

It Is Well
to test all things and to hold fast only that which is good. The Tribune as an advertising medium can stand the test. Its Readers are Buyers and Its Rates are Right.

The Florence Tribune

"Them Fellers is Doing the Business," says Bill Sticker, in a hot argument with Deacon Tubbs. "Why? Because they advertise big." Moral: To do big business, advertise big in the Tribune.

VOL. II. PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1910 Subscription, \$1.00 a Year. No. 28

NEWS OF FERRY RESERVE

Our Special Correspondent, Sis, Writes of the News of That Neighborhood, Incidentally Telling of a New H. S. Alarm Clock and the Adventures of Bud With a Bed Room Suite and His Old Friend, John Barleycorn.

A man appeared in this neighborhood selling a new device to wake weans up early in the morning. He called it the H. S. alarm clock, but it only turned out to be an independent telephoam, so he didn't sell none.

Some Gypsies passed through our midst the past week, but who they were or where they went we didn't learn.

Bud's got a new horse that is so deaf that it can't hear very well, so it stops all the time and turns around to see if anyone has said whoa. It is so afraid some one will say whoa and it not hear. Bud says as how he is agoin' to trade it off.

There ain't much news around these parts this here week, only Weepin' Willows, wots a widdler, caught a catfish only it wasn't a catfish, but a big turtle.

Mr. John Corn has been the guest of Miss Wheat almost every night the past week and for several weeks past. John do be a courtin' Miss Wheat and all the neighbors want to know what the results will be of mixing corn and wheat. Anyway they is a sparkin' considerable and all the neighbors are a watchin' them and wonderin' if he will get up, spunk enough to pop the question.

They air a havin' considerable fun with Bud these days all cause he went and bought some furniture, among which was a bed room sweet. Now when Bud he got the sweet home, we all thought it was fine and so Bud said as how he would take it up stairs after supper and we could put it up, and then it would show just how nice it was. Well, Bud, after he had eaten his supper, he started to take the springs up the stairs, but he found the stairs was too narrow, and after workin' at it for an hour, he give it up and was about to throw the consarned thing out in the barn. He said as how people who couldn't get houses big enough to get beds in hadn't orter have beds at all, but sleep on the floor. Well, after a while he thot maybe as how he could get in at the upstairs window and the old fool, without measurin' the windows, went and histed the blame thing onto the piazzer roof and tried to put it in the windows, but the window wasn't wide enough, so there he was with the bed on the roof, and no way to get it in the house. He said as how the bed was worse than a goldinged calf, anyway. Well, Bud finally give up and went down to see if he couldn't get John Barleycorn to come up and help him, and while he was gone Ma and me we went and took out the window casin' and all the trimmings, and finally squeezed the bed in, and when Bud he came home, he wondered as where the bed had gone, but we didn't tell him, but let him find out for his own self that it was in the room and all made up ready to sleep in. When he saw it he said he would dumed if he could understand it, and his friend Mr. Barleycorn made him think he hadn't tried to get it in at all. Mr. Barleycorn can make a man believe anything.

Being as how I don't know any more news this week, I guess I will not write any more.

SIS.

Eight bars of any laundry soap, 25c, at Thomas Dugher's.

Mrs. Christensen of Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols attended the R. N. of A. meeting at Irvington, Thursday evening.

Best Patent flour, \$1.30, at Thomas Dugher's.

Mrs. E. L. Platze was the guest of Mrs. Edith Johnston in Omaha Tuesday.

Scott Tucker, who is now working on a big dredging contract in Iowa was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker, Tuesday.

The first levy of your paving tax became delinquent on the 18th day of October and is now drawing 12 percent. Property owners should attend to this at once and save themselves further expense.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE, NEBRASKA.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church will give another chicken pie dinner in the near future.

Mr. Wilbur Nichols, who has been with the Union Pacific at Gothenburg for over a year, is expected home Thursday to spend Thanksgiving, returning Friday evening.

HE HAS THE POULTRY BUG

Florence Man Has Some Thrilling Experiences Trying to Raise Broilers for Christmas Dinner.

"Raising chickens is an art, not a science," declared the fat man, as he settled into a seat beside his slim neighbor on a Florence car bound of toward. "It will only become an exact science when the chicken grows more intelligent—when the personal equation, that is the personality of the chicken is removed."

"What's the matter?" inquired the slim man. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"Sleep nothing," retorted the one-time good natured fat man. "Folks at my place are conducting an experiment in city lot farming. Bright idea. Got it doped out that there's fortunes in poultry grown on fifty square feet of back yard. Tried to have broilers for Christmas. Fool chickens decided to hatch in middle of the night, no sleep in our house till daylight. Chickens born every hour."

"Patent brooder failed to work so they wrapped 'em up in a rag and put 'em on a register in the kitchen. Being mere inexperienced chickens, every mother's son of them piled up in one corner. Six smothered and three crawled off into the pipes and fell into the furnace. Rescue party, organized by milk man, and other early morning arrivals brought back one. Two chickens lit on the furnace and proceeded to get fried and stewed. I'll state right here that the odor of embryonic broilers cooked au naturel in a hot air circulation heat plant is more efficient than pleasant."

"What kind of chickens were they?" inquired the attentive slim man. There was a tone of real interest in his voice.

"Pure bred White Leghorns," replied the sleepy fat man.

Then he came to with a start. "Say, have they got it, too, over at your house? That poultry bug, I mean."

"Yep."

"Take the advice of a friend before it gets too late," said the man who knew. "I plead with you, listen to me. Tell 'em that the only real road to 'Reck is a lettuce bed or radishes, or something like that. Eliminate the personal equation and keep your farm products out of the heat plants which accompany our complex civilization. See?"

Three cans peas, 25c. Thomas Dugher's.

Mrs. C. A. Sorenson, who has been very ill at the hospital is improving rapidly.

Many school children suffer from constipation which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Three cans peas, 25c. Thomas Dugher's.

The case of Paul vs. Florence, the latest of the paving suits will come on for trial, Tuesday.

The Swifts football team defeated the third Creighton team at Florence, Sunday, in a well played game by the score of 2 to 0. The Swifts made a touchdown in the fourth quarter with only three men left to play. Creighton made a touchdown on a forward pass, but it was declared illegal by the referee. The bright star for the Swifts was Kelly, fullback. He bore through Creighton's line for never less than five yards, once getting away with a forty-yard run on a play through tackle. Beirman and Dutcher, the two halves, also came in for their share. Beirman on recovering fumbles and line plunging, while Dutcher shone on his tackling. The left half for Creighton was their bright star, his punting was good and if he ever got away with a clean field it would take a fast man to catch him.

Tuesday evening a large touring car driven by Mr. Arndt of Blair ran over two small boys, Johnnie Norton and Glen Elwell on Main and State streets. Young Elwell was attended by Dr. Adam but beyond a shaking up and a few bruises was uninjured.

Standard oil, 10c a gallon. Thomas Dugher.

The K. N. of A. held their regular meeting at Adams' hall Tuesday evening when the work was put on for the first time, since the arrival of the new regalia. The next meeting will be Dec. 6, which will be the night of election of officers, for the new year.

Mrs. Hattie Baird, who has been living in town for over a year, is making plans and preparations to move back on her farm north of town in the near future.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Ryer, of Seattle, Wash., is spending the winter with her niece, Miss L. C. Harding, at Seven Oaks.

Three cans corn, 25c. Thomas Dugher.

J. L. Houston, who has been at the hospital for the past few weeks undergoing an operation, has so far improved that he returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Ed Hunt left Tuesday for Texas, Florida and other southern points to be gone the greater part of the winter.

Three cans tomatoes, 25c. Thomas Dugher.

J. H. Price attended the convention of implement dealers in Omaha the past week.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Geo. Siert.

AS TOLD THE EDITOR

In Which is Told What the Neighbors Are Doing and What They Propose to Do as Set Down by Our Chroniclers for the Edification of All Who Are Interested in the Doings of People of Florence and Vicinity.

Mrs. C. A. Grigg left Tuesday for Des Moines to be gone for a week.

Mr. A. B. Hunt left Tuesday for Texas, Florida and other southern points to be gone the greater part of the winter.

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Mr. Ed Hunt left Tuesday for Texas, Florida and other southern points to be gone for a week or ten days.

T. F. Balfe, of Omaha, visited with Florence friends Friday evening.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. Ellen Deland left this week to make her home with her son at Perry, Iowa. Mrs. Deland regretted her departure very much, as she has been a resident of Florence for almost half a century.

19 lbs. sugar, \$1.00. Thomas Dugher.

Charles Green left Sunday for Iowa on a business trip.

The meeting of the Florence Improvement club and the Ponca Improvement club has been postponed one week and will be held at the city hall Tuesday evening, Nov. 29.

Mrs. J. D. Shaw, after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Raymond, at Cozy Corner Fruit Farm, left Tuesday for her home at Scott's Bluff, Neb.

William Lonergan took four prizes at the corn show in Council Bluffs in Class A on ten ears other than white or yellow this week.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Almost every day this week there has been large parties of Florence folks going over to the corn and fruit show at Council Bluffs.

The Boosters committee met with Mrs. S. P. Johnson Wednesday afternoon. The afternoon was spent in tying quilts which will be raffled off in the near future. Mrs. Johnson served a very dainty lunch and all expressed themselves as having spent a very enjoyable afternoon. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. F. B. Nichols, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 30th.

Standard oil, 10c a gallon. Thomas Dugher.

The K. N. of A. held their regular meeting at Adams' hall Tuesday evening when the work was put on for the first time, since the arrival of the new regalia. The next meeting will be Dec. 6, which will be the night of election of officers, for the new year.

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FIREMEN'S THANKSGIVING BALL

Hose Company No. 1 Will Give Annual Review and Ball at Cole's Hall.

The annual review and ball of Hose Company No. 1, will be given at Cole's hall Thanksgiving evening. That statement is sufficient unto itself for it means that the hall will be fitted to capacity.

The following committee of the firemen have the matter in charge: L. F. Imm, W. B. Parks, C. B. Kelly, Henry Anderson, F. P. Brown, H. Hollingsworth, C. E. Wall, E. A. Cole, G. R. Gamble, C. J. Larson, and Fred Green.

The admission is 50 cents with ladies free, and if the firemen don't approach you to buy a ticket, why just come to the hall and buy one anyway.

Ft. Calhoun

The Rev. Mr. Erk of the Ponca Creek Lutheran church baptized an infant for Mr. Klumbde. He has accepted the charge at Lee, Neb. The Ponca church is now without a pastor.

Hallowe'en jokers hung a pair of overalls on the top of the city flag staff.

Otto Frahm has added sixty more registered Herefords to his herd.

Lyman Peck has installed a new engine on his farm.

Pioneer Mrs. W. F. Miller has been taken to Mrs. Little's, her daughter, near Craig, for the winter. Her granddaughter, Miss Inez Fitzgerald, is with her.

The alfalfa mill is shipping ground feed to Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Lena Schwagen gave her Sunday school class a picnic at her parents' home.

W. Stever, having returned to this neighborhood, is again an elder in the Presbyterian church.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sidner of Nickerson, Neb., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Yoder for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arndt and Miss Dorcette Arndt of Blair were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cole the fore part of the week.

Misses Jessie Horn, Blanch Whitlock and Corrienne Armstrong, of Omaha, were the guests of Miss Allie Houston at her home west of town Sunday and Monday.

Report of the Condition of THE FARMERS' STATE BANK OF FLORENCE, NEBR.

Charter No. 1056, incorporated in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business November 10th, 1910.

Resources.

Loans and Discounts.....\$ 21,887.23
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 153.74
Banking house, furniture and fixtures 500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid 558.23
Due from national, state and private banks..... 2,190.90
Currency\$334.00
Gold coin 700.00
Silver, nickels and cents 351.53 1,855.53

Total\$27,175.63

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in.....\$ 10,000.00
Undivided profits 893.74
Individual deposits subject to check,\$7,699.85
Time certificates of deposit\$548.50
Due to national, state and private banks .. 33.54 16,251.89

Total\$27,175.63

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.

I, W. R. Wall, President of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Meet Friday Evening and Transact Business Without a Visitor Present, Which Alone Marks it as a Remarkable Event.—Take Steps to Compel the Street Car Company to Pave Between Its Rails on Main Street South of Briggs Street.—Get Notice of Another Suit.

It was a remarkable meeting that the council held Friday evening, remarkable from the fact that there were no visitors present for the greater part of the meeting. It made the councilmen feel like wall flowers after the way they have been lionized by big attendances all of their term of holding office.

Maybe the election had something to do with the attendance, as there are so many sore spots around town, those who bet on Dahlman and lost, that mayhap they were staying at home and figuring out how it all happened.

A communication and a check for \$150 from the Omaha Ice and Cold Storage company of Omaha was received, the check being in payment of the annual rental on what is known as north market square, which is not square at all, but triangular.

M. C. Coe appeared and told the councilmen that he had opened the private alley back of his place and that it was all of ten feet wide, in fact was a trifle wider, was paved with cinders and the sides nicely terraced, making it one of the finest in the country. Some of the councilmen bore him out in his assertions so the protest of other property owners that it was not as wide as it should be was over-ruled.

Olmsted reported that he had looked into the matter of the collecting of fines and had found that the school board was entitled to all fines and recommended that the city treasurer pay over all fines hereafter collected to the school board and his recommendation prevailed.

J. H. Price wanted to know why the street car company had not paved between its rails on lower Main street and, after telling of the bad condition of the street, introduced an ordinance compelling the company to do the paving. After suspending rule six, the ordinance was passed.

The following bills were allowed:

Dr. Akers\$ 4.00
Dr. Akers 5.00
W. H. Horton 20.00
J. P. Crick 6.00
Electric Light Co..... 38.24
J. Miller 18.25
J. McGregor 72.35
H. Wilson 1.00
H. Barnes 1.50
G. R. Gamble50
Joe Miller 2.00
George Craig 8.00
Tribune 9.90
Oscar Mills 2.00
Florence Coal & L. Co..... 4.45
Ed Davis 2.00
J. Bondesson 5.06
R. H. Olmsted..... 5.00

Carl Herring, attorney for M. Ford, served notice that unless warrants were issued for the \$7,500 he would enter suit for the full amount and interest from date of completion of work. As for any claims against the contractor they will be paid upon presentation at his office, if they are legitimate. If not, the parties holding them will have to bring suit and the amount they receive in judgment will be paid. The council took no official action on the notice, but discussed the matter informally.

News of Town

The Scernolf club will give a dance at Cole's hall tonight.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Spencer and family have left for New York to spend the winter. While there Mr. Spencer will further pursue his art studies.

Full head rice 5 pounds, 25c. Thomas Dugher's.

Albert E. Parmalee who has been working for the World-Herald for some time as city editor resigned Saturday and Monday started as manager of the Northwestern School of Taxidermy. Tuesday evening he was tendered a departing feast at the Rome hotel by his former fellow-workers.

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FLORENCE CORN THAT IS CORN

H. S. Raymond Sends Tribune Corn That is Corn and One Freak Ear That is a World-Beater.

If anyone thinks for a moment that Florence can't raise corn, just read this:

H. S. Raymond brought to the Tribune office some corn that comes in the championship class. It was raised on his farm, Cozy Corner Fruit farm, Ponca, and beats anything the editor has seen so far this year.

