

# The Florence Tribune

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNCIL

A Long and Weary Session is Necessary to Dispose of the Great Amount of Business Brought to the Attention of the City Fathers for Action and Which They Handled With the Enthusiasm of Beginners and Skill of Veterans.

Monday witnessed the first real session of the new council and gave every evidence that the present members will put in a strenuous year during their term of office.

The Merchants National bank notified the city that they held an assignment of M. Ford for \$34,072.00, due him on the paving. Katherine Gielen notified the city that on March 31 as she was strolling down the west side of Main street between Washington and Briggs streets, some of the bricks were mean enough to fall down off the pile onto the sidewalk and cause her to fall, injuring her anatomy in several different and divers places. Being a notification prior to a suit the matter is placed in the hands of the city attorney.

Mrs. Powell and Edgar Powell thought the council were trying too hard to improve her property with cement walks, as the council last year had ordered in walks on two sides of her property and the contractor had put in one side last year and was now engaged in putting in the other. Being a matter of the old council the protest was placed on file. J. P. Crick reported that the city of Omaha had tested the brick taken from the intersection of Main and Monroe streets and they were up to the standard prescribed.

The city treasurer's report was read and referred to the finance committee as a souvenir.

J. W. Green woke up to the fact that he had missed it by not being present at the last council meeting and endeavored to obtain the office of city engineer by filing a notice and a bond. His dream of office was rudely shattered when the bond of John Lubold was approved and he was sworn into office.

Ordinances 269 and 270 were read the second time. Ordinance 271 by J. H. Price declaring the running at large or small of those garden eating chickens between April 1 and September 1 a nuisance and prescribing a penalty was introduced and read the first time. Some one was mean enough to think that Price was doing this so he could sell a lot of chicken wire very cheap, but they were mistaken. He simply wanted to eat some garden "sass" and didn't propose to have chickens beat him to the garden.

Ordinance 272 by Carl Feldhusen, for grading the east side of Main street from the property line to the curb from Briggs to Sheffield and the south side of Briggs street from Main to Bluff was introduced and read three times and passed and it is possible the dirt will be removed before the rains wash it all down on Main street.

Ordinance 273 by Charles Allen requiring the city engineer to give a bond for the privilege of drawing \$3 a day went the same route.

The bonds of Police Judge Lowrey, R. H. Olmsted and John Lubold were added to the collection of documentary evidence that the city officials are honest.

The Honorable Charles Allen introduced a resolution to the effect that it was about time that the city became metropolitan enough not to have so many small houses set out on the edge of lots and therefore a special engineer should be consulted as to the cost and plans for a complete sewer system.

Some of the old mossbacks will tell him that what was good enough for them ought to be good enough for him or any other old councilman, but in a short time the great mass of suffering humanity will know the cost of being up-to-date and say whether they are willing to have the council go ahead with the work.

Charles Allen thought that as long as Price wanted to fence the chickens the dogs should be tagged doggone good, and therefore moved that the city clerk be instructed to purchase 100 dog tags to ornament the breasts of the dogs during the season they are dressed in a decollette fashion, and as the rest of the members of the council thought so, too, the dogs will soon have breastpins or be shot unto death or dog heaven. All of which reminded Feldhusen that dogs and chickens were not all in the city and thought it very unjust of citizens to tether their cows so the rope went across the sidewalks, thereby causing much annoyance and discomfort to the people who have to walk on the walks. Where there are no walks the people can go around the block until they find one, if they don't care to make a close inspection of the beauties of a bovine.

Henry Anderson got real indignant at the council trying to narrow State

## FORT CALHOUN NOTES

Victor Coffman has gone back to Casper, Wyo.

Charley Young has moved his family to Omaha.

Bill Smith has put sixty feet more on his livery barn.

Pioneer F. D. Leach, who moved to Florence twenty-five years ago, came to old Desota in 1856.

William Steyer, who moved to Florence recently, is now in Stewart's seed store in Omaha.

Mrs. Erma Finster Peten of Portland, Ore., a former graduate of the High school here, is on a visit to her old home.

Prof. George Green, the band tutor of the Omaha High school, has planted four acres of potatoes here and is not yet finished.

Elder Burdick, now of Omaha, who ran lime kilns at Florence and Fort Omaha for many years, got nearly all the buldsand at Rockport.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church have purchased a fine silver plated communion set for the church with forty-eight individual glasses.

A famous glacial boulder nearly twenty feet high is now entirely covered with sand and silt as well as the stone quarries of old Fort Atkinson, later of pioneer days.

Thirty-five women called on Miss Elizabeth Hilkeman at the residence of Hans Schwager and gave her a handsome shower of beautiful things to take to her new home.

The Rev. Mr. Hilkeman and Elder Woods attended the Omaha presbytery at Westminster church. Elder Woods was the guest of Fred Keiser and family and R. F. Gilder of the World-Herald.

Mrs. John Landis, Miss Dora Klindt, Miss Ella Rohwer, William Seivers and Hans Schwager have been appointed by the Cemetery association to prepare for the observance of Memorial day. Memorial day. James Walton, L. L. Wagers, Aut. Beales, Perry, Blackwood and W. H. Woods are all the veterans of the civil war in the immediate vicinity.

W. H. Woods is writing the history of Rockport, in Washington county, just north of Douglas, where two of Calhoun's citizens lived in 1856—David and George Neale. David drove oxen for William Russell's saw mill that made cottonwood lumber for early Omaha at \$75 per 1,000 feet. George Seale kept the \$20,000 hotel that afterwards became the famous "Robbers' Roost" that burned down some years ago on the "Pappio."

Henry Michaels and Frank Tietz of Garryowen journeyed to Florence Wednesday to inspect the new pavement and see some of their old friends. They found so many of the latter that they met themselves going out to do the chores when they got home.

Street down to 30 feet between curbs when so many of the people and the Improvement club were trying to get the street beyond widened by the county to 40 feet and with good prospects of securing the same, too. The Shipley thought the same way, as did also Dave Shipley.

Allen was peevish at John Grant for laying such poor walks a number of years ago and wanted them fixed at once, which will be done as soon as the council can get time to go over them and find out just how bad and where they are.

Mayor Tucker announced these committees for the ensuing year: Finance, Feldhusen, Price and Craig.

Streets and alleys, Allen, Price and Feldhusen.

Public property, Craig, Feldhusen and Allen.

He will appoint a city physician later.

The council will meet Sunday morning at 9:30 to go over the grade of Bluff street and Washington street with the property owners and an engineer to see what changes are necessary to fix the airship side walk in front of the Honorable Mr. Finkenkeller's domicile.

The city treasurer was instructed to waive the interest penalty on the collection of sidewalk taxes prior to May 2, and the city clerk was instructed to procure an iron box to keep the records of the city safe from harm.

As the curfew had blown some time before the councilmen thought it wise to adjourn and dispose of the rest of the business at a later date so they went home in time to meet themselves going to work in the morning.

## JUST IDLE CHATTER

Bits of Gossip and Social News Gleaned From Here and There for the Information of Readers of This Paper.—Miss Florence Olmsted Gives a Luncheon.—Imogen Club Holds Annual Meeting for Election of Officers for Coming Year.

Complimentary to Miss Mildred Patterson of Kansas City who is spending a few days as the guest of Miss Ruth Marie Tzschuck, Miss Florence Olmsted entertained at a beautifully appointed luncheon party Monday at her home in Florence. The guests were seated at one large round table having a centerpiece of pink roses. Place cards in the same design marked the places for Misses Mildred Patterson, Ruth Marie Tzschuck, Amy Gilmore, Irene Coad, Beatrice Coad, Clara Hayden, Marguerite Busch, Rogene Dellecker, Katherine Milroy, Bernice Edwards, Gladys Peters, and Florence Olmsted. The afternoon was spent playing bridge.

The Speed department of our State Fair, to be held Sept. 5th to 9th, is receiving some good advertising at the hands of the various horse papers from the fact that on the last only bright sunshine day of the fair the management pulled to completion ten harness events, which is the record of the United States for game sportsmanship. The early closing events for the Fair, Sept. 5th to 9th, which close May 16th, are: Trotting—3-year-old, 2:25, 2:20, 2:15 and 2:10, each for \$600; 2:30 and 2:18, each for \$1000. Pacing—3-year-old, 2:20, 2:17, 2:09 and 2:04, each for \$600, and 2:25 and 2:15 each for \$1,000, with about \$2500 for runners.

The Boys of Honor met at the home of Mrs. Paul Tuesday. A review of the presidents taken up was gone over by the boys. Every boy had a good quotation. John Quincy Adams will be the next president taken up. Refreshments were served and then the boys had a game of baseball. The officers played the financial committee. The financial committee was by a score of 7 to 8. Many social affairs are being given in honor of the boys. They are planning to give a trolley party to entertain the girls club.

Imogen Study club met Thursday afternoon, May 5, at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt, and election of officers for the coming year was taken up, but too late to give the result this week. This was the annual meeting and several important matters were discussed. The ladies are planning an informal social meeting inviting some expert Shakespeare student to review the past year's work, to be held within a week at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt.

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

J. H. Price has purchased of R. M. Lindsay lots 5 and 6, block 112 for \$625 which he will improve by erecting a home for himself.

Peter Kaer marketed a carload of hogs at South Omaha Monday and came home with a big roll of money.

Miss Lou Fitch of Council Bluffs was the guest of Mrs. E. L. Platz Sunday.

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

Mrs. C. A. Grigg returned Monday from a short visit at Des Moines.

Miss Margert Gordon was the guest of Miss Helen Nichols Sunday.

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

Miss Carrie Parks is very ill with scarlet fever.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Mrs. J. J. Cole was the guest of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Sunday.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Boltz of Omaha were guests of Mrs. Viola Pettit Sunday.

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

Miss Alice Clements is ill with scarlet fever.

Ask your grocer for German bakery bread.

## DEACON AND GAME CHICKENS

Predicament of Church Officer Who is Hatching Some Game Chickens, for—Eating.

He had often admired the shape of the game birds a friend of his owned and as often longed to possess some.

His dream was realized recently when his friend presented him with a setting of eggs of the prized and prize birds.

Not having a setting hen he borrowed one and anxiously awaited the outcome, but alas and alack.

Shortly after setting the hen he was elected deacon of a certain church.

How could he reconcile his chickens and his new office?

In the meantime the hen continued about her business of bringing chickens out of those eggs and in due time succeeded, hatching out a chick of every egg. Aye, and every chick grew amazingly and in a short while it developed that the majority were cockrels.

The larger the chickens grew, the more the deacon worried as to what to do with them.

One day the minister was at his house for dinner—chicken dinner, of course.

Having the taste of an epicure the minister praised the chicken he was eating.

"Do you raise chickens?" he inquired of the Deacon.

"Why, why, 'yess in a way," hesitatingly answered the Deacon.

"You must show me them after dinner," said he of the cloth.

Somehow or other the appetite of the Deacon seemed to disappear and a more miserable man it would be hard to imagine.

"Why what makes them so gaunt and hungry looking," asked the minister.

"Why,—er—um—because they are growing so fast," said the deacon. "By the way, I heard a good one on a chicken raiser the other day. Let's go back to the house and I'll tell you of it."

