

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1909

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.

No. 27

THE PAPER FROM HOME

A Little Poetry by Nixon Waterman About The Old Country Paper From Home that is Mighty Interesting and is True to Life of Some Country Papers But Not of This as We Only Take the Real Cash for Subscription.

How dear to my heart is the town of my childhood,
That drowsy old village, so kindly uncouth,
Where I played all the pranks that a boy who was wild would,
And knew all the joys that are common to youth.
Its fond recollections so quaintly amusing
I'll always remember though far I may roam;
Refreshed they return every time I'm perusing
The old county paper they send me from home.

The quiet old paper, the slow-going paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.
It is ever the same; there is naught that can change it,
And woe to the budding young journalist who
Its pages would dare to despoil and arrange it
To make it appear more refreshingly new.

The town never alters,—the years that roll o'er it
Are all quite alike as the teeth of a comb,
So I happily find as each week I explore it
In the old county paper they send me from home.

The mossy old paper, the plain-plodding paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.

In the same old-time columns are "Births," "Deaths," and "Weddings,"
And the "General News," gleaned from far and from near.

I know where to look for the never-changed headings,
And the medical ads, that are run by the year.

There's the verse by the bard who will go on ascending
The temple of fame till he reaches its dome,
And the "patent side" story that runs without ending
In the old county paper they send me from home.

The lazy old paper, the calm, tranquil paper,
The old weekly paper they send me from home.

Its "Short Local Tales" are the first I devour:
"Bill Jones is the 'Pa' of a bouncing big boy;
"Farmer Johnson called Monday and chatted an hour
And brought us some fruit that a king might enjoy;

"Our good townsman, Olson, is painting his stable";
"Doc Smith has gone West; O, Doc, why will you roam?";
"Some nice, new potatoes repose on our table,
The gift of Tom Black,"—says the paper from home.

The easy old paper, the self-possessed paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

"Again let us state," says the head of the journal,
"Our course can't be changed by a threat or a bribe.
We shall stick to the truth—that alone is eternal";
"We are wanting some wood, Now's the time to subscribe";
"Dan Coon, of Brush Creek, who is running for Sheriff,
Has our thanks for some honey just fresh from the comb.
We hope Dan will win, though his views on the tariff
Are hardly the thing," says the paper from home.

The drowsy old paper, the good-natured paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

And yet that old paper to me is far dearer
Than big city dailies; I prize it above
All else of its kind, for it brings me much nearer
Life's happier haunts and the ones that I love.

The glad scenes of youth with blue skies bending over,
The fields where the bees and the butterflies roam,
The songs of the birds and the scent of the clover,
Steal back with the paper they send me from home.

The gracious old paper, the dearly-prized paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

And yet that old paper to me is far dearer
Than big city dailies; I prize it above
All else of its kind, for it brings me much nearer
Life's happier haunts and the ones that I love.

The glad scenes of youth with blue skies bending over,
The fields where the bees and the butterflies roam,
The songs of the birds and the scent of the clover,
Steal back with the paper they send me from home.

The gracious old paper, the dearly-prized paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

And yet that old paper to me is far dearer
Than big city dailies; I prize it above
All else of its kind, for it brings me much nearer
Life's happier haunts and the ones that I love.

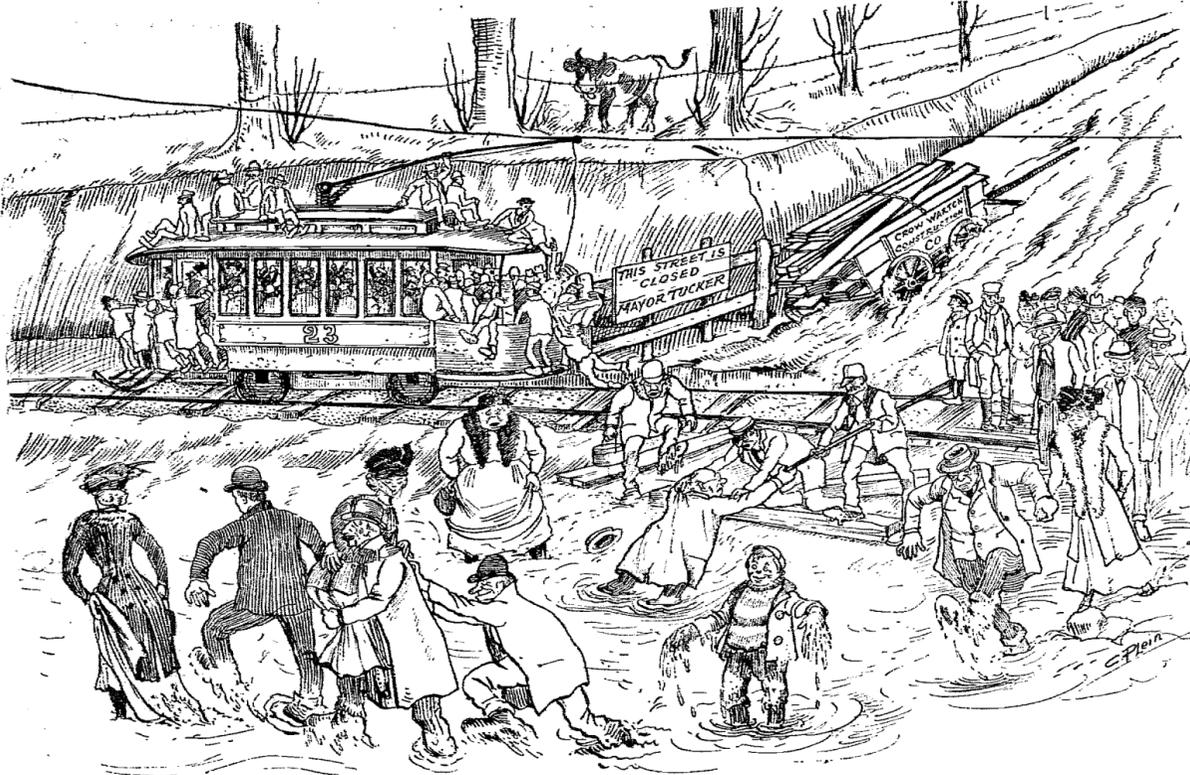
The glad scenes of youth with blue skies bending over,
The fields where the bees and the butterflies roam,
The songs of the birds and the scent of the clover,
Steal back with the paper they send me from home.

The gracious old paper, the dearly-prized paper,
The old county paper they send me from home.

And yet that old paper to me is far dearer
Than big city dailies; I prize it above
All else of its kind, for it brings me much nearer
Life's happier haunts and the ones that I love.

The glad scenes of youth with blue skies bending over,
The fields where the bees and the butterflies roam,
The songs of the birds and the scent of the clover,
Steal back with the paper they send me from home.

It's a Gay Life In Florence



Oh, it's a gay life on the Florence car line. It is the old story of "off agin, on agin, gone agin," but it is principally "off again."

Cars on the Florence line have two favorite places of getting off the track. They have become trained so that they jump into the ditch at precisely the right spot. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays they leave the rails at the Fort Omaha switch. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays they jump the track at the Forest Lawn junction. On Sundays they get off at both places.

By careful attention to business the train crews are able to maintain this schedule with a fair degree of success. Yesterday and the day before, however, they got their dates mixed somewhat and got off the track once at each place.

We have what is known as the "get-muddy-as-you-enter cars," as we are constantly bobbing from one car to another as fast as they leave the track.

Residents of Florence who want to go to the theater in the evening and get there before the third act, take their supper down town and run no chances, and as for getting down to work on time in the morning the old excuse that "the car got off the track" is worn as threadbare as the office boy's weekly slaughter of his grandmother when he wants to see the ball game.

Florence is supposed to have a through service a portion of the day and once in a while a car does slip across Ames avenue and get out to the end of the line without anyone in

authority seeing it, but usually it is safely corralled at the car barn and not allowed to run recklessly into the suburban wilds.

Monday morning was the day for the car to get off the track at Fort Omaha and it lived right up to the schedule, blocking the track so cars could not get by in either direction. A stub car took the passengers from Florence to the fort and there they were dumped out to wait for another car which was sent up from the car barn to carry the shipwrecked passengers down to Ames avenue.

Well, when the relief expedition arrived we all sent up a glad cry. We wouldn't be more than half an hour late, after all. Just as it arrived the derailed car got back on the track and proceeded on its way to Florence and

then—to our amazement—the second car which had come up, followed the other out to Florence instead of taking the fifty waiting passengers down to Ames avenue. The car which had brought us down from Florence had previously gone back to the Florence end of the line, so that we saw the glorious spectacle of a procession of three cars, nearly empty, parading majestically yout to Florence, leaving a half hundred indignant persons standing on a mud bank with no other recourse than to wait nearly half an hour for a car from Florence or else walk to Ames avenue, which most of us did.

Of course, it's a little tough on some of us, but it is great practice for the street railway wrecking crew.

COLE'S NEW HALL IS INSPECTED

Building Inspector Withnell of Omaha Inspects the Building and Passes On Its Safety for Gatherings.

J. J. Cole had Building Inspector Withnell of Omaha come out and inspect his new hall to insure of its being absolutely safe. The following is Mr. Withnell's letter: Office of Building Inspector, Omaha, Neb., Nov. 22, 1909. Mr. J. J. Cole, Florence, Neb.

Dear sir:—After a careful examination of the premises known as Eagle Hall situated at Florence I find that the plans and specifications for certain changes and alterations which were submitted to you by me to be made to this building, have been faithfully carried out and I now consider the same as constructed to be perfectly safe to be used for assemblies, dances or other like purposes. Very Respectfully, C. H. WITHNELL.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Ponca school house Friday evening, December 3, at 8:00 o'clock. Every body is welcome and invited to come. J. F. WUERTH, Secretary.

BRIGGS NEWS

Mr. Emil Schroth and Miss Hattie Stull were the guests at J. J. Stull's Sunday.

Miss Mary Korninch was visiting at home Sunday.

Mr. Freed, the buyer of Mr. E. Schroth's farm, was looking over the place Monday.

Mr. E. Schroth, who has been here on business, left Tuesday for Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Custard spent Thanksgiving in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Metzinger and daughters spent a few days in Omaha last week.

Miss E. Stull was visiting in Ponca last week.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION

City Council Sits to Equalize the Taxes for the New Cement Sidewalks and Then Assess Them, Which Causes Some of the People of This Good Old Town to Protest Unless Their Wrongs are Adjusted and Made Good.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Tonight I desire to draw your attention to a new machine that exhibits the most wonderful pictures ever shown the public. The pictures are entitled "The City Council Sits as a Board of Equalization, or What Could the Poor Man Do?"

The first picture, ladies and gentlemen, shows the council seated at their desks, about to begin the work of the evening, when it is discovered that one of the principal characters is absent.

"Ah, what can be the matter? It will become a councilman to be absent from his post on such a night as this," said His Honor, the Mayor. "Go, Marshal, and bring him hence." And the brave Marshal went out into the darkness to find Craig, the Absent.

"I found him and he was in bed and he said he knew nothing of the meeting and wasn't going to get out of bed to attend," reported back the Marshal.

James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents that brave councilman from the southward, Charles Allen (who generally spells his first name Chas, it being his way of saying chase Allen), in the heroic pose, introducing the resolution making the assessment of the taxes for the new cement sidewalks and levying the taxes.

James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents an irate citizen of Florence, F. D. Leach, who wants to know the whyfore of the great amount of tax on lots 1, 4 and 5 in block 5. The figures are explained to him, so much for grading, so much for sidewalk, so much for inspection, so much for advertising, etc. With one hand in his pocket on his pocketbook and the other pointed at the mayor and council he demanded to know why he was charged with the grading when he had made arrangements with the man doing the grading on the streets to waste the dirt in front of his place.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

Approach of the Gladsome Christmas-tide and Death of Noted Women Cause Reflections.

Gold runs in the streets. Thousands of dollars are spent upon an entertainment of the hour. Rome under Nero knew no more grandeur than we of now. The banquets of a Marcus Superbus are surpassed by us.

The world is gay. The sun shines. The birds sing. Happiness surrounds us. A spirit of prosperity and comfort loiters on every gate. We talk to one another of the wonders of this world of ours, gaily.

A smile greets us in the morning—a laugh at night. The streets are filled with men and women who barter gold for useless luxuries. Soon shall Christmas dawn, bright and splendid, and to heaven will rise the song, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

And hearts will be glad. Ere many days shall have slipped by, a great nation will give thanks to God for all His benefits, for His munificence in the year just passed.

And yet, but yesterday, the public prints throughout this land of plenty and of joy, contained these lines:

DIED. ADAMS—Mrs. Adam Brown Adams (Evelyn Adams, the once well-known actress, playwright and authoress), in New York City, on November 16, of starvation.

She entertained us in her day. Her books we read, her plays we witnessed. She died of starvation, forgotten, uncared for. And not one man brushed away the smile to drop a silent tear, nor dipped into a bursting purse to save her body from the potter's field.

