

INTERESTING CHURCH HISTORY

Miss Prudence Tracy Gives the History of the Florence Presbyterian Church at the Celebration of its Fourteenth Anniversary Last Thursday, Which is So Interesting That We Print it So All Our Readers May Delight in the Reminiscences.

It is with much pleasure that I present to those present tonight a history of the Florence Presbyterian church throughout the past fourteen years. Although not entitled to the honor of being a charter member, because of not having severed membership with the Baptist church of which I was a member elsewhere, I beg the privilege of designating myself one of the charter worshippers, if you please, having maintained this as my church home since the date of its reorganization. The home mission committee of the Omaha Presbytery having secured Rev. Warren Eastman as pastor for the field, on March 4, 1895, in the city hall, at 7:30 p. m., Rev. Asa Leard, D. D., of Omaha, presided over the meeting and received into charter membership the following: Charles G. Carlson on profession of faith; by letter, Mrs. Wilhelmina Carlson, Mrs. Lizzie Reynolds, Mrs. Annie Nields, Miss Mary Nields, Mrs. Maria Archerd, Mrs. Lizzie Eastman, Warren Eastman, Wm. R. Lighton, Jr. and wife, Laura Lighton. Of that number we are glad to state exactly half retain their membership at the present time. At this meeting Mr. Lighton was chosen as the ruling elder and the following trustees were elected, Captain Frank Reynolds, Henry Hall and Chas. G. Carlson—worthy of remembrance—the two former have sometime since ceased from the activities of this life and the latter occupies the same position at the present time. With due appreciation of the privilege of worshiping in the city hall, the church was anxious for a house of its own and with that in view a business meeting of the congregation was held March 21, 1895, at which the trustees were directed to investigate the title to real estate which the original organization had owned in 1857, relative to the sale of the same for the purpose of creating a building fund. At this meeting Prudence Tracy was elected treasurer for the remainder of the year; she also and Mrs. Lizzie Reynolds were appointed as a committee to canvass the "village" for subscriptions to the pastor's salary. It is with much pleasure we state that at the present time the church has outgrown this annual task of the years gone by, which was assumed reluctantly by some of the members thus appointed, but no longer a necessity because of a splendid board of trustees, of which the church is now duly proud.

On January 19, 1896, Rev. T. L. Sexton, at that time synodical missionary, visited the field and received into membership Louis R. Lighton, Prof. Wm. Lighton and wife, Lydia T. Lighton, by letter; Helen Bernice Reynolds and Anna M. Carlson on profession of faith. The Lord's Supper was also observed. Charles G. Carlson was at this meeting elected an elder and he, with the other elders-elect, were duly ordained and installed, and Mrs. Lizzie Reynolds elected the church treasurer. On the same date the church granted its first letter of dismissal to Mrs. Maria Archerd, to become a member of the Congregational church at Grafton, Neb., where she had gone to make her home. On April 19, 1896, our beloved pastor-at-large, Rev. R. M. L. Braden, visited us to preside at the Lord's Supper and received into membership Mrs. J. P. Brown, Charles Fonke and wife, Wm. McKeeman and the Misses Mae Walker, Barbara Finkeneller, Myrtle Elliott, Ida Miller, Bertie Wilson and mother, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, all on profession of faith. Out of that number Chas. Fonke and Mrs. Wilson have been called from this world and all the young ladies have changed their names except two, Miss Miller, who is fighting the battle of life alone on a homestead near Prosser, Wash., also engaged in teaching school, which occupation she followed while here; Miss Wilson is "engaged," but kept from changing her name because she also has taken a Nebraska homestead. On July 26 the same year he again visited us and received into membership Mrs. D. E. Smith and daughter, Mary, by letter; by renewal of covenant Mrs. Olive J. Laughlin, and on profession of faith Mrs. Ellen Smith, Mamie Shipley (now Mrs. G. T. Ritchie), and Mabel Whitted (now Mrs. J. S. Richards). Much merriment centers round the distinction made between the two Mrs. Smiths, who came into the church together, one being large and the other small, they were distinguished among the members as "big Mrs. Smith" and "little Mrs. Smith." The former is

CELEBRATE CHURCH'S BIRTH

Hold Entertainment to Commemorate Fourteenth Anniversary of Presbyterianians.

The Presbyterian church of Florence celebrated its fourteenth anniversary Thursday night of last week in the church parlors.

While this anniversary is designated the fourteenth, the church was really founded in 1857, when it acquired property and held church in the building now occupied by John McGregor as a blacksmith shop. In that year it had an enrollment of nearly fifty, as Florence was then the largest city in Nebraska. With the subsequent decline, however, of Florence the church disintegrated until in 1895 Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Miss Prudence Tracy, Miss Nields and several others secured Dr. Lower to hold services in the city hall, and from that meeting sprung the present church, which also succeeded to the property of the old original church.

A splendid program was rendered by members of the church, consisting of the church history by Miss Tracy, reminiscences by Rev. M. L. Braden, Mrs. B. F. Reynolds and others, interspersed with music.

Among the interesting relics shown was the quilt made by Mrs. Reynolds of squares containing the advertisements of merchants of that date, many of whom have now ceased to do business. The quilt won a diploma at the Trans-Mississippi exposition.

Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the program, after which the members talked of the old times and the times to come, especially as to the great increase of membership during the last few years. During the first years of the church the work was done almost entirely by the women, who had to work hard to raise the 250 needed to meet the annual expenses, while last year over \$1,300 was raised.

FACT AND FANCY.

Little children never like red. We all mean to be honest, but some of us live beyond our means.

People who live in glass houses should never leave the blinds up.

What is the good of holding the key to the situation if you can't find the keyhole?

A good golfer can drive his ball off the mace of a watch without breaking the crystal.

A man with one wife too many is not necessarily either a bigamist or a polygamist.

Of seaweed men make soap, glue, imitation leather, oilcloth, linoleum, size and pipe covering.

What some men know about motoring would fill a book. What they don't know fills cemeteries.

Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor were each allowed three rump steaks and two quarts of beer for breakfast.

now a member of the church at Benson and the latter is now residing with a daughter at Torron, Coah, Mexico.

At this time Wm. Barnes Lower of Omaha, a student in the theological seminary, had become pastoral supply of the church and remained with us throughout the three years of his seminary course, during which not only our present house of worship and addition thereto was built, but also Ponca mission, in which neighborhood services were held each Sunday afternoon. Mr. Lower left us to take post-graduate work in Princeton, after which he toured Europe and returned to accept the pastorate of a prominent church near Philadelphia and now bears the title of D. D.

Much more could be said of this splendid man of faith and works, but time will not permit for we have not yet told of the momentous event, the dedication of the church free of debt, on November 14, 1897, at 3 p. m. Rev. T. L. Sexton, synodical missionary, preached the dedicatory sermon, and Rev. W. W. Harsha, D. D., of the Omaha seminary, offered the dedicatory prayer. Rev. R. M. L. Braden was also present and remained for evening service that we might observe the Lord's Supper. Of how we built the church doubtless more will be said anon by others. Of four members received February 13, 1898, three still retain membership, Mrs. Jas. Kindred, Flora Kindred, now Mrs. J. C. Renninger, and Prudence Tracy. After the resignation of Rev. Lower the church was fortunate enough to secure an ordained man, Rev. Robt. T. Graham, during whose short but efficient ministry two very valuable workers were received into the church. I say valuable because they were men, John N. Bell and George Paul, and men workers were rather scarce in the earlier history of the church, its business being largely carried on by the women, almost exclusively by our faithful and beloved Ladies' Aid society. On October 29, 1899, he also received into membership Mrs. Magie Nezeley, Mrs. Augusta Swanson and daughter, Hilma.

(To Be Continued.)

COMIC OPERA AT CITY HALL

Having Had a Most Successful Night With Their Vaudeville Show the Council Puts On Another Stunt, This Time a Comic Opera, Entitled "Trouble, Trouble, Nothing but Trouble," and They Troubled Trouble Till Trouble Troubled Them to Trouble.

B. C. 2247. That is the year they built the tower of Babel.

What has the Tower of Babel to do with the council meeting at the city hall Monday evening, you ask?

Nothing, only in that year a walking delegate came along and ordered a strike on the tower and the engineers who were employed on the job had to seek other work because in those days the unions did not pay strike benefits.

For heaven's sake, what has that got to do with it?

Nothing, only those engineers, being up against it for a job on account of the Tower being declared unfair, they came to Florence and established the grades of the streets of this beautiful city.

With this information for the libretto the council proceeded to put on the boards that grand, glorious comic opera, "Trouble, Trouble; Nothing but Trouble," as its bill for last Monday evening.

The story was started by Andrew Finkeneller, who told the council that he proposed protesting the taxes on his property on Washington street unless the aforesaid council got busy on that walk and put it somewhere near the earth so he wouldn't be compelled to take an airship every time he wanted to walk noon it.

Some of the council thought that it had been put so high in the air to accommodate the honorable councilman, Daniel Kelly, who sometimes walked pretty high in the air after the council meetings, but Mr. Kelly assured the council that he didn't want the walk so high in the air as he was afraid he might fall off of it when he was carrying a heavy package of the city's bills home with him for the consideration of the finance committee, of which he was chairman.

He said it was a downright shame that the walk had been put where it is and that he had ordered the contractor not to put the walk where the engineer had set the stakes, but that when he came home one night the sidewalk was laid down, or, rather, up. He said it was a mighty funny way to put in walks. The very idea of putting in a fill on the top of a hill. Then he said he had looked over the profile that the engineer of the Tower of Babel had made, but the thing was a confusion of tongues to him. City Engineer Reynolds had told him it was way up in the air and the Tower of Babel engineers had put it there knowingly that airships would some day be in use and that the curb on the east side of Bluff street had been put on the level with the curb on the west side.

Allen said he would be d—d if they would put down such a sidewalk as that around where he was living and he was assured by his colleagues that he was right; they wouldn't put any kind of a sidewalk around where he lived. The roosters sang and the birds crowed or the old man had cold feet when in the middle of the night he woke up, dressed in his best suit of clothes in the middle of the ocean as the stork sat on the chimney saying to the owl, "What in h— are they talking about, anyway?"

At least those present here lost track of the conversation and took a nap, to wake up to learn that Mr. Kelly would be at home to the other councilmen on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock and if they would be his guest he would elucidate the question and they had the power to act, and the curtain rang down with everyone bewildered at the rapidity at which the subject had been disposed of.

L. A. Taylor, Henry Van Duesen and W. A. Chandler presented a communication requesting a cement sidewalk in front of their property and the council decided they could have it, but were informed that they only wanted it when the street was graded, bids for which were to be opened then.

A song of dirt was then sung by the four councilmen, with some of the spectators joining in about the dirt on Briggs street and the lack of dirt on Bluff street, north of Davenport. However, as nobody left the hall during the singing the bids for the grading were opened. Then came the tableaux with Price as the Guardian of the Treasury. With one hand on the pulse of the city's expenditures and the other on the pulse of his constituent's wants he posed as fearing that the council was going to pretty strong in the matter of spending the money and was afraid they

FURNISH FINE, FURIOUS FIRE

Firemen Frantically Fight Flames of Impassioned Oratory Caused by Their Dance Throwdown.

Wheee! They didn't need a fire to keep them warm at the meeting of the volunteer fire department Monday evening at the city hall.

I should say not! There was about the hottest time the firemen had experienced in a long time, as it has been a long time since they were called upon to go to a fire, and it couldn't have been hotter at any fire.

It all came about when the dance committee reported they had been turned down with a cold, dull thud and had been handed a north pole lemon of considerable size. The committee reported that when they were first appointed they went to Mr. Cole to see about getting his hall for the opening dance and had been promised the hall for the night of October 6, but when that date had rolled around the hall was not ready, so they decided to make it a double event and hold it on Thanksgiving. All preparations had been made for this date, Mr. Cole telling them they could have the hall. Last week, however, he told them he had leased his hall for Thanksgiving and they could have it for the night before. So they passed it up to the whole organization to do as they saw fit.

Well, they had a fit, all right, and the things that were said would set a stone building on fire. It wound up by the firemen leasing the hall from Dr. Adams and they will give their dance on Thanksgiving night at Pascale's hall. The music for the occasion was donated to them and it was realized that they were doing a good work for the city and should have the support of all. They also decided to make it the annual review and all will appear in uniform. The veterans will be their guests that night.

Not Everything.

"I thought you said you told your wife everything you did."

"I do."

"It's mighty strange. She hasn't said a word to my wife about that ten dollars you borrowed from me."

Easy.

Mrs. Henpeck—Did you ever hear of anything worse than a man who smokes in the house?

Mr. Henpeck—Yes. A smoking lamp. Ask me another.

His Real Woe.

"Why so glum, old man? Won't she return your love?"

"No. But the worst of it is she won't return the presents I gave her."

would overdraw their account. The tableaux was so effective that it was decided to lay the letting of the contract for this grading over for a week or so.

As this grading is a matter that has been in every election of the city since the city wore swaddling clothes, and it will soon be time for another election, some people are mean enough to think that the matter was laid over so it could again become a subject for a fight.

The Shipley took the center of the stage, and while he was telling the council the great necessity of action on that grading Tucker was talking to Olmsted, Price to Craig and Allen to Kelly and only the editor of this great family paper was listening to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips.

By this time Price's tableaux was forgotten and the following bills were allowed:

G. Mancini\$7.49.85
A. Finkeneller 2.00
F. Marks 10.00
C. H. Furness 8.75
M. Clements 12.25

Total\$773.85

And with slow, mournful music the curtain was rung down and everybody sorrowfully wended their way home to try and catch a few winks before the dawn of another day.

A CONFIDENCE GAME.

There was a poor widow whom nobody knew. Until Lubold and Hascall brought her troubles to view. Representing her wants so many and her necessities beside. That no charitable person could refuse to subscribe.