With a sigh of relief from the Deacon they went to the house and with great wit related this story.

"Last year a friend of mine hatched out a great many chickens which soon disappeared in an unaccountable manner. The second lot hatch disappeared likewise, but the third lot he determined to raise, so he kept the brooders in the kitchen.

"Still they disappeared one at a time. Losing patience the man set a steel trap to catch the marauder. In the morning the trap was gone. So were some of the chickens. Hunting around he came across the chain that held the strap sticking out from under the sill of the house. Surely nothing but a weasel could get through that hole, he thought, and if I do not get it out it will die there and I will have to tear down the house to get rid of the smell. So why not do it now. Getting an axe he cut out the sill of the house and drew out the trap and found therein the family cat."

Substantially this is the story the Deacon told, but after the minister had departed he said to his wife:

"I am glad the minister is not as familiar with live chickens or with cooked ones, or I would be in bad form with him on account of those chickens. I think we had better eat them, even if it does take two chickens to make a meal for one person."

## IDLE CHATTER

PONCA NEWS Work has begun on the bottom road again. We hope that it will be finished this time.

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

Woodhall & Riley of Omaha have just completed a new residence for P. L. Zilch.

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

Mrs. C. B. Christensen who has been on the sick list, is improving.

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

Ralph Thompson lost three horses in the past few days.

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

M. L. Endres of Omaha visited with Florence friends Wednesday.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

## LOOK AT THE PRICES

Before You Do Your Shopping Get the Prices from Your Local Merchants and Nine Times Out of Ten They Will Be Lower Than Those of the Big Cities.—Building Up the Home Market Yields Best Results.

"A great many people believe that they can purchase certain lines of goods to better advantage in the big city departmental stores than they can in the local places of business. Practically speaking, nothing could be further from the truth, but the city departmentals by persistent claims have persuaded a considerable following up to this false doctrine. Appeals might be made to the local patriotism, the local friendships and the local interests to patronize local business rather than the city departmentals, but the merchants of Renfrew, as will be seen by a perusal of this issue, have a better and fairer way. They ask no favors. They advertise what they have, quoting prices and qualities, and leaving the matter to the investigation of the people.

"Investigation is what is needed. If the general public would honestly and intelligently compare qualities and prices they would soon conclude that it would pay them to confine their purchases to the local merchants. For fear that this statement may be considered overdrawn, it might be well to compare some prices. In the catalogue of one big store the lines of Stanfield's underwear are quoted five cents per garment higher than they can be purchased at any store in town. A special stove, quoted as a bargain in a department store, at \$44.50, is sold here regularly for \$44, and is sometimes advertised for even less. So it goes throughout the list, and there are few lines on which the local stores are truly beaten.

"To be sure, the city stores do sometimes catch bargains which they pass on in part to their customers. They buy in good quantities and for cash, but they have no advantage there, for local merchants do the same, and oftentimes have big bargains, too, to offer.

"What is needed is investigation and understanding of the situation. The merchant needs to advertise, the local people need to watch the advertisements. The enormous expense of the city departmentals in every line outweigh any minor advantages they have otherwise, and the local man who trades with the men he knows and can trust consults his own pocket and pleases his own local loyalty at the same time."

## NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

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

GEORGE GAMBLE, Fire Inspector.

The Ponca Improvement club gave a banquet to the county commissioners Wednesday. The commissioners have promised to put tarvia and granite chips on the macadam road as soon as the overseer can get it ready.

## \$5.00 REWARD.

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

The Eagles will hold memorial services Sunday morning in conjunction with the Omaha and Benson aeries in the hall of the Omaha aerie. Matthew Gering will be the principal speaker.

Florence sent a good sized delegation of boys and girls to Superintendent Yoder's office in Omaha to join the Boys and Girls club of Nebraska to study agriculture and domestic science.

## CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

Will sell cheap my fine family carriage, almost as good as new. Examine it at my barn in Florence. R. H. OLMSTED, Tel.: Florence 146 or Douglas 16.

Dr. W. O. Akers left Tuesday for Los Angeles, Cal., to spend the month of May. He expects to bring Mrs. Akers, who has been spending the winter there back with him.

## SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.

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

Frank Leach is engaged in grading Briggs street from Main street to Fifth street so the property owners can have cement walks put down.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

## CITY TREASURER'S REPORTS

Monthly and Annual Statements of the Outgoing Treasurer, W. H. Thomas, Presented to Council.

The following reports of City Treasurer W. H. Thomas, are for the month of April and for year ending May 2, 1910.

It is worthy of note the amount of money handled by the treasurer in the course of a year. The annual report shows collections of \$15,568.29 and expenditures of \$14,977.38, a very neat sum.

Florence, Neb., May 2, 1910.

Report of city treasurer for month of April, 1910:  
April 4, bal. in gen'l fund...\$ 85.77  
April 19, rec'd from H. T. Brisbin, occupation tax for 3 insurance companies.... 9.00  
April 23, rec'd from 4 saloons 2,140.00  
April 27, rec'd from co. treas. 77.39

\$2,312.15  
Less School Warrants..... 2,000.00  
Less gen'l fund..... 306.62  
May 2, bal. in gen'l fund....\$ 5.53

April 4, bal. in water fund...\$324.21  
April 27, rec'd from co. treas... 33.00

May 2, bal. in water fund...\$357.21  
April 4, bal. in sidewalk and grading funds .....\$144.95  
April 4, rec'd from taxpayers... 436.34  
April 27, rec'd from co. treas.... 57.61

\$638.90  
Less warrant ..... 310.73

May 2, bal. in sidewalk and grading funds .....\$328.17  
May 2, bal. in all funds.....\$690.91

The report for the year ending May 2, 1910 is as follows:  
General Fund .....\$18,547.78  
Sidewalk and Grading Funds 9,295.48

Total .....\$27,843.26  
Amount of funds handled was:

GENERAL FUND.  
May 1, '09, bal on hand....\$ 65.98  
Rec'd from co. treas..... 6,150.56  
Rec'd from other sources... 5,214.00

\$11,430.54  
WATER FUND  
May 1, 1909, bal on hand...\$ 75.11  
Rec'd from co. treas..... 1,371.10

\$2,097.21  
SIDEWALK AND GRADING FUND.  
May 1, '09, bal on hand....\$ 150.01  
Rec'd from co. treas..... 1,504.19  
Rec'd from other sources.... 436.34

\$2,140.54  
TOTAL

May 1, '09, bal on hand....\$ 942.10  
Rec'd from co. treas..... 9,075.85  
Rec'd from other sources... 5,650.34

\$10,668.29  
GENERAL FUND.

Warrants paid .....\$ 6,309.67  
Interest on same..... 1,115.34  
School warrants ..... 4,000.00

\$11,425.01  
Cash on hand .....\$ 5.53

WARRANTS PAID  
Warrants paid .....\$1,740.00

Cash on hand .....\$ 357.21  
SIDEWALK AND GRADING FUND.  
Warrants paid .....\$1,582.54  
Interest on same..... 229.83

\$1,812.37  
TOTAL

Warrants paid .....\$ 9,632.21  
Interest on same..... 1,345.17  
School warrants ..... 4,000.00

\$14,977.38  
Cash on hand .....\$ 690.91  
Amount of warrants presented for payment, May 1, 1909, to May 2, 1910:  
General fund .....\$9,077.21  
Water fund ..... 1,740.00  
Special Sidewalk No. 4..... 1,648.48  
Special Sidewalk No. 5..... 3,692.62  
Special Sidewalk No. 6..... 3,130.80

Total .....\$19,289.11  
W. H. THOMAS,  
City Treasurer.

## NOTICE.

To all creditors and debtors to the Florence Livery & Feed Co. You are requested to call at our office immediately, so we can adjust our accounts, the company having changed hands.

FRANK P. BROWN,  
J. W. LONG.

The Clover club girls met Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt, and bread making was the lesson, corn bread, whole wheat bread, etc., etc. Next Saturday a demonstration will be indulged in. The girls have decided to study the home life and writings of Louise Alcott.

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

# The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WATERS**  
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SYNOPSIS.

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

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

And he, too, longed for some hour to come when he might with right and decency and dignity speak the words which some day he must speak or die. He was not versed in the ways of women. He had no store of knowledge, no lesson of experience to fall back upon. He knew but one woman. He could not predicate from any petty maxim, or from any ancient aphorism, or from any worn out philosophy, what she would or would not do under certain conditions. Indeed, he only thought that he loved her and he must tell her or die in the concealment.

And so matters ran on and on. It needed but a spark to ignite the powder, it would have seemed, and yet a vast cataclysm of nature only brought about the explosion. He had never touched her except to take her hand. Her person had been as inviolate to him as if she had been a star above his head. And she had been careful under no circumstances to allow more than that. Their hands had clasped often. Indeed, with every "Good night" and "Good morning" the circuit of touch was made and broken, but that was all. They usually parted at night on the sands where she had first been thrown ashore. He would stand and watch her as she glided away from him in the darkness toward the cave that was her home. She had impressed upon him how she trusted him, the absolute assurance, the entire confidence that she had that he would respect the agreement between them and he would have died rather than have transgressed the law, stepped over that imaginary barrier, as potent as the circle of Richelieu, which kept them apart.

And yet she would never know what horrible constraint he put upon himself. How he stood with clenched hands and quivering body and stared after her, long after she had gone. She would never know that intensity of longing grew and grew until sometimes he felt that he could not overmaster it. She would never know how he plunged away staggering through the woods and threw himself down upon the sands on his side of the island, disdaining even the rude shelter of the cave which was his home, and fought it out. Sometimes she saw evidences of internal conflict in his soul the next morning. The calm serenity, the indifference, the animal-like satisfaction with which he had faced life when she first knew him had long since disappeared. There were deepening lines upon his face which told of thought, of struggle, and of character thus developed by these two potent factors in shaping human destiny.

And he could never know what was in her mind, either. He never dreamed that she could love him. She was so far above him, so supreme in his eyes that the possibility never occurred to him. If he had known for a moment how she thought of him, the great passion in both hearts would have overleaped every obstacle and in a moment he would have had her in his arms. Well, indeed, it is that the power to read human hearts is reserved for the Mind which towers above human passions because it is divine.

And so these two while drawing together as inevitably and as irresistibly as the tide comes in were still kept apart. Their feelings were in solution as it were. A precipitant must be thrown into the atmosphere in which they moved and lived and had their being to disclose them to each other.

On one certain balmy night, they parted as usual. Was the hand clasp longer, was the glance with which he peered at her under the moonlight more self revealing than usual? Did something in his own breast call to the surface that which beat around her heart? At any rate, it was with a great effort that she tore herself away at last and for the first time in his life, although she knew it not, he followed after her with a few noiseless steps only to stop, his face white in the moonlight, drops of sweat beading his brow in the violence of his effort. Having transgressed even to that degree the law, he turned instantly, without waiting to watch her

disappear around the jutting crag that marked the little amphitheater where she slept, and went to his own side of the island resolutely without a moment's hesitation or delay.