That is the Past and the Present.

The City Engineer said he did not know where the dirt came from nor who put it there nor who paid for it. The only thing he did was to measure the dirt and he had done so and there was that much dirt there and that was all there was to it as far as he was concerned. It was up to the council. The council sat quietly and listened to the arguments, at the conclusion of which Mr. Leach said he had paid \$36 for that lot (5) about five years previous and was glad to see that the council valued it at \$500 and thought that the walk had made that increase.

Councilman Price moved that the cost of the grading be deducted from the lots and it was seconded by Allen and carried unanimously. James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen,

GIRLS FORM NEW CLUB

Are So Piqued at the Cavaliers' Club That They Meet Tuesday Afternoon and Form the Priscilla Club and Adopt as Their Motto, "Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?" But as it is All Supposed to Be Secret It is Hard to Tell.

Tuesday afternoon at the house of a young lady living on Bluff street there was formed the Priscilla society.

The club is composed entirely of young ladies and is supposed to be secret. There were ten at the meeting and besides appointing a committee of three to draw up a constitution and by-laws and outlining the objects of the society little else was done.

The club was organized in opposition to the Cavaliers club and as a protest against love making in the new fashioned way.

Just what transpires at the meetings is, of course, hard to tell, as the girls are bound by an oath not to reveal what happens at the meeting nor who the members are. Being nothing but a mere man and full of curiosity to find out what was going on the editor met a young lady who he suspected of being a member.

She was and she gave the following interview, not thinking it was for publication:

"I am told you are a member of the new society that was formed at Miss _____ house today and that you have adopted the name, 'The Priscilla society.'"

"Oh, Mr. Platz. Don't you tell anyone who told you about this, for if the girls knew I told they would do terrible things to me. Anyway, I don't care for it is too mean for any use for that horrid Cavalier club to think they can marry us without courting us in the good old-fashioned way. Anyway, that was good enough for our mothers, so why not for us. Don't you think the old way is the best?"

"Well, now, I've not had much experience, but I think it is the more satisfactory, especially with such a pretty girl as you. If your club desires any demonstration of the old way I will be pleased to show any of its members all I know."

"Oh, that isn't necessary, for we are informed to some extent already and we each prefer that these lessons be given us in private by young men of our own choosing."

ANOTHER GOOD APPLE STORY

One Told by Office Boy Reminds Man of One That is Very Good and Timely.

A family in the western part of the city is fortunate in possessing a goodly piece of ground about their house and the back part of it is comfortably filled with fruit trees, vines and garden plants and vegetables. The other day two ragged little urchins came knocking at the front door and asked the lady of the house if they could have some apples.

"Certainly," replied the kind-hearted lady. "We don't like to have little boys come and take them without asking us, but when they ask, as you have, we are glad to give them some. You want some apples to eat, do you? Well, go and eat all you want to."

For twenty minutes all was silence in the back yard and finally the lady went back to see how the boys were getting on. Imagine her surprise at seeing a big sack lying filled with apples and the boys busy filling another. One of them was up in the tree.

"Oh," said she, "I didn't say that you could take all the apples there were. I don't like to have anyone go up in the tree that way, but thought you would pick up those that had fallen on the ground."

By this time one little fellow was half way over the back fence. But the other was able to shift for himself. He said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but we did just pick up those on the ground."

"How does it happen, then, that you are up in the tree?"

"Well, you see, I just got up there to rest."

FLORENCE HAS A COCK FIGHT

Fremont Overconfident in His Bird—Old Southern Sport at Pries Lake.

It has leaked out that Pries' lake, within the city limits of Florence, was the scene of some cock fighting last Thursday which resulted in a crowd of twenty-three South Omaha sports, one of them a prominent lawyer, cleaning up a big sum of money, principally from a Fremont fancier, who came down with what he imagined was the king pin cock fighter in the country, but which proved to be an "also ran" when the birds produced by the South Omaha delegation beat after him.

As a result of the fights the South Omaha men cleaned up at least \$350, a big portion of which came from the pockets of the Fremonters.

"Oh, you will do the choosing?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I don't know why not, but I always had the egotism to think it was the man who did the choosing."

"You are like the rest of the men. We make them think they are doing the choosing of the girl and then the love making, but they are not. They only do so as we will. When we set our cap for a young man we get him, although he thinks he is doing all the courting."

"Well, couldn't you girls do the same with members of the Cavaliers' club?"

"Of course not with those horrid members of the Chaperone club keeping their eyes on us and forcing the attentions of men we didn't want. Why, it is simply preposterous and makes me boil with indignation every time I think of it. All the other girls think and feel the same way I do about it. That is why we organized the Priscilla society, for in organization there is strength."

"Do the girls tell of their experiences along this line at the meetings?"

"Certainly not!"

"Why?"

"Evidently you don't know much about girls to ask a question like that."

"I don't, but I am willing to learn."

"You'll have to get another teacher. I decline the job."

"Well, if she is as pretty as you I don't mind being taught."

"I believe you are Irish and have kissed the Blarney stone."

"Not me. I never kiss anyone but pretty girls."

"From your looks I would say you don't often kiss them."

"Let it go at that. Who all belong to the new club or society?"

"Oh, that would be telling."

"How often do you meet and how are you going to go about to get new members?"

"We haven't decided those questions yet, as we only met this afternoon to talk over what could be done and the best way of doing things. We appointed a committee of three to draw up a constitution and by-laws and until we have adopted them there is not much to do."

"Who are the officers of this society?"

"There are none yet as we won't elect until the committee reports."

"Are all the members young girls like yourself or are there married women in it?"

"Just young ladies like myself. I

(Continued on page four.)

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By E. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESCA," "ARETHUSA" ETC., ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY E. MARION CRAWFORD



Mr. Van Torp Was Puzzled.

SYNOPSIS.

Baraka, a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger who was prospecting and studying her in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine; but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from a water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Baraka gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret Donne (Margaret Cordova), a famous prima donna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logotheti, a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Leven, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg; and Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rufus Van Torp, an American, who had been a highway in early life, but had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal. He offered Lady Maud \$5,000,000 for her pet charity if she would aid him in winning the singer from Logotheti. Baraka approached Logotheti at Versailles with rubies to sell. He presented a ruby to Margaret. Van Torp bought a yacht and sent it to Venice. He was visited by Baraka in male attire.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

But Barak now understood what he was going to do, and ran before him, and stood before the door in an attitude which expressed entreaty so clearly that Mr. Van Torp was puzzled.

"Well," he said, standing still and looking into the beautiful imploring eyes, "what on earth do you want now, Miss Barrack? Try and explain yourself."

A very singular conversation by signs now began.

Barak pointed to the waistcoat pocket into which he had put the stone. The matter concerned that, of course, and Van Torp nodded. Next, though after considerable difficulty, she made him understand that she was asking how he had got it, and when this was clear, he answered by pretending to count out coins with his right hand on the palm of his left to explain that he had bought it. There was no mistaking this, and Barak nodded quickly and went on to her next question. She wanted to know what kind of a man had sold him the ruby. She improvised a pretty little dumb show in which she represented the seller and Mr. Van Torp, the buyer of the ruby, and then, by gestures she asked if the man who sold it was tall.

Van Torp raised his hand several inches higher than his own head. He had bought the ruby from a very tall man. Putting both hands to her chin and then drawing them down as if stroking a long beard, she inquired if the man had one, and again the answer was affirmative. She nodded excitedly and pointed first to Van Torp's sandy hair and then to her own short black locks. The American pointed to his own, and then touched his watch-chain and smiled. The man's hair was fair, and even golden. By a similar process she ascertained that his eyes were blue and not black, and her excitement grew. Last of all she tried

to ask where the man was, but it was some time before she could make Mr. Van Torp understand what she meant. As if to help her out of her difficulty, the sun shone through the clouds at that moment and streamed into the room; she pointed to it at once, turned her back to it, and then held out her right hand to indicate the east, and her left to the west.

"Oh, yes," said Van Torp, who had seen Indians do the same thing, "it was west of here that I bought it of him, a good way west."

He pointed in that direction, and thrust out his arm as if he would make it reach much further if he could. At this Barak looked deeply disappointed. Several times, to show that she meant London, or at least England, she pointed to the floor at her feet and looked inquiringly at Van Torp, but he shook his head and pointed to the west again, and made a gesture that meant crossing something. He spoke to her as if she could understand.

"I've got your meaning," he said. "You're after the big man with the yellow beard, who is selling rubies from the same place, and has very likely gone off with yours. He looked like a bad egg in spite of his handsome face."

He turned his eyes thoughtfully to the window. Barak plucked gently at his sleeve and pretended to write in the palm of her left hand, and then went through all the descriptive gestures again, and then once more pretended to write, and coaxingly pushed him towards a little table on which she saw writing materials.

"You'd like to have his address, would you, Miss Barrack? I wonder why you don't call in your interpreter and tell me so. It would be much simpler than all this dumb crambo."

Once more he made a step towards the door, but she caught at his sleeve and entreated him in her own language not to call any one; and her voice was so deliciously soft and beseeching that he yielded, and sat down at the small table and wrote out an address from memory. He handed her the half-sheet of paper when he had dried the writing and had looked over it carefully.

"Poor little thing!" he said in a tone of pity. "If you ever find him he'll eat you."

Barak again showed signs of great emotion when she put the address into an inside pocket of her man's coat, but it was not of the same kind as before. She took Van Torp's big hand in both her own, and bending down, she laid it on her head, meaning that he might dispose of her life ever afterwards. But he did not understand.

"You want my blessing, do you, Miss Barrack? Some people don't think Brassy Van Torp's blessing worth much, young lady, but you're welcome to it, such as it is."

He patted her thick hair and smiled as she looked up, and her eyes were dewy with tears.

"That's all right, my dear," he said. "Don't cry!"

She smiled, too, because his tone was kind, and, standing up, she took out her little leathern bag again quickly, emptied the twists of paper into her hand, selected one by touch, and slipped the rest back. She unwrapped a large stone and held it up to the light, turning it a little as she did so. Van Torp watched her with curiosity, and with an amused suspicion that she had perhaps played the whole scene in order to mollify him and induce him to buy something. So many people had played much more elaborate tricks in the hope of getting money from him, and the stones might be imitations after all, in spite of Logotheti's penciled line of recommendation.

But Barak's next action took Van Torp by surprise. To his amazement, she pressed the ruby lightly to her heart, then to her lips, and last of all to her forehead, and before he knew what she was doing she had placed it in his right hand and closed his fingers upon it. It was a thank-offering.

"Nonsense!" objected the millionaire, smiling, but holding out the stone to her. "It's very sweet of you, but you don't mean it, and I don't take presents like that. Why, it's worth a thousand pounds in Bond street any day!"

But she put her hands behind her back and shook her head, to show that she would not take it back. Then with her empty hand she again touched her heart, her lips and forehead, and turned towards the door.

"Here, stop!" said Mr. Van Torp, going after her. "I can't take this thing! See here, I say! Put it back into your pocket!"

She turned and met him, and made a gesture of protest and entreaty, as if earnestly begging him to keep the gem. He looked at her keenly, and he was a judge of humanity, and saw that she was hurt by his refusal. As a last resource, he took out his pocket-book and showed her a quantity of folded bank notes.

"Well," he said, "since you insist, Miss Barrack, I'll buy the stone of you, but I'll be everlastingly jiggered if I'll take it for nothing."

Barak's eyes suddenly flashed in a most surprising way, her lower lip pouted, and her cheek faintly changed color, as a drop of scarlet pomegranate juice will tinge a bowl of cream.

She made one step forwards, plucked the stone from his fingers, rather than took it, and with a quick, but girlishly awkward movement, threw it towards the window as hard as she could, stamping angrily with her little foot at the same moment. Mr. Van Torp was extremely disconcerted, as he sometimes was by the sudden actions of the sex he did not understand. Fortunately the stone hit the wall instead of going out of the window.

"I'm really sorry, Miss Barrack," he said in a tone of humble apology, and he went quickly and picked up the gem. "I hadn't quite understood, you see."

She watched him, and drew back instinctively towards the door, as if expecting that he would again try to give it back to her. But he shook his head now, bowed with all the grace he could affect, which was little, and by way of making her feel that he accepted the gift, he pressed it to his heart, as she had done, and to his lips, but not to his forehead, because he was afraid that might cause some new mistake, as he did not know what the gesture meant.

Barak's face changed instantly; she smiled, nodded, and waved her hand to him, to say that it was all right, and that she was quite satisfied. Then she made a sort of salute that he thought very graceful indeed, as if she were taking something from near the floor and laying it on her forehead, and she laughed softly and was out of the room and had shut the door before he could call her back again.

He stood still in the middle of the room, looking at the gem in his hand with an expression of grave doubt.

"Well," he said to himself, and his lips formed the words, though no sound articulated them, "that's a queer sort of a morning's work, anyway."