So to raise her spirits and also some food, These "pitying gents" went to the populace good. For a dime offering chances on a worthless old cart To Mikes, and to their ladies, who all took a part.

But alas for them all—each one was a dupe. For these "pitying gents" dumped them all in the soup; The donations raised a poor widows' spirits not. But raised other spirits and cigars on the spot.

Alas for the dupes—that story a hoax Was only one of Hascall & Lubold's jokes. Alas for their peace, both Lubold's and Hascall's. From river to hilltop, they're both voted rascals.

Contributed by one of the "Mikes."

WEDDING CELEBRATION

Gypsies From All Parts of the World Are Encamped in Florence Now to Celebrate Two or More Weddings—The Glamor of a Romany Wedding Told by the Editor, Who Is a Guest at the Camp and Wonderously Struck by What He Saw.

And the Lord God said: "It is not good that man should be alone: I will make an helpmeet for him."—Genesis, 2:18.

And from that day in the Garden of Eden there has been marrying among all the peoples of the earth—Christian, Pagan, Jew, civilized and uncivilized, the only difference between the peoples being in the form of ceremony.

Among the people of this state it is customary for a young lady to make herself so charming to the man she desires to enmesh in her net that he will try hard to get her and when he has made up his mind sufficiently to ask her to become his wife she will reply it is so very sudden, in the meantime having made in her mind all the arrangements. Then they satisfy the state they are competent to marry and hire a minister and in front of their friends they are married and dad rejoices.

Sometimes it happens differently in this state and one of the times was last Sunday.

There was a gypsy wedding in Florence last Sunday and I had the pleasure of being present on invitation from the son of the head of the band.

First let me tell you what a gypsy is, for there are very few who seem to know exactly what part of the world they come from and what they are.

Gypsy or gipsy is the name given to a nomad eastern race, the members of which come to Europe by way of the isthmus of Suez and Egypt. They were, therefore, assumed to be Egyptians and are so called in the Elizabethan legislation against them and in other places. As Egypt became better known to the English it was found that the Egyptians were as much foreigners there as in England. It is now proved that they are from India and apparently from that part adjacent to the river Indus, with the languages of some tribes inhabiting the section of which their tongues best agree. A tribe near the mouth of the Indus are called Tchinganes, which is almost exactly the same as Tchingenes, by which these wanderers are known in Turkey and the Levant. They call themselves Sind, the name of the country through which the Indus flows in the lower part of its course. They are believed to have first quitted their native country in dread of Timur Beg, better known as Timoor the Tartar, or Tamerlane. Today their descendants are to be found in every country on the face of the earth and their language is a jargon of the Hindoostan.

Every year, on the 7th day of November, the different traveling troupes meet in one big camp and celebrate one of their holidays. It is during these holiday g. herings that the young men of one band becomes acquainted with the young women of the other band and when some particular swain is smitten with the charms of one of the fair ones he does not have moonlight walks, whispering sweet nothings in her shea-like ear and drinking the nectar of her limpid eyes and tasting the joys of her pearly lips.

He wins and woos her differently. He finds out that she is a cash asset to the band to which she belongs and must satisfy the parents with coin of the realm of her worth, nor is that all; he must satisfy the leader of the band—the king—in the same manner.

But to the wedding. For weeks the bands have been gathering here, coming from all parts of the world, and the time for the last few days have been spent in

IMPROVEMENT CLUB OF PONCA

Hold Their Meeting at the School House Sunday and Take up Telephone Service—Desire Aid.

The Ponca Improvement club held their regular monthly meeting at the Ponca school house Sunday afternoon and while there were only 20 present, they were very much in earnest about the work they have to do and determined that good shall come from the club.

The treasurer's report showed collections of \$36.25, with expenditures of \$15.55, leaving a balance on hand of \$20.70.

Mr. Christensen of the special committee on roads reported that his committee had visited the county commissioners in relation to fixing up the road and was told there was no funds on hand at present to do the work. The commissioners had come out and looked over the road, admitting it was in bad shape and needed fixing, but that it couldn't be done now, but it would be fixed up the first thing in the spring.

Complaint was made about the road near Johnson's place, saying it was in poor shape and culverts should be put in in two places and until this is done the road will always be in bad shape in wet weather.

The matter of having a fire in the school house during the meetings was solved by Mr. Christenson donating the wood to the club and the club paying the janitor to look after it, as well as cleaning up after the club meetings.

Considerable discussion was had relative to the meeting being held on Sunday or some night in the week and it was finally decided to change the constitution and have the meeting the first Friday evening of each month.

A resolution indorsing The Tribune as the official paper of the club and urging all members of the club not subscribers to subscribe was adopted after the editor made the statement that he did not charge the club anything for the news the club would furnish and that the club was welcome to as much space as they wanted. Mr. Deyo told of the good work of the paper and said it was the best reading that came into his house and that all the members of his family enjoyed reading it. Mr. Wuerth said he and his family enjoyed reading it and that it was the best paper in the United States today.

Considerable discussion was had relative to the committees reporting back to the club promptly and it was the sense of the meeting that all committees report back at the next meeting of the club or men would be put on them who would take enough interest to do so.

The telephone service was taken up and the way it was handled was a caution. The service is so rotten at the present time that a man can hitch up and drive to Florence and back again before he can telephone there and get an answer and the club proposes to know why this is so and to seek a remedy for it if it can be found. They would like to get the help of the merchants of Florence to accomplish this, as they feel that it would be as much to their interests as it would be to the members of the club.

The next meeting will be held at the Ponca school house on Friday evening, December 3, and the club will have on hand some cigars and hope the merchants of Florence will meet with them then and co-operate with them in their work.

gathering together all the delicacies of the season in anticipation of the glorious feast.

Early Sunday morning great logs of wood were rolled in the center of the camp and two yearling pigs were put to roast on the fire and the chickens were dressed, the turkeys were cleaned and made ready, vegetables of all kinds were prepared. A big chicken and fish Mulligan was prepared and all set on this big log fire. Kegs of beer were tapped and the rejoicing and celebration of the day commenced. A large orchestra from Omaha was on hand to discourse music for the songs and dances.

The dance, a sort of march and two-step, started early and lasted late. A large man with a pole on which were bright flags was the leader and hand in hand followed the women of the camp, singing, dancing and walking from tent to tent, round and round the camp they went, the men at first stoically looking on, finally catching the spirit of the occasion and joining in for a moment or two, laughing and chattering with first this one and then that, then to the liquid refreshments returning or taking the place of watcher and turner of the pigs slowly roasting before the fire.

At noon was the big feast and then the merrymaking again went on until the shades of night wore on and the men retired to a big central tent and there, squatted around a cloth in

(Continued on Page Four.)

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

UNCLE JOHN PARALYZED

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"Come in! Come on! Well, don't you hear? Can't you understand any—Oh, it's you, child. I thought it was one of those darned waiters.

"Sit down; pull up a chair by the bed. It's so long since I sent for you that I just about thought that you were not coming. I suppose you were surprised at my sending for you; but it was the only way to do. It's a hard thing to break to you, Yvonne; but you'd have to know in the course of the day, and I always do everything right off that I've not decided to wait and see about. Now don't look frightened, my dear; nobody's dead—it's only that I'm paralyzed!

"There, what do you think of that? Yes, it's true for a fact. My legs! I had some premonitory symptoms yesterday going up that cursed old tower, and I had some very advanced ones coming down from it, and this morning, when I started to shave, the truth just burst in my face. Now, don't try to say anything, for I've read too many patent-medicine advertisements not to recognize paralysis when I feel it up and down the back of my own legs. I'm not the man not to know my own feelings, and I want to tell you that when I got up this morning I couldn't stand up, and then, after I stood up, I couldn't sit down; and if that isn't a clear case of having completely given out, I don't know what you would call it.

"Now, my dear, the question is, what's to be done? Of course our travels have come to a full stop, for I shall probably never walk again. The curious thing is that I don't feel any particular inclination ever to walk again. You've no conception of the sentiments that I feel in my legs; but if you roll the fatigue of a lifetime into either the left or the right, you can get some faint inkling of the first freshness of paralysis. I tell you, Yvonne, it is awful. Every cobblestone I've gone over seems to be singing in my calves; but that neither here nor there. What I want you to do is to go to the pocket of my valise get out the cable-code book and look out a word that means 'Both legs paralyzed. What shall I do with the girls?' You'll find a word that means it, if you look long enough. They've got 40 pages of words that mean every fool thing on earth from 'It's a boy' to 'Impossible to lend you ten dollars.' I was reading it over in Paris the other day while I waited for my money at the bank.

"Well, ain't you going to get the code-book? I don't want to be impatient, but I want some one to be doing something. You don't know how restless it makes me to think of lying still for the rest of my life. While I was waiting for you, I was thinking that probably I shall live right here in Caen till I die. I'm very glad we got here too late to see anything, because now I can take it bit by bit and drag it out through my remaining days. I shall have a wheeling-chair and a man to push me around, and—well, maybe it's in the little outside pocket. I



Dreux.

know I had it in Paris, anyhow; I remember I was just reading that 'sal-sifry' means 'Your mother-in-law left by the ten o'clock train,' and that 'sal-sifry' means that she didn't, when they brought me my money, and I was free to go.

"Well, now you've got it. I thought maybe it would be in the little valise all the time. Seems to me the sicknesses begin with 'Salt.' I remember 'Salt-fish' means 'have got smallpox; keep away,' and 'Saltpetre' means 'have got a cold; come at once.' You look along there and find 'Paralysis.' I'll just keep quiet while you're looking. I'd better be learning to keep quiet. Keeping quiet must be the long suit of the paralyzed, I should fancy. But you see what it is now to be an optimist. Here's my life practically over all of a sudden, and, instead of being blue, I'm as cheerful as a cricket. No need of fussing over the candle-grease on my hat now, for I shall never wear a hat again. I shall wear a soft felt tied over my ears

with a plaid shawl as they always do in rolling-chairs; as for the umbrella, I'm actually glad I left it. It would only have been an aggravation to have seen it lying around. But all the same I can't see why you didn't notice it lying down there. It must have been in plain sight—I remember pointing over at Mont Mirat with it, and saying the rock looked as if it had been dropped there from above. Yvonne, I tell you when I think of all we did these last two days I feel perfectly content to be paralyzed. I'm glad to think that I've got such a good excuse to stay right in bed; I'm happy that it will be out of the question for me ever to travel again. I feel as if I've traveled enough to last me for ever; I actually don't want to see anything more. No more catching trains and climbing castles for your Uncle John—not in his life. You can put



"I'm Happy That It Will Be Out of the Question for Me Ever to Travel Again."

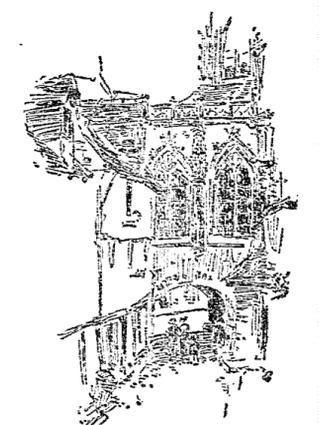
the Baedeker in the fire right now—I never want to see a red cover or a green string or an index again as long as I live. What's that? No, I shan't want it to look over and recall things by; I can recall more than I want to just by the way I feel. I don't need any guide-book to remember what I've been through since I left Paris. I remember too much. I remember so much that I am rejoiced to think that muscles over which I have no control will prevent my having to go out to-day and see anything else. It seems a little hard to think of having sight-seeing so hard that you never want to see another sight, but I'm perfectly content. And I don't want a doctor, either; I've no faith in French doctors. It would be just like one to hypnotize me and set me going again, and I don't want to go. I want to be right here, and I thank the Lord that I have money enough to allow me to lie here forever, if I feel like it. I was thinking this morning what a horrible existence a tramp must lead—always going on to new places. Thank heaven, I can just settle down in this old one and stay on indefinitely. I want you to go down to the office and ask what rate they'll make for this room by the year. I want this same room right along. It's the first restful spot I've struck since my trunk went smash into that ship. Yvonne, did you notice the way they handled those trunks when we landed—as if they were eggs? I tell you, the baggage system at home is a burning disgrace. That's one reason I like Europe so—it's quiet and peaceful. I heard some goats go by this morning; I'd like to know a hotel in America where you can listen to a goat. And then that wallpaper, what a tranquil pattern—a basket of sunflowers upside down alternately with a single palm upside up! What a contrast to the paper on that room I sailed from! It looked more like snakes doing physical culture than anything else.

"Yvonne, I was thinking it all over as I lay here this morning waiting for you, and the truth is, we've been traveling too fast. I wanted you to see all there was to see, and I overlooked myself completely. Don't feel badly, child, because I know you never meant it; but it is the truth, and, as a consequence, here I lie paralyzed. Yes, we've been traveling too fast. It's the vice of the American abroad; it's the terrible secret drain upon the strength of our better classes. We come over to rest, and if we don't do two countries a week we feel we've wasted our money. The idea of leaving Paris in the morning and doing Chartres and Dreux and getting to Argentan that night! Why, Hercules himself would have been used up. And then that castle at Falaise. No, I'm not sorry. Yvonne, there was something about that castle that I'll never get over. I tell you those were the days to live in! I was thinking about it while I was waiting for you this morning. Will you consider what it must have been to put on a suit that you couldn't be punched through, and then get out with an ax that faced two ways and have full freedom to hack at people you hated. I tell you, child, I should have been one of those who barricaded themselves behind the dead bodies they had killed and kept on firing over the top. And to-day my armor would be hanging up somewhere all full of dents and rusty blood-stains, and I'd be a sight in some cathedral with your Aunt Jane wearing a funnel and an accordion beside me. We'd both be in marble, of course, some worn by time and chipped by tourists—ah, well!