## CHAPTER X.

### Hearts Awakened.

For the moment she forgot where she was and fancied herself back on the ship or more naturally tossing about in that small boat after that long, eventful voyage. Yet no motion to which she had ever been subjected not even the wildest pitch of the storm which had finally cast her away, produced in her such strange emotions as she experienced then. For the earth itself was trembling, quivering, rocking. The cave wall above her, seen dimly by the filtering light of very early dawn which came through the opening, partook of the mad, fantastic motion. In another second she realized that it was an earthquake. The air seemed filled with a peculiar ringing sound of storm.

Her bed, of course, was the soft sand over which grass had been strewn. She lay, therefore, on the floor and could not be thrown down, but she was rolled from side to side in a way which paralyzed her senses. Never in all her experience had she known such a sick feeling of terror. When the foundations of things are shaken, when not merely the great deep but the solid earth is broken up, humanity stands as if in the presence of the power of God. She lay resistless, staring, praying, wondering whether the shaking rock over her head would fall and crush her.

In a moment the instinct of life quickened her to action. She rose to her knees, staggered to her feet and tried to make her way to the entrance. Walking was terrible. The earth seemed to have shaken for hours, and yet the duration of the shock was really less than a minute. Its violence was terrific. Just before she reached the opening, it stopped with one tremendous shock as suddenly as it had begun. The next second, with a roar that sounded like a thousand pieces of artillery, the gray hazy light in front of her was blotted out by a falling mass of rock which just escaped her. The face of the cliff had given away. In deeper, intenser terror than before she threw herself against the barrier. It was as hard and as unyielding as the other walls. No light came to her even. She was imprisoned alive in this rocky sepulcher. She sank down on her knees and buried her face in her hands. She murmured words of prayer.

Her mind flew to the other side of the island, to the man. Was he, too, entombed? Was this the end of her labors? Outside she could hear the wind roar and the waves thundering with awful violence on the shore. Before the earthquake had come the storm. There was still some connection between the cave and the outer air, it seemed, for she was now conscious of lightning flashes. After the storm, came the fire. Her mind went back to what she had read from the Bible a few days before of Elijah's despair. Therefore in like case she listened with all her heart for the still voice of comfort to her awestruck soul. It did not seem to come. She was doomed; she would never see him again, if indeed he were yet alive. She knew her feeling for him now. She slipped forward and fell fainting on the sandy floor of the cave. And still the voice was there. Presently it came to her, as the voice of God usually comes to humanity, through the lips of man.

After a space, how long after she could not tell, she was conscious of a human cry through the wild clamor of the storm. A voice that she knew and loved was calling her by name. Was it some wraithlike fancy of the storm? She rose to her knees, sick and faint, and listened. No, it was a human voice, his voice, her name. The cry was fraught with frantic appeal. It thrilled and vibrated with passion. It told her in that awful moment a story which she had not read. It revealed to her imaginations of which she had not dreamed. She was fascinated with what she heard. She forgot for the moment to answer. All the woman in her, the eternal feminine in her, listened. Her bosom rose and fell, her heart throbbed, her pulses beat. Alone with that wild, passionate, appealing, frantic cry, she forgot the earthquake, she forgot the prison, she forgot the storm, she forgot the world. She only realized that there out in the dawn, a man, the man of all the world, who loved her was calling her name. The old call of manhood to womanhood, of mate to mate.

She rose instantly to her feet. This time it was the beating of her heart that pitched and tossed her body. She leaned against the rock wall and then she called his name.

"Man," she cried, "are you safe?" "Yes," was the answer. "And you?"

"Entirely so, save for this prison." "Thank God!" came faintly to her from beyond the wall. "Thank God, I hear your voice. I shall have you out, never fear."

She pressed her ear close to the heap of huge loose stones which filled the opening. She could hear him working outside.

"Don't be afraid," he said at last. "I fear nothing," she answered, "if you are there." In one instant the situations of life



With a Great Burst of Strength He Rolled the Great Rock Aside.

had been reversed. He was the master now and she hung upon his words and actions even as he had done in days gone by.

She had no knowledge of what task was before him, but she could hear the progress that he was making. It was evident that he was working furiously, and yet he stopped once in every little while to reassure himself as to her presence.

"Woman," he cried, "are you still there?"

"Here and waiting," was the answer.

He needed that assurance of her safety to enable him to achieve his prodigious task. How terrible were the efforts he put forth, she did not know until afterward, but his was the work of a Titan. He was moving mountains with his bare hands. Inspired by love, mightiest of passions, he was tearing asunder, like the earthquake, the rocky foundations of the world. Well for him that he was so thewed and sinewed. Well for her that God had added strength and power and energy to all his other splendid qualities. He had never done any work in his life harder than the climbing of a tree, but no toiler with a heritage of earth's whole experience of labor could have struggled as did he.

He had been awakened at the self-same instant in his lonely cell upon the other side of the island. With the first shock he remembered that some time in his days of darkness before she came there had been a similar upheaval. He realized instantly what it was. Less timorous than the woman, more agile, he did not lie supine for a single second. His thoughts were instantly for her. He had thrown himself from his cave and had raced across the shaking, quivering island without the hesitation of a moment. Never so long as he might live could he forget the shock that came to him when he saw his way to her barred by that great heap of rock, fallen from the face of the cliff, which lay over the entrance to the cave. For one moment he had stood appalled and then he had got to work. How much time had elapsed before he arrived at her door, how much time it took him to clear it way, he had no idea. He had no thought but that he must open a passage and get to her dead or alive.

It was not wise for him to expend breath in cries, but until he had some reply he could not keep silent. After that, when her answer came to him, he worked more quietly save for those periods when he felt that he must hear her voice to enable him to go on. Such was the furious energy of his toil that by and by the great mass of rock was cleared away save one huge boulder which fairly blocked the entrance. It was light outside now. A gray dawn and full of storm. Through the wider interstices she could see him plainly. She knew now that her rescue was only a matter of time. A branch of a tree for a lever and his strength would roll the rock away. She started to tell him but he caught a glimpse of her white face pressed against a crevice and the sight inspired him. With a great burst of strength, the like of which possibly had never been compassed by mortal man since Samson pulled apart the pillars of the temple, he rolled the great rock aside and stood in the entrance, gasping, panting, with outstretched arms.

But a step divided them. That step she took. With a sob of relief she fell upon his breast, naturally, inevitably. His splendid arms swept her close to him. Her own hands met about his neck. With upturned face she looked upon him in all the abandonment of perfect passionate surrender. He bent his head and kissed her, the first time in all his years that his lips had been pressed upon another mouth. He clung to her there in that kiss as if to make up in one moment for all the neglected possibilities of the past, as if never in all the bringings forth of the future should such another opportunity be afforded him. He felt for the first time in his life the beat of another human heart against his own, the rise and fall of another human breast, the throbbing of another human soul. Tighter and tighter his arms strained her to him. She gave herself up in that mad, delirious, awful moment to the full flow of long checked passion, and kiss for kiss, pressure for pressure, and heart beat for heart beat, she made response.

It was too much. It was the man who broke away. There was nothing, no experience, no remembrance to teach him. It was all surprise. He thrust her from him slowly. Her hands lingered about his neck, but his backward pressure would not be denied. He held her at arms' length, her hands outstretched to him, her bosom panting, her eyes shining, her cheeks aflame in the gray dawn. Yielding, giving up to him absolutely, yet something, the magnificent metal of the man, the restraints through which he had gone, the long battles with his own passion, rose to his soul and gave him mastery once more.

"Woman! woman!" he whispered—no mere local name would represent her now. She was humanity to him—"Woman," he whispered, "my God! my God!"

He turned away, sank down on one of the great boulders that he had thrown aside and buried his face in his hands, his body shaking with emotions he could scarce define but well understood. The woman threw herself down on her knees before him and took him once more in her arms.

"Man," she said, "I love you!"

She drew his hands away from his face; she laid her own face in his bleeding palm and kissed it.

"Man," she said, her lips wet with his own blood in a sort of wild, barbaric sacrament, "man, I love you!"

He stared at her as one distraught. He had dreamed of this, he had imagined it, he had prayed for it, he had hoped for it, but no revelation that had come to him in the years of their association equaled in its blinding brilliancy, in its intense illumination, the revelation in that woman's voice, in that woman's eyes, in that woman's touch.

"Man," she said again, "I love you. Do you understand! Do you know what it means?"

Then he found his voice. He took her hand and pressed it against his heart.

"I know," he whispered. "I understand here."

He rose to his feet, stooped, caught her by the shoulders and lifted her to his level. A piece of rock still balanced on the edge of the cliff fell crashing. The place was dangerous. Without a word he slipped his arm beneath her, lifted her up as he might have done a child and carried her out upon the sand away from the beetling

crag of the rocky wall. She nestled in his arms with a sense of joy and satisfaction and helplessness cared for so exquisite that it was almost pain. He sat her down presently on the sand and knelt before her. The sunlight sprang through the gray haze on the horizon's edge and lighted her face as he peered into it. Suddenly he threw himself prostrate before her and his lips upon her feet.

"Not there," she whispered, laying her hand upon his bent head, "but here, here in my arms, upon my heart, for Man, Man, I love you!"

Then kneeling by her side he took her once more within his arms.

"But you have not said!" she began at last, "that you loved me."

"There is no word," he said, softly, "in that speech that you have taught me which is equal to what I feel. You don't know how I have looked upon you and longed for you ever since you made me know and feel that I was a man with a man's soul. Night after night I have watched you as you went to your nook in the rocks. But that you have taught me honor and consideration, what it is to be a gentleman. I had followed you and caught you in the dark within my arms."

She laid her hand upon his breast and looked at him feelingly, entreatingly, with touching consciousness of his strength and her weakness.

"What I have taught you," she asked, "you will not forget?"

"Never! Never!"

He released her waist and took her hand and kissed it. There was as much passion in the pressure of his lips upon her hand as there was in the beat of his heart against her own, she felt.

"You," he continued, "will say what is to be done."

"Not I," she answered, piteously, "but you. I have no strength when you are by. Since that moment when you kissed me, you are the master and the man, but you will respect me in my helplessness?"

"As if you were God in heaven," cried the man, raising his hand as one who makes a vow. "You are to me everything that is pure, that is holy, that is lovely."

"No! No!" she whispered, a look of terror coming into her face.

"Yes," he said, "through you I know God, through you I know woman. You are sacred to me. Never again, unless you give me leave, will I press my lips to yours; never again, unless you say I may, will I take you in my arms; never again will I even touch your hand. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do these things. And yet I will love you in ways of which you cannot dream so long as I can draw the breath of life."

He rose to his feet as he spoke and turned away from her and stood with clasped hands and bowed shoulders. In one moment the whole course of their lives had changed. It had taken an earthquake shock to do it, but so terrific had been the submerged fires of mutual passions that a whisper opportunely uttered would have effected the same revolution. She sat and watched him wondering what would be the end of it. She knew at last what love was, not the pale philosophical emotion she had experienced in the cabin of that yacht. God, how she hated that recollection. How she wished that it had never been. If untouched by man she could have been cast upon that island, to be given to this man who looked upon her as a goddess. She had told him some of her history, but not the part which was vital. It had been easy not to enlighten him wholly as to that. He knew nothing about conditions. He had never seen a ship or a boat within his recollection, and the story she had settled upon and told him was one that received instant acceptance from him. Indeed there was nothing that she had told him, or could have told him that he would not implicitly have accepted and believed. The king could do no wrong. She was incarnate truth. And she would have to tell him all now. She would have to put into that pure soul, alive with passionate devotion, admiration, respect, every feeling that can make up the sum of mighty love, this story of evil and shame. There was no help for it. She would have to tell him.

