An extra good value for.... **\$3.00**

Men's Oxfords

\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00

"McClure's"

Florence, Nebraska

We Sell Everything

We Sell Everything

Read The Tribune
\$1.00 A YEAR

On the Installment Plan

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"My dear, there's one thing you must look out for," said the mother of the girl who had been Rosie Lee the day before, but was now Mrs. James Carter. "You and James are very young. You are both inclined to be extravagant. He gets a small salary, but you would marry, and now you must live on it and not go in debt. Don't get a thing that you can't pay cash for on the spot."

"No, mamma," was the dutiful reply, but the words were accompanied by a smile of superior wisdom.

Why not? Hadn't she and James figured it over and over what his weekly salary of \$16 would do? That was the figure at present as bookkeeper for a grocer, but it might be \$18 or \$20 when the grocer heard of the marriage. It had been figured that the rent of a little flat would be \$6 a week; butter, 30 cents; sugar 8 cents; meat \$1.00; bread, 35 cents; potatoes, 25 cents; extras, \$1. Add James's lunches at 20 cents each, and the total would be \$9.18 to a penny. That left almost seven big dollars extra for clothing, the theater and so forth. Mrs. Carter was a good mother, but she needn't worry. Any time she wanted to borrow a \$20 bill she knew where she could get it.

James had \$200 saved up, but when a month's rent at \$35 per month, instead of \$24, had been paid, the balance didn't make a great show in furnishing. The grocer was duly informed of the marriage, but there was no raise of salary. He simply uttered a "humph." At the end of a month of housekeeping the newly weds were behind financially. They could, and did, figure how it came about, but the next month there was a leak in another direction. At the end of the third month they had used up all the salary and were \$6 in debt. The before and after marriage figures failed to agree.

The mother was away on a visit, but one morning two even' appened in the life of the bride. ter from her mother inclosed a for \$100, and the housekeepe: ked up the



morning paper to have her eye caught by the advertisement headed: "Why Pay Rent?" A contractor had erected several houses which he was anxious to dispose of for a cent or two down and the balance the same as cheap rent. In a year or two, paying the very lowest rent in America, the purchaser of one of these houses would have a clear title to it. It was better than a gold mine. Your money was working for you every day in the week.

Before the bride had read that advertisement through, she had determined to show it to James that evening. When she had finished it her mind was made up to give him a glad surprise. The breakfast things had scarcely been cleared away when she donned her hat and set out. She found the street and the houses and the philanthropist. The houses had been painted with only one coat, but that was to give purchasers a chance to put on the last coat to suit their tastes. The houses about covered the lots, but that was an advantage. If hogs got in there was no place for them to root. Every objection raised was met and turned to the advantage of the buyer. In fact, it was a case of philanthropy all through.

Mrs. Carter expected up to a certain point to get the house she had decided on for five cents down and five dollars a month as rent. That certain point was when she was told that she must pay \$50 down and \$25 per month. The selling price was \$4,500, and as she stood with her mouth open the contractor remarked that the \$25 per month would pay for the house almost before she could get settled. He had given 50 different persons the same chance, and in a very few minutes—or days—they were house owners and tax payers.

The house was bought. There would be papers for herself and husband to sign after two or three days, but she had to leave her \$50 then and there. That was to prevent the contractor from selling the house to some one willing to pay \$10,000 for it. The bride-wife was back at her flat

before high noon with a house of her own, but there was something to follow. She must get furniture for it. She knew where they sold on the installment plan, and the afternoon was spent in buying. She tried to be conservative, but the bill figured up \$400, and she paid in \$50 on it. Then she rented a piano by the month, and went home all impatiently to tell James about it.

James came in at the usual hour. He was allowed to begin his dinner, and then the wife said:

"Jimmy, suppose we lived almost out in the country?"

"It would mean ten cents a day street car fare, whereas I now save it," was the reply.

"But we could hear the birds sing."

"Cheaper to get a canary."

"And the air, Jimmy. The air must be twice as pure out in the suburbs."

"They have soap and glue factories out there."

"But we'd see green grass once in a while."

"Cheaper to go to the parks."

The wife had expected the husband to enthuse, and she would make her announcement at the proper moment and in a dramatic way. His want of interest cast her down.

"Jimmy, do you know I'm worried about your health?" she asked, as she rose and walked around the table to smooth down his rumpled hair.

"But I'm not," was the answer. "You can see for yourself that I'm eating all before me."

"But the morning air in the suburbs—think of filling your lungs with it."

"Fifty cents a fill, dearie, and that's too much for our purse."

"But think of owning your own house—your very own! Think of parlor, hall, dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen and a fine cellar! Think of open grates! Think of three times the furniture we have here! Think of me singing at my work over the flower beds! Think of you as a taxpayer and saying who shall be mayor of the city!"