"Can't you find anything suitable in that code-book? Here, I've been waiting a quarter of an hour for you to hunt—hand me that book. I remember 'Shell' is 'have broken my left leg,' and 'Shell-fish' is 'have broken my right leg,' and 'Shawl' is—wait a bit—keep still, Yvonne; no one in the wide world can study a code and listen at the—

"Oh, well, I'll leave it till to-night. Not that I'm irritated at your interruption, for I never let anything ruffle me, and when you write home the first thing I want you to tell your mother is that being paralyzed has not changed me one particle. Same even disposition, same calm outlook on life, same disinclination to ever bother anyone. I want you to make them understand in particular how cheerful I am. Some men would turn sly and at waking up paralyzed, but not me. I feel as if I might get about quite a little in Caen, maybe, even get to Falaise again some time; but you can bank on one thing, and that is that if I ever go back to Falaise I won't go up that tower again. I was wondering this morning as I lay here waiting for you how in thunder you were holding that candle to spill so much grease on my hat. You can't say that didn't know I was there, for every second step you took your foot hit me in the small of the back. You ought to have gone first, anyhow. I know the rule is for a man to go first going down a staircase, but I don't call that business we were on any staircase; it was more like a series of cascades with us forming the merry, leaping part. I tell you what, Yvonne, the next time it's up to your Uncle John to play the chamois that springs from crag to crag over an old middle-aged staircase while his niece pours candle-grease on his hat, you can excuse me.

"What I like is clean, open-to-the-day-light ruins like that old one at Jumieges! No peril, no anxiety—all on a level, and time to look up at what wasn't. I tell you, I wouldn't have missed seeing Jumieges for anything. I was thinking this morning as I lay here waiting for you that I have a good mind to write a book about my travels, and that when I do I shall have the frontispiece, me in front of Jumieges. I could take an artist down there on purpose, and while he wasn't doing me, I could look it all over again. Maybe I could get there alone with a kodak and get a satisfactory frontispiece, only those rocks were so thick that most people would think it was a defective plate. I shouldn't like to have them think that, for if I was going to have a book at all, I should have it in good style—gold edges, bevel-plate, and so forth, don't you know. I'd like to write a



Falaise.

book about Europe, I vow. I haven't been here very long, but I'll swear I know ten times more than any book ever tells. It never said a word in Baedeker about there not being any cabs at Dreux, or about the condition of those steps in Talbot's Tower, and such things ought to be known. It's all right to make light of perils past, but those steps were too dark for me to ever make light of in this world. Up toward the top where we had to sit down and stretch for the next one—you remember—I must own that I was honestly sorry I came.

"Well, child, it must be nearing noon, and I feel like taking a nap before dinner. Suppose you go in and write to your mother and Mrs. Clary. After your mother gets the cable, she'll naturally be anxious for details, and she won't want to wait longer than ten days to know all. I wish you'd ring and tell them to bring me some hot water before you go; tell them I want it in a pitcher. Make them understand a pitcher. They brought it last night in a sort of brass cylinder, and I couldn't get the thing open anyway—had to use it for a hot-water bag in bed in the end. It worked fine for that. Never cooled off all night, in fact. I couldn't put my feet against it till morning.

"There, now, you go on and leave me to sleep. You haven't the faintest idea of how used-up I feel. Don't forget to write your mother how cheerful I am; don't forget the hot water. I'll send for you when I want you. There—there—I'm all right, child, don't you worry. Just pull the curtains and let me sleep."

Has Libby Prison Key.

A key to Libby prison, the famous Confederate jail in Richmond, where many Union prisoners were kept during the rebellion, has been forwarded by Foster and Walter Jarrett of Sunbury to the Confederate Memorial museum at Richmond. The key was stolen by their uncle, William Jarrett, who was a Union prisoner during an exchange of captives while he was passing out of the door. The key has been kept secretly in a safe deposit vault. It will be exhibited at the museum.—Philadelphia Record.

MRS. TAFT'S AIDE TO WEED

Miss Alice M. Blech, Says Washington Rumor, Is to Be Richard Wainwright's Bride.

Washington.—Once again Washington official society is on the qui vive for the very latest rumor is that Miss Alice M. Blech, secretary to Mrs. Taft, will soon resign her position to assume that of the wife of Richard Wainwright, the son of Admiral Wainwright. Ever since last winter gossip has been busy in prophesying Miss Blech's engagement. The couple have been almost constantly together.

Perhaps never before has the secretary to the wife of the president been as averse to public notice as has been Miss Blech. When it was discovered that Mrs. Taft, following Mrs. Roosevelt's example, had chosen her amanuensis from the state depart-



Miss Alice M. Blech.

ment, there was a great hue and cry for the favored one's picture. But not until now has it been possible to secure one.

Somehow the impression has gone forth that Mrs. Taft's secretary is unattractive and of middle age. On the contrary, Miss Blech is most attractive looking and is in the early twenties. She has smooth brown hair and always wears neutral shades or white, which throws it into a beautiful contrast.

Miss Blech has mastered seven languages. Probably the one thing which attracted Mrs. Taft to her was the fact that she was told that the young woman was a thorough pianist, having won much applause in the local musical circles.

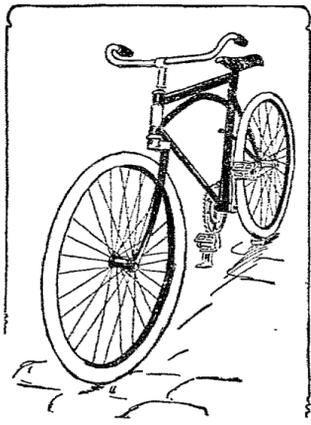
Miss Blech has filled a difficult role most successfully and has made herself a favorite, not only at the White House, but in official circles generally, by her efficiency, tact and diplomacy.

Tall, slender, quiet and reserved, Miss Blech has a charming manner, and a delightful personality, which have won for her a host of friends. She is well known to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. William S. Cowles, both of whom have shown an interest in her. She has lived much of her time on the continent, and at Alexandria, Egypt, and has the poise and reserve of the traveled woman of culture. She does not appear in society, and lives quietly with her mother in an uptown apartment.

Miss Blech usually arrives at the White House at nine o'clock in the morning, and with Mrs. Taft goes over the correspondence, takes dictation and receives such instructions as the wife of the president may have for her. Her duties are not heavy, and the afternoon usually find the day's work done.

BICYCLE WITHOUT FORKS.

Paris.—A novel bicycle built without forks, so that if a tire bursts or is punctured during a race or a long ride it can be speedily changed, has been introduced in this city. It will be noticed in the illustration that in place of the usual fork to keep each



wheel in position there is a single stay on alternate sides on the front and back wheel. They give a somewhat insecure appearance to the machine, but are said to have stood the tests well.

The Final Test.

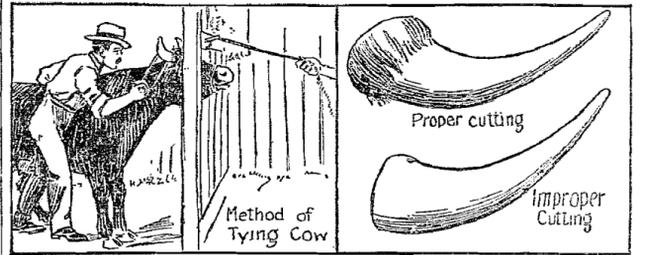
"Doctor," asked the patient, whose eyes had been undergoing treatment for a period of six months or more, "do you think they're all right now?"

"Yes," said the oculist; "I think I can assure you, Mr. Pinchnickel, that your eyes are cured. But there is one more test I should like to apply. See if you can, read that at a distance of 12 or 14 inches without blinking."

Whereupon he laid the bill before him.

DEHORNING OF CATTLE IS EASILY PERFORMED

Satisfactorily Done Without Other Apparatus or Instruments Than Strong Clothes-Line and a Sharp Meat Saw.



Method of Dehorning.

The dehorning of cattle can be very satisfactorily performed without other apparatus or instruments than a good strong clothesline and a sharp meat saw, or miter saw with a rigid back. The method of controlling the animal with the clothesline is shown in one of the illustrations. The heavy line is passed around the upper part of the neck and tied in a knot that will not slip, otherwise it will choke the animal. The free end of the rope is carried between the horns, through the stanchion to the front, up over the horizontal stanchion rail, then down underneath the neck and up and over the top of the stanchion rail to an assistant, who should hold it firmly. The stanchion is then opened, allowing the animal to withdraw its head, and the rope held tightly is passed once around the muzzle, up over the stanchion rail and through to the front again to the hands of the assistant. This effectually restrains the animal and the dehorning operation can be commenced. If the stanchion rail is too wide to permit of properly securing the lower part as well as the upper part of the animal's head, the turn

of the rope round the muzzle may be omitted and the last lap of the rope carried around the stanchion rail to the front and to the hands of the assistant. Care should be taken that the rope pass each time over the neck of the animal between the horns in such a way as not to interfere with the work of the saw. The rope must be held by an assistant instead of being tied, so that should the animal throw itself off its feet during the operation it can be promptly slackened. This, however, is rarely necessary, for as soon as the head is secured, the operator should be ready, standing at the right shoulder of the animal, to saw off first the right and then the left horn.

The horn should be severed from a quarter to half an inch below where the skin joins the base of the horn, cutting from the back toward the front. If the cut is made too high, an irregular, gnarly growth of horn is very apt to follow.

The worry, pain and cruelty often inflicted by cattle upon their mates before being deprived of their horns is much more to be considered than the pain of the dehorning operation.

WEEDS SHOW SOIL FERTILITY

Cause the Farmers Greater Loss Than Any Other Factor by Reducing Yields—By Harry Snyder.

The weed crop indicates the condition of the soil as to fertility and previous methods of farming, and is indeed an index of the farming that has been practiced. Where grain crops have been grown extensively weeds, as mustard and wild oats, take such firm possession of the land as to seriously decrease both the yield and quality of the grain. Where crops have been rotated and the conditions have been less favorable for the development of weeds, larger yields have been secured.

Weeds take from the soil a much larger amount of fertility than is generally conceded. A light grain crop and a heavier weed crop remove from the soil more fertility than a heavy grain crop. The stronger feeding powers of weeds enable them to secure from the soil plant food which would otherwise go to the support of grain crops. The weak feeding cereals being unable to compete with the strong feeding weeds. The best use that can be made of a weed crop, is to plow it under for green manure and make it produce humus, of which many of our soils stand much in need. In this way weeds can be made to add fertility to the land through the indirect action of the vegetable matter upon the soil.

At the Minnesota experiment station analyses have been made of many of the more common weeds and it was shown that in some grain fields from 20 to 40 pounds and more of nitrogen, 15 to 25 pounds of phosphoric acid and 30 to 50 pounds of potash had been removed from an acre of land by the weeds. This is as much as is removed in a grain crop. The produc-

tion of weeds is a heavier draft upon the land than the production of heavy grain crops. A weedy farm will get out of condition and run down in fertility faster than a farm that is thoroughly cultivated and upon which large crops are produced.

Ventilating Stables.

Horses and cows are in the stable at night for rest. When the weather is warm the atmosphere in close confinement becomes very warm and oppressive, so much so that the animals become very uncomfortable and hence fail to get proper rest. The horse that does not get proper rest is not in a good condition for heavy work the following day, and the cow that does not sleep in a cool, restful place in hot weather will not give a full flow of milk. The temperature of the working or producing animal must be kept normal to give the best results. If there are no windows in your stables, cut out a number now and let light and fresh air come for the health and comfort of the animals.

Sheep Need Good Care in Fall.

If the sheep are left out in the chilly fall rains, coughs and colds may result.

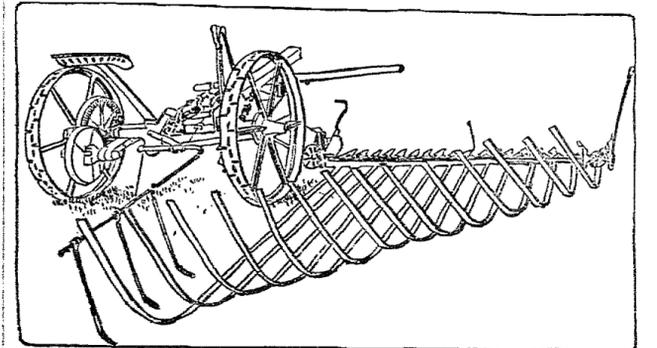
Many an otherwise good shepherd forgets that his sheep relish salt in winter the same as in any other season.

Market some of the older sheep, and retain part of the choice lambs for the improvement of your own flock. The best in your flock will be none too good. A poor sheep is as difficult to shape up and fatten as any other poor farm animal. Furnish plenty of proper rations and start the sheep through the winter in good shape. It will pay.

Sheep on Farm.

Farming conditions would be improved if more sheep were kept, as they help to exterminate weeds. But dogs and other objectionable features appear to have driven sheep from most of our farms.

BUNCHING AND LAYING CLOVER



A Clover Buncher.

Clover seed will be a high, light crop this year owing to the dry weather. Good heavy seed will be scarce and high in price next year. Those having a good stand of clover that will yield one bushel of seed to the acre would do well to save it. One hundred pounds of plaster spread to the acre will be a help in increasing the growth of the clover. Those having a mowing machine and a reaper platform can easily and cheaply save the seed. A light platform of

sheet iron may be made to fit the mower. Bolt the platform to the cutter bar, letting the rear end drag on the ground. A man should walk behind the mower with rake to draw the clover on the platform and when full it is pulled off into windrows.

If there is a large growth of clover and little seed, cut when seed is hard and cure as for hay.

The illustration shows a finger-like attachment for bunching and laying the clover out of the way of the horses.