One ear of yellow dent corn is 13 inches long, with 24 rows of 64 kernels, or 1,536 kernels in all. Can you beat it? It don't take very many ears like this to make a bushel, and it don't cost any more to raise than does an ear of 500 kernels.

Another ear is 13 inches long, with 20 rows of 61 kernels each, or 1,220 kernels in all.

But here is the prize ear of all as a freak ear. It is 11 inches long, has 36 rows of 16 kernels each at the butt, and 16 rows of 39 kernels each the balance of the ear. This ear has a total of 1,300 kernels on it.

Papers from all over the state have been talking 28 and 29 rows of corn, but here is one of 36 rows.

The corn is on exhibition at the postoffice news stand and is so far the champion corn of this section.

Pleasures Past

George Bird of Sarkatchewan, Canada, is visiting in Florence for a week or so.

Mrs. Hattie Baird was the guest of Mrs. Viola Pettit Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plein entertained Princess Wah-ta-Waso and Mrs. J. Stewart of Omaha at their home in Florence last Sunday. Princess Wah-ta-Waso springs from very noted Indian parentage, her great-grandfather being King Philip of the Iroquois. She is very well educated, being a graduate of Sacred Heart convent, Montreal, Canada. For the past two years she has starred in the play called "Among the Hills" but she is now on her way to Cuba, where she expects to spend the winter.

Action to annul the marriage of his 15-year-old daughter, Pauline, to Eugene Knight, a 26-year-old man, living at Thirty-sixth and Davenport streets, Omaha, was commenced by George Sorenson, of Florence, in district court Wednesday. According to Mr. Sorenson's petition Knight and the child were married in Council Bluffs, Sept. 10, 1910, the girl's age being misrepresented in order to secure a license without the consent of her parents. Mr. Sorenson says the child returned to his home shortly after the marriage and has lived there ever since. Knight and Miss Sorenson were sweethearts despite the disparity in their ages. He called frequently at the Sorenson home, but the girl's father did not suspect an elopement.

Report of the Condition of THE BANK OF FLORENCE OF FLORENCE, NEB.

Charter No. 812, incorporated in the state of Nebraska, at the close of business Nov. 10th, 1910:

Resources.

Loans and discounts.....\$ 14,694.88
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 976.13
Bonds, securities, judgments, claims, etc..... 1,250.00
Furniture and fixtures..... 500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid 1,652.82
Due from national, state and private banks 11,997.25
Checks and items of exchange\$ 269.70
Currency 4,503.00
Gold coin 3,485.00
Silver, nickels and cents 835.97 9,093.67

Total\$110,164.75

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in.....\$ 5,000.00
Surplus fund 2,000.00
Undivided profits 3,159.47
Individual deposits subject to check,\$63,266.95
Demand certificates of deposit 6,114.67
Time certificates of deposit 30,623.66 100,005.28

Total\$110,164.75

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.

I, J. B. Brisbin, President of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

Attest, J. B. BRISBIN.
H. T. Brisbin, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of November, 1910.

(Seal) LOUIS GREBE,
Notary Public.

The GIRL and the BILL

SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Herbert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and is given a five dollar bill with: "Remember person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the girl in the black car and learns that in Tom and Bessie Wallingham they have mutual friends, but gets no further hint of her identity. In his rooms at the Pere Marquette he telephones Bessie Wallingham and agrees to golf at Arradale on the morrow. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which in a futile attempt to decipher, he copies and places the copy in a drawer.

CHAPTER II.

Senor Poritol.

When Orme answered the knock at the door a singular young man stood at the threshold. He was short, wiry, and very dark. His nose was long and complacently tilted at the end. His eyes were small and very black. His mouth was a wide, uncertain slit. In his hand he carried a light cane and a silk hat of the flat-brimmed French type. And he wore a gray sack suit, pressed and creased with painful exactness.

"Come in, Senor Poritol," said Orme, motioning toward a chair.

The little man entered, with short, rapid steps. He drew from his pocket a clean pocket handkerchief, which he unfolded and spread out on the surface of the table. Upon the handkerchief he carefully placed his hat and then, after an ineffectual effort to make it stand against the table edge, laid his cane on the floor.

Not until all this ceremony had been completed did he appear to notice Orme. But now he turned, widening his face into a smile and extending his hand, which Orme took rather dubiously—it was so supple and moist.

"Oh, this is Mr. Orme, is it not?"

"Yes," said Orme, freeing himself from the unpleasant handshake.

"Mr. Robert Orme?"

"Yes, that is my name. What can I do for you?"

For a moment Senor Poritol appeared to hover like a timid bird; then he seated himself on the edge of a chair, only the tips of his toes touching the floor. His eyes danced brightly.

"To begin with, Mr. Orme," he said, "I am charmed to meet you—very charmed." He rolled his "r's" after a fashion that need not be reproduced. "And in the second place," he continued, "while actually I am a foreigner in your dear country, I regard myself as in spirit one of your natives. I came here when a boy, and was educated at your great University of Princeton."

"You are a Portuguese—I infer from your name," said Orme.

"Oh, dear, no! Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Senor Poritol, tapping the floor nervously with his toes. "My country he freed himself from the Portuguese yoke many and many a year ago. I am a South American, Mr. Orme—one of the poor relations of your great country." Again the widened smile. Then he suddenly became grave, and leaned forward, his hands on his knees. "But this is not the business of our meeting, Mr. Orme."

"No?" inquired Orme.

"No, my dear sir. I have come to ask of you about the five-dollar bill which you received in the hat shop this afternoon." He peered anxiously. "You still have it? You have not spent it?"

"A marked bill, was it not?"

"Yes, yes. Where is it, my dear sir, where is it?"

"Written across the face of it were the words, 'Remember person you pay this to.'"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"And on the back of it—"

"On the back of it!" gasped the little man.

"Was a curious cryptogram."

"Do not torture me!" exclaimed Senor Poritol. "Have you got it?" His fingers worked nervously.

"Yes," said Orme slowly, "I still have it."

Senor Poritol hastily took a fresh five-dollar bill from his pocket. "See," he said, jumping to the floor, "here is another just as good a bill. I give this to you in return for the bill which was paid to you this afternoon." He thrust the new bill toward Orme, and waved his other hand rhetorically. "That, and that alone, is my business with you, dear sir."

Orme's hand went to his pocket. The visitor watched the motion eagerly, and a grimace of disappointment contracted his features when the hand came forth, holding a cigar case.

"Have one," Orme urged.

In his anxiety the little man almost danced. "But, sir," he broke forth, "I am in desperate hurry. I must meet a friend. I must catch a train."

"One moment," interrupted Orme. "I can't very well give up that bill until I know a little better what it means. You will have to show me that you are entitled to it—and"—he smiled—"meantime you'd better smoke."

Senor Poritol sighed. "I can assure you of my honesty of purpose, sir," he said. "I cannot tell you about it. I have not the time. Also, it is not my secret. This bill, sir, is just as good as the other one."

"Very likely," said Orme dryly. He was wondering whether this was some new counterfeiting dodge. How easily most persons could be induced to make the transfer!

A counterfeiter, however, would hardly work by so picturesque and noticeable a method, unless he were carefully disguised—hardly even then. Was Senor Poritol disguised? Orme looked at him more closely. No, he could see where the roots of the coarse black hair joined the scalp. And there was not the least evidence of make-up on the face. Nevertheless, Orme did not feel warranted in giving up the marked bill without a definite explanation. The little man was a comic figure, but his bizarre exterior might conceal a dangerous plot. He might be a thief, an anarchist, anything.

"Please, my dear sir, please do not add to my already very great anxiety," pleaded the visitor.

Orme spoke more decisively. "You are a stranger, Senor Poritol. I don't know what all this mystery conceals, but I can't give out that bill unless I know more about it—and I won't," he added, as he saw Senor Poritol open his mouth for further pleading.

"Very well," sighed the little man. He hesitated for an instant, then added: "I do not blame you for insisting and I suppose I must say to you everything that you demand. No, I do not smoke the cigar, please. But if you do not object—" He produced a square of cigarette paper and some tobacco from a silver-mounted pouch, and deftly rolled a cigarette with one hand, accepting a match from Orme with the other. Closing his eyes, he inhaled the smoke deeply, breathing it out through his nostrils.

"Well—" he hesitated, his eyes roving about the room as if in search of something—"Well, I will explain to you why I want the bill."

Orme lighted a fresh cigar and settled himself to hear the story. Senor Poritol drew a second handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his damp brow.

"You must know, my very dear sir," he began, "that I come from a country which is very rich in the resources of nature. In the unsettled interior are very great mineral deposits which are little known, and since the day when the great Vega made the first exploration there has been the belief that the Urinaba mountains hide a great wealth in gold. Many men for three hundred years have risked their most precious lives to go look for it. But they have not found it. No, my dear sir, they have not found it until—But have patience, and you shall hear everything."

"A few days ago a countryman of mine sent word that he was about to die. He asked that I, his early friend, should come to him immediately and receive news of utmost importance. He was lying sick in the hotel of a small city in Wisconsin. He was a tobacco agent and he had been attacked by death while he was on a business trip."

"Filled with the heartbroken hope to see him once more before he died, I went even as I was, to a train and made all haste to his bedside."

"What was his name?" asked Orme.

"Lopez," replied Senor Poritol promptly; and Orme knew that the answer might as well have been Smith. But the little man returned quickly to his story.

"My friend had no strength left. He was, oh, so weak that I wept to see him. But he sent the doctor and the priest out of the room, and then—and then he whispered in my ear a secret. He had discovered rich gold in the Urinaba country. He had been trying to earn money to go back and dig up the gold. But, alas! now he was dying, and he wished to give the secret to me, his old friend."

"Tears streamed on my cheek," Senor Poritol's eyes filled, seemingly at the remembrance. "But I took out my fountain pen to write down the directions he wished to give. See—this was the pen." He produced a gold-mounted tube from his waistcoat.

"I searched my pockets for a piece of paper. None could I discover. There was no time to be lost, for my friend was growing weaker, oh, very fast. In desperation I took a five-dollar bill, and wrote upon it the directions he gave me for finding the gold. Even as I finished it, dear Lopez breathed his last breath."

Orme puffed at his cigar. "So the bul carries directions for finding a rich deposit in the Urinaba mountains?"

"Yes, my dear sir. But you would not rob me of it. You could not understand the directions."

"Oh, no," Orme laughed. "I have no interest in South American gold mines."

"Then accept this fresh bill," implored Senor Poritol, "and give me back the one I yearn for."

Orme hesitated. "A moment more," he said. "Tell me, how did you lose possession of the marked bill?"

The South American writhed in his chair and leaned forward eagerly. "That is the most distressing part of all," he exclaimed. "I had left Chicago at a time when my presence in this great city was very important indeed. Nothing but the call from a dying friend would have induced me to



The Struggle Lasted Only for a Moment.

go away. My whole future in this country depended upon my returning in time to complete certain business.

"So, after dear Lopez was dead, I rushed to the local railroad station. A train was coming in. I searched my pocket for my money to buy my ticket. All I could find was the five-dollar bill!"

"It was necessary to return to Chicago; yet I could not lose the bill. A happy thought struck me. I wrote upon the face of it the words you have seen, and paid it to the ticket agent. I called his attention to the writing and implored him to save the bill if he could until I returned, and if not, to be sure to remember the person he gave it to."

Orme laughed.

"It does seem funny," said Senor Poritol, rolling another cigarette, "but you cannot imagine my most frantic desperation. I returned to Chicago and transacted my business. Then I hastened back to the Wisconsin city. Woe is me! The ticket agent had paid the bill to a Chicago citizen. I secured the name of this man and finally found him at his office on La Salle street. Alas! he, too, had spent the bill, but I tracked it from person to person, until now, my dear sir, I have found it! So—" he paused and looked eloquently at Orme.

"Do you know a man named Evans?" Orme asked.

Senor Poritol looked at him in bewilderment.

"S. R. Evans," insisted Orme.

"Why, no, dear sir—I think not. But what has that to do—?"

Orme pushed a sheet of paper across the table. "Oblige me, Senor Poritol. Senor Poritol was apparently reluctant. However, under the compulsion of Orme's eye, he finally took out his fountain pen and wrote the name in flowing script. He then pushed the paper back toward Orme, with an inquiring look.

"No, that isn't what I mean," exclaimed Orme. "Print it. Print it in capital letters."

Senor Poritol slowly printed out the name.

Orme took the paper, laying it before him. He then produced the coveted bill from his pocketbook. Senor Poritol uttered a little cry of delight and stretched forth an eager hand, but Orme, who was busily comparing the letters on the paper with the letters on the bill, waved him back.

After a few moments Orme looked up. "Senor Poritol," he said, "why didn't you write the secret on a timetable, or on your ticket, before you gave the bill to the agent?"

Senor Poritol was flustered. "Why," he said uncertainly, "I did not think of that. How can we explain the mistakes we make in moments of great nervousness?"

"True," said Orme. "But one more point. You did not yourself write your friend's secret on the bill. The letters which you have just printed are differently made."

Senor Poritol said nothing. He was breathing hard.

"On the other hand," continued Orme, turning the bill over and eyeing the inscription on its face, "your mistake in first writing the name instead of printing it shows me that you did write the words on the face of the bill." He returned the bill to his pocketbook. "I can't give you the bill," he said. "Your story doesn't hold together."

With a queer little scream the South American bounded from his chair and flung himself at Orme. He struck no blow, but clawed desperately at Orme's pocket. The struggle lasted only for a moment. Orme, seizing the little man by the collar, dragged him, wriggling, to the door.

"Now get out," said Orme. "If I find you hanging around I'll have you locked up."

Senor Poritol whispered: "It is my

secret. Why should I tell you the truth about it? You have no right to know."

Orme retained his hold. "I don't like your looks, my friend," he said. "There may have been reason why you should lie to me, but you will have to make things clear." He considered. After all, he must make allowance; so he said: "Come back tomorrow with evidence that you are entitled to the bill, and you shall have it." He released Senor Poritol.

The little man had recovered his composure. He went back to the table and took up his hat and cane, re-folding the handkerchief and slipping it into his pocket. Once more he was the Latin fop. He approached Orme, and his manner was deprecatory.

"My most abject apologies for attacking you, sir. I was beside myself. But if you will only permit me I will bring up my friend, who is waiting below. He will, as you say, vouch for me."

"Who is he?"

"A very, very distinguished man."

Orme pondered. The adventure was opening up, and he felt inclined to see it through. Bring him," he said shortly.

When Senor Poritol had disappeared Orme telephoned to the clerk. "Send me up a porter," he ordered, "and have him stand just outside my door, with orders to enter if he hears any disturbance." He waited at the door till the porter appeared, then told him to remain in a certain place until he was needed, or until the visitors left.

Senor Poritol remained downstairs for several minutes. Evidently he was explaining the situation to his friend. But after a time Orme heard the clang of the elevator door, and in response to the knock that quickly followed, he opened his own door. At the side of his former visitor stood a dapper foreigner. He wore a long frock coat and carried a glossy hat, and his eyes were framed by large gold spectacles.

"This is the Senor Alcatrante," explained Senor Poritol.

The newcomer bowed with suave dignity.

"Senor Alcatrante? The name is familiar," said Orme, smiling.

Poritol assumed an air. "He is the minister from my country to these United States."

Orme understood. This was the wary South American diplomat whose name had lately been so prominent in the Washington dispatches. What was he doing in Chicago?