"Look here, Rose, what is it?" he asked.

"Prepare yourself, Jimmy."

"Let 'er go!"

"I've bought a \$4,500 house on the installment plan, and I've bought \$400 worth of additional furniture on the same plan. Oh, Jimmie, we don't have to pay but \$25 a month, and we'll own the house before snow flies, and any time we don't want to pay on the furniture or for the rent of the piano we needn't and the papers for the house and lot—"

The husband held up his hand to stop her. Then he drew a pencil from his pocket and began to call for details and make figures. Every minute, as he figured, the wife expected his enthusiasm to break forth, but it didn't come. When he had figured everything up and divided it by 52 weeks in a year he certainly should have bubbled and cried hurrah, but—he didn't. He said he wanted to take a walk and think. He put on his hat and left the wife in tears. When he returned one of his eyes was blackened, his nose skinned and he had lost a front tooth. His necktie was also up under his ears and the buttons had come off his vest.

"Oh, Jimmie, you've been held up!" was the exclamation.

"Oh, no, I haven't. You were the one who was held up! I have been licking the contractor and the furniture man on the installment plan. Here's \$50 of your money, and I've got an appointment to lick the rest out of them to-morrow!"

Something New.

"Well, Uncle Jason," he said to the old farmer who was a member of the assembly, "how do things go up at Albany?"

"Oh, sorter easy," was the reply.

"Anyone been around to ask you to vote for his bill?"

"No, not yet."

"Let me put you on to something. If anyone does come around, don't you let him work any check off on you. Tell him you want the cold cash."

"But I don't understand."

"But, don't you see? A check must go through the bank and can be traced right back to you, but you can roll up the cash and put it in your vest pocket. Hadn't you thought of that?"

"Noap, durned if I had. Been right up there for two months and never got on to the trick. Much obliged, naybur. If I paint my house next spring, they can hunt for checks 'till the cows come home and they won't find any!"

Palatial Ocean Steamers.

The new White Star line ships will have a displacement of 60,000 tons, as compared with the 32,000 tons of the Cunarders. They will be 840 feet long, as against the 762 feet of the Mauretania and her sister ship. Although the great White Star liners will not have such machinery as the fleet of Cunarders possesses, they will be in all other respects as luxurious passenger carriers as any ships afloat. They will have accommodations for 5,000 persons and carry crews of 600 men each.

Postal Cards

Two for 25c. Finished while you wait. Four large photos for \$1, at

EMORY FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

Clearing Out Shoes

We have 1,000 pairs of fine, up to date shoes that we are closing out at a fraction of their value.

All the new, nobby, "up-to-date" styles in **SPRING FOOTWEAR** in both high and low Shoes.

Men's and Women's Shoes in the latest styles, values up to \$3.00, all leathers, all sizes, all Goodyear welted soles... **\$2.30**

Men's Tan Oxfords, values up to \$3.50, in all leathers... **\$3.00**

\$2.50 Ladies' Oxfords, not all sizes of each kind, but all sizes in the lot... **\$1.50**

\$3.50 Ladies' Shoes at... **\$2.00**

\$3.50 Ladies Patent Leather Shoes at... **\$2.00**

\$3.50 Men's Blucher Shoes at... **\$2.75**

Hundreds more which lack of room prevents us mentioning. Call and see them and you will buy for the prices cannot be duplicated anywhere.

Spring is here. How about your **RUBBERS?**

See our line of Jewelry, Cuff Buttons, etc.

Anderson & Hollingsworth FLORENCE, NEBRASKA.

TELEPHONE FLORENCE 257

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For House Cleaning in Painting and Papering. Our Wall Paper and Paint Stock is now Complete, Come in and Look it Over. Our Deliveries are Prompt. Give us a Call.

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The Best Soft Coal for the Money
Black Diamond
Makes a Quick, Hot Fire

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What is the use of wasting energy and time looking for what you want and not finding it when I can show you what you are looking for.

HERE ARE A FEW

One new 8-room house and 2 lots.
One new 5-room house, modern.
One new 5-room house, modern except furnace.
One new 8-room house

ACREAGE

Four acres, three in fruit, new 8-room house, eight blocks from street car.

VACANT LOTS

Choice of over 40 vacant lots at prices from \$175.00 up.

JOHN LUBOLD

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Tickets to the West and Northwest will be sold the first and third Tuesdays of each month at very low rates, beginning February 1 and ending December 20, 1910.

For full information address

Union Pacific

"The Safe Road to Travel"

Dining car meals and service "Best in the World."
California Raisin Day April 30th. Eat Raisin Bread.