

The man who whispers down a well  
About the goods he has to sell,  
Won't reap the gleaming, golden dollars  
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

# The Florence Tribune

**HOGS** Are not entirely unlike human beings. (More's the pity.)  
Those who attend strictly to business get fat.  
Moral: Advertise your own business and not that of your competitor.

## NEWS OF FERRY RESERVE

Our New Correspondent from that Thickly Settled Section of Florence Takes Her Pen in Hand and Tells the Readers the News as it Happens with a Pen as Trenchant as Lobelia, Whose Letters Were so Interesting.

Dear Editur:—Now as you have made me your correspondent from this here part of the citi I takes my pen in hand to tell you and your readers the news from this thickly settled part of Florence that has been so sadly neglected in the passed. There aint much news that I knows of except Bud has returned from Des Moines where he went to see an uncl of hisn that has some money and was sick and expected to die, but didn't, so Bud didn't get the money. Also Bud promised to bring me back a new centerpiece because the rats got in my drawers and ate the fringe all offen my centerpiece, which was his fault as he bung the rats to the house one time when he had read an artical in the papers saying as how the Chinamen ate rats and that there was millions of Chinamen in the world, and he thort he was going to make a fortune outen the sale of the rats to the Chinamen, only there was not Chinamen to sell them to, but the rats has stayed on and on and they must be Roosevelt rats for the multiply so awfully fast. All he brung back with him was an old towel that had fringe around the edges and he didn't know the difference but bought it because it was cheap, which is just like a man.

Bud got into a lot of trouble this week. You see he was a eatin his dinner when one of the men said as how the cow had got loose and was awandering around somewheres, probably eatin' up some chickens or trees and he had better go out and get it. He went out and saw a cow in a herd that he thort was hisn and he went in and separated the cow from the rest and drive it home and come back to eat his dinner when he see his cow tied down by the bars and eating grass. Well, Bud was mighty put out and I told him he ought to be nshamed to run off with others people's cows and that maybe they would have him arrested for it. Well, Bud he started to drive the cow back home when he seed the people a watching him, so he turned the cow loose and snuk home. He said he had the cow as far as the seven orks anyway, and he thought that was far enough but the bankman thort different. Bud had a awful time a-telling and explaining how as he had milked a cow for a whole year and didn't know it when he saw it a-chawing of its cud with other cows. Then one of the neighbors he lost a milkstool, and of course he said that as Bud would drive off other people's cows maybe he could explain how the lawyer lost his milk stool.

But he went out the other night to call on his girl and he had a real thrillin' experience. You see he had just sold two hogs and had some money and bein' as winter was gettin' near and he didn't have nothing to wear but his overalls, which were mighty thin in spots, he went and bought him a suit of clothes. Now he got them there clothes at a bargain because he met a man on the street as what said he had a sister was dying, and he was selling out his clothes real cheap and if Bud would buy a suit he could have it less than cost. Well, Bud he went in the store and got the clothes and they looked to be all right. Well, the night he was going to see his girl he put them on and he found they was so tight across that he couldn't a set down. As he had told his girl as how he would be up to see her he had to go and he made up his mind to make an impression on her that night, so he could have an excuse for callin' again. He made the impression, but there are small chances that he will call again very soon. You see when he got there he was afraid to hardly bough to her but he managed to get set down in a chair and they a-talking real nice and everything was going along right smooth, when the girl dropped her handkerchief on the floor, and Bud never thought nothin' of those pants of hisn bein' too tight. He just bent clear over to the floor to pick it up, but he didn't, cose those pants of hisn just naturally give one big rip right up the seat and Bud flopped back into the chair and said somethin' about it bein' awful warm. Bud he wanted to go home right away but he was afraid to get up outen the chair, so he stayed on and never showed no signs of goin', and finally her pa said as how it was gettin' late and perhaps the girl would like to retire, but Bud he was afraid to get up, so he sat there and tried to talk and think of some way to go, but he couldn't. Well, finally her father came down and asted him if he was going to stay all night, but Bud said no, but made no move to go and finally the man got

## ELECTION IS THREE WEEKS OFF

November 8 is the Day on which the Citizens Will Have a Chance to Express Their Choice.