He reflected that the very last thing he had ever expected was a present of a fine ruby from a pretty heathen girl in man's clothes, recommended to him by Logotheti. Though he almost laughed at the thought when it occurred to him, he did not like the idea of keeping the stone; yet he did not know what to do with it, for it was more than probable that he was never to see Barak again, and if he ever did, it was at least likely that she would refuse to take back her gift, and as energetically as on the first occasion.

At that moment it occurred to him that he might sell it to a dealer and give the proceeds to Lady Maud for her good work, and taking his hat and gloves he went out immediately, without even telling Stemp that he was going.

He walked up at a leisurely pace from his hotel by the river to Piccadilly and Bond street, and entered a jeweler's shop of modest appearance but ancient reputation, which had been in the same place for nearly a century, and had previously been on the other side of the street.

Outside, two well-dressed men were looking at the things in the window; within, a broad-shouldered, smart-looking man with black hair and dressed in perfectly new blue serge was sitting by the counter with his

back to the door, talking with the old jeweler himself. He turned on the chair when he heard the new-comer's step, and Mr. Van Torp found himself face to face with Konstantin Logotheti, whom he had supposed to be in Paris.

"Well," he said, without betraying the surprise he felt, "this is what I call a very pleasant accident, Mr. Logotheti."

The Greek rose and shook hands, and the American did not fail to observe on the counter a small piece of tissue paper on which lay an uncut stone, much larger than the one he had in his pocket.

"If you are in any hurry," said Logotheti politely, "I don't mind waiting in the least. Mr. Pinney and I are in the midst of a discussion that may never end, and I believe neither of us has anything in the world to do."

Mr. Pinney smiled benignly and put in a word in the mercantile plural, which differs from that of royalty in being used every day.

"The truth is, we are not very busy just at this time of the year," he said.

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Logotheti," said Van Torp, answering the latter, "but I'm not really in a hurry, thank you."

The stress he laid on the word "really" might have led one to the conclusion that he was pretending to be, but was not. He sat down deliberately at a little distance, took off his hat, and looked at the gem on the counter.

"I don't know anything about such things, of course," he said in a tone of reflection, "but I should think that was quite a nice ruby."

Again Mr. Pinney smiled benignly, for Mr. Van Torp had dealt with him for years.

"It's a very fine stone, indeed, sir," he said, and then turned to Logotheti again. "I think we can undertake to cut it for you in London," he said. "I will weigh it and give you a careful estimate."

As a matter of fact, before Van Torp entered, Logotheti had got so far as the question of setting the gem for a lady's ring, but Mr. Pinney, like all the great jewelers, was as discreet and tactful as a professional diplomatist. How could he be sure that one customer might like another to know about a ring ordered for a lady? If Logotheti preferred secrecy, he would only have to assent and go away, as if leaving the ruby to be cut, and he could look in again when it was convenient; and this was what he at once decided to do.

"I think you're right, Mr. Pinney," he said. "I shall leave it in your hands. That's really all," he added, turning to Mr. Van Torp.

"Really? My business won't take long either, and we'll go together, if you like, and have a little chat. I only came to get another of those extra large collar studs you make for me, Mr. Pinney. Have you got another?"

"We always keep them in stock for your convenience, sir," answered the famous jeweler, opening a special little drawer behind the counter and producing a very small morocco case. Mr. Van Torp did not even open it, and had already laid down the money, for he knew precisely what it cost.

"Thanks," he said. "You're always so obliging about little things, Mr. Pinney."

"Thank you, sir. We do our best. Good-morning, sir, good-morning."

The two millionaires went out together. Two well-dressed men stood aside to let them pass and then entered the shop.

"Which way?" asked Logotheti.

"Your way," answered the American. "I've nothing to do."

"Nor have I," laughed the Greek. "Nothing in the world! What can anybody find to do in London at this time of year?"

"I'm sure I don't know," echoed Van Torp, pleasantly. "I supposed you were on the continent somewhere."

"And I thought you were in America, and so, of course, we meet at old Pinney's in London!"

"Really? Did you think I was in America? Your friend, the heathen girl in boy's clothes, brought me your card this morning. I supposed you knew I was here."

"No, but I thought you might be, within six months, and I gave her several cards for people I know. So she found you out! She's a born ferret—she would find anything. Did you buy anything of her?"

"No. I'm not buying rubies to-day. Much obliged for sending her, all the same. You take an interest in her, I suppose, Mr. Logotheti? Is that so?"

"I?" Logotheti laughed a little. "No, indeed! Those days were long ago. I'm engaged to be married."

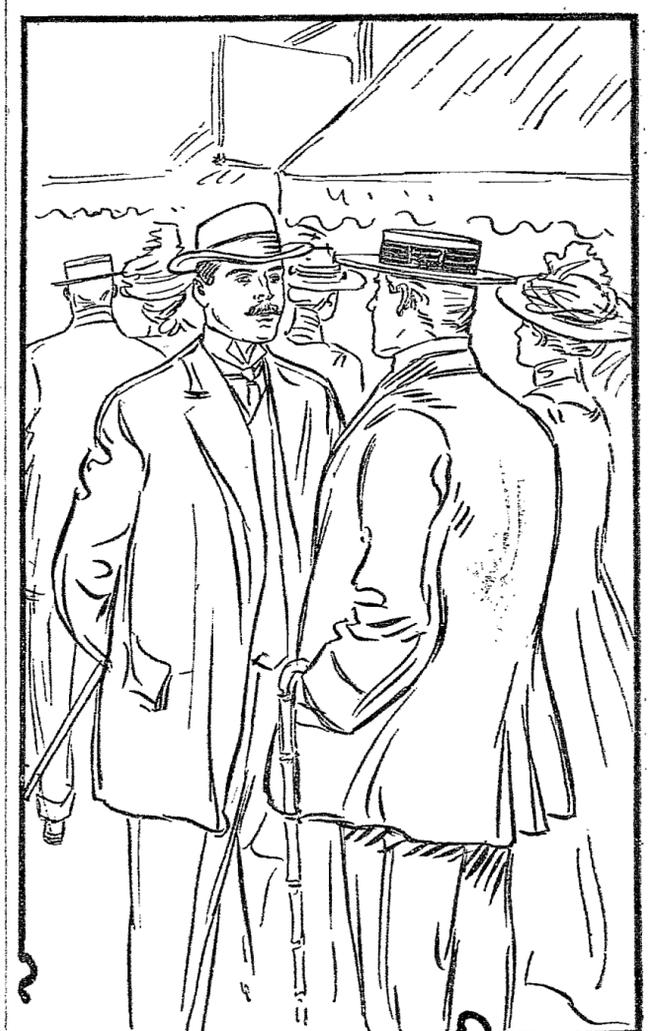
"By the way, yes. I'd heard that, and I meant to congratulate you. I do now, anyway. When is it to be? Settled that yet?"

"Some time in October, I think. So you guessed that Barak is a girl?"

"Yes, that's right. I guessed she was. Do you know anything about her?"

Logotheti told his companion the story of the ruby mine, substantially as it was narrated at the beginning of this tale, not dreaming that Van Torp had perhaps met and talked with the man who had played so large a part in it, and to find whom Barak had traversed many dangers and overcome many difficulties.

"It sounds like the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Mr. Van Torp, as if he found it hard to believe.



"Where's She Hiding from You?"

"Exactly," assented Logotheti. "And, oddly enough, the first of those stories is about Samarkand, which is not so far from Baraka's native village. It seems to have taken the girl about a year to find her way to Constantinople, and when she got there she naturally supposed that it was the capital of the world, and that her man, being very great and very rich, thanks to her, must of course live there. So she searched Stamboul and Pera for him, during seven or eight months. She lived in the house of a good old Persian merchant, under the protection of his wife, and learned that there was a world called Europe where her man might be living, and cities called Paris and London, where people pay fabulous prices for precious stones. Persian merchants are generally well-educated men, you know. At last she made up her mind to dress like a man, she picked up an honest Turkish manservant who had been all over Europe with a diplomatist and could speak some French and English as well as Tartar, she got a letter of recommendation to me from a Greek banker, through the Persian who did business with him, joined some Greeks who were coming to Marseilles by sea, and here she is. Now you know as much as I do. She is perfectly fearless, and as much more sure of herself than any man ever was, as some young women can be in this queer world. Of course, she'll never find the brute who thought he was leaving her to be murdered by her relations, but if she ever did, she would either marry him or cut his throat."

"Nice, amiable kind of girl," remarked Mr. Van Torp, who remembered her behaviour when he had refused her proffered gift. "That's very interesting, Mr. Logotheti. How long do you count on being in London this time? Three or four days, maybe?"

"I dare say. No longer, I fancy."

"Why don't you come and take dinner with me some night?" asked the American. "Day after to-morrow, perhaps. I'd be pleased to have you."

"Thank you very much," Logotheti answered. "Since you ask me, I see no reason why I should not dine with you, if you want me."

"They agreed upon the place and hour, and each suddenly remembered an engagement."

"By the way," said Mr. Van Torp, "without apparent interest, 'I hope Mme. Cordova is quite well? Where's she hiding from you?'"

"Just now the hiding-place is Bayreuth. She's gone there with Mrs. Rushmore to hear Parsifal. I believe I'm not musical enough for that, so I'm roving till it's over. That's my personal history at this moment! And Miss Donne is quite well, I believe, thank you."

"I notice you call her 'Miss Donne' when you speak of her," said Van Torp. "Excuse me if I made a mistake just now. I've always called her Mme. Cordova."

"It doesn't matter at all," answered Logotheti carelessly, "but I believe she prefers to be called by her own

name amongst friends. Good-by till day after to-morrow, then."

"At half after eight."

"All right—half-past—I shall remember."

But at two o'clock, on the next day but one, Logotheti received a note brought by hand, in which Mr. Van Torp said that to his great regret he had been called away suddenly, and hoped that Logotheti would forgive him, as the matter was of such urgent importance that he would have already left London when the note was received.

This was more than true, if possible, for the writer had left town two days earlier, very soon after he had parted from Logotheti in Pall Mall, although the note had not been delivered till 48 hours later.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Van Torp knew no more about Bayreuth than about Samarkand, beyond the fact that at certain stated times performances of Wagner's operas were given there with as much solemnity as great religious festivals, and that musical people spoke of the Bayreuth season in a curiously reverent manner. He would have been much surprised if any one had told him that he often whistled fragments of "Parsifal" to himself and liked the sound of them; for he had a natural ear and a good memory, and had whistled remarkably well when he was a boy.

The truth about this seemingly impossible circumstance was really very simple. In what he called his cow-punching days, he had been for six months in company with two young men who used to whistle softly together by the hour beside the camp fire, and none of the other "boys" had ever heard the strange tunes they seemed to like best, but Van Torp had caught and remembered many fragments, almost unconsciously, and he whistled them to himself because they gave him a sensation which no "real music" ever did. Extraordinary natures, like his, are often endowed with unnoticed gifts and tastes quite unlike those of most people. No one knew anything about the young men who whistled Wagner; the "Lost Legion" hides many secrets, and the two were not popular with the rest, though they knew their business and did their work fairly well. One of them was afterwards said to have been killed in a shooting affray and the other had disappeared about the same time, no one knew how, or cared, though Mr. Van Torp thought he had recognized him once many years later. They were neither Americans nor Englishmen, though they both spoke English well, and never were heard to use any other language.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Just Suited Him.

The Landlady—"At our table, Mr. Rinks, it is the custom to return thanks at each meal." The New Boarder—"That's fine! I like 4 lots better than paying cash."

Office at: BANK OF FLORENCE Editor's Telephone: FLORENCE 315.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel 315 JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165

Published every Friday afternoon at Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas City Attorney.....H. E. Olmsted City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds City Marshal.....Aaron Marr

Fire Department.

HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month. Andrew Anderson, President; W. R. A. Wil, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; Geo. Gamble, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.

Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at the school building. W. E. Rogers, Chairman; Hugh Suttle, Secretary.



Florence, Neb., Friday, Dec. 3, 1909.

Welcome to the latest of clubs—the Priscilla society.

When, oh, when, will we get decent street car service again?

Has anyone anything to say about mud?

Did you ever see anything so slow as the paving of Main street?

Keep your eyes open for the issue of January 1, as it will contain things about Florence you never dreamed of.

Did you ever shoot at the south end of a rabbit going north and miss him? If you did what did you say?

Don't forget that all those who have not paid for the Tribune by January 1 will be cut off the list.

Did you notice how they took their medicine at the board of equalization Monday evening?

Wonder if the women will be present at the council meeting Monday evening?

Just twenty-five days until Christmas. Do your shopping early, not forgetting Florence merchants.

That letter of Building Inspector Wittnell certifying to the safety of J. J. Cole's new hall ought to set at rest all rumors to the contrary.

Mayor Tucker called us down this week for saying he was not thankful. He says he was thankful the mud was only one foot deep instead of two feet.

This life is just one continual round of earning money and then paying it out to settle bills. How would you like to be named Bill?