Frenchman's Idea of the Lives Led by Women of America

PHILADELPHIA.—The Ledger of this city publishes the conclusions of Marc Debol's study of the rich young woman of America, recently appearing in the Nouvelle Revue of Paris. Mr. Debol traveled much in this country, studying his subject at close range, and even the young women themselves will find the expressions of his convictions interesting, to say the least.

AMERICAN GIRLS; THEIR MISSION.

By Marc Debol.

There seems to be no visible difference between the young girl and the young married woman; they wear very much the same gowns, the same jewels, and behave in about the same way.

There is no such thing as an ingenué any more.

The American woman feels no obligation to watch over her home; her enormous fortune makes it unnecessary from her point of view. She is not a natural housekeeper and has no love for pursuits that oblige her to keep still, like delicate needlework and fine embroideries. She prefers sports and active amusements that take her out of doors.

She may sing about her "Home, Sweet Home," but she is quite willing to get away from it.

A great many prefer to live in hotels rather than to be bothered with the care of a house; responsibility seems to frighten them. They watch over their children's education after a certain fashion, but they dread the coming of a child and look upon it as an impediment. They have no vocation for maternity; in fact, they fear its sufferings, its pains and its duties. A convincing proof of this was published recently in one of the American newspapers. In one of the large apartment houses in New York, arranged to accommodate a number of tenants, 175 families were installed, and these 175 families had 20 children all told; figures that are more eloquent than words! These rich

ness in another; and it sometimes takes an hour to go from his house to his office. He leaves home in the morning and returns only at night, having lunched at his club or in some restaurant downtown. Young women very seldom venture into this part of "downtown," and many wives have never been in their husbands' offices; indeed, they know but little about their affairs. The things that absorb the man's life are of no interest to the woman; she asks no questions as to where the money comes from that is given to her, provided only that she gets enough of it.

Her Life a Busy One.

During this daily absence of her husband the wife entertains her intimate friends at luncheon in some restaurant, or takes them with her to teas and matinees. She leads a busy life as a member of society.

Descended from immigrant ancestors, she is tremendously attached to the country her forefathers have built up, but she is conscious, at the same time, of her affiliations with the nations of Europe. She is a most patriotic Yankee, but is also a cosmopolitan.

Her very independence makes her unstable and very changeable. As she has not been educated in any traditions, and is not held to any inherited line of conduct by acquired habit or prejudice, she is what she makes herself. She develops freely like a young tree that has never been pruned. The daughter of a vigorous race, she has an astonishing vitality, an excess of energy and will power, as it were; but fortune and the conditions of actual existence free her from all necessity of employing her resources to any good purpose. She does not have to earn her daily bread nor struggle to take care of herself. The law protects her.

But, in addition to its physical vigor, the American race possesses an astonishing intellectual energy. The men expend this force in the intense effort that directs all their labor in one channel to one end—money making. The rich American woman has not

trousses" and go about visiting the poor, who can be much more directly and effectively relieved through special bureaus. One field alone is left open for the rich woman as an outlet for her mental and moral energy, and that is society. She brings to it all her ardor, her ambition, and her active and undivided individuality.

Her Main Object in Life.

To go fast, straight ahead, to move about in the open, laugh, fidget, chatter, to rush here and there without any object but to feel one's self alive, and use up one's superabundant energy; nothing could be more symbolic of all this than the American woman's beloved rocking-chair. Even in repose she swings to and fro, and must have movement even when she is—motionless.

It is this same unemployed vitality that drives the young Yankee to such extremes of exuberance. She is prone to enthusiasm and addicted to superlatives, especially in adverbs of manner like "awfully," and "absolutely." She adores or hates; everything is "stunning" or else "horrid." She "loves chocolates" and is "crazy about a dog;" her thoughts are ejected in phrases and exclamations; she has no balance and even less constancy. Her enthusiasms do not last long; her friendships are infatuations, and the comrade of the moment is more like a favorite, whose day is sure to be a short one. It is impossible to maintain her affections at such a high pitch; when they reach the point that they can grow no greater, they break down of themselves, like beautiful

pleasure, the same delicacy of feeling has not yet penetrated to her soul. Her skin has become sensitized before her heart, just as the rain wets the surface, but takes a long time to soak into the hidden springs. The daughters of social "newcomers," perhaps the children of working people, they have had to pass alone through the stage that separates the lower from the upper classes.

"In the second generation with us the type is modified," said a New York woman, "the hands are less coarse, the manners have changed, and the grandchildren of a workman are already gentlemen. It is the money that does it, money that clothes and adorns and magnifies everything." Yes, money does it, but it is not money alone; it has to be coined into training, into education, and intelligence, and it is the young American women who have accomplished this miracle, who, by the side of the man who is the "money-getter" and nothing else, have acquired grace, elegance, and the manners of polite society, and who, with the dollars put into their hands, have assisted at the birth of arts and letters and the establishment of social life. And that was certainly an admirable and noble task.

Sees Much Promise in Future.

American women may lack the delicacy of touch that comes only from experience; they may still have somewhere about them a little of the roughness of a new race; they may be more sensual than sensitive, more passionate than tender, more selfish than devoted, more superficial than



THE REAL.

fires of straw, that often flare up again from their ashes.

And this is easily explained; her admiration is governed by no rule, her enthusiasm controlled by no law; her feelings are spontaneous, and she is unmindful, almost unconsciously, of them. Moreover, the American woman, who has no worlds left to conquer since life has given her everything, this "victorious Eve," ruler and sovereign, the American woman, I repeat, is isolated by her exceptional privileges. She becomes a sort of supreme being, an idol; she forms her own universe, she knows no object but her own satisfaction, and no law but her own desire. She is guided by her own caprice, and is herself its first victim, since she sees that all her wishes come true and no longer knows what to wish for. Her imagination and her natural taste for romantic adventure impel her to seek "excitement." She dreams of unattainable or unheard-of things that rack her nerves; she would rather have the reverse of the medal than the monotonous life that Fortune has given her and that she is incapable of idealizing.

Search for Happiness.

A spoiled child of destiny, she cries for more, and is ready to admit miracles if only Chance will work some in her favor. It is "to feel herself alive" that she marries on a moment's impulse, elopes, flirts, divorces her husband, and takes up with the weirdest religions. She wants to be happy, and, not knowing how to create happiness from her duties and through her affections, she seeks it in the outer world.

The American woman is complete in herself, her will is absolute and inflexible, her personality unchangeable and necessarily selfish. Extremely feminine in her movement and charm, civilized externally to the utmost point of refinement in all that concerns physical well being, luxury and

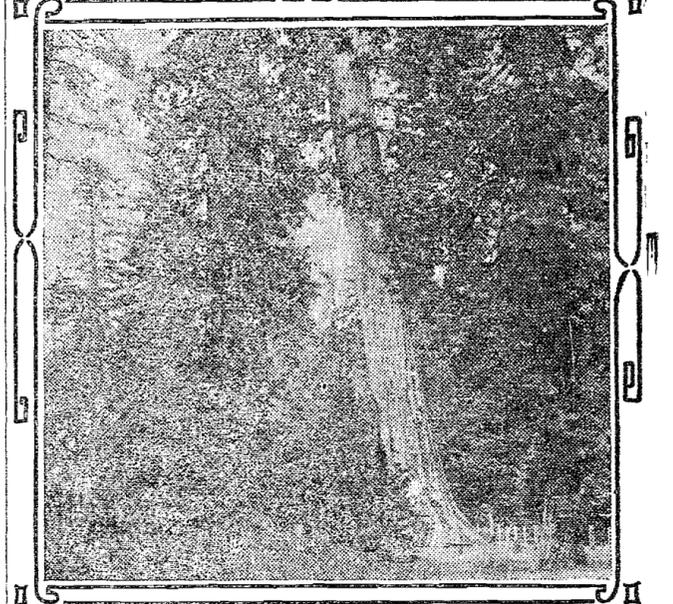
profound, but—they are also stronger, more vigorous, younger in the true meaning of the word. They must have time to learn to control their instincts, to bow before conventions, and yield to compromise; they must have time to "abdicate" themselves into unison with the old ways that are indulgent just because they have lasted so long.

But it is easy to foresee their rapid evolution; to-day these women have nerves; to-morrow they will have learned to weep. To-day they "adapt" themselves, but very soon they will begin to originate; at present they are brilliant, but in the time to come they will appeal more to the feelings. To this brilliance, which is universally acknowledged, they will add the warmth of sensibilities patiently acquired and ripened by adversity.

Is such an evolution to be desired?

However that may be, their role is an enviable one, and their mission a high one. They have brought a love of beauty into this eminently practical country, and against the background of their unlovely towns they project their picturesque turnouts, their alluring silhouettes, the rustling of their skirts, and the ringing chimes of their laughter. They make a "show" while the men get the money. Like skillful envoys, they go over to Europe and bind yet closer the ties between the two continents, creating a constant interchange between them through their desire to learn and to fill their minds with impressions of beauty that can be transplanted to their "beloved America," to embroider new stars on her flag, to plant flowers on the terraces of their 40-story buildings; in short, to carry back to their own country that of which it stands most in need of—a little beauty, a little flexibility, and a little idealism. And for this they deserve well of their country.

Colossal Redwood Trees of California



TWO SENTINELS



ONE OF THE BIG ONES

WHEN, some time in the misty future, San Francisco accomplishes the herculean task it has set out to complete, and annexes all the country within a radius of 15 miles, making a greater San Francisco with a population of a million souls, it will possess within its limits a national park of wondrous beauty and inestimable value having a growth of virgin redwood trees as large as the famous monarchs of the big basin in Santa Cruz county and fully as colossal.

It seems strange that there should exist, within a stone's throw of a great, thriving city, a forest such as this, with mammoth redwood trees untouched by the ax of the woodman and defying for ages the ravaging fires which have frequently swept over the forests of the north.

Every growth of redwoods within reach of the early settlers about the northern metropolis, with the exception of the Muir Woods on the sunny southern slope of Mount Tamalpais, fell prey to their insatiable greed. It is well for posterity that the Muir Woods was inaccessible to the early settlers.

Although within seven miles as the bird flies, this forest of mammoth redwood (Sequoia sempervirens) was so situated that the woodmen scouring the territory adjacent to San Francisco for building material saw it would be useless to cut the giant trees, as the high ridges separating the canyon from the bay shore made it impracticable to drag the immense logs to the mill erected in Mill Valley three miles distant.

The outlet to the Muir Woods is on the Pacific ocean on the rock-bound coast of Marin county, where it would be impossible for schooners or vessels to load the great logs in the raging surf. It is for these reasons that the giant forest has remained in its primeval state, although close to a great, throbbing metropolis with its thousands and thousands of inhabitants.

Until recently the great forest with its wealth of mammoth trees has been practically unknown except to lovers of nature and pedestrians who sought it as one of nature's favored spots and who jealously hoped that its beauty and grandeur would remain intact.

It is only within the last few years that the real value of the forest has been appreciated. For many years it was the game reserve of the Tamalpais Sportsmen's club, an exclusive organization, whose huntsmen almost succeeded in exterminating the section of deer, quail and wild game that made their home in the sheltered canyons nesting at the base of majestic Mount Tamalpais.

It was only last year that the Muir Woods passed into the control of the United States government. Had it not been that a greedy water company had laid its plans to secure the wondrous canyon for a reservoir site, to chop down the giant trees and ruin the natural beauty of the primeval forest, the greatest garden spot might never have become public property or the protecting arm of the federal government been stretched forth to shield the towering redwood trees from the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

William Kent, a man of great wealth, a lover of nature and a former resident of Marin county, purchased the great canyon from the land company, and when it appeared further impossible to check the plans of the water company, tendered the heart of the canyon as a gift to the government, requesting the president to preserve it as a monument, advancing the argument that within the confines of the forest were some of the finest specimens of the sequoia sempervirens that could be found in the world and worthy of preservation.

Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the United States, inquired into the facts of the case, and as a result of the investigation, issued a proclamation on the 8th day of January, 1908, as follows:

"Whereas, an extensive growth of redwood trees (Sequoia sempervirens) embraced in said land is of extraordinary interest and importance because of the primeval character of the forest in which it is located, and of the character, age and size of the trees, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States of America, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by section 2 of said act of congress, do hereby declare and proclaim that said grove and all of the land hereinbefore described and fully delineated on the diagram here to attached and made a part hereof are hereby reserved from appropriation and use of all kinds under all the public land laws of the United States and set apart as a national monument to be known and recognized as the Muir Woods National Monument.

"Warning is hereby expressly given to all unauthorized persons not to appropriate, cut, injure, destroy or take away any trees on said land, and not to locate or settle upon any of said land."

So what had before been known as Sequoia canyon was named after the great California geologist, John Muir.

That is the story of how the giant redwood trees came to be preserved through all the long years, although they were within a stone's throw of a metropolis that would greedily gobble them up. And such trees! Great perpendicular trunks rearing their tops to a height of 200 to 300 feet. Mammoth specimens of the Douglas fir, scented groves of bay and California laurel, madroños and many other varieties of trees, are to be found in their primeval state.

The floor of the canyon is richly carpeted with fallen leaves, the banks are masses of ferns, and the air is filled with the perfume of the forest.

The loam of ages rests on the ground and forms a carpet or floor for the canyon soft as down. It is all very wild, beautiful and inspiring. The trees, as shown by the exposed rings of those which have fallen, are thousands of years old. One mammoth tree known as "The Cathedral" is hollow at the base and thirty or more persons can stand within with perfect ease.

This is the prize that San Francisco stands to draw when it finally reaches out and annexes its neighbors and brings them all into one greater city. It will be the only incorporated city in the country that can lay claim to possessing within its borders a national park.

FREDERICK F. RUNYON.



THE IDEAL.

young women have taken vows quite different from those of "guardians of the hearthstone." They have married men who are prominent in the world of affairs and their business is to spend the fortunes that their husbands are piling up day by day with as much éclat as possible. This becomes in a way their mission in society.