But she could not tell him now, not on this day. She would have a few perfect hours. She would stand for a little while within the vale of Eden. She would look for a little time through the gates of heaven. Tomorrow! To-day she would have and she would enjoy to the full. She rose softly to her feet as well and stepped closer to him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. She could see the muscles in his arm tighten as he clenched his hands the harder. She turned him gently about and lifted her perfect lips to his. She kissed him again. Her hand sought him; her fingers parted his iron grasp. She drew his arm about her and nestled against him.

"I trust you," she said, "as I love you. I shall be safe with you. You shall not draw away from me in such isolation. You have waited long for kisses like this."

And then the man spoke, the man in him.

"Woman," he said, "yours are the only lips that have been pressed upon mine, save perhaps my mother's as a child. Has any other man ever kissed you?"

She could not lie to him.

"Don't ask me," she said, the futile request.

The man had turned away with a



groan. No happiness is unalloyed; no joy comes into our lives that some pain does not dog its footsteps. With love came jealousy before the flood.

"At least," she said pressing closer to him (and he did not repulse her, "I have loved no man but you."

"Oh!" he said, taking her once more within his arms, "that I might know for one moment what is out there, how you lived, who saw you, who followed you, who loved you!"

"I shall tell you," said the woman.

"But you have told me."

"Not all."

"When the rest then?"

"To-morrow. Meanwhile let us enjoy the day"—the old, old human prayer, let us enjoy the day despite the morrow—"let it suffice that I love you; that I never loved anyone else; that no kisses like to yours have ever been pressed upon my lips, nor I believe not upon the lips of mortal woman. Let us pass the day in happiness together. Come, we must breakfast. We must see what the earthquake has done to our island. We have things to think about, things to do."

"I have nothing to think about but you; nothing to do but to love you."

Hand in hand, they stepped across the sand to the shade of the trees, a royal and a noble couple, the splendid woman nobly planned, fit mate for the godlike man, children of God and Nature, both of them in loose tunics which she had woven from the long soft grass, which left neck and arms bare and fell to knee and were belted in at the waist. Unhindered by any of the debasing or degrading garments of civilization, they were a pair to excite the admiration and envy of the gods.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Conscience Quickened.

They had spent the morning together, but not as usual. Things were different, conditions had changed. For the first time in years the daily lesson which she had given him was intermitted. To-day they were both at school with Love for preceptor and such willingness in their hearts as made them ideal pupils. The storm had died away as suddenly as it had arisen. No visible evidence of it was left save the tremendous thunder of the long undulating seas upon the outward barrier. The earthquake had not greatly damaged the island, the fallen cliff, a few prostrate palms here and there, that was all. But there was visible evidence in them of the storm through which they had passed and which still held them in its throes, in the tumult of their souls.

To the man the experience of the morning was absolutely new and to the woman it was so different from what had hitherto transpired that it was practically so. They luxuriated in their emotions. They sat side by side, hand in hand; they walked together, hand in hand. Yet it was the woman who was the bolder, the man who made the advances. The man was not passive. Kiss for kiss, look for look, word for word, touch for touch, he gave, but the initiative was hers not his. He was putting a constraint of steel upon himself. She saw that and was glad. It made her bold. Womanlike she tried and tested the blade that she had forged again and again, growing daring in her immaturity, braver in her trust.

They stood in one part of their wanderings before the door of what had been her cave. Hand in hand they looked down upon the heap of rocks that he had torn away. It was nothing to him; to her it was incredible. She could better estimate what human strength was capable of than he. She had standards of comparison which he lacked.

"It cannot be possible that you lifted that boulder and that one, alone?" she said, gazing at him wonderingly.

"At that moment, to release you, I could have torn the rock asunder," he cried, throwing out his arms in a magnificent gesture of strength and force.

She caught his hand with her own and once more pressed her lips within his palm.

"I don't know how to say how much I love you," she cried.

"Say that you will try to care as much for me as I for you and I will be content," he answered.

And so there was a pretty rivalry between them as to which loved the more. In the midst of the strife of tongues the woman spoke. She could not keep away from the subject.

"You love me," she said at last, "because you think me more than I am, because," she ran on in spite of his protesting gesture, checking his denying word, "because you have seen no other woman, because—"

"I will not hear another word," he cried, finding voice at last and stopping her. "I know not woman or man save as I know you and myself, save as you have taught me by the women of whom you have read me in that single book we have, the women of whom you have told me who have played their parts in the world. All of them together are not like you."

"That is because I am alive and here and they are dead and away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

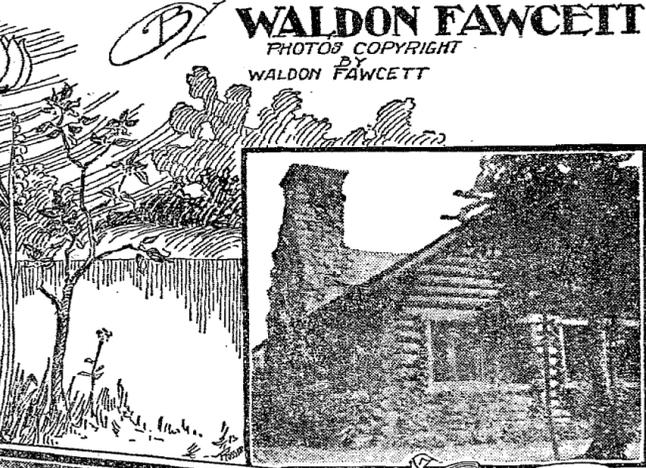
# CAMPING IN TENT AND CABIN

WALDON FAWCETT

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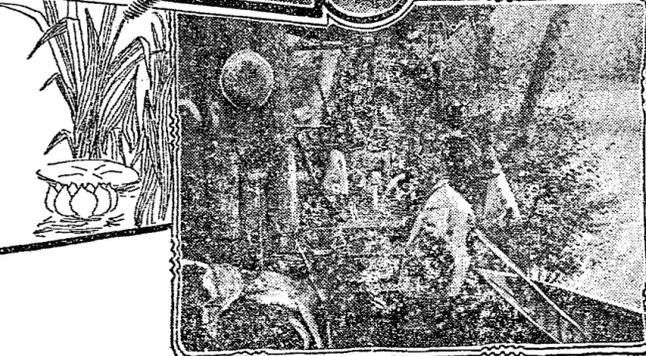
CAMPING ON THE BEACH



A PERMANENT LOG CAMP



BOY HUNTERS IN CAMP



CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS



BOYS IN CAMP

FORM of American summer vacation life has shown greater expansion and development during recent years than camping. The appeal of this method of getting back to nature seems to be well nigh universal. It assuredly has no geographical limits and it is not restricted to any class of society. Indeed, strange as it may seem, many wealthy folk who have long been accustomed to the acme of luxury in their daily life are now most enthusiastic about "roughing it" for an interval every year. Perhaps the secret of the conversion of these lovers of their own comfort to the camping fad is found in the fact that every attribute of luxurious life is now found in only slightly modified form in the unconventional life of the realm of woods and waters.

There could be no greater mistake on the part of the uninitiated than to suppose that "camping out" in this twentieth century necessarily means the rather primitive existence we have always been wont to associate with the nomadic expeditions of hunters and fishermen. That form of life in the open is still in vogue among a steadily growing number of devotees and they are, one and all, ready to declare that it is the only form of camping worth while. All the same these sportsmen-campers who dwell for the most part in temporary habitations of canvas, brush or bark, are hopelessly in the minority these days in comparison with the new-fangled campers who dwell in what are known as "permanent camps."

These permanent camps are in many instances set down in surroundings just as rustic and rugged as could be found for the temporary shelters, but they are designed for longer continuous occupancy. It is the permanent camp which has been responsible for enrolling in the category of campers hundreds and thousands of women who do not like bugs and smoky fires and other inconveniences of traditional camp life in its more elementary form. And because the women have gone in for camp life in considerable numbers and have, of course, taken the children to the camp environment it has come about that the average permanent camp, unlike the makeshift affairs, is occupied for weeks or more likely months at a time—and, where circumstances permit, continuously from June to October.

The very term permanent camp implies something much more costly and pretentious than the tent or tepee of the old-time camper, but while this is usually the case, it is not necessarily so. There are canvas abodes which rank as permanent camps, but they usually take the form of "tent houses" rather than the hastily pitched tent of the nomad. A tent house, it may be explained, has the canvas roof and walls stretched on an inexpensive wooden framework which gives a stability that is welcome when high winds prevail. Likewise does the tent house have a floor in the form of a wooden platform sufficiently elevated from the ground to dodge dampness and most likely it has facilities for leading through the canvas roof a stovepipe which constitutes the tangible evidence of cooking equipment of a supposedly more dependable character than the open campfire. In the less expensive grades of the permanent camp, too, are bark houses that can be constructed quickly and at a very low cost yet will remain weather tight for months with no attention.

Ascending the scale of expenditures, we come to the cabins, the shingle houses and the stone lodges that have become so popular as rustic homes where the "camp" is designed as a family abode for months at a time. And from these camps, which may cost only a few hundred dollars apiece or at most a few thousand, we advance to those marvels of the modern camping world—the log cabins of our multimillionaires, wherein may be found all the luxuries from tiled baths to electric lights. These present-day vehicles of the rich for "roughing it" in approved fashion are really entitled to rank as marvels of Yankee achievement. Some of them, such as the "camps" of Alfred Vanderbilt and J. Pierpont Morgan, are buried deep in the heart of the Adirondack wilderness—miles from the nearest railroad station or crossroads store, and yet house parties of from 20 to 30 guests are entertained at these retreats with all the perfection of detail as to menus and service that could reasonably be expected in a Newport villa.

For a temporary camp a single-pole tent with a fire is the most popular. It has many advantages, chief of which are lightness and the fact that it is easily set up. It should have a floor cloth of good canvas, to be tied in at the corners.

The bed of browse or straw can be made under this floor cloth, so that the whole tent is a bed. The pole should be jointed and that is the one concession to civilization, because you might have to camp where you could not get the right pole and because you cannot well carry a full-length tent pole in a bag. And all your outfit should be carried in a bag or bundle, without a single box or hard package bigger than your fryingpan and kettle. The Indians would not have dragged their teepee poles around with them had they been able to get fresh ones at every camp. Tent pins you can get in metal; but while they are compact they are too heavy for carriage, so these you must cut afresh.

In size your peaked top tent need be only about seven feet square to accommodate two or three persons. The fly will make a storeroom, if necessary. These canvases will make into packs to hold loose articles, in case your canvas pack bags get overcrowded. Of course you can camp without any tent at all, if you like. The writer and a friend once spent a night in the Yellowstone park in winter, when the thermometer was 26 degrees below zero and we had no tent, only a strip of light canvas. We dug a hole in six feet of snow and kept a fire going all night. That sort of thing is cold work, though a tent would not have helped us much. The trapper, who sometimes covers a hundred miles on his line of traps, has lean-tos or log hovels with open fronts, so that he can keep a fire going in case he has not a cabin or tent with a stove. Even a good log fire does not offer complete comfort in case of rain. Rainy weather is far worse than cold weather and snow in camp and against rain you must have some sort of a roof. Bark and boughs sound well, but are hard to get into practical roofing shape.