"I am glad to meet you," said Orme. Alcatrante smiled, displaying a prominent row of uneven teeth.

"My young friend, Poritol," he began, "tells me that you have in your possession the record of a secret belonging to me. What that secret is, is immaterial to you and me, I take it. He is an honorable young man—excitable, perhaps, but well-meaning. I would suggest that you give him the five-dollar bill he desires, accepting from him another in exchange. Or, if you still doubt him, permit me to offer you a bill from my own pocket." He drew out a fat wallet.

The situation appeared to be simplified. And yet Orme was dubious. There was mischief in the bill; so much he felt sure of. Alcatrante's reputation was that of a fox, and as for Poritol, he was, to say the least, a person of uncertain qualities. Orme could not but admire the subtle manner in which Alcatrante sought delicately to limit his doubts to the mere possibility that Poritol was trying to pass spurious money. He decided not to settle the question at this moment.

"This seems to be rather a mixed-up affair, Senor Alcatrante," he said. "There is much more in it than appears. Call on me tomorrow morning and you shall have my decision."

BANNISTER MERWIN

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Alcatrante and Poritol looked at each other. The minister spoke:

"Will you engage not to give the bill to anyone else in the interval?"

"I will promise that," said Orme. "It is only fair. Yes, I will keep the bill until tomorrow morning."

"One other suggestion," continued Alcatrante. "You may not be willing to give up the bill, but is there any reason why you should refuse to let Senor Poritol copy the writing that is on it?"

"Only my determination to think the whole matter over before I do anything at all," Orme replied.

"But the bill came into your hands by chance," insisted the minister. "The information means nothing to you, though obviously it means a great deal to my young friend, here. May I ask what right you have to deny this request?"

"What right," Orme's eyes narrowed. "My right is that I have the bill and the information, and I intend to understand the situation better before I give the information to anyone else."

"But you recognized Senor Poritol's handwriting on the bill," exclaimed the minister.

"On the face of it, yes. He did not write the abbreviations on the back."

"Abbreviations!" exclaimed Poritol. "Please let the matter rest till morning," said Orme stubbornly. "I have told you just what I would do."

Poritol opened his mouth to speak, but Alcatrante silenced him with a frown. "Your word is sufficient, Mr. Orme," he said. "We will call tomorrow morning. Is ten o'clock too early?"

"Not at all," said Orme. "Doubtless I shall be able to satisfy you. I merely wish to think it over."

With a formal bow, Alcatrante turned to the door and departed, Poritol following.

Orme strolled back to his window and stood idly watching the lights of the vessels on the lake. But his mind was not on the unfolded view before him. He was puzzling over this mystery in which he had so suddenly become a factor. Unquestionably the five-dollar bill held the key to some serious problem.

Surely Alcatrante had not come merely as the friend of Poritol, for the difference in the station of the two South Americans was marked. Poritol was a cheap character—useful, no doubt, in certain kinds of work, but vulgar and unconvincing.

Alcatrante, on the other hand, was a name to make statesmen knit their brows. A smooth trouble-maker, he had set Europe by the ears in the matter of unsettled South American loans, dexterously appealing to the much-overworked Monroe doctrine.

At a corner not far from the entrance to Lincoln park Poritol and Alcatrante became so apparently excited that they stood, chattering volubly for several minutes. The shadow stopped altogether. He folded his arms and looted out over the lake like any casual wanderer, but now and then he turned his head toward the others. He seemed to be indifferent to what they were saying, though he was near enough to them to catch fragments of their conversation, if he so desired. The South Americans were probably talking in that dialect of Portuguese which their nation has developed.

Meantime Orme also stopped, taking up a position like that of the shadow. He saw Poritol, with outstretched, questioning hands, his eyes fixed on the face of Alcatrante, who seemed to be delivering his orders. The flashing reflections of light from the minister's spectacles indicated his authoritative nods of the head.

After a time Alcatrante evidently completed his instructions. He removed his hat and bowed formally. Little Poritol echoed the salute and, turning, shot off down a side street with ridiculously rapid movements of his short legs.

When the South Americans separated, the shadow quickly came to life. He hesitated for an instant, as if in doubt which of the two to follow, then decided in favor of Alcatrante, who was moving in leisurely fashion toward the park entrance, his head bowed in thought. Orme found himself wondering what snaky plots were winding through that dark mind.

The procession of three silently entered the park. The shadow was about a hundred feet behind Alcatrante. Orme kept the same distance between himself and the shadow.

The minister was in no hurry. Indifferent to his surroundings he made his way, with no apparent interest in the paths he took. At last he turned into a dark stretch and for the moment was lost to sight in the night.

Suddenly the shadow darted forward. Orme hurried his own pace, and in a moment he heard the sounds of a short, sharp struggle—a scuffling of feet in the gravel, a heavy fall. There was no outcry.

Orme broke into a run. At a point where the path was darkest he checked himself for an instant. A little distance ahead a man lay flat on the ground, and bending over him was a short, stocky figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the office the clerk stopped him. "A man called to see you a few minutes ago, Mr. Orme. When I told him that you were engaged with two visitors he went away."

"Did he leave his name?" asked Orme.

"No, sir. He was a Japanese."

Orme nodded and went on out to the street. What could a Japanese want of him?

CHAPTER III.

The Shadows.

Orme walked north along the Lake Shore drive. As best he could, he pieced together the curious adventures of the day. The mystery of the five-dollar bill and the extreme anxiety of Poritol seemed to be complicated by the appearance of the Japanese at the Pere Marquette. Orme sought the simplest explanation. He knew that mysterious happenings frequently become clear when one definitely tries to fit them into the natural routine of every-day life. The Japanese, he mused, was probably some valet out of a job. But how could he have learned Orme's name. Possibly he had not known it; the clerk might have given it to him. The incident hardly seemed worth second thought, but he found himself persistently turning to one surmise after another concerning the Japanese. For Orme was convinced that he stood on the edge of a significant situation.

Suddenly he took notice of a figure a short distance ahead of him. This man—apparently very short and stocky—was also going northward, but he was moving along in an erratic manner. At one moment he would hurry his steps, at the next he would almost stop. Evidently he was regulating his pace with a purpose.

Orme let his eyes travel still farther ahead. He observed two men actively conversing. From time to time their discussion became so animated that they halted for a moment and faced each other, gesticulating rapidly. Every time they halted, the single figure nearer to Orme slowed down his own pace.

The oblivious couple came under a street lamp and again turned toward each other. Their profiles were distinct. Orme had already suspected their identity, for both had high hats and carried canes, and one of them was in a sack suit, while the other wore a frock coat. And now the profiles verified the surmise. There was no mistaking the long, tip-tilted nose of the shorter man and the glinting spectacles of the other. The two were Poritol and Alcatrante.

But who was the man trailing them? A friendly guard? Or a menacing enemy? Orme decided to shadow the shadow.



Bending Over Him Was a Short, Stocky Figure.

every time his country was threatened by a French or German or British blockade. But his mind was of a small caliber. He could hold his own not only at his own game of international chess, but in the cultured discussion of polite topics. Orme knew of him as a clever after-dinner speaker, a man who could, when he so desired, please greatly by his personal charm.

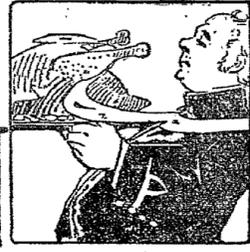
No, Alcatrante was no friend of Poritol's; nor was it likely that, as protector of the interests of his countrymen, he would go so far as to accompany them on their errands unless much was at stake. Perhaps Poritol was Alcatrante's tool and had bungled some important commission. It occurred to Orme that the secret of the bill might be connected with the negotiation of a big business concession in Alcatrante's country. "S. R. Evans" might be trying to get control of rubber forests or mines—in the Urinaba mountains, perhaps, after all.

In any event, he felt positive that the secret of the bill did not rightfully belong to Poritol. If the bill had been in his possession, he should have been able to copy the abbreviated message. Indeed, the lies that he told were all against the notion of placing any confidence in him. The two South Americans were altogether too eager.

Orme decided to go for a walk. He could think better in the open air. He took up his hat and cane and descended the elevator.



The BIRD of the SEASON



by Frank Finn

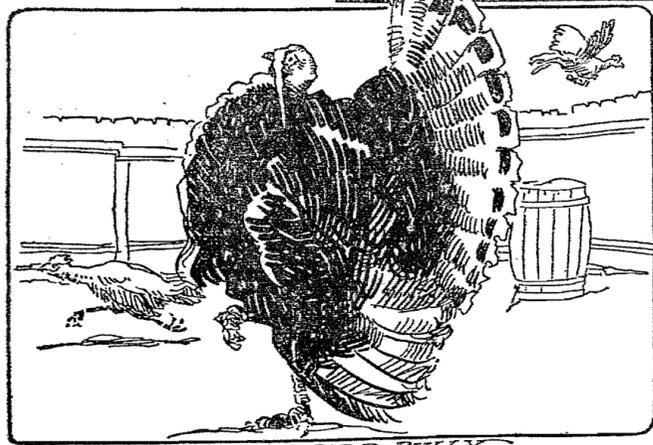
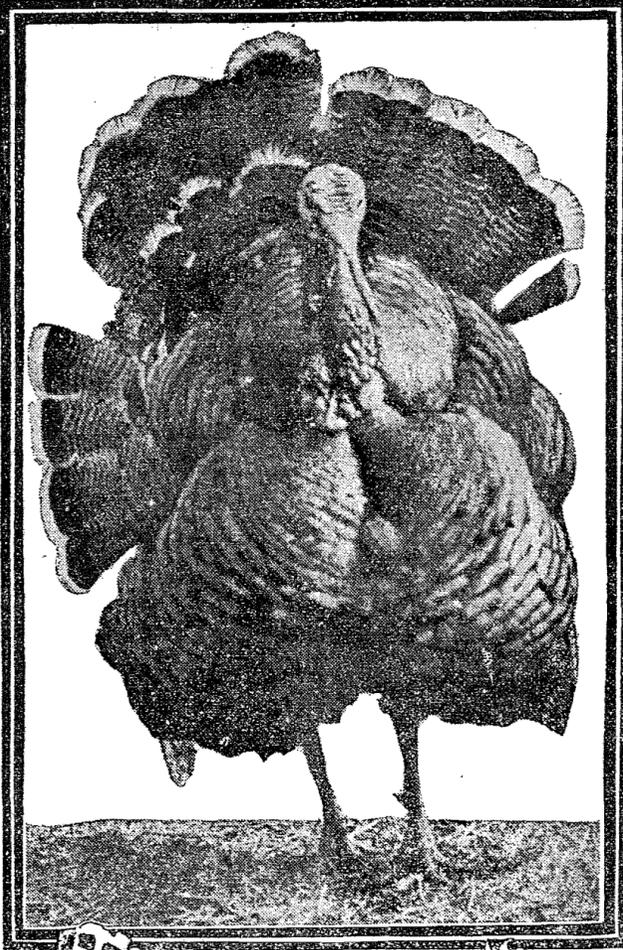
THANKSGIVING without the turkey is almost unthinkable. For this great bird, which has become inseparably associated with the season of Thanksgiving, is peculiarly an American bird and as much an American institution as Thanksgiving day itself. Within the reach of poor and rich alike, the great national bird is the principal feature of the feasting

which is an important part of the festivities of the day.

The fact is, of course, that turkeys don't come from Turkey, and were unknown before the discovery of America, in the north of which continent the wild turkey still roams in unrestrained freedom, though not, alas, in undiminished numbers.

When the enterprising Spaniards began to explore the resources of the new world that Columbus had opened out for them, they found that the natives had tamed a big bird, which they regarded as a sort of peacock; and it was not long after the discovery of America that the new bird made his appearance in European poultry yards.

Great must have been the disgust of the original occupants of these when the invader appeared. For one thing he was much bigger than any of them, and could look down on them in the most literal sense. He was also fully aware of the importance of his expensive personality and lost no time in impressing it on all and sundry. The peacock, who had reigned supreme both as an artist in posing and as a table delicacy—the Romans used to talk of having "ham and peacock" as we would speak of ham and turkey—found himself confronted with a rival who made up for inferiority of plumage by displaying with much greater energy and frequency what he had got, and by a



THE FARMYARD BULLY

play of expression which nothing in the animal world can equal.

It is all very well to talk of the wonderful mobility of the human countenance, sensitive to every change in the emotions of the soul; it is nothing to the turkey cock's. See him elongate his nose till it comes down to his chest, and observe the number of double chins he can produce to add to his importance if he wishes to impose on a presumptuous rooster or to impress a fair young turkey pullet.

Then, as to blushing, there was no debutante ever floated on the social sea who could blush as our gobble can; his complexion plays through all shades between livid blue and ghastly white to a lively scarlet, and, taken in connection with the changes in his features, makes him a quick-change artist of the first order, before whom the chameleon collapses ashamed.

If anybody wants to practise drawing portraits, let them get hold of a turkey gobble for a sitter, and if they can succeed in getting his features properly fixed on canvas I will undertake they will find anyone else's easy in comparison.

But it is not only in the display of his charms that the turkey proclaims his advantage over the world of our feathered dependents; his stentorian gobbling arrests the attention of all.

The said gobbling, by the way, has given rise to the only bit of folk-lore about the turkey that I know of. Being an American, he is too modern to have legends associated with him as a rule; but Indian Mohammedans profess to hear in the turkey's voice a blasphemous mockery of their brief creed as spoken in Arabic. Hence, when a turkey has to be killed in India, the native takes a cruel pleasure in executing it by cutting out its impious tongue; and so widely spread is the belief, that a little native boy, a retainer of an animal dealer in Calcutta, replied to me, when I asked him—just by way of trying his knowledge—the name of an American curassow bird that was in the yard. "That is a turkey, sahib, but it does not repeat the creed!"

What with strutting and gobbling himself, and with proving congenial to the gobbling process as conducted by human beings, the turkey fairly bounced the poultry world in general, and actually ousted the goose, the most ancient member of the poultry association and the savior of Rome, from popular estimation as a holiday dish. The turkey is a good type of the product of his native continent in more ways than one, and some Americans, impressed by the fact that the nation's emblem, the white-headed eagle, is not only a "bird of freedom," but a freebooter, robbing the respectable fishhawk of his catch, and generally playing the needy sharper, have claimed

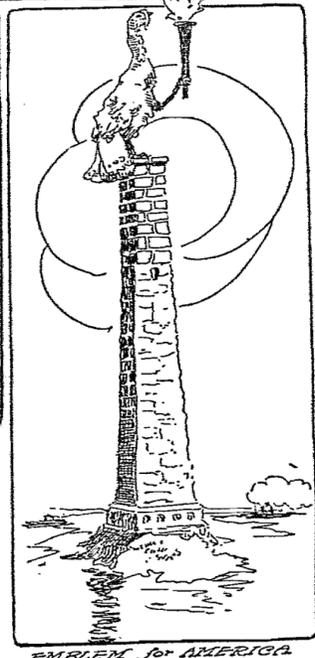
that the turkey would better represent the United States, and he certainly better suits the ideals of an eminently practical people.