Adepts in Spending Money.

"She would make an admirable wife for a millionaire," has been said of many a charming and beautiful, but poor, young girl. In this case, riches oblige. The women are partners who bring their brilliance, their elegance, and their social relations into an association in which the other partner supplies the money. In such a union each one has a certain part to play; the one must know how to make money, but the other must have the art of spending it, and the American woman is past mistress in this art. The husband works to give the wife her house in a good neighborhood, her cottage at Newport, her \$400 gowns, her jewels of the best, and her trips to Europe; in short, to surround her with the luxury that she requires.

And what does she give in exchange? Her beauty, and, what is of even greater importance, her reputation as a woman of the world. Conjugal life becomes, in this way, a separate existence in which each one goes his own way: the wife to her social obligations and the husband to his business affairs. He lives in one part of town and transacts his busi-

ness in another, she has no occupation, and there is, consequently, a great disparity between her natural abilities and the use she makes of them.

The Evil of Divorce.

As we have said, she has little by little discarded the normal and traditional duties of her sex, commencing with the idea of duty to the family. In point of fact, the family in this country has not sufficient prestige or unity to become the main object of a woman's existence, or to bind her to a hearthstone that is very often only temporary. "The facility of divorce is a menace to our country," said Mrs. Taft, the wife of the president of the United States, recently. "It is an evil that is increasing instead of growing less. When a nation is suffering from a laxity of morals, and family bonds can be broken for a hasty word . . . a greater danger threatens such a nation than can arise from any war with the outside world."

In truth, the wife cannot attach herself solely and absolutely to a hearth that she may turn her back on to-morrow, if such be her good pleasure.

Social questions fail to arouse her enthusiasm, or, at least, they only interest her as an amateur, since she has no need to struggle on her own account. Woman in the United States occupies a more privileged position in the eyes of the law than anywhere else in the world. Schools, universities, women's work clubs, associations for relief and charity, all are classified and organized officially. It is useless to be made a "lady pa-

., IDLE CHATTER .,

Miss Mabel Anderson is visiting relatives in Blair.

In honor of Mrs. Lucy Hayes of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Kensington club was entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louise Grebe Thursday afternoon.

L. R. Griffith, James Fox and Andrew Funkenkeller spent Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at Horse-shoe lake hunting.

The Japanese commissioners will be entertained at luncheon at Minne-Lusa Saturday afternoon.

M. C. Coe returned from New York Friday.

Mrs. Mann, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker, left for her home in New Orleans Saturday night.

The Imogen club, which was formed to study Shakespeare, as well as matters pertaining to the welfare of Florence, met at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt Thursday.

The only complete line of hardware in Florence. Full line of guns and shells. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. Ross Friday.

Dr. Ross has returned from Seattle, where he spent two weeks visiting relatives.

The Carnation club of Florence will give the opening dance at Cole's hall November 16 and are making arrangements for a large crowd.

Miss Grinnell bought in the Tri-City Printing company and Florence Gazette at the sale last Saturday, paying \$425 for it.

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

Elmer Guy has sold to Joseph Senzer lot 7 block 24 for a consideration of \$1,800.

Louis Grebe, who was elected justice of the peace for Florence, secured permission to use the city hall for holding court from the council Monday evening.

Mrs. A. J. Dial left for Seattle and Three Lakes, Washington, Wednesday, November 3rd to spend the winter, visiting with her sister, Mrs. Richards, also for the benefit of her health. If benefited, Arthur J. Dial expects to join her in the near future.

The paving contractor has completed the curbs on both sides of Main street and the concrete on the east side. The grading of the west side is progressing rapidly and the concrete work there will be started next week followed closely with the laying of the brick.

The school children have been busy all week selling tickets for the entertainment to be given at Pascale's hall Monday evening. A. L. French will provide the entertainment and half of the net receipts will go to the school to purchase pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Stephen celebrated their golden wedding at their residence Saturday evening and the large crowd present offered congratulations and well wishes which were accompanied by many presents.

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

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds met with a peculiar accident this week. While Mrs. Reynolds was talking with a friend he slipped out of his go cart and started across the street where he was run over by a rapidly driven carriage. The only injury he sustained was a cut over the eye and a black eye.

Anderson & Hollingsworth are making a specialty of the sale of Forbes coffees and as these coffees have a reputation of being the best for the money on the market they are making a lot of satisfied customers.

Saturday evening the pupils of Fairview school will give an entertainment at the school house followed by a box social.

Theo. W. McClure says he is making special preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner and will have all the season's good things.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reynolds visited in Omaha Wednesday.

Mrs. G. J. Hunt who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Estill, for some time, left this week for New Jersey to visit her other daughter, Mrs. Browne.

Mrs. Mary Griffin of Omaha who is well known in Florence through visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Griffin, was operated on at Clarkson hospital Monday for cancer of the stomach.

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

The Court of Honor will give the first masquerade ball of the season a week from Saturday at Pascale's hall.

Ellis Lionel Platz celebrated his second birthday Wednesday. He says he feels as though he were getting old but he still likes candy.

Mrs. Palmatier is disputing with Deputy Sheriff Flannagan the reward of \$200 offered by the state for the capture of Frank Henry, which occurred in Florence some time ago.

Robert H. Olmsted left for New York City Wednesday evening on a business trip.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Breneman and Mr. Oswald Herzog took place last night at the residence of the bride's parents.

For Sale.
3 horses for all work.
3 milch cows, fresh in January and February.
1 good bull, 3 years old.
Various farm implements.
Inquire at Bank of Florence.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis was very low Wednesday with pileomyelitis.

Miss Ruth Marie Tzschuck is the guest of Miss Florence Olmsted this week.

The Royal Neighbors will give a dance at Pascale's hall Wednesday evening.

William Kindred broke his arm Wednesday while unloading a car.

M. L. Endres visited with Florence friends Wednesday.

Edwin Grabelson has moved into the house of Will Thomas.

John McGregor is ill with tonsillitis.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

The following is the program for the box social at Fairview school Saturday evening: Opening address, Arthur Smith; Song, America, by school; recitation, "Never Give Up," Roscoe Ritchie; recitation, "What is Worth Doing?" Martha Clawson; dialogue, "Thanksgiving Day," four children; recitation, "Keep at Work," Victor Bird; recitation, "Dare to Do Right," Clara Sorensen; dialogue, "When I'm a Woman," seven girls; recitation, "Be Kind and Gentle," Chris Nelson; recitation, "Things to be Observed," Paul Kuhl; dialogue, "Getting Acquainted," 4 girls; recitation, "I'll try and I Will," Thomas Nelson; recitation, "Little Paul's Thanksgiving," Loyal Ritchie; dialogue, "Fri-

day Afternoon Composition," nine children; recitation, "Don't Crowd," William Wuert; song, "Praise to the God of harvest," school; recitation, "Do the Best You Can," Lester Rasmussen; dialogue, "Hallowe'en," eight children; recitation, "The Girls We Want," Maud Peterson; recitation, "When Mother Was a Maid," Goldie Chambers; dialogue, "A Sick Pupil," seven children; recitation, "Tommy's Reasonable Complaint," Zee Ritchie; recitation, "His Sunday Clothes," Lillie Chambers; song, "My Old Kentucky Home," school; dialogue, "A Thanksgiving Spread," four boys.

Do you need a stove. I have them all kinds. Prices right. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

The twentieth anniversary of the firemen will be celebrated with a dance at Pascale's hall Thanksgiving. The following charter members will be guests of the evening: Henry Plant, Lewis Plant, Ed. Walker, Tom Walker, Charles Taylor, Mike Potter, Elmer Taylor, Frank King, A. C. Cubley, Jacob Weber Jr., J. A. Holtzman, Con Leach, Frank Goodell, Steve Goodell, Henry Hall, Steve Claycomb, Luke Simpson, Carl Goldbranson, Gus Bondeson and Alfred Maddix. The organization was formed in November 1889. All the firemen will appear in full uniform.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Stephan celebrated their fifth anniversary Saturday. The guests present were Mr. and Mrs. G. Stortz of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buck of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ellbert and family of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson and family of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. G. Richardson of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson and family of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn of Omaha, Mr. Edward H. Stephan of Florence, Mrs. Max Flotow of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bianki of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bianki of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cubbey of Florence, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kaiser and family of Omaha, Mrs. P. Quinn of Omaha, Mrs. J. Zitzelberger and daughter of Omaha, Mrs. C. Weymuller of Omaha, Mrs. Natalia Bihler of Omaha, Miss Louisa Shipright of Omaha, Miss Emma Bihler of Omaha, Mrs. Mary E. Christian of Florence, Mr. Chas. C. Cubbey of Florence, Mr. Theo. McClure of Florence, Mr. Louis Jacobson, Mrs. Max Flotow made a few appropriate remarks for the occasion. They received many magnificent presents and they enjoyed a fine supper and refreshments. These were followed by dancing until a late hour.

The Imogene club held its second meeting at the residence of Mrs. A. B. Hunt yesterday afternoon, reading the list of Cymbeline and Hamlet preparatory to the regular study of Hamlet which will commence at the next meeting of the club. The works of

George Eliot will be taken up as the study of modern author. As for their study of local affairs a movement was set on foot to have a public playgrounds with a bath house for the children and all the appliances that will mean life enjoyable for the youngsters. The matter of having Market square beautified by the planting of grass and flowers was also taken up. Another thing the club will take up is the great need of a public library for Florence and an effort will be made to have Carnegie or some other millionaire erect the building and have the books donated by local people and all others it is possible to get to do so. They took up yesterday with the street car company the running of its cars east on Fillmore street to Fifth street and switching there. Four new members were admitted yesterday: Mrs. Frances Standish McCaw, Mrs. Frederick Riemer, Mrs. Charles A. Grigg and Mrs. Griffin. Mrs. B. C. Fowler was made chairman of the finance committee. Mrs. A. B. Hunt of the Improvement committee and Mrs. McCaw the social committee. A committee of three will attend the meetings of the city council and will join in the choruses when things are beginning to lag or are not being done right. If they are looking for pointers on parliamentary law they will find they are in a wrong place. Next week we will have more to say about this club and we advise all our readers to be sure and get this paper as it will be most interesting.

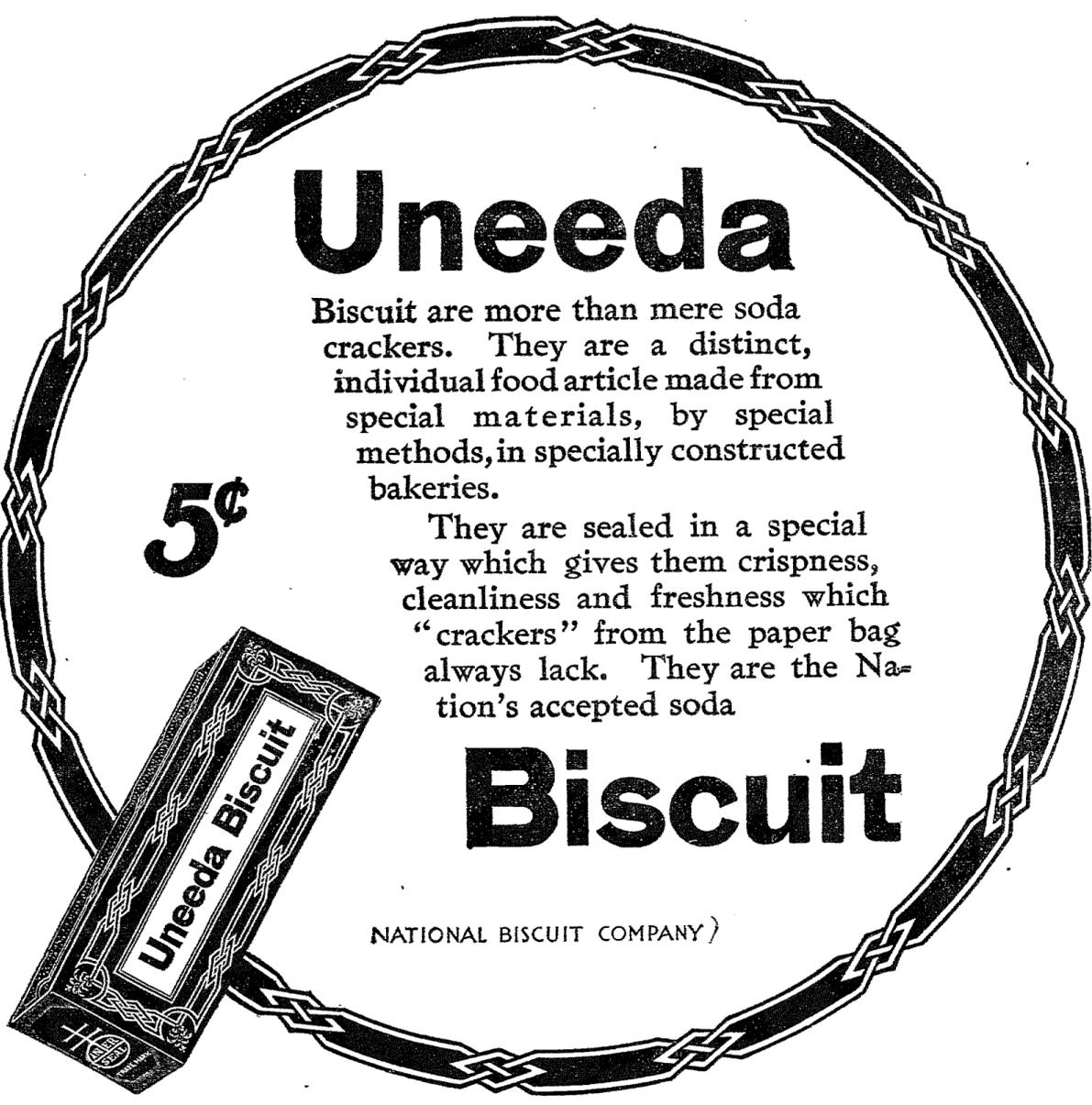
For Sale—A fresh milk cow and calf. Address J 2, care Tribune.