If the Florence people were as slow in paying street car fare as the street car company is in getting its tracks in what an awful howl would go up.

The Tribune is sparing no expense to give its readers the best paper possible, but some of our readers are sparing no expense to pay their subscriptions.

Mr. C. Plien, a new resident of Florence, is quite an artist and his cartoons in the Tribune bear evidence of his skill at satire. Mr. Plien is with Rinehart, the photographer, in Omaha.

What do you think of our cartoon service? We have more to run later if our readers think them of sufficient interest to justify the expense and they will all be on local topics.

Henry Anderson is deserving of a vote of thanks from the ladies of the different churches for the use of his new building on Main street for their bazaars and suppers.

Florence presented the spectacle of an old-time frontier town last week, with gambling going on openly and dance halls all busy, to say nothing of cock fights on both Wednesday and Thursday nights. However, there was no prize fights that we know of.

As long as the school children go to the postoffice after the mail just so long will you have trouble in getting the Tribune regularly. The Tribune has been late but twice in the six months it has been published. The children sometimes get the Tribune from the postoffice and then mislay it and lose it before getting home.

The promoters of the Omaha corn show are making a lot of noise about how they are educating the farmer to get better yields. What they really are doing is getting the farmers to come to Omaha to spend their money in Christmas shopping and the country papers are Mike's enough to push along the game instead of standing up for their local merchants.

THAT CREOSOTE PAVING.

"Hase someone been buncoed?" "That was the question asked Tuesday by persons crossing the Tenth street viaduct in Omaha. The reason

of the question was the manner in which the recent rains have swelled the creosote blocks until they have bulged up and broken the pavement on the viaduct. Good creosote blocks are not supposed to be susceptible to water."—Omaha Bee.

Wonder if those councilmen aren't happy they didn't let the contract for paving Main street with these blocks?

ADAM HAD HIS TROUBLES.

"Man that is born of woman is full of trouble," they say. But what of the one male human Who commenced the other way? You may think he never had a taste of woe, Nor toyed with a care, but, ah! We are told he had troubles the same as though His mother had been his ma.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

James Allen of Holt county was back to view his property and see old neighbors.

The public school gave another program for the piano fund to a large audience at the city hall. There were duets, marches, songs, etc., violin music by Professor Cook and piano music by Miss Elsie Rix, Elizabeth Jipp and Mary Bollen.

Ralph Woods, a native Fort Calhounite, has given up his store at Endicott and is with a Lincoln wholesale grocery.

The well known pioneer and notary, E. N. Grenelle, has a handsome gavel made from East Indian palm that some way got a lodgment on the Florida coast. It is extremely valuable owing to the fact that the government has now thrown its protective arm around all the remaining trees.

Claus Schwager has sold his east side residence to Mrs. Joe Pfeifer for \$2,800, who will come in from the farm, and Mr. Schwager and family will join his son in Omaha.

Chris Staben has bought the old Clarke mill site and improvements for \$2,000 and John Hindricksen will come back from South Omaha as soon as Staben moves.

Harry Rohwer of Moore's Creek shipped two cases of corn to the Omaha corn show.

Master Ernest Cathro writes from Lakory street, Omaha, that he wishes his friends here could have seen their Omaha school program for Thanksgiving.

Christmas is coming and the local stores are "showing up" for the occasion.

Secretary Jensen of the Farmers' Telephone company was introducing a new lineman, a Mr. White, to their patrons here.

Somebody has been stealing wood, hay and corn around here. If anyone is really in need they are asked to make it known.

Rev. Mr. Hilkeman spent the whole of last week at Hastings.

People in town from Omaha were Mr. and Mrs. Sidener at the parsonage, Mr. and Mrs. Bidket at Neale's, Mrs. Moore and brother-in-law of Iowa were at the horse farm, Miss Peterson of Minneapolis at Peter Schmidt's, Claude Utterbach and family of Blair at Landis, Russell Curtiss and Bertha Neale came home from the state university, two Feldhusen sisters of Florence at Seirk's, William Kruger and family went to Omaha.

Sam Kraten dropped twenty-one pennies in the Sunday school birthday box and Margaret Ketchmark eleven.

Some of the Garryowen Catholics, in spite of mud and sleet, drove four miles to an early service here yesterday morning.

W. H. Woods has been looking up the military history of William Blackwood, who was found dead recently near his home. When 17 years of age he went to Omaha and enlisted in Croft's Iowa regiment for three years, September, 1861. He was discharged for disability in February, 1862, and he re-enlisted in October, 1862, for nine months in a Nebraska regiment and served his full time. He re-enlisted in a Nebraska battery in May, 1864, and got a transfer to the United States service in August and a re-transfer back to the First Nebraska Veteran Volunteer regiment in July, 1865, and served to the close of the war, July, 1866. For the five months' Iowa service the government allowed him \$12 a month pension. His friends here say he deserves a special monument by the county he called his home for fifty-four years.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Henry Anderson says it is all right when school teachers, contractors, merchants, etc., insist upon addressing him as Mr. Brisbin, but he objects when gentlemen of color adopt that name for him. Mr. Brisbin thinks he should feel honored.

The Popularity club has been formed and will give a dance in Cole's new hall December 9.

Willis Barber was the guest of H. F. Reynolds Wednesday evening.

A prize is given every Saturday evening at Gamble's pool hall to the one making the best score during the week.

The drill team of the Benson Eagles visited Florence lodge of Eagles Wednesday evening and showed the Florence boys some of their fine drilling. Chris Lyck is the captain of the Benson team and has a fine team, who put up a good article in the way of a drill.

The Eagles elected officers as follows Wednesday evening: President, E. L. Platz; vice president, Frank Taylor; chaplain, Daniel Kelly; secretary, M. B. Thompson; treasurer, Henry Anderson; inside guard, W. A. Scott; outside guard, G. W. Dunn; trustees, W. B. Parks, W. H. Thomas, robert Golding; physician, Dr. W. O. Akers.

George Jackson spent Thanksgiving with relatives at Blair and on his way home he lost his cigar case which was full of receipts. Wednesday he received the following letter from the finder, who returned the receipts and kept the cigar case:

"Omaha, Nov. 30, 1909.—My Dear Jackson, Florence, Neb.: I thank you very much for your cigar case and it is very kind of you to let me retain it, but I see that you don't smoke, as you don't use it for cigars. Thinking that your receipts might be of use to you I will enclose them to you. Thanking you once more for past favors and hoping to meet you some time, I remain, yours with care and not lose your valuables in the future. Thanking you again, I am, respectfully, Yem Obediah.

Frank Turner was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Proctor Wednesday on the charge of bootlegging in the eastern part of Iowa.

P. H. Peterson is on the sick list.

Girls For New Club

Continued from page one.)

can't see what you want to know so much for as you can't join them."

"No, but I thought that sometime I might be privileged to come before the club and talk over with them the situation and offer my advice."

"Well if you were not married you could as the girls think you write the sweetest things."

"They do?"

"Yes, and we spent a whole hour this afternoon talking about you and the paper."

Goodness me. I am not in the market nor am I responsible for the young men going into the new club."

"No, but you tell set many good stories and they don't tell who they are on but leave it for the readers to find out. Now, what we want to know, who is that man that couldn't tell mangoes from peaches?"

"I've got to go now, but I will make a bargain with you. I will tell you his name if you will tell me about the next meeting of the Priscilla society." She said she would and so in the near future we will tell our readers more about it.

Board of Equalization

(Continued From Page One.)

men, represents another citizen of Florence who didn't propose to be held up, as he said, and wanted the contractor to complete the job before he got his pay. That was Mr. Carl Feldhusen, and he protested the amount of grading on lots 1 and 2, block 99, also on the ground that the contractor had not removed the dirt away from in front of the walk, as his contract called for. The engineer gave the figures and the Mayor said he wouldn't sign the warrant until the dirt was removed.

"That is what you said before about the crosswalks, but you did sign the warrant and the dirt is still there," said Mr. Feldhusen.

Councilman Allen chipped in and said that the council would see that all dirt was removed and that the contract was fulfilled before the war-

rant would be issued to Mr. Hanson, and the matter was passed over.

James, turn the crank. W. R. Wall then wanted to know about the amount of tax against lot 1, block 56. When he was informed of the amount he said he didn't care to protest the tax as the council had forgotten to charge the grading and he was satisfied. So was the council and they let it go at that.

James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents that honorable councilman from the south ward, Mr. Daniel Kelly, with his kick against the tax on lots 1 and 14, block 103. He had his mind all made up for a grand old speech, but when he was informed of the facts in the case had to regretfully sit down without getting it off his mind and the audience heaved a sigh of regret, for when Kelly speaks there is something doing.

James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is that of the biggest man in Florence, C. J. Kierle, who is in the grading business himself and said he knew there was some mistake about the grading in front of lots 7 and 8, block 44. The City Engineer said he would go over the ground with Mr. Kierle and there the matter rested.

James, turn the crank. The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents Mr. Finkeneller in the act of standing pat on his protest against the famous sidewalk in the air. This was settled, however, by the council striking out of the resolution this walk and everything ends happily for the councilmen and the spectators.

That concludes the entertainment, ladies and gentlemen.

There will be another one put on at the city hall next Monday evening, however, and it promises to be one of the best of the season, as the topic of the evening will be crosswalks or some other cross things.

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 J. O. F. Hayes Lowery..... Noble Grand C. G. Carlson..... Vice-Grand W. E. Rogers..... Secretary Meets every Friday at Wall's hall. Visitors welcome.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President...Hugh Suttie Worthy President...James Stribbling Worthy Vice-President...Paul Haskell Worthy Secretary...M. B. Thompson Worthy Treasurer...F. H. Reynolds Worthy Chaplain...E. L. Platz Inside Guard...Nels Bondesson Outside Guard...Wm. Storms, Jr. Physician...Dr. W. A. Akers Conductor...L. R. Griffith Trustees: W. B. Parks, Dan Kelly, John Lubold. Meets every Wednesday in Wall's hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A. Venerable Consul...J. A. Fox W. A. ...C. J. Larsen Banker...F. D. Leach Clerk...W. R. Wall Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month in Wall's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle...Emma Powell Oracle...Carrie Taylor Vice Oracle...Alice E. Platz Chancellor...Mary Nelson Inside Sentinel...Rose Simpson Outside Sentinel...Elizabeth Hollett Receiver...Mrs. Newell Burton Recorder...Susan Nichols

THE BURNING QUESTION In our north window you will find a huge candle, 30 inches high, 3 inches at base and 2 inches at top. To the one guessing the nearest number of days, hours, minutes and seconds the candle burns will be entitled to: 1—ANY PAIR OF SHOES IN THE HOUSE. 2—ANY PIECE OF CHINA IN STORE. 3—PAIR OF MEN'S DRESS GLOVES. 4—1/2 DOZEN LADIES FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS. 5—BOX MEN'S FANCY SUSPENDERS. 6—FANCY SALAD BOWL. Ask for your guessing coupons at the store, as each dollar cash purchase entitles you to one guess. REMEMBER—A \$1.00 at McClures draws a bigger load than from any other store in town. McClure's TWO PHONES, FLORENCE 440 We Sell Everything

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

Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James Johnson. Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's Hall.

COURT OF HONOR. Past Chancellor.....Elizabeth Hollett Chancellor.....John Langenback Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor Guide.....Clyde Miller Guard.....Clarence Leach Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant Physician.....Dr. Adams Trustees.....Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. B. Hollett.

THE NEW POOL HALL Geo. Gamble, Prop. BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN TOWN Tel. Florence 215 FRESH MILK FOR SALE

Some people do not care to open an account with a bank because they have not a large amount to deposit. For this reason you need not hesitate or delay starting an account with us. All accounts—large or small—are welcome. We do a general banking business—sell you drafts good anywhere—Fire Insurance. DIRECTORS—Thos. E. Price, J. B. Brisbin, C. J. Keirle, Irving Allison, H. T. Brisbin.

BANK OF FLORENCE PHONE 310 - FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence Drug Store GEORGE SIERT, Prop. WINDOW GLASS. School Supplies of all kinds. A fine line of Fresh Candies. Telephone Florence 1121.

C. A. BAUER PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING Repairing Promptly Attended to. 2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb. Tel. Douglas 3034.

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

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED THE KNABE PIANO ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR. Portraits of artists: Mark Hambourg, C. Saint-Saens, Emil Sauer, Teresa Carreno, Alfred Gruinfeld, Dr. Hans von Bülow, J. Scharwenka, P. Tschakovsky, Edward Stavenhagen, Egen d'Albert.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Father Barrett was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kelly Sunday for dinner.

People living south of State street and east of Fifth are complaining of their cellars filling up with water, caused by the excessive amount of rain recently.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4 Tribune.

Wanted to Trade—A lot in Omaha for a horse. Address E 3, care Tribune.

Rev. M. L. Braden of Omaha visited Florence friends Tuesday.