Go-ahead as he is in his methods, however, the turkey gets "scored off" now and then. A century or so ago, when geese and turkeys used in the absence of present-day facilities for transport to be driven long distances on the roads, a couple of noble sportsmen laid a wager as to the speed of turkeys and geese over a course which it would take a matter of days to traverse. Each nobleman was provided with a little flock of four of the fowls of his fancy, and of course betting was high in favor of the turkeys. And at first they seemed to justify their backers, for they soon stalked away from their waddling rivals and left them far behind. So things went on all day, but as dusk came on the aristocratic turkey herd found his charges becoming passive resistors, and displaying an incurable desire to go to roost—no amount of coaxing would propel them farther. Meanwhile the despised geese, with whom night and day were not of any very great importance, waddled sedately past, and ultimately won the race with plenty to spare. It was pretty nearly the old tale of the hare and tortoise over again, in fact.

I have known the farmyard bully pretty well bested on two occasions myself—tragically so, in fact. One of the most valued possessions of the Calcutta animal dealer I have mentioned was a fawn-colored European-bred turkey, whose color much commended it in his eyes, since turkeys of this hue seem not to be found in India. This privileged fowl used to circulate about his master's chair, strutting and gobbling; and though he often resented the entrance of natives into the compound he respected Europeans, a piece of discrimination one does not expect in a being of such limited intelligence as a turkey. Another inmate of the menagerie was a young cassowary, and he wrought the turkey's downfall; for, coming into the compound one day, I missed the ginger-hued gobble, and asked what had become of him.

"Ah, my poor turkey!" said the dealer; "he gave cheek to the cassowary, and the cassowary kicked him and burst his bag!" It sounded as if the impudent bird had been collapsed like a toy balloon, but I did not inquire into details.

The dealer, however, consoled himself with a pair of local turkeys or the ordinary dark color, and the gobble was beginning to take the place of his deceased predecessor in the economy of the



EMBLEM OF AMERICA

menagerie, when he also met his end from a far different adversary. This was a gamecock of some Indian breed, the most blackguardly looking fowl I have ever set eyes upon, with beetling eyebrows, a bulldog type of beak and pillar-like legs, his athletic proportions set off by very tight-fitting plumage. However, he was only a fowl, thought the two turkeys, and with Oriental indifference to the rules of fair play they both set out to tackle him together. The gamecock acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his breed, and bowled them over with one blow apiece. Perhaps his natural magnanimity—for chancier is seldom anything but a gentleman—made him lenient with the hen; at any rate, she was only "knocked silly." But he gave her husband a fair knock-out blow; gripping his wattle with the bulldog bill, he brought the columnar shanks down on the bulky adversary's neck with such force that, when I saw the defeated bully he was sitting in a state of paralytic collapse, and not long after ingloriously expired.

Such is the part the turkey plays as a tame bird—a pretentious and pushing person who occasionally collapses ignominiously. Nor are his aspect and career as a wild bird different, for he is one of the few creatures which have altered very little in domestication; and though he may be regarded as the premier bird of America, and gains a certain amount of dignity and consideration thereby, there is a comic element in his performances and misfortunes which robs him of the dignity of the feathered nobles of the older world. The blackguardly tendencies which, seen in domestication, have caused some people to suggest that he is called a turkey because he behaves like the proverbial unspeakable Turk, are in full swing in his wild ancestor, who is altogether born in sin. His wife, or wives—for he is an inveterate polygamist, even in his primitive condition—have to keep their infant poults out of his way, or he will crack their little heads for them; and when he conquers and slays a rival gobble, he tramples him when he is down and done for. His courtship is every bit as absurd in the wilds as it is in the farmyard, and ancient turkey dowagers emulate his absurdities in strutting to win his regard, though the pullets maintain a proper modesty of demeanor. Moreover, the wily hunter brings about his downfall in ways which make him look undignified—no other bird is lured to his end in such queerly discreditable ways.

One is to call him up within shot by imitating the voice of her he loves for the time being. On a small pipe, often made of a turkey's own drumstick bone, the sportsman imitates what he ungallantly calls the "yelp" of the hen turkey, and the infatuated gobble, lured by the soft invitation, is often decoyed within range. To his credit be it said, however, he displays a fine ear, and if he detects anything suspiciously insincere in the accents of the concealed charmer, it will be a clever impersonator who gets him to answer another matrimonial advertisement for that season at all events.

Another plan is the turkey trap, which is a pen made of logs and entered by a trench, across which there is a bridge just inside the entrance. A train of corn leads the turkeys into this, and when they are inside and have eaten up all the corn, it never occurs to them to stoop under the bridge beneath which they passed in, but they continue to wander round and round till the trapper comes and gathers them in—a proceeding which does not argue any great amount of intelligence on their part.

One can even get a turkey by hunting him with a dog, circumstances being favorable. The said circumstances are the fact of the turkey's being a little way off from their woodland retreat, feeding out on the prairie, and one's dog being a greyhound; moreover, one's horse should know how to go. The turkey, even when wild, is not a long-distance flier, but he has not sense enough to remember this when he finds his foes between him and the wood, and tries to fly straight away from the pursuing hound instead of turning about overhead and coming back to cover. After about a mile he has had enough of flying and takes to his legs, only to find that his four-legged opponent is close behind, and he must perforce take to the air again. But this time his flight is not for so long a distance, and he is ignominiously "run into," a victim of misplaced confidence in himself as an aeroplane.

Let us be thankful that we have got the turkey as he is, with all his comic extravagances, and that in one respect, at all events, he can challenge comparison with many worthier people: his last appearance is always creditable, and no one can deny that he cuts up well!

Cause for Thankfulness.

Thanksgiving day is the one day in the year when the nation turns to heaven in thanks for its preservation. The life of the nation is the principal consideration; not only its life, but its health, and its preservation in that condition in which it was established by the fathers of the country. Men can thank God for their own accumulations or supplicate him to lighten their burdens, but that is not the purpose of a national thanksgiving. The nation itself, the political structure which was framed and handed down—it is the preservation of this for which the people are to be thankful

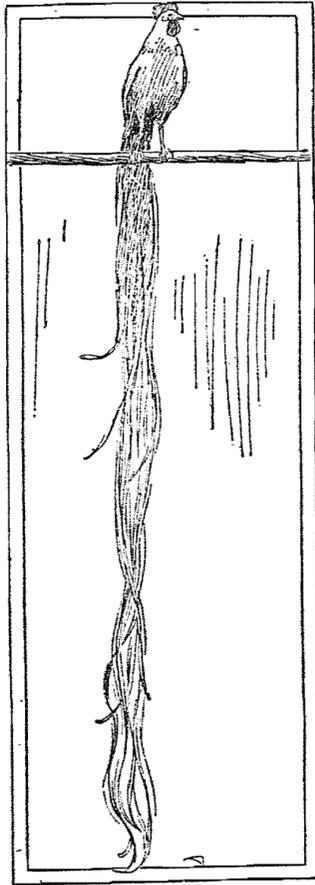
QUEER JAP ROOSTER

Breed Which Has Tail Over Twelve Feet Long.

Barnyard Marvels Prove What Scientific Selection Can Do—Birds Result of Century's Evolution and Careful Breeding.

Tokyo, Japan.—The long tailed cocks of Japan are striking proof of what selection, scientifically carried out, can do. It has taken a century to evolve these remarkable birds with abnormal tails from the ordinary farm yard cock and hen. The cocks hail from Shinowara, a village near Kochi, in the Isle of Shikoku. Some of them are white; others are of different colors. The feathers forming the tail, which number from fifteen to twenty-four, measure from seven and a half to more than twelve feet long. Their roots, it need scarcely be said, are very much stronger than those of the tail feathers of an ordinary cock. The feathers, growing on either side of the body and hanging over the tail, reach to a length of three and a quarter feet.

That the long tail may not be damaged, and may have ample opportunity to grow, each bird is kept in a high, narrow cage, lighted at the top only, as, if the bottom were lighted, the bird would stay there, and so, in all probability, damage its much prized tail feathers. The bird remains on its perch all day long, and is allowed outside its cage only once in two days, when it walks for half an hour, a man holding its tail from the dirt during its promenade. Once or twice a month it is washed in warm water, and dried by being exposed to



The Long-Tailed Cock.

the sun and air on some elevated spot, such as the roof of a house. It is fed on rice, the husk of which is retained, and on cabbage, and has an exceptional amount of water to drink.

When it is necessary to transport a bird it is placed in a long, narrow box, akin to that in which the Japanese are wont to roll their pictures. The tail feathers are bent as little as possible and find a place in a special compartment in the box. The hens of this breed in no sense rival the cocks in beauty of plumage, but they are fine birds nevertheless. They lay about thirty eggs each year, but are deemed too aristocratic to sit; this work is performed for them by hens whose mission in life is less exalted.

Where Country Girls Make Good.

New York.—The frivolous girl doesn't stand a show when it comes to working in a telephone office. "Though there was a time," says an official of a New York company, "when telephone girls, whether they merited it or not, were not classed with the serious, hard workers of the community. Rather they were a synonym of trifling, unbusiness-like behavior. That day is past.

"Today recruits to the service must have not only a fair education, considerable intelligence and a wide-awake, alert manner, but they must show a first-class aptitude for attending strictly to business in business hours.

"The country girl is bound to make good as a general thing. She is dead-ly in earnest, her manners are good and what she may lack in alertness at first is more than offset by her dogged perseverance.

"There are New York girls who conceive the idea of taking up telephone work who make a splendid impression at first by their intelligence and alertness, but who haven't perseverance enough to go through the school, nor patience enough to master the complexities of the work."

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Filial Affection Lost Sight of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympic was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited, his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

"Go it, 'Lympic," he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for yer. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, 'Lympic."

When his parent neatly "grassed" one of the opposing forwards, the youngster expressed approval by bawling, "Good fer yer, owd 'em," adding proudly to the spectators, "Feyther 'ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get killed before the game's finished."

"I don't care a carrot if he does," said the boy.—London Tit-Bits.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

About all a school teacher gets out of her great education is that after she becomes old, she knows more to find fault about than other people.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamline's Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't earn a living in real life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures whooping cough, croup, colic.

The man who deceives himself is an easy mark for others.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

Take None but the Best and that will be **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters** every time. This is the opinion of the thousands who have taken it during the past 57 years. It is a real leader as a tonic, stomach remedy and appetizer. Try a bottle today. It is for **Poor Appetite, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds, Grippe and Malaria, Fever and Ague.** Always insist on



Escalloped Eggplant. Here is the southern recipe for escalloped eggplant: Boil with jacket on twenty minutes, remove jacket, put in chopping bowl with one small onion and chop; add one-half cup of milk, piece of butter size of an egg, one egg, salt and pepper to taste; put in baking dish, layer of bread crumbs and layer of eggplant, until dish is full. Let the bread be the last layer. Bake thirty minutes.

Sour Cream Pie. One cupful of chopped apple, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of sour cream, one-half cupful of sour milk, one-quarter teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Peel apples and chop with raisins. Mix all together and bake in pie with cover.

Chestnut Salad. Made from the large Italian chestnuts. These are blanched and peeled and cooked until tender in boiling water, slightly salted. They are then taken out and carefully dried, when they are sliced and tossed into a little mayonnaise and stirred on lettuce hearts.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

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

E. L. PLATZ, Editor and Publisher.
Telephone 315.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

**OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.**

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display ads.....25c an inch
Want ads.....1 cent a word
Reading notices.....10c a line

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....John S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondesson
City Treasurer.....George Stier
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....J. W. Green
City Marshal.....John McGregor

Councilmen.
Robert Craig.....C. J. Kierle
J. H. Price.....J. K. Lowry
Charles Allen.....

Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

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

SCHOOL BOARD.
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the
month at the school building. Chairman
R. A. Golding.....Secretary
W. B. Parks.....Treasurer

TRADE UNION COUNCIL
OMAHA, NEB.

Florence, Nebr., Friday, Nov. 18, 1910.

Brain Storms

Isn't it about time to begin talking
about that sewer Florence needs so
bad?

It has been rumored that with the
approach of winter the commercial
club is liable to resume life. It's only
a rumor, however.

Yes, if you telephone the news to
Florence 315 before Thursday morn-
ing it will appear in the Tribune.

That county road fund ought to in-
crease considerably by the inheri-
tance tax from the estates of the sev-
eral rich people who have died lately.

The canvassing board on election
opened the machine at Florence Tues-
day and found the machine to tally
with the returns of the election of-
ficials, which speaks well for the of-
ficials.

The Poultry show will be held at
the Auditorium in Omaha December
12 to 17 and it is safe to say Florence
will grab off some of the premiums
there just as it did at the Council
Bluffs Corn and Fruit show this
week.

That Florence can raise as good
corn as any place on earth is demon-
strated by William Lonergan pulling
down a prize at the National Corn
show this week and the corn sent the
Tribune by H. S. Raymond an ac-
count of which is on the first page.

That mail order house that declar-
ed a 33 per cent. dividend made more
profit than any merchant in Florence
did the past year. If they declare a
33 per cent. dividend and local
merchants a 15 per cent. dividend
who pays the difference? Why the
poor deluded people who patronize
them in the hopes of getting things
cheaper.

Among the bills before the council
Friday was one for \$1.00 for killing
and burying a wolf. The bill was
turned down because the city dads
couldn't see why they should pay for
the killing of a wolf. By the way,
where did the wolf come from?

Don't you think it worth \$1.00 a
year to have a local paper to boost
for the town?

**President Waters on the Chicago
Stock Show.**

President H. J. Waters of the Kan-
sas Agricultural College, on a recent
occasion expressed himself as fol-
lows:

"The International Live Stock Ex-
position, which will this year be held
from November 26th to December
3rd, is the court of last resort in all
matters pertaining to the improve-
ment of live stock. It is the place
where all controversies regarding su-
perior merit are settled for the year,
and as such contributes more to live
stock improvement than any other
single agency in America. As an ob-
ject lesson it is unequalled on the con-
tinent. As a means of awakening in-
terest in improved live stock, it and
similar shows are indispensable. It
is a liberal education in live stock
production for any farmer, breeder or
student to attend the International."

**A Christmas Present That Means
Something.**

There is one especially good thing
about a Christmas present of The
Youth's Companion. It shows that
the giver thought enough of you to
give you something worth while.

It is easy to choose something

costing a great deal more which is
absolutely useless, but to choose a
present costing only \$1.75 that will
provide a long year's entertainment,
and the uplifting companionship of
the wise and great, is another matter.

There is one present, however, which
does just that—The Youth's Com-
panion.

If you want to know whether it is
appropriate or welcome, just visit the
home of some Companion subscriber
on Companion day.

Do not choose any Christmas present
until you have examined The
Companion. We will send you free
sample copies and the beautiful Pros-
pectus for 1911, telling something of
how The Companion has recently
been enlarged and improved.

The one to whom you give the sub-
scription will receive free all the
numbers of 1910 issued after the
money is received; also The Com-
panion's Art Calendar for 1911, litho-
graphed in twelve colors and gold.
These will be sent to reach the sub-
scriber Christmas morning, if desired.

You, too, as giver of the subscrip-
tion, will receive a copy of the calen-
dar. The Youth's Companion, 144
Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New
Subscriptions Received at this of-
fice.

Out of the Ginger Jar.

A good rule for every farmer is the
two-foot rule.

Those who are on pleasure bent,
May soon lack funds to pay the
rent.

With horses as with married folks,
it is desirable that when hitched they
stay hitched.

Some there may be who are unable
to come back, but it is not the San
Jose loss.