Satisfactory.
Henry—They tell me that Miss Fairleigh's portrait by D'Auber is one of the best things in the academy. You have seen it. Is it really a good likeness?
Criteria—Of course it is. It looks exactly like what she would like to look like.

Record-Breakers.
Boarder—You have the biggest mosquitoes I ever saw.
Farmer—Yep; we reckon that this section raises about the biggest mosquitoes an' the smallest spring chickens in the state.

Horrible.
"I had an awful dream last night," said the pretty little blond lady.
"What was it," asked the pert brunette.
"I dreamed that it had become the custom to wear a plain gold ring for every divorce one has secured."

He Wouldn't Smoke.
Kind Man—My boy aren't you ashamed to be seen smoking at such a young age?
The Kid—Aw, I ain't smoking. I'm only keeping dis pill lit fer a fellow wot's gone on an errand.



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THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESCA," "ARETHUSA" ETC., ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
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SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Lady Maud laid her left hand affectionately on the man's right, which was uppermost on hers, and her voice rippled with happiness.

"If you had only said a lark instead of a hen, Rufus!" she laughed. "We could get along a lot better without larks than without hens," answered her friend philosophically. "But I'll make it a nightingale next time, if I can remember, or a bald eagle, or any bird that strikes you as cheerful."

The terrible mouth had relaxed almost to gentleness, and the fierce blue eyes were suddenly kind as they looked into the woman's face. She led him to an old-fashioned sofa, their hands parted, and they sat down side by side.

"Cheerful," he said, in a tone of reflection. "Yes, I'm feeling pretty cheerful, and it's all over and settled."

"Do you mean the trouble you were in last spring?"

"N—no—not that, though it wasn't as funny as a Sunday school treat while it lasted, and I was thankful when it was through. It's another matter altogether that I'm cheerful about—besides seeing you, my dear. I've done it, Maud. I've done it at last."

"What?"

"I've sold my interest in the Trust. It won't be made known for some time, so don't talk about it, please. But it's settled and done, and I've got the money."

"You have sold the Nickel Trust?"

Lady Maud's lips remained parted in surprise.

"And I've bought you a little present with the proceeds," he answered, putting his large thumb and finger into the pocket of his white waistcoat. "It's only a funny little bit of glass I picked up," he continued, producing a small twist of stiff writing paper. "You needn't think it's so very fine! But it's a pretty color, and when you're out of mourning I daresay you'll make a hatpin of it. I like handsome hatpins myself, you know."

He had untwisted the paper while speaking, it lay open in the palm of his hand, and Lady Maud saw a stone of the size of an ordinary hazel nut, very perfectly cut, and of that wonderful transparent red color which is known as "pigeon's blood," and which it is almost impossible to describe. Sunlight shining through Persian rose-leaf sherbet upon white silk makes a little patch of color that is perhaps more like it than any other shade of red, but not many Europeans have ever seen that, and it is a good deal easier to go and look at a pigeon's blood ruby in a jeweler's window.

"What a beautiful color!" exclaimed Lady Maud innocently, after a moment. "I didn't know they imitated rubies so well, though, of course, I know nothing about it. If it were not an impossibility, I should take it for a real one."

"So should I," assented Mr. Van Torp quietly. "I'll make a pretty hatpin anyway. Shall I have it mounted for you?"

"Thanks, awfully, but I think I should like to keep it as it is for a little while. It's such a lovely color, just as it is. Thank you so much! Do tell me where you got it."

"Oh, well, there was a sort of a traveler came to New York the other day selling them what they call privately. I guess he must be a Russian or something, for he has a kind of an off-look of your husband, only he wears a beard and an eyeglass. It must be about the eyes. Maybe the forehead, too. He'll most likely turn up in London one of these days to sell this invention, or whatever it is."

Lady Maud said nothing to this, but she took the stone from his hand, looked at it some time with evident admiration, and then set it down on its bit of paper, upon a little table by the end of the sofa.

"If I were you, I wouldn't leave it around much," observed Mr. Van Torp carelessly. "Somebody might take a fancy to it. The color's attractive, you see, and it looks like real."

"Oh, I'll be very careful of it, never fear! I can't tell you how much I like it!" She twisted it up tightly in its bit of paper, rose to her feet, and put it away in her writing table.

"It'll be a sort of souvenir of the old Nickel Trust," said her friend, watching her with satisfaction.

"Have you really sold out all your interest in it?" she asked, sitting down again; and now that she returned to the question her tone showed that she had not yet recovered from her astonishment.

"That's what I've done. I always told you I would, when I was ready. Why do you look so surprised? Would you rather I hadn't?"

Lady Maud shook her head and her voice rippled deliciously as she answered:

"I can hardly imagine you without the Nickel Trust that's all! What in the world shall you do with yourself?"

"Oh, various kinds of things. I think I'll get married, for one. Then



"What a Beautiful Color!"

I'll take a rest and sort of look around. Maybe something will turn up. I've concluded to win the Derby next year—that's something anyway."

"Rather! Have you thought of anything else?"

She laughed a little, but was grave the next moment, for she knew him much too well to believe that he had taken such a step out of caprice, or a mere fancy for change. He noticed the grave look and was silent for a few moments.

"The Derby's a side show," he said at last. "I've come over to get married, and I want you to help me. Will you?"

"Can I?" asked Lady Maud, evasively.

"Yes, you can, and I believe there'll be trouble unless you do."

"Who is she? Do I know her?" She was trying to put off the evil moment.

"Oh, yes, you know her quite well. It's Mme. Cordova."

"But she's engaged to Mons. Logotheti—"

"I don't care. I mean to marry her if she marries any one. He shan't have her anyway."

"But I cannot deliberately help you to break off her engagement! It's impossible!"

"See here," answered Mr. Van Torp. "You know that Greek, and you know me. Which of us will make the best husband for an English girl? That's what Mme. Cordova is, after all. I put it to you. If you were forced to choose one of us yourself, which would you take? That's the way to look at it."

"But Miss Donne is not 'forced' to take one of you—"

"She's going to be. It's the same. Besides, I said 'it.' Won't you answer me?"

"She's in love with Mons. Logotheti," said Lady Maud, rather desperately.

"Is she, now? I wonder. I don't much think so myself. He's clever and he's obstinate, and he's just made her think she's in love, that's all. Anyhow, that's not an answer to my question. Other things being alike, if she had to choose, which of us would be the best husband for her?—the better,

I mean. You taught me to say 'better,' didn't you?"

Lady Maud tried to smile. "Of two, yes," she answered. "You are forcing my hand, my dear friend," she went on very gravely. "You know very well that I trust you with all my heart. If it were possible to imagine a case in which the safety of the world could depend on my choosing one of you for my husband, you know very well that I should take you, though I never was the least little bit in love with you, any more than you ever were with me."

"Well, but if you would, she ought," argued Mr. Van Torp. "It's for her own good, and as you're a friend of hers, you ought to help her to do what's good for her. That's only fair. If she doesn't marry me, she's certain to marry that Greek, so it's a forced choice, it appears to me."

"But I can't—"

"She's a nice girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, very."

"And you like her, don't you?"

"Very much. Her father was my father's best friend."

"I don't believe in atavism," observed

"I didn't mean to be rude," answered the millionaire, almost humbly. "You see I don't always know. I learnt things differently from what you did. I suppose you'd think it an insult if I said I'd give a large sum of money to your charity the day I married Mme. Cordova, if you'd help me through."

"Please stop," Lady Maud's face darkened visibly. "That's not like you."

"I'll give a million pounds sterling," said Mr. Van Torp slowly.

Lady Maud leaned back in her corner of the sofa, clasping her hands rather tightly together in her lap. Her white throat flushed as when the light of dawn kisses Parian marble, and the fresh tint in her cheeks deepened softly; her lips were tightly shut, her eyelids quivered a little, and she looked straight before her across the room.

"You can do a pretty good deal with a million pounds," said Mr. Van Torp, after the silence had lasted nearly half a minute.

"Don't!" cried Lady Maud, in an odd voice.

"Forty thousand pounds a year," observed the millionaire thoughtfully. "You could do quite a great deal of good with that, couldn't you?"

"Don't! Please don't!"

She pressed her hands to her ears and rose at the same instant. Perhaps it was she, after all, and not her friend who had been brought suddenly to a great cross-road in life. She stood still one moment by the sofa without looking down at her companion; then she left the room abruptly, and shut the door behind her.

Van Torp got up from his seat slowly when she was gone, and went to the window, softly blowing a queer tune between his closed teeth and his open lips, without quite whistling.



Went to the Window, Softly Blowing a Queer Tune.

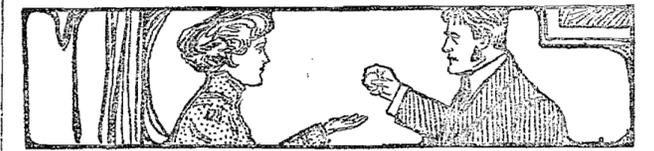
"Well—" he said aloud, in a tone of doubt, after a minute or two.

But he said no more, for he was much too reticent and sensible a person to talk to himself audibly even when he was alone, and much too cautious to be sure that a servant might not be within hearing, though the door was shut. He stood before the window nearly a quarter of an hour, thinking that Lady Maud might come back, but as no sound of any step broke the silence he understood that he was not to see her again that day, and he quietly let himself out of the house and went off, not altogether discontented with the extraordinary impression he had made.

Lady Maud sat alone upstairs, so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear the click of the lock as he opened and shut the front door.

She was much more amazed at herself than surprised by the offer he had made. Temptation, in any reasonable sense of the word, had passed by her in life, and she had never before understood what it could mean to her.

She was eight-and-twenty years of age and a widow, and now it came to her suddenly in a shape of tremendous strength, through her trusted friend, who had helped her for years to help others. It was real temptation. The man who offered her a million pounds to save miserable wretches from a life of unspeakable horror, could offer twice as much, four, five, or ten millions perhaps. No one knew



the vast extent of his wealth, and in an age of colossal fortunes she had often heard his spoken of with the half-dozen greatest. "You can do quite a great deal of good with forty thousand pounds a year."

Van Torp's rough-hewn speech rang through her head, and somehow its reckless grammar gave it strength and made it stick in her memory, word for word. In the drawer of the writing table before which she was sitting there was a little file of letters that meant more to her than anything else in the world, except one dear memory.

They were all from rescued women. They were all told much the same little story, and it was good to read. She had made many failures, and some terrible ones, which she could never forget; but there were real successes, too, there were over a dozen of them now, and she had only been at work for three years. If she had more money, she could do more; if she had much she could do much; and she knew of one or two women who could help her. What might she not accomplish in a lifetime with the vast sum her friend offered her!—the price of hindering a marriage that was almost sure to turn out badly, perhaps as badly as her own!—the money value of a compromise with her conscience on a point of honor which many women would have thought very vague indeed, if not absurd in such a case.

She knew what temptation meant, now, and she was to know even better before long. The prima donna had said that she was going to marry Lo-

gottheti chiefly because he insisted on it.

The duel for Margaret's hand had begun; Van Torp had aimed a blow that might well give him the advantage if it went home; and Logotheti himself was quite unaware of the skillful attack that threatened his happiness.

CHAPTER III.

A few days after she had talked with Lady Maud, and before Mr. Van Torp's arrival, Margaret had gone abroad, without waiting for the promised advice in the matter of the wedding gown. With admirable regard for the proprieties she had quite declined to let Logotheti cross the channel with her, but had promised to see him at Versailles, where she was going to stop a few days with her mother's old American friend, the excellent Mrs. Rushmore, with whom she meant to go to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal" for the first time.

Mrs. Rushmore had disapproved profoundly of Margaret's career, from the first. After Mrs. Donne's death, she had taken the forlorn girl under her protection, and had encouraged her to go on with what she vaguely called her "music lessons." The good lady was one of those dear, old-fashioned, kind, delicate-minded and golden-hearted American women we may never see again, now that "progress" has got civilization by the throat and

is squeezing the life out of it. She called Margaret her "chickabiddy" and spread a motherly wing over her, without the least idea that she was rearing a valuable lyric nightingale that would not long be content to trill and quaver unheard.

Immense and deserved success had half reconciled the old lady to what had happened, and after all Margaret had not married an Italian tenor, a Russian prince, or a Parisian composer, the three shapes of man which seemed the most dreadfully immoral to Mrs. Rushmore. She would find it easier to put up with Logotheti than with one of those, though it was bad enough to think of her old friend's daughter marrying a Greek instead of a nice, clean Anglo-Saxon, like the learned Mr. Donne, the girl's father, or the good Mr. Rushmore, her lamented husband, who had been an upright pillar of the church in New York, and the president of a trust company that could be trusted.

After all, though she thought all Greeks must be what she called "designing," the name of Konstantin Logotheti was associated with everything that was most honorable in the financial world, and this impressed Mrs. Rushmore very much.

Logotheti was undoubtedly considered honest, and Mrs. Rushmore made quite sure of it, as well as of the fact that he had an immense fortune.

At Versailles, with its memories of her earlier youth, the prima donna wished to be Margaret Donne again, and to forget for the time that she was the Cordova, whose name was always first on the opera posters in New York, London and Vienna.

She traveled incognito. That is to say, she had sent her first maid and theatrical dresser Alphonsine to see her relations in Nancy for a month, and only brought the other with her; she had, moreover, caused the state-room on the channel boat to be taken in the name of Miss Donne, and she brought no more luggage to Versailles than could be piled on an ordinary cart, whereas when she had last come from New York her servants had seen \$7 pieces put on board the steamer, and a hat-box had been missing after all.