The Priscilla club met Tuesday afternoon to form a preliminary organization. None but young ladies may join and it has ten charter members.

Five-room cottage, all modern but heat; for rent after December 1. Inquire F. M. King.

Don't forget to pay for the Tribune before January 1 if you don't want to be cut off the list.

Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church—Services every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Mission meetings will be held December 7 and 8. Tuesday evening Rev. A. Hult will preach. Wednesday at 2 p. m. discussion, Hebrews 10:21-26. Leaders, Rev. J. V. Carlson and Rev. K. G. William Dahl. All the Scandinavians in and around Florence are invited to come and attend these meetings. The Ladies' Aid society will meet the second Thursday in December at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Edward Strandberg. An address on "The Homes of Today in Sweden" will be given. Everybody invited. Remember the Ladies' Aid society December 9 and the mission meetings December 7 and 8.

To trade for hay or oats, one river-side steel range, six griddles, all in good condition, or will sell cheap for cash. Telephone Florence 462.

Dr. Henkle, wife and two brothers were the guests of H. A. Woods and family in Florence Heights Thanksgiving. Dr. Henkle is the pastor of Pearl Memorial church in Omaha.

The Philathea society and the Baraca club of the Presbyterian church will meet at the home of Miss Grace Thompson tonight.

For Sale. 3 horses for all work. 3 milk cows, fresh in January and February.

1 good bull, 3 years old. Various farm implements. Inquire at Bank of Florence.

For the first time in a year John Simpson spent Saturday in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas returned Sunday from Maquoketa, Ia., where they spent Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols Sunday.

For Sale. Horse and buggy. Wagon (small.) 2 sets harness. K. Foellmer, 115 Sheffield street.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Swedish Lutheran church will meet at the home of Mrs. Edward Strandberg Thursday afternoon. An address, "The Homes of Today in Sweden," will be given.

Mrs. Viola Pettit spent Sunday visiting friends in Lincoln.

For Sale—A fresh milk cow and calf. Address J 2, care Tribune.

Arthur Ove has joined the navy.

Mrs. E. L. Platz was the guest of Mrs. A. C. Christenson in South Omaha Saturday.

A. H. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass., grandson of the famous millionaire whose endowments of eastern colleges put him in the hall of fame, is visiting his cousin, Mrs. J. J. Cole.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

The Court of Honor will give a dance at Pascale's hall Saturday night.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale and chicken pie dinner in Henry Anderson's new store building, Thursday, December 9th.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas entertained at luncheon Wednesday Mrs. Wallace Crume of Paola, Kas., Mrs. Zack Turpin and Mrs. Mayme Ritchie.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen were most royally entertained by Mr. Hugh Suttie last Wednesday evening. They were invited to partake of the chicken pie supper, prepared by the ladies of the Episcopal church, and did it full justice, after which they were invited to the Eagles' hall, where it was expected the ladies of the party would be fully initiated

into the mysteries of Eagledom. Considering that these ladies have nearly sprouted wings they thought the initiation would not be so troublesome as it might otherwise have been. But, alas and alack, "The best laid plans of mice and men," etc. When an attempt was made to produce the goat he was so frightened that with all the persuasion Dan Kelley and John Lubold could bring to bear he could not be induced to come any further than the door, so the ladies were very graciously invited to "bid a wee" until "Billy" felt better natured. Some of the gentlemen insinuated that if they were to come again and bring along a nice basket of lunch "Billy" might become reconciled. The ladies are still considering the question and think they will try again (aber nicht!).

SUTTIE'S NEW SONG.
Hugh Suttie was seen wandering aimlessly around town about 1 a. m. Thursday, singing something like the following:
I've reached the land of chicken pie,
And, oh, I wonder, wonder why
That wife of mine should always strive
To make me spend another five.
Chorus:
O, chicken pie, sweet chicken pie,
A second dish to down I try;
I look away across the hall
And wonder why they came at all,
Till up steps someone in my way
And said, "Now, Hugh, it's time to pay."
I know what I shall try to do,
Pure water I shall help them to,
And if they drink all I have brought
For chicken pie no room they've got.
Chorus:
If ever I live through this night
I'll know my wife can do me right;
I'll always do what I am told
—And let them laugh when I get sold.

How long will it burn? See the mammoth candle in McClure's window, you can win a useful Xmas present by employing a few minutes of your odd time.

The burning question, the candle in McClure's window.
Can you figure? If so, guess how many hours, minutes and seconds the huge candle in McClure's window will burn.

Miss Amelia Griffen very kindly assisted Miss Tracy in the postoffice Tuesday of this week.

Owing to the condition of Mr. Dodd's hand, which yet remains very tender from blood poisoning, rural route No. 1 is in charge of the sub carrier, Mr. Viggo Wolf.

Miss Sophia Anderson and Mr. Amos Cottrell attended a dinner and conference of the Omaha Christian Endeavor Union at the Y. M. C. A. Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. L. Reeves, who was a former assistant in the postoffice before her marriage several years ago, has again accepted the same position, commencing next Monday.

There was a delightful wedding Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson in Omaha, of interest to Florence people, as both parties were former residents of this place. Rev. R. M. L. Braden, D. D., of Bellevue united in marriage Dr. H. C. Smith and Miss Bertie Wilson in the presence of relatives. Miss Prudence Tracy ushered in the bridal party to the strains of "Lohengrin." After congratulations, which were hearty indeed, because of their having waited patiently throughout five years of proving up on homesteads for the consummation of this happy event, the guests were ushered into the dining room, where an elegant supper was served. Dr. and Mrs. Smith will leave in a few days for their future home on the "Florence Ranch," near Long Pine, Neb.

Toilet and manure sets at Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

A good razor or fountain pen at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

Perfumes and candies at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

The Crescent theater, which has been closed for repairs the past week, will open Saturday evening under the management of J. J. Cole, who will put on the highest class of instructive and entertaining pictures procurable. He will also have illustrated songs, Miss Maud Grebe being the singer.

Stationery at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

Chris Bauer was visiting Florence friends Wednesday.

Hugh Suttie acted as host to a number of his Eagle friends Wednesday evening at the church dinner given by the ladies of St. Mark's Episcopal church. Those present were L. R. Griffith, Henry Anderson, Henry Hollingsworth, E. L. Platz, John

Lubold, David Andrews, James Suttie, P. A. Haskell, Frank Pascale, H. F. Reynolds, Willis Barber, William Tuttle, R. H. Olmsted, Robert Golding, Newell Burton, Jay Golding, W. H. Thomas, C. H. Thomson and Hugh Suttie. After the guests had been seated and the first course served in walked Mrs. Suttie with Mrs. Haskell, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Mrs. John Lubold, Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Newell Burton, Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. Henry Anderson, Miss Moore and Miss Swanson and informed Mr. Suttie that they would also be his guests. They formed a merry party, afterward going to the Eagles' lodge in a body, where the women insisted on remaining for a good time.

The Imogen club met at the home of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted yesterday afternoon and profitably spent the time in study. At each meeting half an hour is devoted to the welfare of Florence and yesterday the ladies talked over many things of great benefit to the city. The most important of these was the library scheme and rest rooms for the farmers' wives who, when they come to town now, have no place to wait while the rest are shopping. They also made some caustic remarks about the mud being so deep on the crosswalks. A committee of three will wait on the council at its meeting Monday evening. This club has a great future before it and can be made a real power if the members are in earnest with their work.

Miss Mary Griffin died at an Omaha hospital, Tuesday and was buried Thursday.

Good Work by Workhouse Boy. Possibly the best interpreter of the Bible is Kitto. His Scriptural lore was the admiration of all his contemporaries. He was reared in a workhouse.

A Non-Subscriber. A south Missouri editor refused to publish a death notice of a non-subscriber. "People who don't take the home paper," he said, "never were alive and their passing away has no news value."—Kansas City Star.

Uneeda Biscuit
are made from the finest flour and the best materials obtainable—
That Makes them an ideal **Food**

Uneeda Biscuit
are baked in surroundings where cleanliness and precision are supreme—
That Makes them **Pure**

Uneeda Biscuit
are touched only once by human hands—
when the pretty girls pack them—
That Makes them **Clean**

Uneeda Biscuit
are sealed in a moisture proof package—
That Keeps them **Fresh**

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5c

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCoy & Olmsted
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

Henry Anderson
THE SCHLITZ PLACE
Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

BLACKSMITH SHOP
JOHN MCGREGOR, Prop.
Repair Work Done With Dispatch
Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Main Street, Florence, Neb.

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.

Rockmount Poultry Farm
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS
Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

John Lubold
Real Estate
Fire and Tornado Insurance, Loans
The Largest List of Florence and Suburban Property on the Best Terms.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 185.

The Florence Tailor
is now open for business, and all kinds of cleaning and repairing will receive prompt attention.
The latest style in men's and ladies' clothing at prices you can afford to pay.
1518 MAIN STREET
Florence

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.

ORRIS S. HULSE C. H. RIEPEN
Res. D. 3376 Res. Red 4497
Telephones:
Douglas—E-11 1225 Ind. A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

ASK FOR
METZ
FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

THE HOME OF
LUXUS
HANS PETERSON
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors,
and Cigars
Opposite Postoffice. Tel. 243.

Subscriptions for Any Magazine or Paper Taken.
FLORENCE NEWS CO.
CHAS. COTTRELL, Prop.
Magazines, Papers, Stationery, Candy and Cigars.
1515 MAIN STREET.
POSTOFFICE BLDG.

ABSTRACTS
The Guarantee Abstract Co.
INCORPORATED—BONDED
Room 7, Patterson Block, Omaha, Nebraska.
D. H. SEAVER, Sec.
Red 2947.

WE ARE NOW READY
To show you all the Latest Styles, Colors and Patterns for this season. You can get better satisfaction by selecting your PAPERS NOW, as we will be pretty busy in another month, and will not be able to give you the time and attention we can now. We also carry a full line of **Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes and Mouldings.** In fact everything that pertains to the Papering and Painting trades. Our prices are the same as the down town stores. We would be pleased to have you call and get our prices.
Phones—Webster 2438 Ind. B-1411
M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Arme Ave.

Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

BUT SHE HAD ENOUGH.



Johnny—Mother, let's go in here and buy a baby; they're cheap to-day.

Purchasing Power.
A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who had just reached the age of six, was recently waiting with his mother for a train at a railway station, when he noticed a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. He asked his mother a great many questions about it, and at last received permission to drop in his penny and be weighed. Having obtained that important information, he said: "How much would I have weighed, mamma, if I had dropped in a dollar?"

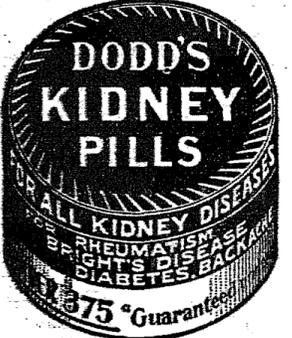
Christmas Post Cards Free.
Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Christmas, Flower and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 792 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

The Hint That Failed.
Wife—A tree, you know, gets new clothes every spring—hat, parasol, everything!
Husband—Yes, darling, and makes them all itself.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Levin's Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

In the opinion of the beauty doctor many a homely woman has a fine face for business.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottles.
The less a man knows about women the more he thinks he knows.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unsurpassed for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. Price, 25c each, 50c each and \$1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE.
THE BEST REMEDY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.
It will instantly relieve that racking cough. Taken promptly it will often prevent Asthma, Bronchitis and serious throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed safe and very palatable.
All Druggists, 25 cents.

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

Copyright, by the Century Co.

Dear Mamma: We are still here in Vire, and we cannot go on for it is raining awfully. It rained all yesterday, and we had more fun. About ten in the morning an automobile arrived with a lady Lee knows named Mrs. Brewer and three men, and about 12 another automobile arrived with Clara and Emily Kingsley and their aunt Clara Emily and Ellsworth Grimm and Jim Freeman and a chauffeur, and about half-past one a runabout automobile came in with the two Tripps. We are like a big house-party, and Mr. Peters plays poker with uncle every minute, so we can all have no end of a good time.

Miss Clara Emily asked after every one in our family, even Aunt Jane. Of course I told her that Aunt Jane had been dead two years, and you ought to have seen her jump and look at uncle. She asked me if uncle lived alone in the house, and she looked so reflective that I felt quite uncomfortable. I told Lee about it, but he says uncle must take his chances the same as the rest of the world when it comes to Miss Clara Emily. I wish Lee wouldn't make light of anything so serious as the way Miss Clara Emily looked reflective. You know you wouldn't like her having all Aunt Jane's lace, and I'm sure that after uncle was completely married to her he wouldn't like it at all, either.

I don't know what Mrs. Brewer is, but the men that came in the automobile with her are just devoted to her, and she makes every one have a good time. We played cards and consequences all the afternoon, and Mrs. Brewer told our fortunes from tea-leaves in the evening. She told uncle to beware of a long, pointed nose which she saw in his cup, and Miss Clara Emily didn't know whether to be mad or glad.