Our friends are like our clothes—
unless they wear well we get little
satisfaction out of them.

If a team of horses pull together
they are sure to accomplish some-
thing; and the same is true of men.

We put hobbles on a horse to keep
him at home, but the hobble skirt is
not intended for any such purpose.

Too often instead of being sorry for
our misdeeds we are merely ashamed
that we have been found out.

Did you ever stop to wonder what
a lot of mischief you might get into
if you didn't have to work so hard for
a living?

Farmers believe so thoroughly in
the gospel of work that they even
work their butter; and, like all else,
it is the better for being worked.

A writer complains of the tendency
of seed to run out, and sometimes
wives are heard complaining of a
like tendency on the part of their
husbands.

Not every man who is "charming"
and a "good fellow" abroad is a mod-
el husband at home. Many a hat-
tipping gallant compels his wife to split
the kindling.

Wisecracks advise us that there is
always room at the top, and the aver-
age man when he comes to fifty is apt
to find that there is room at the top
for more hair than he has.

One of the greatest accomplish-
ments is to be a good listener. By
letting the other man do all the talk-
ing we acquire a reputation for wis-
dom far above that we may gain in
any other way.

One of our contemporaries writes
instructively of "the dawn of agricul-
ture." In this latitude the dawn of
agriculture occurs about 3.30 a. m. in
the summer and at 5 a. m. in the win-
ter.—From November Farm Journal.

**Answers
To Correspondents**

Under this head we will guarantee to
answer any question that may be
asked us. If you don't believe it
send us a question.

S. P.—I have made a bet that the
quotation, "The Lord tempers the
wind to the shorn lamb" cannot be
found in the Bible but was written by
some author. Do I lose or win. An-
swer—You win; the quotation was
written by Laurence Sterne, the fam-
ous novelist.

Will you please tell us what your
favorite song is? You see we are
aware that all baldheaded men like
to sing and as we have heard a great
deal about your voice we would like
to know your favorite song thereby
forming an idea of your singing at-
tainments. Answer—Thanks. Here
is my favorite song which can be
heard once, because they always
throw me out before I can repeat.

In my trans-Balkan home upon the
Zmiehogmipqzvworski,
With my brother Dimetriiiskor-
brneovitch I used to play;
And our cousin Petrolanztrsym from
Djargamoguvmszowski
Off would come to visit us and
spend the day.
Ah, those happy, sunny hours of our
childhood!
How I weep to think that they will
come no more;
For in ruins lies the home within the
wildwood,
Far away upon the Zmiehogmi-
ptqzvworski shore.

Chorus.
Oh, the moon is shining brightly up-
on the Zmiehogmipqzvworski,
Where the catfish browns on the
new mown hay;
Through the szczyzomores the candle
lights are gleaming.
On the banks of the Zmiehogmipq-
zvworski far away.

Church Notes Presbyterian

A very pleasant evening was that
which the people that attended the
C. E. social at Thompson's last Fri-
day evening enjoyed. We played sev-
eral games, among them the "bar-
yard game", and then after choosing
a partner by the size of her feet we
sat around the fire places and toasted
weiner wursts and marshmallows. To
end up the evening right we sang a
few good old songs. May we have
many more such evenings.

Mr. Amos occupied the pulpit Sab-
bath morning. He was pastor here
last year and greatly enjoyed meeting
the people again.

The ladies aid met at the home of
Mrs. Babbit on Thursday afternoon.
Mite boxes were the order of the
day. A pleasant afternoon was spent.

Mr. Anderson played a violin solo
for us sabbath evening. We hope that
he will soon be able to help with the
music when we sing.

Miss Sidner led the Christian En-
deavor. The meeting was very inter-
esting and helpful. There was a good
attendance and many took part.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Miller of Mace-
donia, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
Miller of South Omaha were out of
town folks at church sabbath morn-
ing. After church the pastor went
home to dinner with them, that is to
South Omaha, which is plenty far
enough for one to get a good appetite
for a good dinner.

The sabbath subjects will be, morn-
ing, "Thanksgiving in Living"; even-
ing, "A great Question."

Remember the mid-week prayer
meeting and Bible study. We need
your help and we can help you if you
will come.

Mrs. Paul Haskell is very much
improved in health. She will soon be
able to be out and around again.

Sabbath school reached 90 again.
Why not boost it up to over a hun-
dred?

We are glad to see Mrs. Omstead
back with her class.

Mrs. Yoder's new class is growing
to be quite a big class.

Mr. Hoil of the North church was
with us sabbath morning and made
an announcement in regard to the
coming visit of Mr. Magara of the
home board.

Ponca News

Mr. Bob Smith was home on a visit
one day last week.

Miss Hildur Erickson has been at
the hospital for the past few days.
She has typhoid fever.

Mr. Chris Kollie has been husking
corn for Pete Kaer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ore were visiting A.
Albachs, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dinkins cele-
brated their china wedding last Sun-
day. They received many beautiful
and costly presents as everybody for
miles around was there, also a good
many of their friends from Omaha.
We all wish them a half dozen more
such lengths of life.

Does it pay to stir up the "good
roads" proposition? Well, go over
some of those roads that have been
neglected for the past 23 years. Both
Washington and Douglas counties are
spending much time and money on
the roads this year.

Several of the patrons on route 2
have told the carrier that they will
give him a thanksgiving present if he
will come after it. Well you see he is
a little bashful but he will not be par-
ticular, he will accept anything from
a fine fat chicken to a 500-lb. hog and
from a bushel of oats to a load of

corn. If you have a couple of ducks
or geese you're fattening and cannot
make up your mind which to give
him, give him both then you can rest
with an easy conscience. Remember
he is coming with a hayrack and two
teams and expects to get so much
that he will have to go again.

Miss Carrie Kollie was home Sun-
day.

Mr. Jim Bena was knocked uncon-
scious by a falling board Tuesday but
is some better at present.

Idle Chatter

Mrs. Armstrong, of Omaha, was
the guest of Mrs. J. L. Houston Sun-
day.

Mrs. J. B. Brislin and Mrs. Harry
Brislin were the guests of Mrs. F. B.
Reynolds Friday afternoon.

Mr. Lee, of Kentucky, was the guest
of Mr. and Mrs. John Bondesson Sun-
day.

Bank of Florence
(The Old Bank)

Deposits, Aug. 25, '10 - \$81,853.26
Deposits, Nov. 10, '10 - \$100,000.28

A gain of more than 22 1/2
per cent in 2 1/2 months—
which speaks well for our
town and country.

YOUR DOLLAR

Will come back to you if you spend it at
home. It is gone forever if you send it to
the Mail-Order House. A glance through
our advertising columns will give you an
idea where it will buy the most.

ORDINANCE No. 282.

Introduced November 11, 1910, by
Councilman J. H. Price.

AN ORDINANCE requiring the Omaha
& Council Bluffs Street Railway
company to pave with concrete or
vitrified brick block between its
tracks and rails and one foot be-
yond its outer rails on a part of
Main street south of Briggs street
in the City of Florence.

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

Section 1. That the Omaha & Council
Bluffs Street Railway Company be
and it is hereby required, on or be-
fore January 1, 1911, to pave between
its tracks and rails and to one foot
beyond its outer rails, that part of
Main street in the City of Florence
from the south side of Briggs street
south to the point where the concrete
pavement now extends on the east
side of said Main street, and that said
street railway company so adjust its
tracks there so that the tracks will
be on a level with the pavement on
both sides of said part of said Main
street.

Said paving to be done by the said
Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Rail-
way Company to consist of either
concrete paving or vitrified brick
block paving.

Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take
effect and be in force from and after
its passage.

Passed and approved this 11th day
of November, 1910.

Attest, F. S. TUCKER,
JOHN BONDESSON, Mayor.

City Clerk.
N. 18-25.

Notice of Probate of Will.
In the County Court of Douglas County,
Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of S. A.
Goodell, Deceased.

All persons interested in said estate are
hereby notified that a petition has been
filed in said Court, praying for the pro-
bate of a certain instrument now on file
in said Court, purporting to be the last
will and testament of said deceased, and
that a hearing will be had on said peti-
tion before said Court on the 10th day
of December, 1910, and that if they fail
to appear at said Court on the 10th day
of December, 1910, at 9 o'clock A. M., to
contest the probate of said will, the Court
may allow and probate said will and
grant administration of said estate to
some suitable person and proceed to a
settlement thereof.

CHARLES LESLIE, County Judge.
N-15-25-R-2-31

D. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.

NOTICE.
In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska.

Provident Real Estate Company, Plain-
tiff, vs. Albert Bacon, et al., Defend-
ants.

To Albert Bacon, Charles F. Collins, Han-
nah Robert, Charles E. Nason, Bridget
Mahon, John M. Burns, defendants,
and the unknown heirs and devisees of
the above named defendants, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Wil-
liam W. Thompson, deceased.

You are hereby notified that on the
15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the Plain-
tiff filed in the District Court of Douglas
County, State of Nebraska, a petition
against you, Doc. 111, No. 332, the object
and prayer of which petition is to ob-
tain a judgment and decree that the
Plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee
simple of the title to Lots Thirteen and
Fourteen (13-14) in Block One (1) in
Thornton Place, Lot Twelve (12) in
Block Sixteen (16) Omaha View, Lot
Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn Park,
Lot Twelve (12) in Block Twenty (20)
West Side, Lot Twenty-three (23) in
Block Four (4) Shriver Place, and Lot
Seventy-four (74) in Block Three (3) in
Pruyn Park, all being additions to the
City of Omaha, and all being in Douglas
County, Nebraska.

That you, Albert Bacon, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Albert Bacon,
have no title to or interest in Lots Thir-
teen (13) and Fourteen (14) in Block
One (1) in Thornton Place, an addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, Clara F. Collins, Charles J.
Roberts and Hannah Roberts, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Clara F.
Collins, Charles J. Roberts and Hannah
Roberts, have no title to or interest in
Lot Twelve (12) in Block Sixteen (16),
Omaha View, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Charles E. Nason, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Charles
E. Nason, have no title to or interest in
Lot Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn
Park, an Addition to the City of Omaha,
all above described property being
located in Douglas County, Nebraska.

That the title of the Plaintiff in and
to said Real Estate be forever quieted in
and that the Plaintiff have such further
and other relief in the premises as it may
be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

Provident Real Estate Company, Plaintiff.

By D. C. Patterson, its attorney.
Dated this 15th day of October, A. D.
1910.

D. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.

NOTICE.
In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska.

John Gerlach, Plaintiff, vs. Honora Sul-
livan, et al., Defendants.

To Honora Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Kate
Corrigan, Margaret Callahan, Nellie
Luffie, Mary Sullivan, Daniel Sullivan,
Patrick Sullivan, John Sullivan, Defend-
ants, and the unknown heirs and
devisees of said defendants in the above
entitled action.

You are hereby notified that on the 15th
day of October, A. D. 1910, the plaintiff
filed in the District Court of Douglas
County, State of Nebraska, a petition
against you, Doc. 111, No. 334, the object
and prayer of which petition is to obtain
a judgment and decree that the plaintiff
is the owner and seized in fee simple of
the title to Lot Four (4) and the East Sixty-
three (63) feet of the South Twenty-six (26)
feet of Lot Four (4) and the East Sixty-
three (63) feet of Lot Five (5), all in Block
Three (3) in Boyd's Addition to the City of
Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded,
in Douglas County, Nebraska.

And that you have no title to or interest
in said property.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

John Gerlach, Plaintiff.

Dated this 15th day of October, A. D.
1910.

NOTICE.
In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska.

D. C. Patterson, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs.
Catherine Walsh, et al., Defendants.

To Catherine Walsh, R. C. Finney, first
real name unknown, Rufus B. Clark,
Kay Bridge, Johannes J. Jessen,
Edward A. Creedon, Martha A.
Gregg, Hugh H. Baxter, Mary E. Burke,
Henry W. Penock, R. J. Ferguson, first
real name unknown, Lauretta
Begg, Henry J. Farmer, Belle M. Baker,
Jennie Graves, Annie Brown, A. Q.
Hitchcock, first name unknown, John
V. Dilliance, John Hourihan and
William P. Spaford, defendants, in the
above action, and the unknown heirs
and devisees of the above named de-
fendants.

You are hereby notified that on the
15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the
Plaintiff filed in the District Court of
Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a
petition against you, Doc. 111, No. 331,
the object and prayer of which petition
is to obtain a judgment and decree that
the Plaintiff is the owner and seized in
fee simple of the title to Lot Seven (7)
in Block Four (4), Central Park, Lot
Three (3) in Block Three (3), Collier
Place, Lots Seven (7) and Eight (8) in
Block Two (2), Comer Sub, Lots Two
(2) and Three (3) in Block One (1),
Dwight and Lyman's Addition, Lot
Twelve (12) in Block Four (4) in Fayette
Park, Lots Twelve (12) and Thirteen (13)
in Block Three (3), Wm. Hagedorn's Ad-
dition, Lot Four (4) in Block Ten (10),
Hitchcock's 1st Addition, Lot Twenty (20)
in Block Seven (7) in Omaha View, Lot
Fourteen (14) in Block Three (3),
Lakeview, Lot One (1) in Block Seven
(7), Patterson Park, Lot Twenty
(20) in Block Eight (8) in Shriver Place, Lot
Fifteen (15) in Block One (1), Ambler
Place, Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Six (6),
Ambler Place, Lot Nineteen (19) in Block
Two (2), Ambler Place, Lot Fifteen (15)
Baker's Addition, Lot Fourteen (14)
in Block Two (2), West Side Third Ad-
dition, Lot Five (5) in Block Seven (7)
in Block One (1), Lot Five (5) in Block
Eight (8), Ambler Place, Lot Eight (8)
in Block Nine (9), Ambler Place, all be-
ing additions to the City of Omaha, and
all being in Douglas County, State of
Nebraska.

That you Catherine Walsh and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Catherine
Walsh have no title to or interest in Lot
Seven (7) in Block Four (4) in Central
Park, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, R. C. Finney, first real name
unknown, have no title to or interest in
Lot Three (3) in Block Three (3) in Col-
lier Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, W. L. Abbott, first real name
unknown, and the unknown heirs and de-
visees of W. L. Abbott, first real name
unknown, have no title to or interest in
Lots Seven (7) and Eight (8) in Block
Two (2) in Comer Sub, an Addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, Rufus B. Clark and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Rufus B.
Clark, have no title to or interest in Lots
Two (2) and Three (3) in Block One (1)
in Dwight and Lyman's Addition to the
City of Omaha, and Lot Twelve (12) in
Block Four (4) in Fayette Park, an Ad-
dition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Kay Bridge, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Kay Bridge,
have no title to or interest in Lots
Twelve (12) and Thirteen (13) in Block
Three (3), Wm. Hagedorn's Addition, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Johannes J. Jessen, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Johannes
J. Jessen, have no title to or interest in
Lot Four (4) in Block Ten (10), in Hit-
chcock's First Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Victor G. Langtry, have no
title to or interest in Lot Eighteen (18)
in Block One Hundred Two (102) in
Florence.