Mrs. Rushmore came out to meet her on the steps in the hot sunshine, portly and kind as ever, and she applied an embrace which was affectionate, yet imposing.

"My dearest child!" she cried. "I was sure I had not quite lost you yet!"

"I hope you will never think you have," Margaret answered, almost quite in her girlish voice of old.

She was very glad to come back. As soon as they were alone in the cool drawing room, Mrs. Rushmore asked her about her engagement in a tone of profound concern, as though it were a grave bodily ailment which might turn out to be fatal.

"Don't take it so seriously," Margaret answered with a little laugh; "I'm not married yet!"

The elderly face brightened.

"Do you mean to say that—that there is any hope?" she asked eagerly.

Margaret laughed now, but in a gentle and affectionate sort of way.

"Perhaps, just a little! But don't ask me, please. I've come home to forget everything for a few weeks."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Rushmore in a tone of deep relief. "Then if—if he should call this afternoon, or even to-morrow—may I tell them to say that you are out?"

She was losing no time; and Margaret laughed again, though she put her head a little on one side with an expression of doubt.

"I can't refuse to see him," she said, "though really I would much rather be alone with you for a day or two."

"My darling child!" cried Mrs. Rushmore, applying another embrace, "you shall! Leave it to me!"

Mrs. Rushmore's delight was touching, for she could almost feel that Margaret had come to see her quite for her own sake, whereas she had pictured the "child" as she still called the great artist, spending most of her time in carrying on inaudible conversations with Logotheti under the trees in the lawn, or in the most remote corners of the drawing room, for that had been the accepted method of courtship in Mrs. Rushmore's young days, and she was quite ignorant of the changes that had taken place since then.

Half an hour later, Margaret was in her old room upstairs writing a letter, and Mrs. Rushmore had given strict orders that until further notice Miss Donne was "not at home" for any one at all, no matter who might call.

When the letter already covered ten pages, Margaret laid down her pen and without the least pause or hesitation tore the sheets to tiny bits, linking her fingers in the process because the last one was not yet dry.

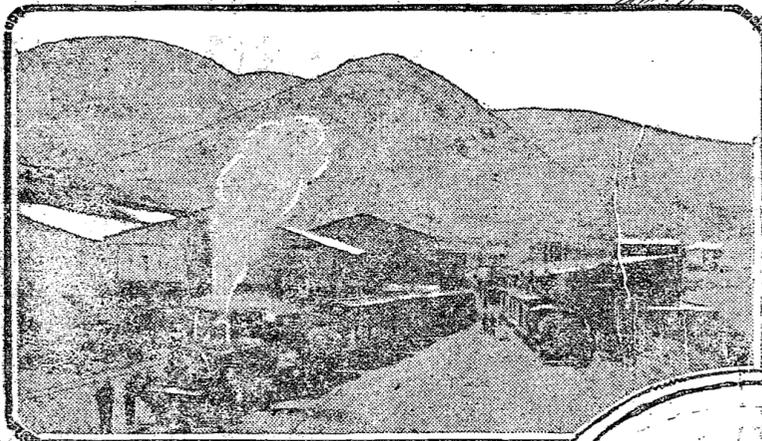
"What a wicked woman I am!" she exclaimed aloud, to the very great surprise of Potts, her English maid, who was still unpacking in the next room, the door being open.

"Zeg pardon, ma'am!" the woman asked, putting in her head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAILWAYS IN BOLIVIA

BY DANIEL P. WILES



FREIGHT STATION AT PULACAYO, BOLIVIA

AS A RESULT of having lost its Pacific seaboard province of Antofagasta, following the war with Chile in 1879, Bolivia found itself shut off from the sea and dependent upon its neighbors for an outlet to the great world.

Great as was the blow to national pride, for the Bolivians felt the loss of Antofagasta more keenly than even the French that of the Rhine provinces, and serious as was the loss to the national treasury of the revenues derived from the rich nitrate fields of the lost province, yet the blow was perhaps less heavy than the Bolivians themselves then thought. It changed entirely the country's economic outlook and pushed it forward into lines of development which in all probability would otherwise have been delayed for many years. Even prior to 1879 the nitrate fields were for the most part owned by foreigners, the Bolivians themselves being engaged in gold and silver mining. But the taxes from nitrate production paid in a large measure the expenses of government and with the loss of this revenue the state was forced into consideration of the economic development of the country in other lines than gold and silver production alone.

The settled part of Bolivia was then and is to a large extent yet, that high table-land, one of the most spacious and elevated plateaux to be found on the globe, which lies between the western and the eastern Andes. This table-land extends from about the Argentine border in the south into Peru on the northwest, and is from 60 to 150 miles in width.

On the Chilean border the western Cordillera is in reality less a mountain range than a line of huge cliffs. The table-land is itself 12,000 to 13,000 feet above sea level and slopes gradually 2,000 or 3,000 feet up to the crest of the western hills and then falls away abruptly nearly three miles down, 15,000 feet, to the desert land lying between the foot of this immense line of cliffs and the Pacific ocean. To the east of the table-land lies the high Andes, the Cordillera Real, rising in Illampu, Illimani, Ancochuma and Sajama over 21,000 feet. North, east and south from the Cordillera Real the land falls away to the great Amazon and Parana plains. This country, three-fourths of Bolivia in area, is but little settled, but is in natural resources and soil one of the richest parts of the world.

It could easily sustain an agricultural population greater than the whole present population of South America.

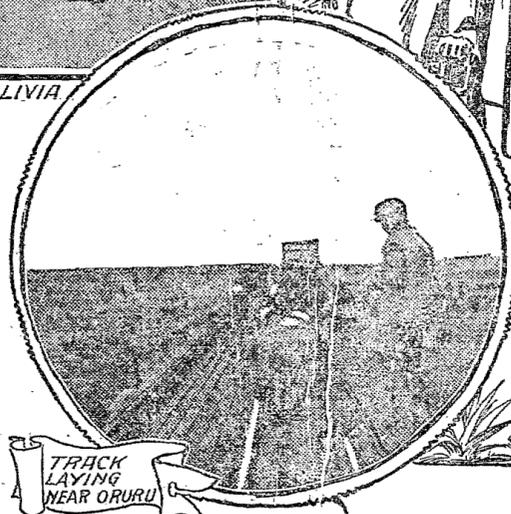
The first and most pressing need to Bolivia is railways. This need was recognized to a certain extent prior to the war with Chile. As far back as June, 1863, the national assembly authorized the president to enter into contracts for the building of railways, and in 1868 a concession was granted to a citizen of the United States to build a railway from Cobiji to Potosi with a government guaranty of seven per cent. on the capital invested. In addition, the concession carried a grant of land one league on each side of the line. A number of other concessions were made in 1869, 1873, 1874, 1877, 1878 and 1879.

In 1904 the Bolivian national office of immigration and statistics issued a volume of nearly 400 pages containing the acts, decrees and concessions in aid of railways, covering the years 1850 to 1904. Every effort was made by the government during this period to induce capital to invest in railway construction in the country. Perhaps nowhere else in the world were such inducements held out by any country to secure the land sought as by Bolivia, following the termination of the war with Chile. These inducements were offers of land, mines, exemption from taxation and customs duties, government guaranties, financial aid and exclusive privileges. But unfortunately for Bolivia the offers were not made in the right quarter. In its eagerness to secure results, concessions were granted to and contracts made with the most irresponsible parties, in many cases mere adventurers without capital or influence. The net result was naturally to retard rather than to help railroad construction.

In 1904 all that Bolivia had to show in railways as a result of 40 years' legislation and innumerable contracts, were the Guacui and the Antofagasta roads. The former gave an outlet from La Paz to Lake Titicaca, whence passengers and freight were transported across the lake by boat to the Peruvian port of Puno and thence by the Peruvian railway to Nollendo on the Pacific. The total length of the road from Alto de La Paz to Guacui on Lake Titicaca was 87 kilometers (54 miles). The gauge was one meter (39.37 inches) and the rails weighed 18 kilograms per meter—about 12 pounds per foot.

The Antofagasta, Bolivia's first railway, had a total mileage of 525 kilometers (573 miles), a gauge of 75 centimeters (29.53 inches) and rails weighing 17.40 kilograms per meter, or about 11 pounds per foot.

It was not until 25 years after the outbreak of the war with Chile and 20 years after the signing of the agreement of April 4, 1884, which marked the close of that war, although it did not con-



TRACK LAYING NEAR ORURO

clusively settle all the questions arising therefrom, that on October 20, 1904, at Santiago, plenipotentiaries of the two countries signed the treaty of peace and friendship which put a final end to all disputes between Bolivia and Chile and secured in addition concessions to the former.

In the preceding year, 1903, was signed the treaty of Rio de Janeiro with Brazil. Under this treaty an exchange of territories between the two countries was effected. Bolivia acquired on the southeast the strip of

territory lying between its boundary and the Paraguay river, and Brazil acquired Bolivia's claim to the Acre region on the northeast. The latter territory being considered the more valuable, Brazil stipulated to pay a cash indemnity of £2,600,000 sterling.

These two treaties were of immense consequence to Bolivia; first, in relieving her from the old railway and mining entanglements; second, in securing the construction of the Arica-La Paz railway; third, through the loan of Chilean credit in internal railway construction; and fourth, in providing a cash fund of £2,300,000 with which to guarantee or to begin the actual construction of the trunk lines.

Following the ratification of the treaties negotiations were opened with prominent European and American capitalists and on May 19, 1903, a contract was signed with the National City Bank and Speyer & Co., of New York. The contract was signed in La Paz by a representative of the concessionaires and additional stipulations were made on May 22.

Under article III of the contract the concessionaires oblige themselves within a period of 10 years to construct the following railway systems:

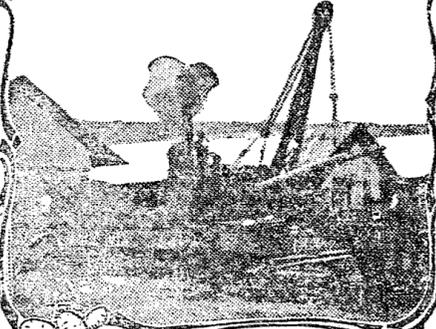
- From Oruro to Viacha, with a branch to the river Desaguadero, connecting with the Arica line.
- From Oruro to Cochabamba.
- From Oruro to Potosi.
- From Potosi to Tupiza, by Caisa and Cata-gaita.
- From Uyuni to Potosi.
- From La Paz to Puerto Pando.

All of these roads are to be one-meter gauge except the last two mentioned, which, in the discretion of the concessionaires, may be of 75 centimeters gauge.

The cost of the railways is estimated at £5,500,000 sterling, including £1,200,000 allowed for the La Paz-Puerto Pando line.

The concessionaires are authorized to issue two classes of bonds—first mortgage and second mortgage, or income bonds. The first mortgage bonds, which are a first lien, are authorized to the amount of £3,700,000 sterling, bear five per cent. interest and are payable in 20 years. The interest for 20 years is guaranteed by the government of Bolivia.

A further issue of additional first mortgage bonds to the amount of £2,000,000 sterling is authorized in case the sum of £5,500,000 proves insufficient to build the lines. These bonds will



UNLOADING RAILS AT GUAQUI, BOLIVIA

bear six per cent. interest and the interest will not be guaranteed by the government. The second mortgage or income bonds run for 25 years, bear five per cent. interest and are a second lien on the roads.

Under an agreement made in London in 1907 by the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Company, which is a British corporation, and Speyer & Co., the Antofagasta Railway Company agreed to guarantee the interest on the line from Oruro to Viacha and in addition to make a payment to the concessionaires for a majority of the line's stock. This agreement made necessary the law mentioned above, signed by President Montes on December 1, 1908. The purpose of this agreement is to make the new

lines serve as feeders to the Antofagasta line instead of playing the part of competing lines, as would have been the case had the original program of construction been carried out.

The Oruro to Potosi line of the original plan would partly parallel the Antofagasta line. It is very probable that a complete merger of the interests of the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Company and the American concessionaires will be made.

A STOUT THING

Miss Burden was not devoid of good sense, but she had brooded over her neighbor's treatment of her until it seemed both intolerable and lawless. It involved a question of shares in the privileges of a certain spring of water and of rights in a certain path, and disagreement over these had led to other differences, small and large, until the main issue seemed hopelessly confused.

Finally Miss Burden resolved to consult a lawyer to ascertain if there might not be comforting relief for her feelings in a lawsuit. When a woman's exasperation reaches the point where she is ready to resort to the law, she is to be dreaded, and Miss Burden went to Lawyer Fairman's office with a long and spirited story of her wrongs.

Unfortunately for her plan, these wrongs were rather of word than of deed, and rather of fancy than of record. What the neighbor wanted to do and talked about doing, and even what he meant to do at some future time, did not greatly impress Mr. Fairman. He gently suggested to the angry client that her mood was unjustified by what had actually happened and concluded his advice with some words which she never forgot.

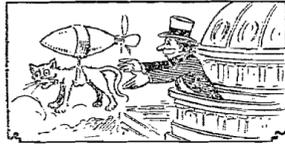
"Don't go to law, my dear lady, until you have some facts to take with you. Law by itself is a poor friend; but a fact's a stout thing—a fact's a stout thing!"

The country lawyer's wisdom is sound philosophy for every day in the year. Fancy gives birth to a long train of children, good and bad, and they all have legs and arms of characteristic slenderness and a grasp on life too gentle to be controlling. Set them in line of battle and Master Fact will scatter them all like dry leaves—for in dead and in truth a fact is a stout thing!—Youth's Companion.