I had the room between uncle and the two Tripps, and the two Tripps calculated their money for three solid hours, I do believe, trying to see whether they'd have to draw on Paris behind them or could wait for London ahead. The big Tripp said Mr. Peters had a hard row to hoe and the little Tripp said Lee had a soft snap, and then they added and subtracted and divided for another hour. I was almost insane when finally the little Tripp said: "Tell me what 15 times nine is, and then I'll go to sleep," and some one across the hall hollered: "In heaven's name tell him what 15 times nine is, and then we'll all go to sleep." There was deadly silence after that.

Vire (next day).
Dearest Mamma: You see, we are still here and it is still raining. Every one telegraphed for mail yesterday and every one got it to-day. I had your letters and one from Edna and one from Mrs. Clary. They are going on a coaching trip with the man who wasn't a duke, and Edna has bought three new hats. Mrs. Clary says I am an angel and that she and Edna think it right out of heaven the way Lee has turned up. I had three letters from Mr. Edgar, and he says he is thinking of making a trip into Brittany and joining us. I told Lee, and Lee says he isn't thinking anything of



"Miss Clara Emily is Getting Very Much in Earnest."

the kind, not in his life. I don't really think that Mr. Edgar and Lee would get on very well together. I feel almost sure that they wouldn't like each other. Indeed, I feel quite sure.

When we went down-stairs, Mr. Peters and uncle were playing poker and Miss Clara Emily was sitting by them looking rapt. Heavens! I do hope it will stop raining and let us get away soon, for uncle told me this noon that she was more unlike Aunt Jane than any woman that he had seen in years. Uncle is very good-tempered, and has won over 150 francs from Mr. Peters at poker. Mr. Peters says he's played poker for years without meeting such a rattling winner as uncle, and uncle believes him. The two Tripps want to go on, too, because they decided to wait for their money at London, and they are afraid they are going to run short. Mr. Brewer wants to go, too, because he has finished his German book. I think we all want to go, because two days is a long while to spend in Vire.

Uncle came into my room this afternoon and said the more he saw of Europe the better he liked it, and that Mr. Peters was the sort of friend that was worth making. He said he had decided to go on with them to Mont St. Michel, because they were so ur-

gent that he couldn't well get out of it. He says he hopes I won't consider that he has changed his opinion of Lee because he hasn't, but that he will say this much, and that is, that the fact that a man like Mr. Peters will call Lee his friend proves that he must have some good in him somewhere. Uncle said the Kingsleys seem to be nice girls, and then he coughed, but I didn't say anything, so he dropped the subject. I must tell you, though, that Miss Clara Emily is getting very much in earnest, and every one is noticing it, and Uncle seems pleased.

Vire (S. a. m. next day).
Just a line to say that the sun has come out, and that we are all going on by train, except Jim Freeman and the chauffeur. Some one slashed all the automobile tires last night. Isn't that awful?

UNCLE JOHN AND MONT-SAINT-MICHEL.

"Well, this is a great change from the automobile—eh, Peters? Of all the outrageous, heathenish actions, that cutting of automobile tires was the worst. Every man at that hotel ought to be hung up and high-strung and quartered—make an example of the whole outfit. I must say, though,



In Mont-Saint-Michel.

that I blame Freeman a good deal myself. He says he felt anxious, and yet he never had that chauffeur sit up to watch. Foolish, very foolish; but he'll pay the penalty, having to stay there and wait for the tires from Caen.

"Well, Peters, and so here we are off for Dol. Dol seems to be the only way to get in or out of Brittany, and it must have been so always, for in Matilda's tapestry she's got William and Harold on their way to Dol as a beginning to making things hot for the lord of Brittany. Very interesting study, that tapestry, Peters.

"So we are off for Mont-Saint-Michel, bless her old heart—or is Michel a him? I must say, I'm deeply interested in to-day's expedition. Wasn't some English Henry shut up on Mont-Saint-Michel and fed by ravens there, or something like that? Yes; I know there's some such legend, and now we're going to see the spot. How do we get from Dol to the mont? By Pontorson, eh? And then diligence the rest. Well, I must say it sounds like quite an undertaking; but then, if you leave the beaten path, you must always pay the price, and I must say I enjoy these little jaunts with a congenial party. Too bad the Kingsleys couldn't have continued with us. Nice people, the Kingsleys—very interesting girls. What did you say? Oh, yes, of course the aunt was interesting, too; but—what did you say? Nonsense, nonsense! But I will say one thing, Peters, and that is that it pays to travel around when it brings one in contact with people such as yourself and Miss Kingsley.

"So this is Pontorson! Do we get down here? Is that the diligence? Do we get up there? Great Scott! how can we? And it looks to be about full already. Do you mean that we have got to climb that little ladder? I don't believe Yvonne can. I don't believe she ought to, even if she can. Can't we go to Mont-Saint-Michel some other way? Peters, I'd like to slay with my own hands that wretch that slashed our automobile. Will you think of the difference he is making in our comfort these days?"

"Well, Lee, let's see you skin up there first. Looks easy, don't it, Peters? Now, Peters, it's your turn. And now, Yvonne, my child, steady, and start and keep right on to the end. There—there—catch her on top anywhere, Peters. Go her? Are you all right, child? And now for your Uncle John!"

"Ask him if this is a new ladder. I don't want to take any chances with an old ladder, you know. Well, what did he say? Ask him if people ever do fall or meet with any sort of accidents going up. Well, what did he say? Peters, this looks more serious every minute. What do they have the thing so high for, anyhow? I must say I don't like going up there at all. Ask him if he has ever known any one to miss their footing? Well, tell him to keep a good grip on the ladder. Now then, one, two—oh, this—confound him! tell him to steady it—Great Scott! Landed!

"And now that I am up, tell me how

in all creation I'm ever to get down again.

"Well, why don't we start? That's the worst of Europe, Peters—no push, no energy. Perfectly content to sit on a diligence and stagnate. Let me look at my watch. Eleven. Well, I'm not at all surprised. I wouldn't be surprised at anything that might occur in this vicinity. I tell you, Peters, it will be a glad day for me when I set my foot down hard on a New York steamer pier once more. I can't but feel—

"Ah, so we are to get under way at last! Lumbering old concern—eh, Peters? Great contrast to the automobile.

"What's that ant-hill out at sea? It isn't the sea, though, is it? It's land; gray sand, I vow. And so that is Mont-Saint-Michel? Curious. Used to be on land, eh, and then got to be on sea? It appears to me that we have quite a drive before us yet. Looks to me to be three or four miles. What do you say, Peters? Of course I don't know, how big the mont is, so I have nothing to judge the distance by; but I should say three miles at least.

"Great Scott! how hot the sun is, and no matter how gayly we lumber along, the mont looks to be equally distant. What is this road we're on, anyway? Seems to be a highway in the most literal sense of the word. Dike, eh? Built on purpose for tourists, I suppose—the American tourists before all, I'll bet.

"Well, so that is the mont close to. Appears to just comfortably cover up the whole island. Curious collection of houses and staircases topped off by a church. However, my main care at this moment isn't what we've come to see, but how in thunder we're to get down to see it. Well, the people line up pretty thick, and they have the additional joy of knowing that every last one of us is a tourist. That's one good thing about America, Peters, you can travel there without being a tourist. You pay a stiff price for very little, but that little's good, and the game ends with it. Europe's entirely different; what turns on the light over the washstand turns it off over the bed, and then, with all that, they mark light extra in the bill. There don't seem to be any legitimate hotel comforts here; they're all extra. I vow, I hate to take that hard-wood bolster out from under my head nights, for it's the one thing I get for nothing in every hotel.

"Well, Yvonne, I think you'd better go down first. You go next, Lee. You and I, Peters, will wait and take our time. I vow, I'm not very keen on this descent. Just hold my hat, will you? Here, you, down there, hold this ladder steady, Peters, I—where's the bottom? I vow I—

"Safe at last! quaint old place—old wall with a gate in it, eh! Fishing rods and oars all about; when does the tide come in? Faster than a horse can gallop, eh? Well, that must be sad for the horse. Anyhow, I didn't ask how fast it came in; I asked when it would come in next. Well, ask some one. An hour after we leave, eh? Interesting. But come on; let's go up to Mme. Poulard Aine and eat the omelet, and then we can climb around some. You walk on, Yvonne, and order the luncheon, and Mr. Peters and I will come leisurely after.

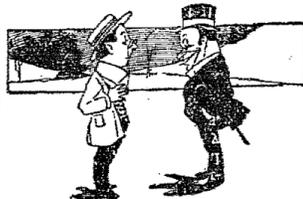
"And so this is the famous omelet place. Well, in we go. Quaint—very quaint. Look at the chickens turning on the spit and dripping in a trough. My, but they look good! Mme. Poulard herself, isn't it? Good day, m'am; bon jour—bon jour. Glory, what a smile, stereoscoped and illuminated! Makes me think of the china cat's head that we used to put a candle inside of when I was a kid. Do we go upstairs? Eat up there, eh? Quaint—very quaint. Every fellow did what he pleased to these walls, evidently. Well, Peters, let's sit down."

"And so we now set out to climb Mont-Saint-Michel. Picturesque flight of steps. No, I don't mind climbing—good exercise. Curious little winding walk; old woman with baskets to sell. No, we don't want any; go 'way, go 'way. Terrible nuisance such people. Here's another with yellow flowers. No, no, go 'way, you—and another with matches. No, no, go 'way. Well, that's a pretty tall flight of steps, isn't it, Peters? But I guess we can make it. Where's Yvonne? Ahead, eh? Well, I presume those two fellows can look out for her. Let's stop and look at the view. Fine view! As I was saying, Peters, it was too bad the way we broke up at Vire. I really felt mean over leaving as we did. What did you say? Nonsense; none of that, Peters, none of that. But I will say one thing for her: She certainly was a woman of great perception—always thoughtful for others. Did you notice how she used to push the ash-receiver toward me? It's things like that that make a man comfortable. Astonishing that such a woman should never marry. Well, let's go on. Not more than 90 more steps and two flower women to get over. Peters, have you observed how many stairs there are in Europe? It fairly bristles with them. We go pretty nearly stair-free with us, and over here it's stairs from dawn till—

"Great Scott, will you look at them! Oh, I never can go up there, never! We may as well go back. If you want to, you can go up; but I couldn't possibly see anything that would compensate me for those steps. I'll bet there are 10,000, and like as not there are more beyond. I'm going back and sit with Mme. Poulard Aine till it's time to go. You go on alone. Just tell him we won't want any of those oyster-shell pin cushions first, will you? Then you go on by yourself, Peters, I've had enough."

The trade name of a certain Australian brandy is the "Boomerang."

CHEAP COALS.



Smythe—Do you pay much for your coal?

Jones—Not a cent. I live near the railway line, and get my coal to make grimeaces at the engineers; of all the trains as they pass.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura In Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Boy's Essay on Clothing.

Here is an extract from an essay, written by a boy in a London school: "Clothing is an article which everybody should wear. The least of this article is worn by savages or natives, which is a piece of cloth or a few leaves or feathers round the waist, in cold countries, same as Eskimos, the people wear more clothes than we do, count of the icy cold out there. They can skate all the year round, except about one thaw there is in summer. If they walked about like natives they would catch cold directly and die of bronchitis. We put clothes on which are nearly like our bodies, some have caps, coats and trousers, but women and girls wear hats and frocks to tell who they are."

"Julius Caesar" Sent to Bed.

At the British Authors' club banquet in his honor, Lieut. Shackleton told an amusing story of a man who went home one night after dinner and took with him four or five others.

"Come in, boys," he said, "and have a last drink."

"But your wife might not like it," one of the party replied.

"My wife!" was the answer; "I am Julius Caesar in my house."

On entering they were received by the lady of the house with the words: "Oh, walk in, gentlemen: there is plenty of drink in the dining room. As for Julius Caesar, he is going to bed."

Never.

Mrs. Benham—You still insist that woman has more curiosity than man? Benham—Sure; did you ever know a man to want to find out if he could get off a street car backwards without committing suicide?

The season is here when many a family man would like to swap his big automobile for a small coal yard.

BENEFIT OF HOME TRAINING

Probability That Father "Improved" on Anything Willie Had Heard on the Street.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?" "William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why, wh-what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—your son—has been heard swearing on the street! I heard him." "Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Judge.

A Kneeling Proposition.

"Pony" Moore, the once famous minstrel, is dead at the age of 80. He was one of the last of his kind.

"Moore," said a veteran Chicago manager, "used to make up his jokes. Once, when he played here, he had his toes run over, and limped on that night with a foot that resembled a white pillow."

"Ah's ez tendah-hoofed as Lize Johnsing," he said to the audience, with a chuckle. "Yo' know 'bout Liza? Young Chalkoun White, he sez to her, proposin'."

"'Whaffo' you make a face like dat when I propose, Miss Johnsing?"

"'Well, Cal,' says Liza, 'Ah kain't give yo' offah propah consideration less'n yo' takes yo' knee off'n mah co'n.'"