That you, C. D. Brown, first real name
unknown, and the unknown heirs and de-
visees of C. D. Brown, first real name
unknown, have no title to or interest in
Lot Five (5) in Block Seven (7) and
Block Fourteen (14) (except roads) in
Central Park, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Frederick G. Leisenring and
James M. Swetnam have no interest in
or title to Lots One (1) and Two (2) in
Block One (1), First Addition to Central
Park, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Thomas M. Hodgman and
the unknown heirs and devisees of Tho-
mas M. Hodgman, have no title to or in-
terest in Lot Eleven (11) in Block One
(1), First Addition to Central Park, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Hollis E. Hogle and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Hollis E.
Hogle, have no title to or interest in
Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First
Addition to Central Park, an Addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, M. Shaw, first real name
unknown, and the unknown heirs and
devisees of M. Shaw, first real name
unknown, have no interest in or title to
Lots Five (5) and Six (6) in Block Two
(2), First Addition to Central Park, Lots
Five (5) and Twelve (12) in Block Two
(2), First Addition to Central Park, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Chester A. Franklin, and
the widow of George F. Franklin, de-
ceased, have no title to or interest in
Lots Four (4) and Five (5) in Block Two
(2) in Koster's Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Lucy P. Darrow and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Lucy P.
Darrow, have no title to or interest in
Lot Seven (7) in Block Sixteen (16) in
Myers, Richard & Tilden's Addition, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Hattie A. Allen, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Hattie A.
Allen, have no title to or interest in Lot
Ten (10) in Block Three (3) in McCor-
mick's 2nd Addition, an Addition to the
City of Omaha.

That you, Victor G. Langtry, have no
title to or interest in Lot Eighteen (18)
in Block One Hundred Two (102) in
Florence.

That you, C. D. Brown, first real name

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PHONE FLORENCE 303

FALSE PRIDE
By CLARISSA MACKIE

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voice, hesitating. "Does Miss Eleanor Birdsey live here?"

"No," said Eleanor quickly.

There was silence for a moment and then, as if reluctantly, the machine slowly chugged past the house.

Eleanor sank down into a crumpled heap on the grass with both hands on her tumultuous breast.

"I'm glad I did it!" she cried fiercely. "He would have despised us—we are poor farmers. I wish I had never gone to Mountaintop!"

There was the sound of a distant crash, followed by shouts of men.

Eleanor sprang to her feet with sudden apprehension. Something dreadful had happened—she had sent Treadwell on a fool's errand to that other Henry Birdsey in the village, and she had not warned him that the men were cutting trees on the wood lot that bordered the road. She had lied to him, and now something had happened—something that she would remember the rest of her life and regret.

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the fact that it's Fall and high time you were filling your coal cellar. This is no time to take chances on the weather so let us have the order today to

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520-521 Paxton Block Omaha

Eleanor Birdsey's week at the gay mountain resort had come to an end. Every instant from her happy arrival as the guest of her cousins—the Forbes—had been filled with pleasure; there was a painful delight in the rush to the distant station in the motor car filled with merry girls in dainty attire because Jack Treadwell was thundering along in another car close behind.

At the station everybody talked at once, and it was not until the very last moment that Jack Treadwell found an opportunity to speak to Eleanor.

"I shall motor back to town later on. If I journey through Rosedale, may I stop and see you, Miss Birdsey?"

Eleanor's brown eyes sought his in sudden trepidation. "The roads are dreadful—we are quite in the backwoods," she faltered.

Jack's face lengthened. "You discourage me," he said quietly. "Perhaps we may meet this winter."

"I am going home to Rosedale and I shall probably remain there. Good-bye, Mr. Treadwell," holding out her hand, "and thank you for those delightful drives in the Whirlwind." She leaned over and touched the shining car with a gloved finger.

Then the rest of them crowded around her once more and Eleanor withdrew her hand from Treadwell's close grasp and made for the waiting train.

When the last good-bye had been said and her face had nodded a smiling farewell from the window, the station melted from view as the train gathered headway down the steep grade.

Eleanor looked wistfully at the articles in her lap; each friend had contributed something to the pleasure of her journey.

She was very glad that she had not encouraged Jack Treadwell to come to Rosedale. The fashionable set to which he seemed to belong by right of birth or wealth was far above the quiet round of her simple country life from which the kindness of her cousins had afforded her a brief escape. She knew that Treadwell was an artist and some one had said that he was rich. In the hurried round of pleasure there had been little time for personal talk. A poor little country girl had nothing in common with these pleasure-seekers now. Once more Eleanor assured herself that she was glad she had told Treadwell the roads about Rosedale were bad.

Because she was glad, the tears came into her eyes and her throat tightened. Then the tears were winked angrily back and she opened a magazine.

When the lights of Rosedale pricked out of the deepening twilight that night the past week seemed to drop away. Uncle Henry tramped across the platform to meet her.

"Hello, Eleanor! I guess Aunt Hester'll be glad to see you; little May has got the measles. You'll find plenty to do."

Indeed the present was crowded with work and the brief past was blotted out. Once in a while Eleanor paused in the round of some tiresome duty with her head poised in a listening attitude, her heart beating suffocatingly.

The distant sound of an automobile horn momentarily growing louder—the z-z-z-zipping rush past the farm house—and the dying blast of the horn sinking into silence.

Then the ordinary noises of everyday life drowned the tumult in Eleanor's breast and she would resume her tasks bravely.

Sometimes she wondered what Jack Treadwell would have thought if he could have seen the plain, old-fashioned farmhouse with its clustering, weather-beaten outbuildings all set in the midst of giant locust trees and flowering shrubs. It was very different from the handsome country residences he visited.

One August day Eleanor was hanging clothes to dry in the sunny side yard. Martha Forbes, Aunt Hester's maid-of-all-work had caught the measles from little May and in high dudgeon had taken to her bed. In a community where help was scarce there was no alternative except to take hold and do Martha's work. This Eleanor did with all the strength she could put forth.

Today she was tired and depressed and feeling very much out of it all as she pinned the garments on the line. Inside the pink sunbonnet her dark eyes shone wistfully as she heard the approach of a motor car. She turned her back to the road and pinned a sheet with exacting care.

The machine approached, slowed down and stopped outside the fence Eleanor stood transfixed, the sleeves rolled back from her round arms.

"Is this Mr. Henry Birdsey's place?" asked a familiar voice—a voice which Eleanor would never forget. Her heart leaped; then she thought of the shabby old house, in mad disorder now, of the world to which Jack Treadwell belonged, and decided.

"Is this Mr. Birdsey's place?" repeated Treadwell.
Eleanor did not turn her head. "No," she said in a strange hollow voice. "It is next to the church."
"Thank you," came Treadwell's

Fear—and something else—lent wings to her feet. Out of the gate and down the road with beating heart she sped intent on one object—finding Jack Treadwell and telling him before he died—of her wickedness.

The road wound sinuously. Eleanor flew around a curve straight into somebody's open arms. She drew back with a glad little cry that was unmistakable and clung to Treadwell's outstretched hand, forgetful of her despised working attire.

"Oh, you are safe—I thought a tree must have fallen upon you," she cried; "I heard the noise—and I thought it was you."

Mr. Treadwell's face cleared wonderfully; he looked keenly at Eleanor's gown with its rolled-up sleeves and the becoming sunbonnet falling back from her bronze hair. He held closely to Eleanor's hand in spite of her efforts to release it.

"The tree fell before my machine reached the spot. It fell across the road and would have crushed me if I had kept on. As it was, I had stopped the machine this side of the curve and was debating whether I would go back again and look at the other side of that pink sunbonnet. I wanted to ask you why you sent me on."

Eleanor flushed rosily. "You knew me?" she faltered.

"Of course—I knew your hands and that telltale ring on your little finger; I recognized you in a dozen ways that your voice could not hide. Tell me, Eleanor—Miss Birdsey. I suppose it must be—I was evident you did not want to see me and yet—you are glad to see me now?"

Eleanor lifted a face changing with several emotions. "I have a confession to make," she said with proud humility. "My visit to Mountaintop was an event. It was my first taste of that sort of pleasure and it was charming of Grace Forbes to invite me. But after it was over I was ashamed to think of this old farmhouse. I did not want you to come—for that reason."

"For that reason alone?" asked Treadwell, gravely.

She nodded. "So when I recognized your voice today, I told you a falsehood and sent you on—but I apologize for my rudeness."

"You must not do that. I am sure you had a perfect right to deny yourself to me if you wished, but I rather liked you hanging up the clothes, Miss Birdsey. Let us sit down on this rock—tell me all about it."

He listened with interest to her simple story of the farm life.

When she had finished he spoke of himself. "I was born and brought up on a farm like this; everybody's dead now. I'm an artist, you know, and I'm rather poor. I have enough to live happily on and have a little fun now and then, but I'm not up to the pace of the crowd you met at Mountaintop."

Eleanor was smiling happily. Aunt Hester's voice broke the little silence that followed Treadwell's words.

"Eleanor!" she called. "Eleanor!" "I must go—and finish hanging up the clothes."

"May I come around after supper and take you out in the Whirlwind?" he asked quickly.

"I'd love to go."
"And may I stay at the village inn for a few weeks?"

There was the long-drawn silence of a midsummer day; the buzzing of a bee, the distant chirp of a bird. Then Aunt Hester's voice across the intervening space:

"Eleanor!"
"Eleanor," repeated Treadwell softly. "May I stay?"

"Yes," she said, evading his glance. "I hope you will."

Chicago's "Half Widows."

Out west a woman has applied for a divorce because she is tired of being "half a widow." She complains that her husband works nights and comes home and goes to sleep at 7 o'clock in the morning. He sleeps nearly all day and then gets up and goes back to work.

Thousands of Chicago's "half widows" can sympathize with the troubles of this discouraged wife. Many of the city's night workers are compelled to live so far from their place of employment that they have practically no enjoyment of their home life. The long trip back and forth consumes all the leisure that remains between periods of work and sleep.

No one can blame the woman who finds that married life under these circumstances is not all sweetness and light. That so many of them endure it uncomplainingly is a testimonial of the unselfishness of the sex—Chicago Journal.

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E. L. PLATZ
Editor and Publisher of the
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Tel. Flor. 315 Florence, Neb.

John Henry Hunts a Flat

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Clara J. and I had cut short our honeymoon, tearing we might be bitten by my old pals who had developed phnyphobia.

Behind closed doors at "mother's" we sat on the slopes of Arcadia and gave our fool friends the laugh by the absent treatment process.

Clara J. went through the newspaper ads. looking for apartments, and at the end of the week she had picked 219 winners.

One bright day, mother, Clara J., Tacks, and I sauntered forth for the purposing of finding a janitor tame enough to live in the same house with. "A sweet little nest of our own," was the way Clara J. put it, but mentally I put the foot to that nest and pushed it out of the tree.

A nest, forsooth! Not if I saw it first. I had a friend once who built a nest in a Harlem flat, and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So me for a dug-out with a yale lock on the front gate—always!

The first palace we entered bore up bravely under the name of "Heliotrope hall."

I suppose they had sprinkled that name over it so as to counteract the effects of the stiff fight a soap factory was putting up four blocks away.

"Heliotrope hall" was all right, but it wouldn't do. The janitor showed us through a collection of horse stalls on the third floor, and when I asked him if he knew any place around there large enough to hold a table and two chairs he blew out his cylinder head.

The janitor told us there were only three dark rooms, and when I told him that three was too many for us and not quite enough for a photographer I thought he'd bite me.

In the meantime Tacks was out in the hall cutting his initials on the dining-room door with a penknife.

Tacks always manages to leave a wide, white wake behind him as he sails through life.

Our next guess was a high bundle of stone tied up with strings of white windows and called "The Daisyora."

Wouldn't that name make your pulse beat faster?

I've often wondered how apartment houses and Pullman cars manage to

The gas meter had ball-bearing axles and was guaranteed to exceed the speed limit set by law.

The dumbwaiter was so lazy that every time it went to work it let out a yell of mortal agony, and the floors were sound-proof against everything but noise.

The outlook provided a superb view of an uncompleted excavation, with blasting from eight to nine, explosions from 12 to two, and malaria at all hours.

However, Clara J. took a violent fancy to the cage, and in order to show her that her love was reciprocated the janitor pinched my gloves.

This particular janitor was Charles the Real. Oh, but maybe he wasn't the lad with the loud lingo!

As soon as we butted-in he picked mamma out as a steady listener, and he led her through a field of prose where the large, fat words grew in rich profusion.

When a child I fancy he must have pushed a pocket dictionary under his scalp, for he had the largest collection of homeless language I ever listened to.

"You will notice, mem," he chatted on, "that the builder was very essential in obtaining large rooms so that the tenants might confirm to their own comfort. Yes, mem; they's stationary washtubs in the kitchen; and you will notice, mem, that the wainscoting in the dining-hall is percolated so as to inflict itself necessarily upon the harmony of the decorations you may select. Yes, mem, it is all open plumbing."

Clara J. took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs, pointing out to me the objects of interest along the route.

"This room," she said, stepping into a niche in the wall, "we'll fix up for your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel, but not for me," I said. "Why, there's scarcely room to growl in a den like this."

"Nonsense, John!" she laughed. "There's plenty, plenty room."

"That's because it hasn't been papered," I explained, and then we moved on to the next stand.

"Oh, what a cute little dining-room!" she exclaimed rapturously.

I thought he meant me, so I apologized for picking holes in the floor with my thumb.

"Your apology is untakeable," he answered. "Since you have decided to acquire the apartment that is the necessary essential."

"What makes you think we've decided to take it?" inquired Clara J.

"The little boy who is with you; the janitor said gravely. "By some mysterious concern he secured my hatchet, and for fifteen minutes past he has been chopping down the wood-work in the butler's pantry, which is at times fatal to the building. But, of course, since you decide to take the apartment the damage is immaterial only to those who are essential by living there."

"Go," I said, "and tell that boy we've rented the apartment, but we're



Tacks Always Manages to Leave a Wide, White Wake Behind Him.

not going to take it away in a basket."

Tacks, with his little hatchet, had found a home for us.

(Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

FRANKLIN'S CLOTHES STORY

is Brought Out Again for Airing and It is Urged That Our Diplomats Should Follow Example.

Every now and then when a laudable effort is made to dress our diplomatic corps in something more befitting their dignity on ceremonial occasions than the funeral spiketail or waiter costume in which they are now garbed, a cry is raised by some of our representatives in congress that such a change is undesirable, and the old story of the way Franklin appeared at the court of Louis XVI. of France is brought out again for an airing, and it is urged that our diplomats should follow his example.

Franklin, it will be remembered, appeared among other foreign ambassadors and the uniformed generals and admirals at court in a plain suit, such as he was accustomed to travel in. The French, ever eager for novelty, hailed the innovation with momentary enthusiasm and supposed it was the costume of an ambassador from a poor and struggling nation.

As a matter of fact, Franklin had no intention of wearing the suit in which he appeared, and until he found out its effect, he probably had an uncomfortable time of it, for he was a man with an acute sense of the fitness of things. Some time before he had ordered a handsome court suit and expected to make as fine an appearance as any other foreign ambassador, but the tailor from whom he had ordered the suit did not get it finished in time and Franklin had to go in the only suit he had ready.

He continued to wear it after his court suit was done, as he saw he had made an unintentional "hit." When he was in England, he wore a handsome court dress of velvet, embroidered with gold.—The Christian Herald.

A Big Maine Eagle.