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Tragedy and Romance of the Dome



WASHINGTON.—The great white United States capitol building is a sort of central magnet of great power which attracts many queer people from all sections of this broad land. Capt. J. P. Megrew, a union war veteran with a splendid record, is in command of the capitol police force, and the peculiar people who flock to the big building come under his observation.

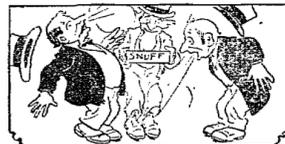
Away back in the '70s, before Capt. Megrew became chief of the capitol police, the "tragedy of the dome" occurred. A young Catholic priest, who had become demented from overstudy, ascended to the platform just below the Goddess of Liberty, more than 250 feet above terra firma, and plunged headlong into space. In striking the thick copper sheathing of roofing over the rotunda the body made a deep indentation in the metal, which is now pointed out to visitors by the capitol guides.

Next to the tragedy of the dome is a recent occurrence which is designated as "the romance of the dome." A young couple secured permission from Capt. Megrew to be married beneath the great bronze Goddess of Liberty on the lofty congress steeple. A preacher tendered his services, and the novel ceremony was performed in mid-air beneath the goddess with two capitol policemen and a sprinkling of visitors as witnesses.

Then comes the "comedy of the dome." An eccentric fellow who had invented a parachute made an ineffectual effort to test his invention by sending down from the dome several of his parachutes with cats attached to them. He was evidently afraid to risk his own precious life, so decided to use felines. His purpose was thwarted by the capitol police, re-enforced by the Washington Humane society.

Statuary hall is one of the most interesting apartments in the capitol. It contains the stone and bronze statues of a number of Americans, distinguished alike in war and peace; famous generals, statesmen, explorers and diplomats—contributed to the general government by the several states, each state selecting its most illustrious sons.

Snuff Takers of the U. S. Senate



THERE are two snuff takers in the United States senate, Mr. Overman of North Carolina and Mr. Carter of Montana. For the benefit of these two men the senate still maintains the official snuff boxes, which are kept carefully with fresh material for producing sneezes.

These boxes are little lacquered affairs about four inches long, two and a half inches wide and an inch deep, and are fastened by screws to the top of the projecting ledge, one on each side of the vice-president's dais.

The snuff is purchased by the sergeant-at-arms in four eight pound jars, at a cost of 75 cents a pound, and it takes an average of about five pounds a year to replenish the boxes twice a week during the sessions. The work of refilling the boxes was for years one of the duties ceremoniously performed by the late Capt. Bassett, the venerable assistant doorkeeper of the senate and inveterate user of the powdered weed; but since his death, five years ago, the task has fallen to the lot of one of the pages, who, naturally, does not bestow upon it the loving care of his aged predecessor.

Capt. Bassett when he died had completed, nearly sixty years of continuous service in the senate, and was almost the sole relic of the days when the use of snuff was general in that body. For many years before his death his dignified, almost ceremonious, manner of indulging in the habit

excited the wonder and awe of the modern page.

He was very proud of a gold snuff box presented to him by the senators upon the fortieth anniversary of his entry into their service, and he kept it filled with a choice brand of the powder. He carried it in a tail pocket of the frock coat in which he always appeared, and the force of his habit of reaching for it caused a laugh at his expense.

It was during the troublous times attending the Hayes-Tilden contest, and it was thought best that Capt. Bassett, as custodian of one of the boxes containing the disputed electoral votes, should be armed. He was accordingly provided with a revolver, which he carried in the pocket of the empty coat.

As the procession was about to start on the march from senate to the house Capt. Bassett was asked if he had his revolver with him.

"Yes," he replied, "here it is," and, diving into the wrong pocket, he produced not the revolver, but his cherished gold snuff box.

There had been threats of attacking the procession on the way to the house, and the members of the party were in rather a sober frame of mind, but the tension was relaxed for the moment by the laughter which was caused by the mistake.

Perhaps the most noted of the senators who were addicted to snuff within the memories of the old employees was the late Allen G. Thurman of Ohio. Mr. Thurman was a frequent visitor of the official snuff box on the Democratic side.

Vice-President Wilson, who died in his room at the capitol, was another noted patron of the senate snuff box, and so was Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

Queer Piece of Red Tape Is Found



THE United States post-office department has had brought before it just recently a queer piece of red tape. Way up on the Canadian border at Beebe Plain is a post office. Right in the same building with it is another post office. Beebe Plain is in Vermont and Beebe Plain is also in Canada.

Two offices are under the same roof, within ten feet of each other. In case a resident of Beebe Plain, Vt., wants to send a letter to somebody who lives in Beebe Plain, Canada, if he mails his letter in this post office it makes a trip of 204 miles to reach Beebe Plain, Canada, and likewise a letter addressed to Beebe Plain, Vt.,

and mailed in Beebe Plain, Canada, goes 294 miles, 57 of them in Canada and the remainder in the United States, just exactly as the other letter goes, for the reason that that is the way that mail is routed, and, of course, it has to follow that string of red tape, whereas if the fellow who has a letter to mail to some one in Beebe Plain, Vt., but lives in Canada, simply walks across from one side of the post office to the other and sticks his letter in the Vermont post office, the Vermont man will probably get it within a couple of hours.

The remarkable thing about it is that there are separate entrances to these two post offices, they have the same lobby, and there is not a sign of a partition to mark the division between the domain of Uncle Sam and the possessions of King Edward, and yet some railroad company is carrying the letters of these two places, if addressed to the other, 264 miles, when they need not be carried at all except in the carriers' bags.

Uncle Sam Worried Over \$10 Error



TIME and money are being expended every day by the government in efforts to locate claimants against the United States. For months the post office department has been directing a search for George W. Weart, a time postmaster at Deal Beach, N. J., to whom is due \$10.

On June 15, 1905, a registered package was mailed by Mrs. Estelle Rott to Mrs. E. D. Ledgerman of Deal Beach. The package was reported

lost and the valuation, \$10, was paid by Postmaster Weart. Subsequently post office inspectors discovered that the package had been delivered to the addressee and the records mislaid.

When the facts were disclosed every effort was made by the department to return the amount to Postmaster Weart. He had moved from Deal Beach to Hood River, Ore. Inquiry showed that he had died there. An effort to locate his heirs proved unavailing. Neither of his two sons could be located, although they both were traced by post office inspectors from place to place. The search already has cost the department several times the amount of the original loss, but the disbursing office of the department still has the check ready for delivery to Weart's estate if his heirs can be located.

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FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Frank Leeder was up from Omaha among former neighbors.

Charles Staltenburg has bought the two Smith lots and buildings on south Fourteenth street, Omaha, for \$2,800 as an investment.

Hans Schwager had a grand gathering of friends and neighbors on his 67th birthday anniversary. Among others there was "Grandmother" Mueller, now past 87, who came in from the farm, and others from Omaha and South Omaha. His sons were showing a potato weighing two and one-half pounds they brought from their Idaho farm.

Jacob Mehrens has tired of farm life and bought two lots of Mrs. Seirk in front of the park and will build at once. The price was \$600.

County Judge O'Hanlan has appointed W. Seivers and Joseph Bolin appraisers of the Clasan estate.

Paul Nelson has gone to Kansas on a visit.

Louis Paulson has shipped 210 barrels of apples from the Kay farm in the hills and is still shipping.

Hiram Craig, who went to Mexico and purchased land last year, was on a home visit and brought three neighbors with him. His cotton turned out fairly well, but corn rather poorly.

The Christian Endeavor had a hay-rack party called "A trip around the world." About seventy-five in three wagons went north to Harry Rohwer's, which was "Ireland," and then south to Hans Schwager's, called "America;" to John Landis', called "Japan," and the Presbyterian parsonage was "Germany." At each house lunch was served.

The Rockport people are loading their guns for the pot hunters who are shooting their barnyard fowl and making the public roads dangerous by random shots.

Veteran Frank Curtis of Blair and Mrs. William Cook of Arlington were visiting the former's son here.

W. H. Woods was a guest at the birthday anniversary of William Gaines of Blair (recently of Kennard), where over twenty civil war veterans dined with him and sang the old war songs, with Mrs. Wesley Gaines at the piano. Mr. Woods spent the night with Comrade Ward. Ward was marketing hogs less than 1 year old, fed mostly on grass, that brought over \$20 each.

George Delaney, who went away to Virginia ten years ago and has been both east and west since, passed here on his way back to Blair.

The Blair Relief corps now has ninety-nine members and one application.

Watson Tyson of Tyson station, who will be 79 years old the last of this month, one time held over 1,300 acres of Washington county land, costing less than \$10 an acre. Now he has \$90 and says his son bought eighty acres of bottom land eight miles north of Blair, plowed, for \$60 an acre and got three crops from it and sold it the other day for an even \$100 an acre.

A farmer near Kennard a few years ago rented a run-down farm and got twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre. He sowed alfalfa and turned it under in two years and now gets over fifty bushels.

Fort Calhoun now has a cement block works at the old brick yard.

The Rev. Mr. Hilkerman went to Omaha last week to marry his daughter, Miss Edith, to Fred Sidener.

Otto Frahm has bought 120 acres of the former Beekman farm on the bottoms.

William Kruger takes the place on the council of Louis Clasan, deceased.

James Lytle has sent his family some money from Iowa and the "mystery" is partly cleared up.

William Seivers has put up \$10 in prizes for farmers only for the best three ears of yellow corn delivered before November 20, 1909.

The two daughters of Ticket Agent Somers of Webster street station, Omaha, were visiting the Marrs.

Guy Grosjean of Omaha was at Fred Nichols' and Mrs. Simonsen of Omaha at Vaughn's.

William Stewart was voted a member of the Christian Endeavor.

PONCA NEWS

Ponca is a small community about two miles north of Florence, just far enough, so that one can enjoy the freedom, quiet and health of the country together with whatever enjoyments or advantages the city may afford. There are two churches, the Presbyterian and the German Lutheran. The

school is the largest and finest district school for many miles, it also has a store and a live organization of boosters known as the Ponca Improvement Club. The Lood Road leads right through it. This road in a few years will be the joyriders paradise. The soil is rich and it will raise almost any kind of fruits or vegetables. There are nice homes and a sociable, industrious and hard working clan of people always looking for the betterment of themselves or neighbors. Anyone investing in Ponca lands will never regret it.

Hunters coming out here on a pretext of hunting squirrels and rabbits and then killing chickens had better be careful in the future, as several of them have found out we have two authorized deputy sheriffs, "Old Uncle Jim Snodderly" of Washington county, and "Uncle Hank" of Douglas. Their territory covers an area of ten square miles, five miles north and five miles south of Washington county line and five miles west of Missouri river.

The German church presents a fine appearance with its new coat of paint.

Mr. Prochnow has purchased a fine pair of horses.

Mr. Alvin Beyer is building a large barn.

Mrs. Alvin Beyer is better at this writing.

Mr. Joe Hipp is off on a weeks hunting trip to Blair.

Miss Carrie Deyo is visiting friends at Walt Hill, Neb.

Miss Edith Raymond is staying with her sister, Mrs. Michael Kelley.

Fires are dangerous things at this time of the year, when the leaves and grass are dry. All hunters, when smoking out rabbits and squirrels should see that the fires are put out properly.

Mr. James Bena was an Omaha visitor Saturday.

BRIGGS NEWS

Mrs. Kingery, sons and mother-in-law were the guests at Stulls.

Miss Mary Vak spent Sunday at home.

Mr. Jacob Stull was at home Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Stull of South Dakota was visiting relatives last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Metzinger and daughters were visiting in Irvington.

Some Consideration.
Brown—You said to that barmaid: "Drink to me with thine eyes." She has only one eye.
Jones—Well, one drink is better than none.

A Fan for Sure.
Teacher—Why do they try to find the north pole?
Johnny—Hub, I dunno; it's too cold to play baseball up there.

Love's Labor Lost.
Sammy (to girl he has feted all the week to concerts, lunches, chocolate, cigarettes, etc., etc.)—Well, and what if it is the husbands' boats?
Rebecca—Oh, nothing much, only my husband's coming down by it.

Such Annoying Ignorance.
Benham—I lost a foursome today at the Beachwood links.
Mrs. Benham—Why not advertise for it?

Go up Top, Bill.
"Now, Albert Edward, tell me something about Bold Robin Hood."
"Well, he robbed the rich, but when he caught a poor man who hadn't any money, he didn't take it away from him."

Later Realization.
"I don't see why you make such a fuss over every little bill I run up. Before we were married you told me you were well off."
"So I was. But I didn't know it."

Health too Precious.
"What do you mean by refusing to chop some wood after the good dinner I have given you."
"Well, lady, de highest medical authorities 'gree dat workin' on a full stomach is injurious, an' I don't want to run any chances of ruinin' me superb health."

The Danger Signal.
"Yes, Freddy, I'm a sick man."
"Wor's der matter?"
"Why, I'm gettin' that restless an' wakeful, dat I can't sleep, only at night."

Very Encouraging.
Old Lady—Is there any danger?
Boatman—Well, mum, it don't matter much—the boat's insured.

Not a Fair Question.
Mrs. Henpeck—John, what's your honest opinion of my new hat?
Mr. Henpeck—Don't ask me, Mary. You know you're much bigger and stronger than I am.

Misunderstanding.
Lawyer—We have burned our bride behind us.
Judge—Ten years for arson.

Affected.
Jack—Do you suppose the moon has anything to do with my love?
Ruth—Yes; they say the moon often affects the mind.

The Means.
Wife—I won't stay another day at this summer resort if you persist in playing poker all the time.
Hubby—Well, it's up to you. If I don't play poker all the time we won't be able to stay another day.

Proof.
"Do you believe married men or bachelors are the braver?"
"Married men. If they were not, all men would be bachelors."

No Trade for Him.
"Well, my little man, what are you going to be, when you grow up?"
"I'd like to be burglar. But, there, father might object—you see, he's a missionary."

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