Your bed ought to be good, for if you do not sleep comfortably you cannot enjoy yourself or do your work. A good bough bed is difficult and slow to make, although most writers prate about it learnedly. Again, hay or straw may be impossible to secure. What then? An air mattress? Certainly not for any old-timer. A good pair of real wool blankets, weighing in the neighborhood of 11 or 12 pounds, a heavy cotton comforter and a long strip of wide canvas to roll it all up in tight and snug and dry, and you have a couch-puncher's bed, the best outdoor bed ever yet invented, and good for any weather.

Observe, especially, that this canvas, which folds in over your folded bedclothes, keeps out the dust and the rain. Your bed should be clean and it must be dry. Roll it tight and compact and tie it snugly when you move camp.

Your camp site should never in any time be too near the water. Get up on the bluff where the wind will strike you and you will be much

more free from mosquitoes. Many campers try to get into the shade of the trees and sometimes make a mistake in doing so.

On the building and conduct of your fire depends your comfort in camp. Never use a camp stove if it can be avoided. In much of coastwise Alaska, where the fuel is often largely composed of crooked porous alders, you may need a Yukon camp stove. In

pretty much all of the United States you will not require one. You do not need a lot of fancy camp dishes, but require at least one fryingpan, better two, a sheet-iron coffee pot, riveted, and some sort of cooking oven—a Dutch oven of cast iron, if your transportation admits it. Above all, you should remember that your campfire is not your cooking fire and that you do not cook on the flames but on the coals. You bake with hot ashes rather than with coals, because much camp cooking is burned when hurried. Of course in snowshoeing and camping in the winter time you may find it better to suspend your boiling kettles over the flame by means of long sticks thrust into the ground or snow at the other end. Such a stick is called by the Canadian Indians chip-lok-quorgan. In other places it is known as a "crow." After your camp is done you must be careful to throw this stick down and not leave it standing, else you will have bad luck.

In the eastern section of the country the Adirondacks, and to a lesser extent the Catskill mountains constitute the supreme paradise of the campers, although there is much camping along the St. Lawrence river, in the lake district of New Hampshire and in the Blue Ridge mountains. In the middle states the shores of the Great Lakes afford one far-bung camp ground and one of the most popular camping meccas in the entire world is embraced in the beautiful lake regions of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the smaller sheets of water seem to enable a closer acquaintance with nature in her most alluring form. Colorado has become a great camp ground for summer tourists of late years and on the Pacific coast there is no end of camping. All sorts of settings are available for the west coast campers—woodland, seashore and mountains, not forgetting that picturesque "tent city" which rises every summer on the alluring Coronado beach, near San Diego, Cal.

## ARMY'S NEW TELESCOPE.

After years of patient experimenting Dana Dudley of Wakefield, Mass., has just had the satisfaction of having his "pan angle" telescope adopted by the war department of the United States. The invention is simple in its construction, yet, it is said, may revolutionize modern warfare. It consists of reflecting lenses so arranged at angles in a tube that persons or objects above or below and on all sides may be viewed from a place of concealment. The device as constructed for use in warfare is arranged so that even on disappearing guns or guns used in trenches and fired from any point invisible from the exterior the operator may ascertain the location of the enemy, target or other objective point without exposing himself.—Philadelphia Record.

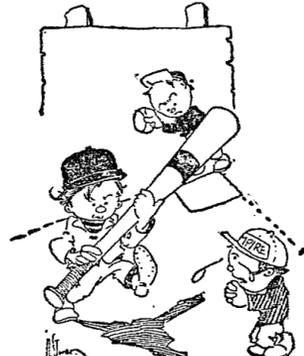
## IN A FIX.

"That clerk of mine is going to ask me for my daughter. He ain't earning enough to marry on." "Well?" "But if I bring up that objection he'll strike me for a salary raise."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## CANADA FORGING AHEAD

Thomas C. Shotwell, one of the greatest market reporters in America, writes from New York, under date of March 20th, and says: "The Tariff tangle with Canada which President Taft has taken in hand is of importance chiefly because of the multitude of American farmers that are crossing into the Canadian northwest. Most conservative estimates of their number place it at 150,000 for 1910. Some say as many as 250,000 will cross. These are all expert farmers and their places in the United States are being filled by untrained men from Europe and from the cities. Canada is gaining rapidly in agricultural importance and within a few years the United States will have to call on the Dominion for wheat. Production of wheat in the United States is not keeping pace with the population. A tariff war would complicate the problem of getting food. Even now Canadian farmers are getting higher prices for their cattle on the hoof and Canadian housewives are paying less for meat in the butcher shops than farmers and housewives are receiving and paying in the United States. The tariff on cattle and wheat must be removed as between the two countries before long."

## TOO INTERESTING.



The Umpire—Say, Chimmie, I want er resign.

## PERMANENTLY CURED.

No Kidney Trouble in Three Years.

Mrs. Catharine Kautz, 322 Center St., Findlay, O., says: "Four years ago I became afflicted with kidney trouble, and rapidly ran down in health. I suffered from backache and other kidney disorders and was languid and weak. I doctored and used different remedies but became no better. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and for three years I have been free from kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Of Another Feather. "Did you folks want any aigs today?" called the grocery boy from the back steps. "Yes," answered the cook who was busy kneading dough. "Just lay 'em under the refrigerator." "I ain't Hen; I'm the other boy," shouted the lad from the grocery.—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays the pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Some of our first impressions were made by mother's slipper.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Always keep imagination under control.

## DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUEY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

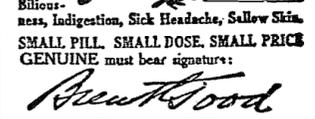
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliaryness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature:



## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3 & \$2.50

Boys' Shoes \$3.00 Boys' Shoes \$2.50 & \$2.00

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make, BECAUSE:

W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00. W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$3.00 and \$2.50 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.

Fast Color Eyelets. The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Fake W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## Hay's Hair-Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Is not a dye. Refuse all substitutes. 75c and 50c Bottles by Mail or at Druggists. FREE

Send 20c for large sample Bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

## DEFIANCE STARCH

for starching finest linens.

## WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative, is—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna can hope to get its beneficial effects, and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy, the full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package, and without it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere; one size only. Regular price 50 cents per bottle. Get a bottle today to have in the house when needed.



# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1908.

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, 1908 at the postoffice at Florence, Nebraska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

**CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**

Mayor.....P. S. Tucker  
City Clerk.....John Bondesson  
City Treasurer.....George Slet  
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted  
City Engineer.....John Lubold  
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr  
Counsellors.....  
Robert Craig  
J. H. Price  
Charles Allen  
Carl Feldhusen  
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

**Fire Department.**  
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month.  
Ludwig Linn, President; C. E. Kelly, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A. Goiding, Chief.

**SCHOOL BOARD.**  
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at the school building.  
W. E. Peters, Chairman  
Hugh Suttie, Secretary

**TRADE MARK**  
COUNCIL  
FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence, Neb., Friday, May 6, 1910.

## BRAIN STORMS

Has the census man been to see you yet?

The rain may have been hard but the water was soft.

If the tall should wag the comet what would happen?

Anyway, you don't have to get off the street cars into the mud.

The council should prohibit all noise so as not to awaken the Commercial club.

If there is anything on God's green earth that has more cussedness than a calf, what is it?

If many more Florence people get automobiles some one will have to open up a repair shop here.

Keep your chickens shut up and you won't make enemies of your neighbors.

Have you seen the comet yet? It is shy 2,000,000 miles of its tail, but still has 12,000,000 left which ought to be plenty.

The most unsightly thing in Florence is the deep open ditches running east of Main street. Put in tiling and fill them up.

The council evidently thinks chickens and gardens don't go together and therefore ordered their segregation.

A man in Gordon, Neb., has 10,000 bushels of potatoes on hand for which he is offered 10 cents a bushel, so he is using them as fertilizer.

If you are having trouble with your wife just read the Tribune and forget about it. A divorce costs \$50 while the Tribune is only \$1.00.

According to the city treasurer's report the city has in outstanding warrants the sum of \$27,843.26, a very small sum for Omaha to pay for annexing us.

If Florence wants the reunion of the Douglas County Veterans something will have to be done at once, as the veterans are negotiating for a place to meet.

Chickens, dogs and cows were subjects of discussion at the council meeting Monday. The only reason mules or kickers were not mentioned was the lack of expressive words.

The council took a wise step at its last meeting when it took steps to ascertain the cost of a complete sewer system from an engineer, as the building of a sewer system is only a matter of a very short time.

William Jennings Bryan wants to call an extra session of the legislature to enact an initiative and referendum law. Why? Hasn't Bryan for 16 years been initiating new policies for the democratic party and the referendum, saying they were bogus?

The state board of assessment raised the valuation of the only railroad passing through Florence from \$41,442 a mile to \$41,450 a mile, an increase of 8 cents a mile. They raised valuation of all railroads in the state to \$273,893,217, an increase of \$1,161,392 over last year.

Paying Bills.  
What's the reason it always makes some folks mad when you go to collect a bill of them? Asks the Blair Pilot. No matter how just the claim or how much the man, we haven't observed his trait in any but man, wanted the goods or the service at the time they were obtained he seems to resent having to actually come across with the cash. Everyone who has done any collecting has met the type and that's why nearly everyone

would rather take a licking than go out collecting, for he is pretty sure to meet the man who pays with a grouch. Yes, he usually pays, there's that much to be said for him, and that's what always stumps us, he proves his ability to pay by paying and why he can't do it as pleasantly, as he would like to have others act when he goes to collect of them, is a puzzler for a fact. It always makes a fellow feel as though he was trying to be cheerful after a sudden death in the family, for of course the collector can't return grouch for grouch and he shouldn't if he could. It's a disagreeable trait, or only habit possibly, and at the risk of preaching we are going to advise the unhappy possessor to cut it out. If you have to pay anyhow why not do it just as though you had a million and your chief pleasure in life was in paying your obligations. There are only a few such men in Blair, thank the Lord, and if they would suddenly become converted those whose unpleasant task it has been to collect of them may think the world is coming to an end, but it won't. Cheer up, don't be a grouch in this beautiful world of ours, it's too hard on the nervous system.

**Pavement brick**  
Down goes quick  
In a day  
Time to pay  
Then Trouble  
Will bubble.

**"When A'nt Jerushy Died."**  
Joe Lincoln.

Now, A'nt Jerushy Higginboom was middlin' well-ter-do,  
And of all her near relations was bereft,  
So everybody wondered, when they heard that she'd got through,  
Where the money was a-goin' that she left.

But, sakes alive! she hadn't mow'n been measured for her shroud,  
When relatives sprug up from fur and wide,  
On the cars and on the steamboat they kep' comin' in a crowd,  
And they got here soon as A'nt Jerushy died.