Mrs. Andrew Harriman of Bucksport, a few days ago killed an eagle with an ax in her poultry house, and her quick action undoubtedly prevented her receiving severe injuries in an encounter with the bird. The persistent barking of the dog drew her attention to the hen house, and on looking within she saw a large bird causing a strange commotion among the hens. Thinking the bird to be a hawk, she grabbed an ax from a nearby woodpile and, strengthened by excitement and fear for the safety of her hens, she dealt the big bird a blow which killed it at once. She was greatly astonished to find that she had, unaided, killed an enormous golden eagle. The eagle had bitten the head off one of the hens and his talons had done other damage. The eagle measured seven feet from tip to tip of its powerful wings, and from his feathered legs talons two and one-half inches long protruded.—Kennebec Journal.

Right in the Solar Plexus.

Mrs. Uppson—Pardon me, but where did you get the design for your servants' livery?

Mrs. Newgelt—Oh, our ancestors used it.

Mrs. Uppson—Indeed! And by whom were they employed?

Physical Conditions.

"Is your board going to stand for this state of things?"

"My dear sir, our board is not going to stand for anything, unless we have had a sitting."

A LOVABLE WOMAN

Queen Amelie of Portugal Most Unfairly Treated.

Woman of Many Sorrows and Tragedies Who Devoted Herself to the People—Charities Were Her Only Extravagance.

Lisbon.—Perhaps there is not in all Europe today a more pathetic figure than Queen Amelie. Brave she has proved herself to be often, but there is something about the calm intrepid spirit with which she has faced this latest trouble, which calls forth the deep sympathy of womankind the world over.

After having had her husband and her eldest son slain by her side, in the most shocking fashion, nearly three years ago, and her own remaining boy wounded, she has now been compelled to submit to the loss of her son's throne (that was also her own), and has been driven with him to seek refuge abroad—leaving all their belongings, all their personal treasures, in the hands of the revolutionists.

Born in England at Turkinham on the banks of the Thames—her father, the late Comte de Paris, being banished at the time from France—Amelie will doubtless add one more to that Parisian group of throneless royalties who furnished the inspiration of one of Alphonse Daudet's famous novels.

What Amelie Fears.

Perhaps Queen Amelie's greatest grief in connection with the recent tragic events will be the shattered future of her only remaining son. For all hopes for the future are practically at an end for a monarch who has been deposed by his people. Another source of profound sorrow will be the fact that she will be barred henceforth from that Church of St. Vincent at Lisbon where her murdered husband and eldest son sleep their last sleep.

She will be in doubt, indeed, whether the remains of those so dear to her



Queen Amelie.

will not be subjected to some such frightful indignities as those which characterized the last revolutionary outbreak in Barcelona, when the mob having sacked the convents and monasteries, tore the dead monks and nuns from their tombs, paraded them about the city, either whole or piecemeal, exposed them to every sort of outrage, and ended by setting them up in grotesque positions at the ruined entrances of the sacred buildings from which they had been taken.

Ever since Amelie's husband and eldest son were assassinated she had lived in utter terror lest her only remaining son, Manuel II., should share their fate. For herself, her own safety and welfare, she cared little. Those who know Amelie realize that when a cruel death claimed her husband on that terrible afternoon in February, 1900, her heart was quite broken, and the only interest left for her in life lay in her son, Manuel. The domestic life of King Carlos and Amelie was utterly unclouded and the queen was the happiest of wives and mothers.

Tried to Help the People.

Amelie has been obliged to submit to seeing the instigators of the murder of King Carlos and the crown prince not only unpunished, but even occupying positions of influence and rank. Indeed, she was brought face to face with them almost daily and had to remain silent for the sake of the young king.

She was debarred from rewarding those who had endeavored to defend her husband on the day of his assassination and could not open a Portuguese paper without finding its columns filled with calumnies of her dead husband, which she was powerless to officially or publicly deny.

Since Amelie, then a slender young woman renowned for her exquisite beauty, came to Portugal a little over 24 years ago, she has done nothing but good. Out of her own personal fortune she has had built and endowed homes for crippled children, orphan asylums, homes for the blind and public dispensaries.

Marie Amelie is possessed of a sufficiently large fortune of her own to have rendered her wholly independent of the Portuguese treasury. Her own extravagances consisted of her many charities, and that from her own purse she returned to the Portuguese government money which it was asserted had been advanced to her husband, the late king, but which he did not in reality owe, it will be realized that Portugal has driven from her soil a wise, good and energetic princess, who spent her entire married life in working for the welfare of her people—a woman toward whom they should be filled with feelings of gratitude.

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Taking His Meals Out.

"And do you take your meals out?" asks the village probe, who is garnering information from the former resident who is home from the city for a few days.

"Not until after I have eaten them," wearily responds the unwilling victim.—Judge.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT IT ON.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Kidney Trouble in the Civil War.

John T. Jones, Pauls Valley, Okla., says: "The hardships and exposure I endured in the Civil War and when serving as a scout under Bill Cody,

brought on my kidney trouble. I was confined to bed for days and the pain through my back and limbs was the worst I ever experienced. The kidney secretions were profuse, filled with blood and burned terribly. I became weak and debilitated. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved and it was not long before I was a well man."

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

Somewhat Indignant.

The two extra-specialists had pounced and sounded him, and felt of his pulse and tapped his frame till he could only lie in a cold perspiration of fear.

"Undoubtedly it's a case of appendicitis!" said specialist No. 1, gravely.

"Undoubtedly!" assented specialist No. 2.

"But would he be able to stand an operation?" pondered No. 1.

"Ah, would he?" echoed No. 2.

They dug him in the ribs again, and he squealed.

"Ah," remarked No. 1, "I think we ought to let him get a bit stronger before we cut into him."

"Confound your palaver!" gasped the patient, starting up. "What do you take me for—a cheese?"

Back to the Wild.

There was a time when all dogs were wild and when what we call wolves were different from other dogs only as a collie now is different from a Newfoundland, for instance. From time to time you will hear of dogs that have returned to the life of their ancestors and have run wild with the wolves of the prairie or of the woods.

In the town of Sandy in Oregon a greyhound one night made the acquaintance of a coyote, which is a kind of wolf, and ever since he has lived away from the town, running with the coyotes and approaching human dwellings places only to steal a hen or two when he has been more than usually hungry.

Build, do not knock. Is it really autumn at last? If a hen is a bird, what is a bird? Dynamiters are criminals of the lowest type. There were high fliers even before the days of airships.

In a dirigible balloon there is nowhere to go but away.

Whoever named it the "dirigible" balloon should try again.

Fly paper is not a good antidote for typhoid, but it may be a preventive.

An aviation meet is equal to an opera season for bringing a spell of bad weather.

Those customs inspectors are becoming so expert that they can actually smell jewelry.

Cholera has gone to Siberia—of its own motion. If it would only stay there in perpetual exile!

Now approaches the season when the chauffeurs of balloons will have to take their vacations.

Looking After the Eggs.

Lady Betty, who is four years old and never misses a trick, was taken the other evening to a restaurant for her supper, and with all the importance and sprightly dignity of her years calmly ordered poached eggs on toast. While the little family group was awaiting its service the "kiddie" amused herself by looking out of the window, pressing against a screen to get a closer view of something below. She was warned by her mother that the screen might give way and let her fall to the sidewalk, perhaps injuring her terribly. She drew away, thought a minute, and then said naively: "Would I fall if the screen went out?" "You certainly would," was her mother's reply. "And would I get awful hurt?" "Very likely." "Then what would the man do with the eggs?"

His Specialty.

"I hear that author friend of yours is making a fine living by his pen."

"Yes. He's stopped writing and gone to raising pigs."

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. Wood

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4, 100 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 28 1/2 bu. per acre, 25, 20 and 40 bushels of wheat per acre, as high as 120 bushels of wheat from 100 acres in Alberta fields in 1910.

60 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Silver Cup at the recent 5-acre Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, excellent soil, fine water, and the very best railroads close at hand, building lumber cheap, and the most reasonable in price, water supply, and other information, to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the Canadian Government Agent.

Write us to best place for settlement, descriptive illustrated map, and other information, to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb. (Use address nearest you.)

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sticks, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 327

"PLAIN TALKS ON FLORIDA"

By I. L. Moody, one of the State's early settlers. From these talks you will learn many important things about Florida and Florida lands—facts for you to remember when you invest. They are free—write for them. BUNNELL DEVELOPMENT CO., Bunnell, Florida

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK "African Game Trails" Needed a man in every place to sell this famous new book. It is a masterpiece of field and high commission. Take this great chance. Write for prospectus. Charles Scribner's Sons, 125 (N. E.) Fifth Ave., New York

PISO'S IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS



He Picked Mamma Out as a Steady Listener.

do business under the burden of the bitter names that are thrust upon them. Fancy a big slob of a car rolling through the country with the name "Babyetta" painted all over it!

I should think it would want to crawl in a tunnel and never come out again.

The janitor in "The Daisyora" was made up to look like a walrus.

When I told him what we were looking for he showed us two tusks and led the way to the elevator.

That fellow had the softest voice I ever heard. Every time he spoke it sounded like somebody hitting a fat squash with a paddle.

After the janitor had shown us through the cubby-hole he said that no children were allowed there.

"Why not?" I said. "It looks nearly large enough."

Then he ran the tusks out again and we quit him.

Three blocks away we anchored for a few minutes at a bungalow called "The Dulcydozza."

A colored bell-boy met us at the door and dared us to come in.

We were offered a flat on the fifth floor, but the walls were so close together I told them they'd better save it. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but never as a place to live in, unless the tenants went through life standing up.

Tacks took a knob off one of the doors as a souvenir, and we wended our weary way.

At last we found one that my wife said was a dream. I let her sleep. It was a jeweled joint with seven rooms and a landlord. There were self-folding doors and hot and cold gas in every room.

"It is cute," I said. "It looks like a mouse trap."

The dining-room was just about large enough for two people and a bottle of pepsin.

Then the janitor turned on his current again. "This, maddum, is one of the most conducive dining-rooms that has ever been dedicated for the essential comfort of the tenants. The builder disemployed much deliberation in the plan of these apartments. Yes, mem, they's an electric foot-ball under the table, which is very essential to the servants."

"I rather like the place," said Clara J.'s mother. Then, to the janitor: "Is it a pleasant neighborhood?"

"Delirious, maddum, deliriously so!" he replied. "They's a swell beer garden only three blocks away for them as likes their toddy in public, and the police station is only four blocks east. Some people finds considerable enjoyment in deliberating the cause of justice as it is dispelled in a police station; but, for my part, I preference a good brisk walk of an evening, which is always essential to an exercising standpoint."

I thought that speech would cure Clara J., but she was still in dream-land.

The place pleased her, so I made up my mind she should have it. With the exception of the janitor's vocabulary it certainly was the best cellar we had found so far, and I was game to hang up my hat there if she was.

Clara J.'s mother and I trooped into the sitting-room to discuss the situation, and I was down on the floor getting the diameter and circumference of the room with my thumb when the janitor rushed in.

"Well," he said breathlessly, "I'm glad that your discretion has resulted so pleasantly."

WOMAN TELLS STORY OF INTENSE SUFFERING

At the age of about 40 years, I was attacked with hemorrhage of the kidneys or bladder which continued for several years without a check. I finally took advantage of your generous offer and procured a sample bottle of Swamp-Root. Believing it helped me, I purchased a fifty-cent bottle, which convinced me that it was helping me. Three other bottles cured me. In two or three years, over-work brought my ailment back, but one bottle stopped it. I feel as if I owe my life to you for the great blessing Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has been to me. I recommend it to all human beings suffering as I was. You have my permission to publish this letter and if any person doubts it, I will write me, enclosing stamp, if they will give full particulars.

Yours very truly,
MRS. T. B. PHELPS,
Rocky, Ark.

Personally appeared before me this 31st day of August, 1909, Mrs. T. B. Phelps who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

L. P. PURVIS, J. P.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

A Touch of Family Life.
When the country youth proposed to the city girl, he received the conventional assurance that she would be his sister. It happened that this youth had sisters at home and knew exactly his privileges. So he kissed her. At this juncture she availed herself of the sisterly right to call out to father that brother was teasing her. Father responded in good, muscular earnest. Then the new brother-and-sister relation was dissolved by mutual consent.—Judge.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him. Wm. D. CONNOR, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Unfraternal.
"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.
"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

One of the Producers.
"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow-men," said the philanthropist, "with out thought of reward."
"I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."

Ten Beautiful Christmas Cards Free
To quickly introduce the biggest and best farm journal in the West, we make this special 30 day bargain offer. Send 10 cents for trial 3 months' subscription and we will give you free our collection of 10 very finest Gold Embossed Christmas post cards. Write to: Farm Journal, 311 Range Building, Omaha, Neb.

With the advent of the telephones the old "working nights at the office" excuse has been given a permanent vacation.
The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.
It is perhaps better to build air castles than to have no ambition at all.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM
The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.
Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

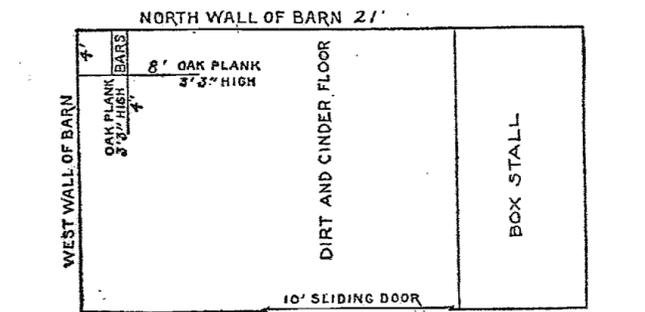
To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, headache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

MINNESOTA STALLION BARN FOR BREEDING PURPOSES

Safe Harbor of Refuge Is Provided for Boys and Timid People With Mares—Also Aids in Securing Patronage.

The following description of a Minnesota stallion barn is given by M. T. Grattan in Breeder's Gazette:
The stallion barn fronts to the south and after passing office and carriage space comes the stallion boxes with stout plank doors opening in and double doors opening out. The stallions stand with their heads out at liberty, and as they never bite mares,



A Minnesota Stallion Barn.

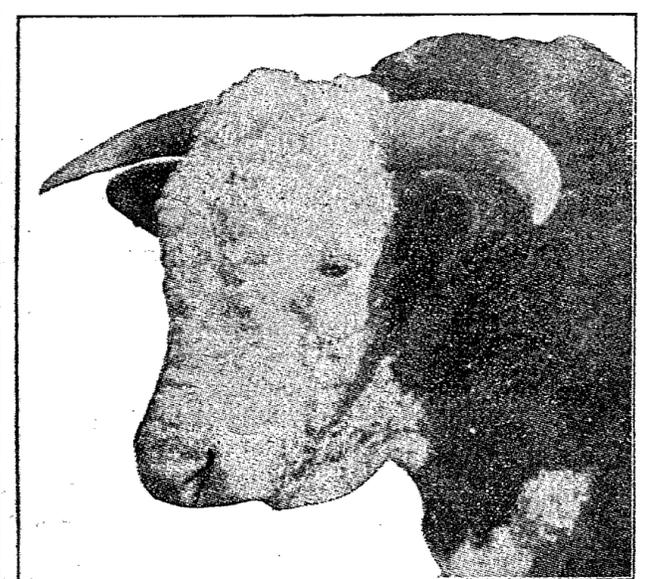
couple of holes in north side of wall to receive them. The wing affords a safe place for party with mare. The bars make a pen for foal so the mare may keep her head to it. The bars also keep the mare from being shoved ahead and cramped. The top one will be at her breast and the bottom one at her knees. These bars should be strong, say 2 inches, and work easy trying is done by leading the mare to the stallion's door. If found in season she is led to the northwest corner of the barn, off from the plank, onto a space 21x18 feet with cinder and earth floor and 14 feet to ceiling. A solid slide door 10x14 feet shuts this space off from the rest of the barn except a big box stall in which mares can be tied. For the breeding pen or chute proper the north wall of barn provides one side and the west wall of barn the end toward which the mare is led. Sink a couple of solid posts so as to have a pen 8 feet long from west wall and 4 feet wide inside. Lay sound 2 inch plank from the ground to a height of 3 feet 3 inches. Have the two posts outside of plank sawed to their height and edges smoothly rounded, as well as edges of planks at ends and on top. Sink another post from middle of pen south 4 feet. Just in front of this wing make a couple of holes to run a pair of 5 feet 6 inch gas pipe bars through and make a

ORCHARD TREE PEST KILLED

San Jose Scale Controlled by Natural Enemy in Form of Disease of Fungus Growth—Checks Its Spread.