He Knew the Reason.

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly ain't quick enough."—Bazar.

Marks on Silverware.

"Sterling" as used in connection with silverware means genuine silver. The addition of the word "patent" is to indicate that the particular design of the article on which the word appears is patented and that the article is genuine silver.

The finest assortment of table china in Quaker Oats

Family Size Packages

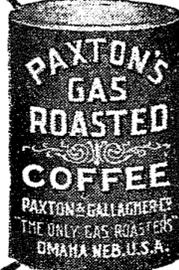


Have You Tried Paxton's Gas Roasted Coffee

Buy a can of Paxton Coffee today. Try it as you usually make coffee and let your family be the judge. They will say the coffee is delicious and want more.

Only 25 Cents Per Pound at Your Grocers

2 Lb. Red Cans Air-tight Sealed 25c Per Pound



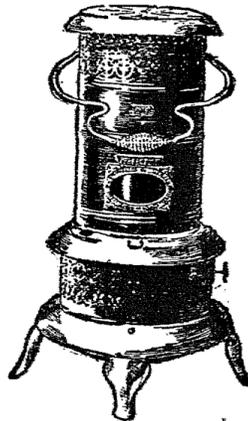
Oil Heat Without Smoke

No matter how sensitive your olfactory nerves may be, or under what working conditions you encounter the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

you'll not detect the slightest odor of smoke. The new



Automatic Smokeless Device

positively prevents both. Removed in an instant for cleaning. Solid brass front holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Incorporated)



A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH BUILT FROM JUNK

An architectural anomaly, a beautiful building built from scrap material, is the product of the genius, energy and inspiration of an Omaha clergyman. When completed the First German Presbyterian church will present an edifice of stable and dignified beauty, yet all the material that goes into its construction is discarded junk gathered from every available source. It represents what can be accomplished by a few earnest, hard-working men under the leadership of a preacher full of enthusiasm and inspiring optimism.

When he first went to Omaha, three years ago, Rev. Julius F. Schwarz determined that his congregation should have a new church. The fact that the members numbered only 60 and the whole property of the corporation was about \$5,000 troubled him not at all, and he began to build with as much faith as if he had the riches of Solomon. His plan was to gather everywhere, whenever he could, all the old but strong timbers, all the iron junk available for structural use, all the loose and irregular stone and all the generally discarded building materials that could be found in Omaha and from them to build a church. It was not to be a mean and ugly house of worship, but a well-equipped, well arranged, ample meeting place for his people.

He has now extended it to include an 11-room house for his own family and the whole property would have cost \$30,000 if it had been built by contract. As built by Rev. Mr. Schwarz and his fellow laborers it will cost less than \$25,000. The other \$15,000 has been saved to his people by the perseverance, energy and ingenuity of the pastor.

The first charge that Mr. Schwarz took when he left the theological seminary was at Connersville, Ind. For six years he remained there and was called to Omaha three years ago on a recommendation from one of his instructors in the theological school.

At that time the First German Presbyterian was a small frame church. As soon as the new pastor came he announced that the church was too small. To build a church with a membership of 60 seemed out of the question to all but the pastor. He thought he knew a way and he set about it with almost no support, at first, from the others.

For a year he sought for a suitable location and finally purchased the lot the new church is on for \$1,800. When he bought this tract the fund which he drew from amounted to \$57. His first move was to sell the old church for \$1,350. As soon as the lot was paid for he shouldered a spade, and replacing his ministerial dignity with a grim and effective energy he began to dig. The first thing that a church needed was a foundation. He had no money, but he could make the foundation himself, and that would be one step toward it.

He asked for contributions from friends outside of Omaha and waited for his own people to contribute voluntarily. The dollars came slowly, but they came with sufficient steadiness to assure him that he could make a few purchases for a start. While walking on the street one day he saw that in repairing the street the old curbs were being taken up. "These are good blocks," said the pastor-builder, and he bargained with the contractor to take them off his hands. That stone went into the foundation.

His next lot of material came when the wall that supported the yard of the old Rosewater residence was to be torn down. Men hired by Mr. Schwarz did the work and the brick and stone was taken out and put into the walls that were gradually rising on the church site. Some of his congregation began to contribute two or three days' work with teams in gathering material.

The south steps from the old high school building followed and these made the "water-table" on both sides of the church part of the building. The parsonage end was being added to from the stone that could be picked up around stone yards for small expense and converted into suitable blocks.

An opportunity came to the builders when the driveway was constructed leading down to the Union station on the north side. Here was bought 15,000 feet of lumber that had been used in scaffolding and a carload of fine red sandstone was purchased for \$20. When, a few weeks later, a contractor offered Mr. Schwarz \$70 for that same carload of red stone because he needed it to fill a contract in a hurry, the minister gave up his material and added \$50 clear to the fund. This was the only enterprise for profit that was entered into for the benefit of the cause, except a little deal in lead pipe which the minister had with a prominent fraternal order. He bought some old lead from the lodge for \$1.50 and sold it for \$15 to a junk dealer.

All winter long he has been haunting the repair gangs about the streets, visiting stone yards and junk heaps and adding to the pile of materials that is being made into a building by his men. One of his biggest and most profitable finds was a pair of iron pillars in excellent condition which he bought from the street railway company for their price as old iron. The street railway company also furnished him with the most novel use of old material in the whole building, which is the making of rafters out of old steel rails. The rails are more than strong enough and were bought for the price of junk.

The church, which consists of a basement with a beautiful fireplace and an auditorium which will seat 300, measures 44x73 feet. The roof extends back over the parsonage, making it a full three stories high, with one room in the attic. The house part is 24x50 feet in ground



Beautiful Edifice Being Erected by Rev. Schwartz



Rev. Julius F. Schwarz

dimensions and has 11 fine rooms.

On the front of the church will be a tower which will be just as high and substantial as it can be made from what is left of the stone after the rest of the structure is finished.

The plans for all of it were sketched by the Rev. Mr. Schwarz and made exact by an architect. There are no specifications in use. The plans are followed not by getting material to fit them, but by conforming them as nearly as possible to material that can be cheaply bought.

The work went slowly, because Mr. Schwarz could not afford to put on a large force of men. His foreman, Fred Slather, is a German stone mason. The wages of the men are the one debt which Mr. Schwarz does not intend to neglect and his men are paid every Saturday as if they were working for a wealthy contractor who had thousands to back his operations. To do this the builder has had to rely upon the kindness of his other creditors, who have helped the cause by not pressing their claims.

That \$6,000 that has already been put into the work was gathered mostly from the contributions of friends all over the country. Other pastors have taken up benefit collections, a friend in Indiana sent \$200, and the congregation has contributed far beyond what might be expected from their means. Mr. Schwarz made a house-to-house campaign of four days down in Riley, Kan., and raised \$200 in that way. One of the church trustees, who declared when the project was begun that he would not do anything to aid it, has already given \$100, and others have given \$100 and \$200 contributions. Churches have promised contributions that will probably average \$25 each and several hundred dollars more is expected from that source.

"If I just had \$6,000 more I could finish it," says the minister, and he seems not to lack faith that the \$6,000 will come as it is needed.

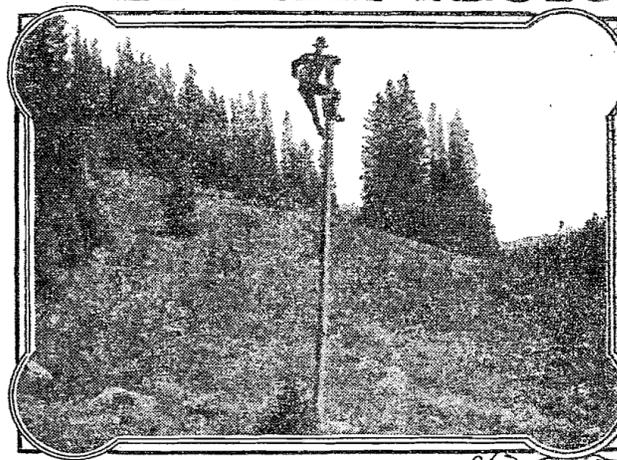
Mr. Schwarz's unique undertaking has attracted considerable attention and promises of financial assistance have come in from various parts of the country. These donations to a most worthy cause are for the most part in small amounts, but are none the less appreciated by the energetic pastor and the encouragement thus received has had no little part in helping along the good work. Rev. Schwarz has announced that all outside contributions will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

The biggest addition to the fund that has come so far was the \$2,500 got from selling the old parsonage, which the pastor advised as soon as he saw the possibility of making a home for himself as a part of the new building. It is believed that enough more can easily be raised to put on a roof so that services can be held in the

basement, and after that the money will come in faster. In the meantime the minister is watching everywhere for anything that will make his church more commodious or his home more attractive.

"The reason for my doing all this," said Rev. Mr. Schwarz, as he laid aside the tools with which he was helping the workmen, "is that I believe that right here is the best field for work among the Germans that there is in all the northwest. My life occupation is missionary work among my German people and the only reason why I want to stay here and put up this big church for my small congregation is because from here I can reach so many Germans. I was born an American, but came from German parents and am thoroughly German in thought and feeling. When I decided to become a minister I saw that the greatest need was among my own people, so I studied at a German seminary. My

FIRES IN OUR NATIONAL FORESTS



CONSTRUCTION OF GOVERNMENT TELEPHONE LINE



CONSTRUCTING A FIRE LANE

WORKING along the line of securing the greatest results in protection against fire, with a minimum of expenditure, the forest service has decided to establish on the most advantageous points of the national forests in the west a series of lookout stations from which news of the breaking out of forest fires can be telephoned to forest officials.

Since all of these stations will command a view of the country for miles around, the work of detecting and extinguishing fires in their incipency will, by this plan, be greatly expedited, with the result that many thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber will be saved annually.

In most of the national forest states the climate is very dry, and the rainfall light. Conditions, therefore, are remarkably favorable for the spread of fire and extraordinary diligence is necessary in patrolling dangerous areas. To administer the vast area included in the national forests, approximately 195,000,000 acres, the government has about 1,400 men in the field. If each man could be used for fire patrol, he would have to cover approximately 138,000 acres. As a matter of fact, however, the volume of business on the national forests has grown to such proportions that less than twenty-five per cent of the force is available. This makes it necessary to spread an average man's service over nearly four times 138,000 acres, decreasing fire protection far below the point of safety in many cases.

In the face of this, however, fire losses on the national forests are kept at a point where they are trivial when compared with the damage which would be caused were the lands contained in the national forests unprotected.

A lookout station has been established on Shuteye peak in the high Sierras, for the purpose of watching for any fires which might occur in the mountains. This peak has an elevation of 8,858 feet and the observer commands a view of a large portion of Tuolumne, Madera and Fresno counties, in California.

A cabin constructed at the top of the mountain and a telephone installed, connects with the forest supervisor's office in the valley and the various ranger stations on the Sierra forest. The observer is equipped with powerful field glasses and when a fire is discovered news is instantly telephoned to the nearest ranger.

During the short time the station has been maintained its usefulness has twice been demonstrated by the discovery of fires in remote localities. These were readily extinguished before they could gain dangerous headway, thus saving valuable timber and forage which might otherwise have been devastated had not the fires been discovered in their incipency.

The forest service is planning to establish several other similar stations in the Sierras which will virtually command the entire range of mountains and in this manner remove the necessity for constant patrol on the part of the rangers scattered throughout the hills. Much of the rangers' time can now be devoted to trail and other improvement work without interfering with their availability for fighting fires, and the nervous strain under which many of the men labored when constantly patrolling has been materially reduced. The telephone on

the national forest is not only of the greatest assistance in the management of the forest, but its value is inestimable when used to report or summon help for a fire. In a single case of forest fire it may be worth the entire cost of its construction. No other work of improving the forests has been more acceptable to the residents in their vicinity.

In the summer of 1905 Secretary Wilson and United States Forester Gifford Pinchot, after going over large areas of little developed and almost unexplored national forest land, decided that systems of telephones, with proper connections, would be invaluable on the forests of the west.

It was not until some time later, however, when congress made a specific appropriation for the improvement of the national forests, that funds were available for this purpose. Last year 3,200 miles of telephone lines were constructed on the 145 national forests in the west, and wire to build about 400 miles of additional line was shipped to the various forests, but with the funds on hand the work of construction could not be completed.

A town in southern Utah, with about 1,000 inhabitants, was isolated four days' ride from the nearest railroad station until a telephone line was built by the forest service across the mountainous country for 40 miles, thus connecting the town, the headquarters of the forest and several ranger cabins with the telegraph station.

From two to five ranger stations are now connected with the supervisor's office on many of the national forests, and by the use of phones in the homes of settlers centrally located other points on the forest are reached. The marked saving in time otherwise required for a trip of from 20 to 40 miles is evident.