There was her grand-nephew Silas that had jest got outer jail;  
There was Huldy Ann, her niece, from Tennessee;  
There was Cousin Job the parson, and his sister Abigail,  
And her ma's ha'f sister's husband, Ezzy B.;

There was Cap'n Isaac Goober, who lives some'eres down in Maine,  
He's a cousin on his wife Maria's side,—  
He was goin' ter sail for Chiny but, instead, he took the train  
Fer these diggin's, soon as A'nt Jerushy died.

Well, the fun'ral was a big one, and the woe was deep and grand  
When them relatives was weepin' o're the dead;  
But, although they was heart-broken, they was every one on hand  
In the parlor when the will was bein' read.

And there they sot and listened, like a pack of sheepish fools,  
And their tears most awful suddenly was dried,  
Fer they found she'd willed her fortune tew the furrin mission schools,  
So they all got left when A'nt Jerushy died.

If yer reckon that that fixed 'em, why, yer jest don't know their sort—  
That was only the beginnin' of the mill,  
Fer they each one got a lawyer and they rushed right inter court,  
And they tried their best at bustin' up the will.

So they fought it and appealed it, while the years was slippin' past,  
And 't was heard and heard, and tried, and tried, and tried;  
But the lawyers was the only ones that got a cent, at last,  
Of the money left when A'nt Jerushy died.

**Help for the Editor.**  
Maybe the editor don't belong to your church or lodge or political party but he is doing a lot more than you have dreamed of doing to keep your town on the map. And he can't paint it in glowing colors and buy Venetian red to do it with forever, unless he is a man of independent fortune. If he's the right sort he won't ask you to advertise or subscribe unless you get one hundred cents for a dollar, but he can sing the town's virtues in a much cleaner tenor if his advertising columns are well filled and some good citizens occasionally help him by writing a little something for publication themselves instead of telling him what to do.

**Colonel and Mrs. Akin** were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brisbin Sunday.

Rev. R. M. L. Brader of Bellevue visited with Florence friends Wednesday.

Viggo Wolff expects to go to Kansas City to reside about the 15th of the month.

Attorney R. H. Olmsted purchased an automobile this week and in learning to run it only killed 43 chickens, 10 dogs and 2 cats. However, now that he has mastered it he will have

to be caught on fly by any one wanting to see him as outside of business hours he is getting the most possible use out of the machine. O. W. Nelson and Ed. Hunt have also purchased autos and Dr. Sorenson is flirting with buyers.

Mrs. Ellen Deland who has been spending the winter with her son, Thomas, at Perry, Iowa, has returned to Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Miss Ethel Barker and Miss Herberta Barker of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

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

The Douglas County Veterans are negotiating with the Commercial club of Florence to hold their annual encampment here in August.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. Horton and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz visited Benson Friday evening.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The Court of Honor will give a grand dance Tuesday, May 10, at Adam's Hall. Good music and refreshments. Admission, men 25 cents; ladies, 15 cents.

City Marshal Aaron Marr blossomed out this week in a brand new uniform, star and boutonniere the first of the week and was congratulated on all sides on his neat appearance.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Frank Brown and Jacob Long who have been doing business as the Florence Feed and Livery company dissolved partnership Saturday evening, Frank Brown retiring from the firm.

**NOTICE OF ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have incorporated under the laws of Nebraska, in the manner following, to-wit:

The name of this corporation shall be Standard Produce Co. The principal place of business shall be at Omaha, Nebraska. The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be the buying, selling and dealing in any and all kinds of farm and dairy products and generally in food, products and the preparing and storing of the same or any part thereof for market; to manufacture and deal in crates, packages and receptacles, and to do any and all acts incident to any such business. To purchase, own, lease, sell and convey real estate in connection with its business; to borrow money and execute notes, mortgages and other evidences of indebtedness in connection with its business, and to do and perform all other acts and things incident to the powers herein enumerated. The capital stock of the corporation shall be \$10,000.00, divided into 100 shares of the par value of \$100.00 each of which capital stock \$2,000.00 shall be subscribed and paid for when issued. The remainder of the capital stock may be issued from time to time as determined by the board of directors. All paid-up stock shall be non-assessable. The corporation shall commence business on May 1, 1910, and terminate on May 1, 1940. The greatest amount of indebtedness to which the corporation may subject itself shall not exceed a sum equal to two-thirds of its capital stock. The affairs of the corporation shall be conducted by a board of not less than three nor more than five directors. The directors shall elect the officers, who shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and any two of said offices may be held by the same person. The directors shall have authority to enact by-laws, and the articles of incorporation may be amended at any meeting of the stockholders.

**IN WITNESS WHEREOF** the undersigned have hereunto subscribed their names this 1st day of May, 1910.  
CARL FELDHOUSEN,  
WILLIAM SEEVERS,  
KATIE FELDHOUSEN,  
Incorporators.

M-6-13.

**ORDINANCE NO. 272,**  
Introduced May 2d, 1910, by Councilman Carl Feldhusen.

**AN ORDINANCE** ordering and providing for the grading of the established grade of that part of the east side of Main street from Briggs street to Sheffield street, between the curb line and property line, and that part of the south side of Briggs street from Main street to Bluff street between the curb line and the property line, preparatory to construction of a permanent sidewalk, and providing that the cost of said grading be charged to and taxed to the lots abutting thereon on said east part of said Main street and on the said south side of said Briggs street.

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

Section 1. That preparatory to the construction of permanent sidewalks on the parts of streets hereinafter specified, that that part of the east side of Main street from Briggs street to Sheffield street between the curb line and property line, and that part of the south side of Briggs street from Main street to Bluff street between the curb line and the property

line, be and the same are hereby ordered graded to the permanent and established grade of said parts of said streets, and that the cost of said grading shall be charged and taxed against the lots and parts of lots respectively in front of which said grading is done, and paid out of a special fund to be created after the cost of said grading is equalized and special taxes are levied against said respective lots.

Sec. 2. That the City Clerk be and he is hereby directed to advertise for two weeks in the Florence Tribune for sealed bids for the grading of said parts of said streets in accordance with the terms of this ordinance; bids to be received up to eight o'clock p. m. on May 16, 1910, at which time said bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid to be accompanied by a certified check payable to the City of Florence in the sum of \$50.00, and conditioned that contract will be entered into and bond given in case contract is awarded. Each bid to specify the cost per cubic yard for grading and finishing said parts of said streets, and each bid to specify the cost per cubic yard for grading each block.

All earth removed from said part of said streets to be placed as directed by the City Engineer of Florence in within three blocks of the work without extra charge of cost. The city to reserve the right to reject any or all bids and to waive defects in bids.

Sec. 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 2d day of May, 1910.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.  
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

M-6-13.

**ORDINANCE NO. 273,**  
Introduced May 2, 1910, by Councilman Chas. H. Allen.

**AN ORDINANCE** requiring the City Engineer to give bond for faithful discharge of his duties and fixing the amount thereof.

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

Section 1. That the City Engineer before entering upon the duties of his office shall give a bond payable to the City of Florence, in the sum of \$500.00, conditioned for the faithful discharge of his duties, and requiring him at the termination of his office to turn over to his successor in office all books, papers, profiles and other property belonging to the city.

Sec. 2. That the official bond herein required shall be approved by the Council before the Engineer shall enter upon the duties of his office.

Sec. 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 2d day of May, 1910.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.  
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

M-6-13.

**PROPOSALS FOR GRADING.**

Sealed proposals are invited and will be received by the undersigned city clerk of Florence, Nebraska, until eight o'clock p. m., Monday, May 16, 1910, for the grading to the permanent or established grade of that part of the east side of Main street from Briggs street to Sheffield street between the curb line and property line; also that part of the south side of Briggs street from Main street to Bluff street between the curb line and the property line.

The City Engineer has filed an estimate that the cost of said grading on said part of Main street will not exceed 30 cents per cubic yard, and the cost of grading that part of said Briggs street will not exceed 25 cents per cubic yard. All earth removed from said parts of said streets to belong to the city and to be placed by the contractor as directed by the city engineer of Florence within three blocks of the work.

Each bid to specify the cost per cubic yard for grading and finishing said parts of said streets, and each bid to specify the cost per cubic yard for grading each block.

As an evidence of good faith and that contract will be entered into and sufficient bond in the amount of \$200.00 furnished for faithful performance should be made the bond, which the bid must be accompanied by a certified check payable to the City of Florence for \$50.00. The city reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to waive defects in bids.

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, this 2d day of May, 1910.  
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

M-6-13.

**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.  
Preaching—8:00 p. m.  
Mid-Week Service.  
Thursday—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.  
George S. Sloan, 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.**

Fontaine Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.  
Past Worthy President.....

.....James Stribling  
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz  
Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor  
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson  
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson  
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly  
Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted  
Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie  
Physician.....Dr. W. L. Ross  
Conductor.....Joseph Thornton  
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Golding, W. P. Thomas.  
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Bank at Home

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

Our Facilities are the Best

4% On Time Certificates of Deposits

**BANK OF FLORENCE**  
PHONE FLO. 310.

## WALL PAPER and PAINT

**Florence Drug Store**  
GEO. SIERT, Prop.

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

## H. A. WOOD

Contractor and Carpenter  
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished  
Phone Florence 397 Florence,

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

Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot. What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something!

Just so, if your ad was here hundreds would read it as you read the dot. You even will read this the second time!

**WHY?**

## CLEARANCE SALE

**OF LADIES SLIPPERS**

**FOR ONE WEEK AT**

**THE NEW STORE**

THOMAS DUGHER, Proprietor

**DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS**  
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED:

**THE KNABE PIANO**  
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

MARK HAMBURG  
EMIL SAUER  
TERESA CARRENO  
ALFRED GRUENFELD  
DR. HANS von BLOW  
KWIERS SCHARWENHA  
EUGEN d'ALBERT  
BORWARD STAVENHAGEN  
STACHANOVSKY

### The Florence Tailor

Has removed to the Rose Building on North Main Street and will make a specialty of

Suits to Order \$25.00

Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

### MEALS

The best in the city for the price.

Cooper's Over Henry Anderson's GIVE US A CALL

### ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor Benson Well Boring Co.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY Phone Benson 245 BENSON, NEB.

### Rockmount Poultry Farm

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

### 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.

### THE NEW POOL HALL

Geo. Gamble, Prop. BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN TOWN Tel. Florence 215 SHORT ORDER LUNCHESES.

### BLACKSMITH SHOP

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

### C. A. JER

PLUMBING AND FITTING Repairing Promptly Attended to. 2552 Cumings St. Omaha, Neb. Tel. Douglas 3084.

### DR. SORENSON Dentist

Just South of Bank of Florence Good Work—Reasonable Prices Telephone Florence 178

### Young Women

coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

### FRESH MILK

DELIVERED ANYWHERE IN FLORENCE

### WILL LUBOLD

Telephone Florence 165

### Postal Cards

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

### EMORY FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

## Somnambulist Mabel

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

Everybody knows that a lovers' quarrel may start from the most trifling cause. This one did. George Egbert had told Mabel Drake after their engagement that he would trust her to the end of the earth. She understood him to mean by that that if she happened to be leaving the postoffice just as Billy Shaw or Tommy Tweed came along and walked home with her no row would be raised over it, and the poor girl went ahead and let them walk. Then she suddenly discovered that "the ends of the earth" did not extend very far.