(By C. E. SANBORN, Entomologist, Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station.)
During the last two or three years this department has been experimenting with a natural enemy of the San Jose Scale. This enemy is a disease in the nature of a fungous growth. In southern latitudes it has been used even to a commercial extent for controlling the scale, but on account of the weather conditions of this state it has been supposed that such a disease would either fail to propagate itself during the summer or be entirely too delicate to withstand the low winter temperature. Careful experimentation, however, has proved the disease is very hardy and capable of propagation to a very beneficial extent in our infested orchards.
Oftentimes diseases of a serious nature are introduced and scattered by insects and other agencies in general. This disease, however, is not capable of doing any damage to anything except the San Jose Scale and allied forms. Its use in orchards, groves, and public parks, as shown by our experiments, will be of a very great advantage in checking the local spread of the San Jose Scale.
It is of the same nature as the

HEREFORD OF APPROVED TYPE



The Hereford shown in the illustration has the true beef form, straight back, good under line, well filled quarters and compact barrel. Cattle of this build are money-makers for their owners.

MADE HIS APOLOGY AMPLE

Irish Legislator Even Withdrew the Words That He Was About to Utter.

There is in congress a western representative of Celtic origin who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.

On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly.

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding with his gavel. Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"I obey the ruling of the house, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"
That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole house by storm.—Lippincott's.

HER LITTLE JOKE.



Mr. Tellit Wright—Just then a squall came up and our boat sail was torn to ribbons.
Miss Kidder—Ah! I see—a remnant sail.

PUTS STOMACHS IN ORDER.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Dyspepsia Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

There should not be a case of indigestion, dyspepsia or gastritis here if readers are subject to Stomach trouble know the tremendous anti-ferment and digestive virtue contained in Diapepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the sorest, acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming all foul, nauseous odors from the breath.
If your stomach is sour and full of gas, or your food doesn't digest, and your meal don't seem to fit, why not get a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any druggist here in town, and make life worth living. Absolute relief from Stomach misery and perfect digestion of anything you eat is sure to follow five minutes after, and besides, one fifty-cent case is sufficient to cure a whole family of such trouble.
Surely, a harmless, inexpensive preparation like Pape's Diapepsin, which will always either at daytime or during night, relieve your sick, sour, gassy, upset stomach and digest your meals, is about as handy and valuable a thing as you could have in the house.

Easy Marks.
"Talk about yore easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geehaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teown chaps."

"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squash-neck.
"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddin' artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed ef th' chumps didn't buy fer th' real thing, by grass!"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Douglas* in Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

In the Grand Stand.
Stella—Do you understand baseball?
Bella—Perfectly; but why does that man run so hard with nobody after him?

Beautiful Post Cards Free.
Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Co., 731 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

The Number.
"I hear your new auto made a good record on its trip."
"Yes; ran over in about an hour."
"How many?"

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois**

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Aikay, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



THE Famous Rayo Lamp
Once a Rayo user, always a Rayo user.
The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the Rayo Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at your, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN
Boys' Shoes, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.
W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.
Do you realize that my shoes have a v. e. been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U. S., and that DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoe you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.
You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.
CAUTION! Name and price stamped on the bottom.
Booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling shoe remedy in existence—twelve years.
If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas Shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spring St., Brockton, Mass.

Household Lubricant
THE ALL-AROUND OIL
IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER
is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can cannot break. Does not gum or become rancid.
MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)
FOR SALE BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal
Sold by Dealers Everywhere
MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)
FOR SALE BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

COLT DISTEMPER
Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all ailments curable, no matter how long they have been kept from leaving the disease, by using SPORN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give one or two doses in food. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 60c a bottle; 10c and 20c dozen. Druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturer. Cut shoes how to polish them. Our free Booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.
SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Cochen, Ind., U. S. A.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 66-page Book Free. L. M. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box 8, Washington, D.C.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results.

PATENT your invention. Free preliminary search. Booklet free. M. I. G. B. STEVENS & CO., Bldg. 1864, 833 14th St., Washington; 20 Dearborn St., Chicago.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 47-1910.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois**

Want Ad Department

The department for the people. The place to tell your wants to our army of readers and advertise anything and everything you have on your place that you do not want to keep, and your neighbor might want.

TERMS—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents without cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad with the cash. A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

STOLEN—A black pony, weight 950 pounds; one ear split, white spot in forehead, one white foot behind, spavin on right hind leg; \$25 reward. Telephone any information of same to Florence 165. (28)

WANTED—Everyone in Florence and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

Krug's famous Luxus beer by the case. Hans Peterson. (9)

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Pekin ducks, cheap. One gentle pony, \$25. J. J. Smith, phone F 3502.

IF you want to buy or sell any real estate in Florence just phone John Lubold, Florence 165

FOR RENT—A 6-room cottage cheap, in good repair. Inquire at Bank of Florence. 28*

Storz famous Blue Ribbon beer by the case. L. W. Imm. (9)

WHITE Leghorn Eggs from prize stock for hatching. Phone Florence 162 (4)

FOR RENT—5-room house and barn. Phone Florence 170.

MAN wants but little here below and he satisfies that want with a Tribune want ad. (5)

FOR RENT—4 rooms downstairs, electric lights, etc., 4th and Harrison. Mrs. McElroy. (26)

Why not let me figure on that painting and paperhanging? M. L. Endres, 24th and Ames ave. (9)

George Foster. Plastering and bricklaying. Phone Flor. 307. (11)

TRY PASCALE'S RUBBER HEELS on your shoes to ease your feet. (23)

Metz and Schlitz beer by the case. Henry Anderson. (9)

VERDA H. LYTTON—Teacher of piano. Studio Cole's Hall, Wednesday, Saturday. (26-29)

IF YOU HAVE SORE FEET have Pascoe put rubber heels on your shoes. (23)

It only costs one cent a word for an ad in this column. Why not try and sell some of those things lying around you have no use for. (18)

CITIZENS OF FLORENCE AND VICINITY—When you will hear the Wedding Bells ring, that will be a sign that Justice of the Peace Stein made a couple happy and lucky and peace will come to their home, and there stay as long as their love won't cease. Florence Office, Main street, over Siert's Drug Store. (28)

FOR SALE—West 1/2 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (5)

Old papers for sale at the postoffice newsstand. 5 cents a bundle. (18)

Subscriptions for all magazines taken at the postoffice newsstand.

One thousand people wanted to pay a year's subscription to Florence Tribune any time they can. (7)

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence (4)

All of the late magazines for sale. Also Omaha papers. Postoffice newsstand. (18)

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CONSUL TO PANGO

By GERALD PRIME

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When Adam Hazeltine came from college a full-fledged A. B. and the winner of a prize in oratory, he brought with him two well developed ambitions. One of these—perhaps the one most fondly cherished—was to make himself so essential to the future of Jessica Haight that she could not build an air castle that did not include him as an occupant.

He believed that he had already made considerable progress toward the attainment of this premier ambition, and it inspired him with a robust determination to bring about the speedy realization of the other.

That other was the inextinguishable desire to serve his country as American representative in some foreign port—to be appointed to some consulate on the long list beginning at London. This latter ambition was something he had acquired at college, where he had specialized with direct reference to a future connection with Uncle Sam's diplomatic and consular service.

From the first his scheme to interest Jessica Haight in himself and his plans worked admirably. His campaign was so well ordered that she capitulated without going to the trouble of making even the conventional show of resistance.

Although his easy victory did not come as a surprise, Adam was properly elated; it would enable him to devote his undivided attention to the promotion of his remaining aspiration. Besides, he had secured a very energetic ally in the young woman who had professed herself willing to follow him to the end of the world.

Jessica's opportunity to become active in the matter came immediately. Judge Enoch Haight, her father, was the one man in New Thebes who could, if he would, exert a powerful influence in behalf of Adam's candidacy. Although the judge held no office, it was understood in New Thebes that, despite the changes brought about by civil service reform, he was still a power in the political world, quite enough so to land a consular appointment had he thus elected.

He was not so minded. Jessica was brought to a sudden realization of the fact at her first attempt to make him a party to the pretty scheme which she and Adam had devised. She had spent a good deal of time in thinking up a diplomatic introduction to the business, but when the moment came she couldn't recall a word of it and came out blumly with a request that something handsome in the consular line be done for Mr. Hazeltine.

"Mr. Hazeltine!" he exclaimed, with amazement written all over his usually placid countenance. "What Hazeltine?"

And then it occurred to the fair promoter that there were at least three families of that name within the limits of New Thebes.

"Why, Adam, of course," she explained.

"Why of course?" he asked, with no apparent modification of his astonishment.

And now she recalled the fact that her father had been given no opportunity to become wise as to the honor which Adam proposed to confer on him. It was a trying situation, but she was a young woman of courage and far too well acquainted with her father to stand in awe of him.

"Oh, I supposed you were interested in him," she answered, with an excellent imitation of indifference, which did not deceive the judge for an instant. "You used to think him very bright, you know."

"He's outgrown it," he returned grimly.

"Very likely," she admitted placidly. "Still, he's spent years and years in preparing himself for the business, and I shouldn't think you'd like—like—"

"Like what?" he interrupted impatiently.

"Like interfering with his career," she said stoutly. Then, realizing the absurdity of her position, she laughed a little and paused to select a more vulnerable point of attack.

"I should think you would be glad to do a small thing like this—for my sake, if for no other reason," she went on.

"Jessica Haight," said her father, with the look of a man about to sentence one of his fellows to capital punishment. "I am a lawyer of average intelligence. I have never been accused of being lacking in the perceptive faculty, but if you will tell me what you are driving at I shall esteem it a personal favor."

"I do not know why I should," she returned, with her head in the air, "since you don't seem inclined to do the slightest favor."

The old man said no more, but brought his breakfast to an abrupt close and set out for his office. Even before he stepped into the street he exchanged his look of deep perplexity for one of keen and humorous appreciation. This became intensified as he covered the short distance between his house and his place of business, and by the time he reached the latter his smile was so expansive that the other half of the firm of Haight & Williams, who was the congressman from that district, looked up from his brief and demanded an accounting. The judge

told the story from beginning to end and found in his partner a sympathetic sharer in the humor of the situation.

"Your little girl's all right," he chuckled gleefully. "Hadn't you better let me get something for 'the boy?'"

"Not on your life!"

Mr. Williams was startled almost into seriousness. He tried it, but he couldn't recall another occasion on which his dignified partner had made use of such an expression.

"Why, why—" he stammered.

"Boy's all right, isn't he?"

"Couldn't be better."

"All satisfactory to you, isn't it?"

"Perfectly."

The congressman threw his cigar stub out of the window, tilted his chair against the wall at an angle that would have been precarious for one less expert and folded his arms.

"I don't know anything better," he said, dryly, "than to quote from your speech to Jessica. Here goes: 'I am a lawyer of average intelligence—'"

"Hold up!" broke in the judge. "Give me a chance to say that it's my turn to do a little trick and I want you to help me."

Whereupon he proceeded to unfold a scheme which appealed so strongly to his partner's sense of humor that he promised to co-operate in its development.

A few days later there came to Adam by mail a franked notice to the effect that he had been named as consul to Pango, and that his confirmation was a certainty. At last the coveted prize had been drawn. Pango? Where was Pango? It didn't worry him a little bit, because he couldn't place it. Pango was the entering wedge that assured his entrance into the world of diplomacy.

Being a woman, Jessica was more curious. Adam confessed that he had always been regrettably lame in geography; that, for aught he knew, Pango might be in the Antipodes, provided it was not in Michigan. Jessica scouted the idea of Michigan, but was not so certain about the Antipodes.

"Why didn't we look for it on the map?" Adam asked with a sudden inspiration.

With the big atlas of the world spread open on the library table, they began the quest of the elusive Pango. It was by no means a disagreeable task, but it proved to be fruitless. Pango eluded their combined vigilance; Pango-Pago there was; and a number of other names that might have been Pango, but weren't.

"Never mind," said Jessica, tired, but undismayed. "We'll go away."

"Perhaps your father may happen to know," suggested Adam, lamely.

"Don't ask him. Don't ask anybody. I'll manage it. Listen—let me tell you something," she said excitedly. "There isn't any Pango. Papa and Tom Williams are trying to hoax us. It's just as clear to me as daylight. Papa's been too angelic and happy for the fast few days to be natural. I've suspected something all along, and now I know it. He thinks he's got the joke on us. Adam, you must find some way to outwit Haight & Williams."

"Only one way occurs to me—let's go and find Pango without consulting anybody. How does it strike you, little girl?"

"I'll do anything to beat those rascally lawyers," she declared, her voice rather tremulous and her cheeks aflame.

Two mornings later, when the judge sat impatiently at the breakfast table and wondering how it was that his young housekeeper had not put in an appearance, a note was handed to him.

"Dearest father," it ran, "we have gone to Pango. Be sure to take good care of yourself and don't drink more than your usual two cups of coffee."

It was signed: "Your affectionate children, Adam and Jessica Hazeltine."

IN GREAT-GRANDMA'S DAY

Modern Women Would Hardly Be Able to Do What They Did in Those Times.

No, sir, they don't put the material into the construction of the modern woman that they did into the woman of great-grandma's day. She doesn't "stand up" so well, as the phrase goes. How do you think she would make out with three meals a day at an open fireplace, baking bread in a "kittle" and preparing food from the raw material for fannies in pants come in from chopping down trees and breaking up new ground mostly composed of white-oak roots? She'd have to milk and churn, and hackle flax and card wool, to spin and weave, to dye and full, to cut out and sew together every stitch her family stood in, to wash out garments down at the creek with soft-soap she made herself, without a washboard or a clothesline or a clothes-wringer; she'd starch 'em with starch she made by grating potatoes into a tub of water, and do all the ironing; she'd have to make garden, and keep the house tidy, and knit and darn socks; maybe she'd fight an Indian or two for a little change, and now and then kill a bear, and on top of that she'd nurse a new baby every year until she had 15 or 18. She'd bring these up to be good citizens, nursing them in sickness, and in health, snatching them out of the sheep-washing hole, and the soap kettle, and from under the mule's heels. Great-grandma was able and willing for all this, but how about the modern woman?—Eugene Wood in the Metropolitan Magazine.



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