On some forests "lookout stations" have been established to which wire is run and a man stationed in the vicinity, so that he can climb the point of vantage several times each day and with his glass sweep over the landscape in every direction, quickly scanning an area of two or three hundred thousand acres. It is by such plans that fire patrol and fire control have been established on the national forests with an exceedingly small protective force, and damage from fire has been reduced to a minimum.

This Dog Is a Trout Fisher.

L. A. Crosby, residing at Lenox, has had to apply to ex-Senator W. A. Burns, of Pittsfield, to find out whether or not he is a peaceable, law-abiding citizen or whether he is likely to be arrested and fined for the trick which his pet dog has developed of catching trout out of season.

Near the Crosby estate runs one of the tempting Berkshire trout streams, which at the times provided by law is very popular with particular Waltons. Fluff, Crosby's sagacious dog, has suddenly developed a fancy for wandering down by the brook and making a nice little "catch" before breakfast—at least, catch fish she does, according to Crosby. He could think of no way to prevail on the knowing canine to forget its lawless tricks, and finally he took the matter up with ex-Senator Burns.

Now the burning question with Mr. Crosby is just where he stands under a strict construction of the statute and what is to become of his over-educated pet.—Boston Post.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

Is it true that the greater the knowledge the less the religious interest? Are these two persons, the man whose zeal for religion is equalled by his bigotry and ignorance and the other in whom scientific study has dwarfed spiritual sensibility, fair types by which to judge the relations of religion and knowledge?

Is intelligence incompatible with real piety? Will the growth of knowledge bring about the dissolution of religion? Is the life of religious aspirations and feelings out of date in a scientific age such as we are constantly reminded this one is to-day? Science has overcome superstition; is faith so bound up with superstition that it, too, must go?

We can be sure of one thing, at least; that, no matter what our feelings, theories or ideals may be, we cannot turn our backs on the great world of fact as it is laid before us. The faith that fights facts is committing suicide. Appeals to our fears cannot to-day make the facts less real to us and we know that by them we will have to stand or fall.

If you stop to think about it, there is a striking significance in the fact that this question has arisen. Is there a religion for the intelligent, educated, scientific mind? It suggests another question: Can any other mind fully comprehend the clings and meaning of religion? The unthinking cling to customs, traditions and forms that are the vestiges of truth. The trained mind distinguishes between the garments of truth and truth itself.

BAZAAR

And Chicken Pie Supper

Given by the Ladies of the
Florence Presbyterian Church

THURSDAY, DEC. 9

Anderson's New Store Building.

TICKETS FOR SUPPER, 25c.

Everybody Welcome—Come and Bring
Your Friends.

Boy's School Shoes

UNCOMMONLY STRONG AND SERVICEABLE LEATHERS
STYLISH, PERFECT-FITTING AND COMFORTABLE SHAPES

Our Kirkendall Calf Shoes with wire quilted soles are especially intended for boys who can't be kept in ordinary shoes any time at all. They are strongly and substantially made from the best materials and will stand almost unlimited hard wear, besides pleasing the boy himself by their perfect fitting and comfortable shapes. They're remarkably stylish and handsome, too, and the prices are only

\$1.50--\$1.75--\$2.00

Fall underwear and all the needful things for children about to start in school.

Anderson & Hollingsworth FLORENCE, NEBRASKA.

TELEPHONE FLORENCE 320

W. H. HOLLETT
Bakery, Restaurant, Candies
Cigars, Fresh Roasted
Peanuts
We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

MINNE-LUSA CEMENT BLOCK CO.
CEMENT BLOCKS
Tel. Florence 140
Plant on Main St. and R.R. Tract

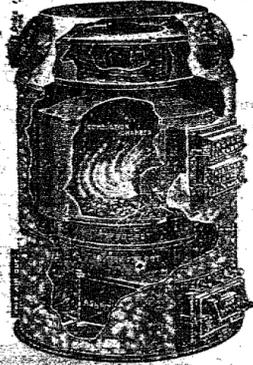
BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

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
476 8th Street WATERLOO, IOWA

PATTERN—STYLE—QUALITY

of material, excellence of workmanship, and fit being superior, the impression prevails that custom tailored clothes are very expensive.

CLOTHES WE MAKE

are not only within your reach, but they satisfy completely, and outwear average clothing two to one.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

the strength of our argument by letting us make your Fall Suit or Overcoat. SUITS \$25.00 AND UP.

DRESHER THE TAILOR 1515 Farnam OMAHA, NEB.

Open Evenings. Too Busy Making Clothes to Close.

The Tragedy of a Mate at Chess

By T. W. McKAIL

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

His highness, the rajah of Baghadur, was known far and wide in the peninsula as the best native chess-player in India, and there was a certain tea-planting American in the north who had won the Calcutta tournament thrice. It was fated, therefore, that the two champions should meet across the checkered board.

South came the tea-planter, at the bidding of a perfumed letter written in Persian and carried in a box of fretted gold. He traveled south alone, a mere undistinguished commercial wayfarer, a little looked-down-on by the collector and the major who rode in the same train. But the major and the collector stared when they saw him descend at the appointed railway station, for there awaited him not only the retinue of a rajah, but his highness, the rajah, himself. The tea-planter said it was too much honor, but his highness remarked that he could not sufficiently honor "a prince of the game of games."

For 30 miles of vale and plateau they drove together in a landau, the potentate and the planter lounging side by side and talking of the game. A hundred barbaric horsemen escorted them and a hundred gorgeous infantry saluted them as they drove into the compound through the great palace gateway. And that night the tea-planter began a letter to a doctor's sister in New York, in which he wrote of "the regular royal reception, dear, that I've had."

Three games at chess they played, the rajah and the tea-planter, after a day of feasting and a day of rest. They played a game a day. The squares of the board were of ebony and silver, and the chessmen of solid gold. The first game lasted two hours, the second three, and the last game five by the clock.

The tea-planter won the first game, and the rajah's manner grew less silky. On the second day his highness got the game, and the American said: "I'm glad you've won, sir," at which the rajah's brow grew black. The tea-planter saw him no more that day, but Khazi Futteh Khan, chief minister of Baghadur, sat long with the honored guest in the divan and smoked for a silent hour, and then spoke:

"My lord the rajah is king of the game of games," spoke Khazi Futteh Khan. "It is his royal whim to pit himself against all famous players. Never yet bath his highness been vanquished; that is his dearest pride. It were ill that in the winning game my lord the American should put his highness to shame. Always his highness richly rewardeth the vanquished." But the tea-planter did not understand.

For the winning bout of the rubber the board was spread in the shade of geranium trees, within the secret inner garden of the zenana, and many dark eyes behind gilded lattice-work saw the game unseen. It was a mighty struggle; never had the tea-planter so keenly enjoyed the fray, for he did not understand. "Check!" he cried, gleefully, at the end of the fourth hour of contest. The rajah rose, scowling, and passed behind the gilded lattices; the dark eyes turned to comfort him and peeped no more.

"'Twere ill that my lord the rajah should be vanquished; let my lord the American move thus and thus, and all shall yet be well," said Khazi Futteh Khan. But the tea-planter was poring over the board and did not understand.

"I s'pose he's coming out again soon, isn't he?" said the American presently, getting up from his cushions and walking about to stretch his legs. "Because, you know, it's mate in six moves."

The chief minister of Baghadur shrugged his shoulders and fingered the hilt of his sword.

In a little while they brought from the zenana sweet dates and ripe fruits, and drugged tobacco and potent wine. The American ate, smoked and drank, unaffected, and pored over the waiting board. Then his highness emerged from the gilded lattice-work and the game went on.

The tea-planter played the first of his six inevitable moves. As he lifted the piece for his second, a soft touch fell on his left hand. He turned his head abstractedly and saw that a slave girl, young, lissom, beautiful, had stolen to his side. She looked at him with soft, inviting gaze. But he did not understand.

He lifted a pawn for his third move, and as he placed it within the destined square a tray of flashing jewels and great gold coins was set down at his right hand. "Behold the reward of the loser," whispered Khazi Futteh Khan; but the tea-planter did not understand.

He lifted the piece for his fourth move and the rajah gave an angry stir. The board was shaken and the pieces fell among the cushions. But the tea-planter, as if nothing had happened, replaced them, so that the game might go on.

Again he played his piece, and as he did so the shadow of a lifted sword fell over his bent head across the board. But his eyes were intent on the game, and if he saw the shadow he did not understand.

He lifted his rook for the winning move, and the keen blade cut, thin and burning, right through his outstretched neck. But the sword of Khazi Futteh Khan fell half a moment late: "Mate," whispered the falling head.

Why Grandmother Could Not Write

By RUDOLF BAUMBACH

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

In front of the last of the little houses scattered along the edge of the forest sat a curly headed boy on a stone bench drawing humpbacked letters on the slate which he held on his knees. Every now and then he cast a longing glance toward the distant village green, where his playmates looked like little colored dots running to and fro. Then he drew a long sigh and held his slate pencil idly in his hand, till his sense of duty warned him to resume his hated task. An old woman stepped out of the house. She was the child's grandmother. She leaned over his shoulder and looked pityingly at the scribbled letters.

"You poor little fellow!" murmured she, stroking her grandson's curly head with her bony hand, "they don't give you any peace even on the Lord's day." The little fellow made a doleful face and looked piteously up at his grandmother.

"They ask so much of children nowadays," continued the old woman, and seated herself on the stone bench beside the boy. "I can neither read nor write, yet I have always been respected and have well-behaved children and grandchildren. Of what use is learning to us peasant folk?" Her words sounded like songs from angel lips to the youngster.

"Can't you write, grandmother?" asked he.

"No," said the old woman, with dignity, and drew herself up. A long pause followed.

"Were there no schoolmasters when you were little?" asked the inquisitive grandchild, after a while.

"Oh, yes indeed!" answered grandmother. "We had a schoolmaster; and such a schoolmaster! He drummed the Ten Commandments and whatever else we needed to know into our heads, so that the parish priest was very proud of us when he catechized us, but he wasn't very particular about anything else. Oh, there are no such men nowadays. But there was a very special reason why I did not learn to write, and that is a very remarkable story. I may thank my mother—God rest her soul—that I never learned to write. She couldn't write, either, and her not knowing how to write saved her from a great danger. When my mother was first married, she and her husband had a hard time getting along. They worked early and late and still hardly earned their daily bread. One day my mother went out into the woods to get litter for the goats, and her heart was so full of sorrow over her poverty that she sat down on the ground and cried bitterly enough to melt the heart of a stone. All of a sudden a stately gentleman stood before her, dressed like a huntsman and wearing a cock's feather in his hat. He asked my mother why she was crying, and when she told him how poor she was, he laughed and said: 'I will help you. I will make you rich, so that you will have enough as long as you live.' Then he drew a little red book out of his pocket and handed it to my mother, and giving her also a pencil, said: 'Write your name in that book. There are the names of a good many people whom I have helped in there already.'

"Then my mother, quite overjoyed, seized the book and the pencil to do as the gentleman had requested, but as she did not know how to write, she made a cross. In a moment the book turned red hot in her hand, and she threw it away with a scream, and it burned up in the twinkling of an eye. When she looked up, the strange man had disappeared and the whole air smelt horribly of brimstone. Then my mother felt her blood turn cold and she knew that the strange gentleman must have been the devil himself. She ran home heels over head, and it was a long time before she got over it. Her making a cross in the devil's book because she did not know how to write had saved her soul from everlasting damnation and so she insisted that no child of hers should ever learn to write. If I had my way you should never learn either, but things are not as they used to be in the good old times."

First Coal Found in Virginia. According to the investigation of the United States geological survey, Virginia was the pioneer coal producing state. The occurrence of coal was known in the Richmond basin as early as 1700, and in 1789 shipments were made to some of the northern states. In 1882, according to R. C. Taylor, the production amounted to 48,214 gross tons. The first coal was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia, near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the Piedmont plateau, 13 miles above tidewater, on James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much distorted and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to come into competition. This coal is now mined only for local consumption.

Needs Variation of Grass. The Iowa agricultural experiment station has found out that on railroads running east and west it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side, because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.

PURITAN FLOUR

For Sale by the New Store

Every Sack War-
ranted

THOS. DUGHER

DR SORENSON

Dentist

Office over Anderson & Hollingsworth

Good Work—Reasonable Prices

Telephone Florence 178

Postal Cards

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

EMORY
FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP
First-class work with an up-to-date shop

Main Street Florence, Neb.

COAL

MINNE-LUSA LUMBER CO.

J. A. SCOTT, Mngr.

PHONE—FLORENCE 535

National Corn Exposition

OMAHA, NEB.

DECEMBER 6-18, 1909

A visit to the Exposition will prove to be of value to every man and woman in this great agricultural section.

There will be lectures by prominent men on Education, The Home, Good Roads, and many other subjects.

A course in Domestic Science will be given free to the ladies.

For other information call on your Local Agent of the

Union Pacific

"THE SAFE ROAD TO TRAVEL"

FLORENCE LUMBER &

COAL CO.

Florence, Nebraska

Robert Golding, Mgr. Phone 102