On the evening of the day that Billy Shaw happened to walk a distance of five blocks with her, and that half a dozen persons happened to pass them and then happened to drop in and tell the rising young lawyer about it, he made a call with a serious expression on his face. It was so serious as to be legal, and, being legal, it alarmed Miss Mabel. When she had asked if his sister had been indicted for murder, his mother held for conspiracy or if he had got mixed up in a filibustering expedition and was expecting a United States marshal to lay hands on him, he arose and addressed her in his best legal manner.

"You were walking with Billy Shaw today?" he began.

"Well?" she replied.

"You were talking and laughing with him?"

"Well?"

"He is a rejected suitor of yours and an enemy of mine. Can't you see the inconsistency of the thing?"

"Billy Shaw tried to make love to me, but I bargained him out of it. That was a whole year ago. I never heard that he was an enemy of yours."

"No? Well, let me state for your information that William Shaw once



Hunting Through Blackstone and Coke for Advice.

proclaimed me a young squirt of a lawyer. Were those the words of a friend or an enemy?"

Mabel could not restrain a hearty laugh, and that laugh froze the dignity of the lover until it was armor-plated. In the most frigid sort of way he looked at her and announced: "I thought I could trust you, but I see I can't."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"You have two strings to your bow."

"Mr. Egbert!"

"You must drop William Shaw and others of his like, or you must drop me!"

And then the clock on the mantel missed four ticks and other things began to happen. Young Mr. Egbert had mixed courtship and the law together and brought about combustion.

Miss Drake regarded him for a moment with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks and then rose up and handed him his hat and gloves and quietly observed:

"Good night, Mr. Egbert; good night!"

And Mr. Egbert bowed and found himself on the other side of the front door, with no interest whatever as to who climbed Mt. McKinley or whether it was ever climbed at all. Laying down the law to the girl is all right and very interesting up to a certain point, but when it goes beyond that the orator feels a jar. Mr. Egbert felt one and went home in a sort of daze. His sister said he must be coming down with the grip and ought to soak his feet and bring about a sweat; and his mother, who had had years' more experience, darkly hinted at overwork and brain fever and mustard plasters.

As for Miss Mabel—no matter how she looked and felt. She couldn't have done less than she did. Had Mr. Egbert called the next evening with a smile on his face the matter would have passed like a summer shower. But did any one ever know of a young man doing the sensible thing in a case of this kind? He knows the girl can't, and his silly pride won't let him. And there you are.

For the first three days and nights the young lawyer was a determined man. For the next three he was a martyr. For the third three he was hunting through Blackstone and Coke for advice on how to patch up a lovers' quarrel without losing every shred of his dignity. Those volumes, though so full of legal lore, gave him no help on the subject nearest his heart.

The moon was more kind, however. One night, as he tossed on his sleepless couch and called himself names for the hundredth time, the full moon

shining into his window brought a sudden recollection with it. Miss Drake had once mentioned that on the full of the moon she had been known to rise, throw a wrapper around her, and walk forth on the lawn in a state of somnambulism. Here was the full of the moon. Might not she be walking at this very minute? Why shouldn't he walk too? He was on the ragged edge, and that was next door to somnambulism. Two somnambulists might accomplish what two persons, awake, had failed to do.

With heart beating high, the young lawyer hurried into his clothes, tiptoed down the stairs and five minutes later was two blocks away and gazing at a human figure slowly walking across a lawn. It was the figure of Mabel Drake. She was walking in her sleep. There is no law laid down in such cases. Attorneys must act for themselves. Young Mr. Egbert acted. He became a somnambulist and began pacing the lawn almost within reaching distance of the girl.

For five minutes the two sleep-walkers paced. They turned at a gooseberry bush at one end, and at a crabapple tree at the other. Then the sleeping Mr. Egbert said to himself in a sleepy voice:

"I shouldn't have said that to the dear girl—no, I shouldn't!"

There was a long-drawn sigh from Mabel.

"She meant no harm, but in my jealousy I accused her!"

Another sigh, and just as they turned, the soft words fell from the sleeping girl's lips:

"If I had known—if I had known that he once called my George a young squirt of a lawyer I should have told him that I hated him."

Then the couple stood at the gooseberry bush a moment, as if listening to the sad refrain of the katydids, and George murmured:

"I was wrong—I was wrong! Earth holds no nobler girl than my dear Mabel!"

On the way to the crabapple tree, with the distant watch dogs baying at the moon and the tree toads keeping up their infernal racket, Mabel sighed again, and her voice was broken as she said:

"Two strings to my bow! How could George say such a thing to me! I have loved one and only one."

After the turn at the crabapple, George uttered a sort of groan and said:

"Can she—will she ever forgive me? It's more than I can hope for, but I will put my arm about her and tell her how sorry I am, and that no such words shall ever pass my lips again."

Miss Drake gave a start and a jump aside and exclaimed:

"Who—what—where am I? Who is this here?"

And Mr. Egbert gave a backward spring, looked wildly around him and exclaimed:

"Who—what—where am I? How did I come here? Is this you Mabel?"

"Mr. Egbert, what does this mean? The last I remember I was in my bed, and I now wake up to find myself in your company!"

Just the same with me, Mabel dear. I went to bed with such an anxious mind that I must have got up in my sleep, and dressed and came here. You once told me that you sometimes walked in your sleep in the full of the moon."

"How queer that we should both be walking in our sleep on the same night!"

Do you think we talked to each other?"

"I think we did, and if you will sit down on this bench I will tell you all I can remember."

And when he had told her, and the katydids and watch dogs and tree toads were still for a moment, she smiled and said:

"Don't be foolish any more—at least not until after we are old married folks!"

#### Taking Exercise.

The worst error of exercise, the most dangerous fad of physical culture, is not to take enough of it, and to sneer at every form of it that does not bear the dollar mark. By one of those cynical poetic justices of nature the very men who denounce all physical culture and recreation as fads are those who pay the heaviest personal penalty for this delusion. They use the vigor that they have gained in early youth in nature's open air school to chain themselves to the desk, to bury themselves in dungeon-like offices or airless workrooms 12 or 14 hours a day. They "feel fine" and are sure they are going to live to be a hundred; but one day, to their astonishment, a little artery, whose coat has been hardened for 20 years unnoticed, becomes so brittle that it snaps suddenly—and down they go with a stroke of paralysis, like a winged duck. It is never safe to jeer at the gods, whether the imaginary ones of Olympus or the real ones of modern science.—Dr. S. Woods Hutchinson, in *Outing*.

#### Glass.

There is little or nothing known with certainty in regard to the invention of glass. Some of the oldest specimens are Egyptian and are traced to about 1,500 years before Christ. Transparent glass is believed to have been first used about 750 years before the Christian era. The credit of the invention is a familiar one, by the Phoenician merchants who rested their cooking pots on blocks of natron (subcarbonate of soda) and found glass produced by the union, under heat of the alkali and the sand on the shore.—*Leslie's*.

It takes nerve for a street sweeper to stop an automobile to ask what time it is.

### NOISIEST OF THE CAPITALS

Mrs. Rice of New York Thinks That the City of London is Growing Quieter.

An American lady who is at present staying in London is making it her life's work to reduce the amount of noise in the world, especially in the streets of great cities.

Mrs. I. L. Rice is the wife of a well-known American chess player, the London Daily Mail says. She is a dark, vivacious lady of medium height. Her manner, kindly and generous, is that of the competent woman of affairs. Mrs. Rice's attention was first turned in the direction of noise abatement by the constant shrieking of steamer whistles near her Riverside home on the Hudson river. As a result she founded in 1905 the present New York Noise Abatement society.

Discussing London in comparison with other great cities of the world, Mrs. Rice, who has traveled widely, said: "The order of noisiness in which I place the world's chief capitals is as follows: Paris, New York, London, Berlin.

"In Paris there are absolutely no restrictions on street noises. Every cab-horse wears a bell; many have several. The cochers are apparently always quarreling, and throughout the night shrieks rage out from every cab rank.

"In New York we have less traffic than you have in London, but our trolley cars, which run on practically every avenue, are much noisier than anything here. London is a quieter city than it was when I was here a few years ago. The worst feature of London streets is the unrestrained use of motor horns. Then, too, the extremely shrill whistles which are used to summon cabs at hotels, restaurants and the large stores are undesirable features of London."

### MAKES FOR "CITY BEAUTIFUL"

Systematic Decoration Adds Greatly to the Attractiveness of Leipzig.

The following information concerning the exterior decoration of houses and apartments in Leipzig is furnished by Consul Southard P. Warner of that German city:

The endeavor of the people here to add to the attractiveness of their individual homes, and thus to the general beauty of the city, has been greatly stimulated by the offering of prizes for the best and most artistically decorated houses. These prizes, which consist principally of objects of art and of valuable growing plants, are offered by the Der Verkehrsverein association, while the Leipzig city council contributes a considerable annual sum for prizes. Persons desiring to compete send in their addresses to the association, which furnishes free illustrated pamphlets containing valuable suggestions about growing plants and flowers, and using them most advantageously for exterior decoration.

The most practical and popular method of decorating houses is by placing artistically painted wooden boxes containing collections of variegated flowers upon the window sills. The windows are frequently entirely framed in by climbing vines. Porches and balconies are better suited for floral decorations, as large pot plants and all sorts of vines can be used. In residential sections of Leipzig nearly every house has some floral decoration. Small, unostentatious houses thus frequently attract much attention.

#### Guide's Great Feat.

An Alpine guide, Philippe Allamand, of Bex, has gained publicity in the Swiss papers by a marvelous pedestrian achievement. He started on a Monday from Taesch and ascended to the Weisshorn hut, whence he returned to the valley to fetch a member of his party who had been left behind. There was time for only three hours' sleep after that, and then the Weisshorn had to be climbed. It was in bad condition, and the ascent took nearly 11 hours. No sooner had he reached the top than Allamand hastened down and proceeded to Zermatt to join another party who had engaged him for the Matterhorn. He overtook them in the hut at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, went up the Matterhorn at once, and did not get back until 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, having been 44 hours without sleep, walking and climbing all the time. Even then he took only a day's rest before leading a party up the Dent Blanche.

#### Worth a Medal.

"I see Paderewski has been decorated again," said a Chicago composer. "If there were a society for the absent-minded now he'd have the grand cross."

"Paderewski once called on a Philadelphia lady in West Walnut street. The lady's little daughter put an orange in his coat pocket as he was leaving, and, in his unconventional, Bohemian way, Paderewski decided to eat the orange on the walk back to his hotel.

"As he crossed Rittenhouse Square he began to peel the fruit. But while he was peeling it a woman he knew glanced past in her motor car. Paderewski saluted with a sweeping bow, then gracefully placed a handful of orange peel on his head and tossed his hat into a bed of flowers."

#### A Dangerous Malady.

He (looking up from the paper)—I see they have the referendum in Cleveland.

She (alarmed)—Dear me, I hope it isn't catching!—*Baltimore American*.

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Get it today. In usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs, 100 Doses \$1.

## WHERE ROBE WOULD COUNT

Under Friendly Cover Preacher Might Safely Proceed to Split His Infinitives.

"I tried to get a chance to speak to you at church Sunday," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "but the crush was so great that I couldn't push through to where you were." "Yes, wasn't it awful?" replied her hostess, as she flicked a bit of dust from the Gobelins tapestry. "All the common folks in town seem to want to crowd into our church lately. It's too bad they ain't satisfied to stay where they belong. How did you like the sermon?" "Well, as a sermon it was fairly good, but I do wish Doctor Goodman would quit spitting his infinitives. I try not to let it make me nervous, but I can't keep from being shocked every time he does it." "I never let them kind of things bother me, but that's where the Episcopals have the advantage of us. If our preacher would wear a long robe he could split them and we would never notice it."—Kansas City Star.

**Our Hebrew Fellow Citizens.**  
It is said that the total number of Jews in the United States is now not less than 1,600,000, and may reach a total of 2,000,000. There are about 1,000,000 Jews in New York city, 180,000 in Chicago, and 100,000 in Philadelphia. Several other American cities contain from 30,000 to 80,000 Jews. Throughout the south in the largest towns the Jews are coming to exercise no mean influence as factors in the business world, and the positions of influence occupied by many of the people gives the race a power far beyond what might be indicated by its numbers. It is said that there are about 3,000 Jewish lawyers and 1,000 Jewish physicians in New York city. Jews own some of the greatest daily papers in the country, such as the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the New York Times, World and Press, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and the Chattanooga Times.

**The Doctor's Data.**  
A Howard girl who was uncertain as to her exact age, as her father and mother were not agreed on the year of her birth, decided to go to the physician who "attended the case." He said: "Why, certainly, my dear girl, I'll go and examine my old books." When he came back to report, he said: "I find your father charged with a girl baby born on the 'steenth day of April, 189—, and I also observe he still owes me for you."—Howard (Kan.) Courier.

**Explaining the Soul.**  
The following dialogue took place between two very small boys on their way home from Sunday school:  
Willie—Where is my soul?  
Bobby—it isn't any place; it's just air.  
Willie—How can it go to heaven when it's just air?  
Bobby—Why, your body goes, too.  
Willie—Bones and all?  
Bobby—Yes, everything but your clothes.

**The Outlook.**  
"You were very cold last evening," phoned the young man to the girl he had called on. Then he added, anxiously; "What is the outlook for tonight?"  
"Fah and warmer tonight," came the answer promptly.—Judge.

**An Effectual Cure.**  
"She wants to be a sister to me."  
"You can easily get her out of that notion."  
"How?"  
"Treat her as you would a sister."

A girl blushes the first time a young man kisses her because it embarrasses her to think that he might not have done it.

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

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

# The INVENTIONS of IRAD BIGLOW

By HUGH PENDEXTER

## Irada Biglow's Revolving Shirt Bosoms



"For \$10,000,000 We'll Supply Shirts for the Nation."

"Don't hurry about eating, but soon you're done we'll start for your Cousin Freeman's," coldly reminded Irada Biglow's kinsman, as the old man mournfully dallied over his coffee and sighed, as through the window he saw the farm wagon waiting to take him and his trunk to his next stopping place.

"I ought to change my clothes, Edgar," murmured the old man, sparing for time.

"Your clothes look all right," quickly assured Edgar.

"I was thinking in particular of one of my new shirts. It would please Freeman."

Realizing that Freeman would not be delectated at receiving and harboring his aged relative, Edgar sneered audibly. "He'll be mighty keen to see how it works," desperately added Irada. "He took to the scheme from the start."

"Scheme," jeered Edgar, waving his knife. "Another new fangled, eighteen billion dollar scheme what needs twenty billion dollars' worth of super-fine, electro-magneto something to start it going, eh? Your schemes are too expensive. You ought to stick to simple things, like lead pencils and safety-pins, what will bring in only \$300,000 a minute. Ready to start?"

"All ready," sighed Irada. "What you say is true, and that's why my new wrinkle pleases Freeman. It's so simple. It's my revolving shirt bosom. Small investment and all profit. Can sell \$50,000 in stock in a day. Well, we've got to fetch that trunk downstairs."

"Shirt bosoms," muttered Edgar, dropping his knife, yet remaining in his chair. "You always let me in on the danged big things—Irad, this is the first simple scheme you've mentioned. And now you'd run away, just because you've got something simple."

"I fear you wouldn't care for it; it's so dinged simple," meekly apologized Irada. "Mebbe Freeman will let you in on it."

"Let nothing in," cried Edgar. "And why? Because we ain't going to Freeman's." Then, good naturedly: "I guess you can stand it to stay here a few days longer, Iry. Ha! ha! You'd leave your old cousin just to go to a funeral. Do you know what we're going to have for dinner?" And this archly. "Some of them cream biscuits you're so keen for. Now, what about this shirt bosom invention?"

"I'll stay, rather than have you think I'm running away," said Irada. "As to the shirt bosom, it revolves. A man puts on a shirt and the bosom gets soiled; if it don't he's ashamed to wear the same shirt more'n three weeks. With my revolving bosom he can wear it as long as he wants to. The bosom is round, divided into triangular sections like a pie cut for eight. Each section is a different color and pattern. Say you spring a blue bosom to-day. To-morrow you meet Jim Witham, who remembers the blue shirt. You slyly reach under your vest and give the wheel a turn—and you're wearing a red bosom. Jim sticks out his eyes and begins to think you're a millionaire. Next day you see him coming and spin the wheel again. Now you have a green bosom. Witham is ready to lend you money—three shirts in as many days. You play the combination eight days running and git a reputation that's

worth \$3,000 credit at the savings bank.

"But the money you was to make?" asked Edgar, feverishly.

"To commercialize the scheme I'd have the bosoms so that a man needn't wear a shirt at all. Just clamp on the bosom. After a reputation of wearing eight shirts in eight days just send the bosom to the wash and slip on a new one. Your wife could do one up in 15 minutes. With four of them wheels you've got a new shirt for every day in the month, and after that the neighbors are tired of keeping tabs. Say we charge 50 cents each, two dollars for four, with 200 men in this county taking 'em the first summer. Just \$1,000 in this county alone. Then the idea spreads to the city. The country loses \$20,000,000 in wear and tear on shirts in every year. For \$10,000,000 we'll supply shirts for the nation."

"Of course I'm figgering too close when I say only \$50,000 for the first year. Freeman gets mad at a short of \$100,000. But the \$50,000 would satisfy me in a mild way—"

"I should say it would!" shouted Edgar, rapping his fist on the table. "I'll begin taking orders to-morrow."

"That's the way to talk; I like your spirit," feebly indorsed Irada. "Lemme see; well, to be safe, take orders to be delivered, say, two years from next—"

"Two years!" shuddered Edgar. "What—what d'ye mean?"

"It would take two years to make the special kind of cloth I'd have to use," cheerfully explained Irada. "The cloth has to be a radium finished madras, with a special machine to cut it into pie-shape, so's there won't be any waste. It's the machine what's holding us back. It can be made, I figger, for about—"

"Don't figger on nothing but getting to Freeman's to-morrow," croaked Edgar. "Then you can order your danged old machine."

Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.

Paired with Blackburn.

The story is told of Senator Proctor of Vermont in reminiscences by Vice-President Stevenson, says the Washington Herald, that when invited to go out of the senate chamber just before the day's session began he replied: "Excuse me, I am paired with Blackburn or prayers." When Rev. Dr. Butler retired from the chaplaincy of the senate Blackburn's speech surpassed all others for ardor and felicity of expression.

"The counterpart for the scene that followed his closing words had never been witnessed in legislative assembly. All were in tears. It was even said that venerable senators who had never shed a tear since the ratification of the treaty of Ghent actually sobbed also and refused to be comforted. At length, amid silence that could be felt, an adjournment was effected and the senators passed sadly out to their homes. As he passed the chair, Senator Vest in an undertone remarked to the vice-president, 'Joe never saw him.'"

**The Way.**  
"I wish you would tell me how you keep your razor in such excellent condition."  
"It would not help you if I did tell you."  
"Why not?"  
"Because you failed to start as I did; I married a woman who isn't subject to corns."

## THE WAY WE JUDGE PEOPLE.



"Gret is a very unobservant man."  
"You mean that he doesn't see the same things that you do."

## AWFUL BURNING ITCH CURED IN A DAY

"In the middle of the night of March 30th I woke up with a burning itch in my two hands and I felt as if I could pull them apart. In the morning the itching had gone to my chest and during that day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and by the third day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 325 East 43rd Street, New York City, Apr. 27, 1909." Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props, Boston, Mass.

**Didn't Drink the Stuff.**  
Two Kentucky colonels were showing an Englishman what a wonderful country the south is. When the Briton had traveled from Baltimore to New Orleans and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he said: "Yes, the south is a fine country, but you have no industries here."

"No industries," retorted Colonel Smith, with indignation. "Why, suh, Robinson, in Kentucky, has a dairy where he produces a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese a month."

"Impossible!" said the Englishman. Colonel Smith turned to his fellow for corroboration.

"I don't know how much butter and cheese Colonel Robinson produces a month," said the second Kentuckian, "but I do know that he has 12 saw-mills and he runs them all with buttermilk."—Circle Magazine.

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one cure for deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, it is swollen, and the air cannot pass, and the hearing is lost. It is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CREESEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**At or About This Time.**  
"Why do they call them ocean liners?" she asked.  
"They're getting new terms every day," he said, without looking up from the sporting page. "I never heard it before, but an ocean liner is probably a hot one that isn't inflected well and rolls into a puddle or something."  
She made no answer, but when he had gone to business she phoned the doctor about him.

**His Face Was Turning Yellow**  
Someone told him that sallowness was caused by an inactive liver. He began taking NATURE'S REMEDY, his natural color returned, his brain cleared. His liver was again active. NR tablets never fail to correct the liver, they remove the bile, aid digestion and tone the system. Better than Pills for Liver Bile. Take one tonight and you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 25c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

We are not in this world to do what we wish—but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Charles Gounod.

**Red, Weak, Watery Eyes.**  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggist. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

There's nothing in it for the undertaker when a man is buried in oblivion.

Lewis' Single Binder, straight 5c—many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

Let each man think he is the one man—for the time.

**Red, Weak, Watery Eyes.**  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggist. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

**His Finish.**  
"He struck a fast gait when he first went into politics."  
"And now?"  
"Now he is on the fence."  
Even a truthful man is occasionally guilty of exaggeration.

**All Tired Out.**  
Do you feel dull, occasionally-out of sorts? Headaches and Dizziness? The fault is either with your stomach or your liver. The safe, sure and easy way to get rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S REMEDY. Take an NR Tablet to night—it will sweeten the stomach and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels. Easy-sure to act. Get a 25c Box. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**A Sad Case.**  
"Do you prefer your eggs poached or scrambled?"  
"I can't remember."

**PERCY DAVIS' PAINKILLER** is an ounce of prevention as well as a sound cure. For neuralgic troubles, skin wounds, colic, and other ills. 50c and 50c sizes.

**Poetical Truth.**  
Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

The signature on a check is a sign of prosperity.

**The Man Lower Down.**  
"The beef trust doesn't worry me any."  
"What then is your worry?"  
"The marketman who won't trust."—Boston Herald.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
BRONCHITIS  
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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Wm. C. Foster  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

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