There will be only three issues of the Tribune before the day on which citizens can cast their ballot and decided who they want in office the coming year. The Tribune has not taken an active part in the election so far and will not take very much interest later on. If the candidates want to use the columns of the Tribune to inform the voters as to why they should be elected they can do so at regular rates and it undoubtedly would be a wise move on their part to do so. The Tribune has a preference for some of the candidates which later on it will express and tell why they should be elected.

From the number and character of the candidates seeking office this fall it would be a very unwise thing to pull a straight party lever and vote for all the candidates on any ticket. The ticket should be split and the best fitted from all the tickets chosen. In this way better men can be secured to represent us.

real mad and kicked Bud out and as he went out, the old man he laughed and laughed, and the girl went look at Bud no more when he knows it, and when she is where she can see him she just giggles and giggles. SISTER.

## Ponca News

Miss Olga Beyer of Florence and Mr. George Wrasse of Bennington were married Wednesday at 3 P. M. in the German Lutheran church. Rev. Erek performed the ceremony. Miss Anna Beyer, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and Mr. Frank Marioski of Ft. Calhoun was best man.

Mr. James Bena gave a party in honor of his birthday Saturday evening. Almost all the young folks in the neighborhood and a good many of the old ones were there and report an excellent time.

The Rev. Erek left for Arlington Wednesday evening where he will join his family on a week's vacation.

Dr. Richards of Omaha has moved onto the Finley farm.

Mr. Andrew Alback and James Kolie have contracted with Mr. Ringwalt to make him a fine driveway to his summer home.

Messrs. Chas. and Earle Kelley have purchased a corn picker. This is another 20th century labor, money and time-saving device. Before long farming will be a luxury that but few can enjoy.

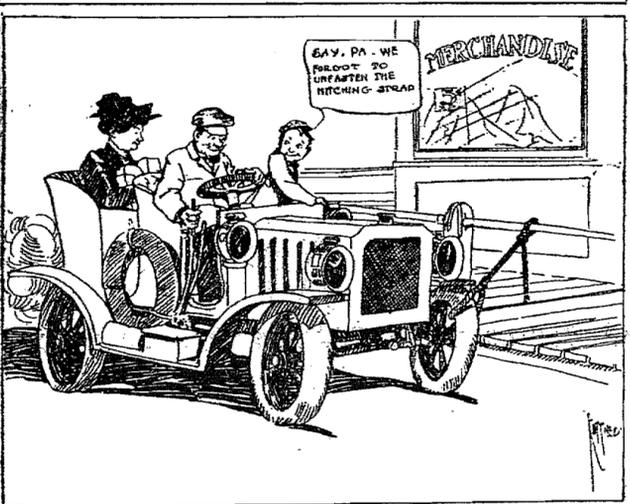
## TO THE PUBLIC OF FLORENCE.

Feeling that there is a demand for a place of amusement in your beautiful little city, and knowing the proper kind of a place would receive the support and encouragement of every resident, we take pleasure in announcing the opening of our "Photo-Play Theatre" for your kind approval. Saturday night, October 15th at 7:00 p. m. First of all, we wish to emphatically impress upon you, the fact that this theatre will be run in a thoroughly up-to-date manner and is to be the amusement place of Florence for men, women and children. Rowdiness in any form will positively not be tolerated, anything suggestive, immoral or anything that can in any way be misconstrued as vulgar to the taste of the most refined will not be shown. We will give you the very best pictures that money can buy and will always aim to present to you a pleasing, recreating and satisfying program for your money. Our pictures will be changed four times weekly, every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. A special musical program will be given every Friday night by a well known eastern artist without extra charge. We earnestly solicit your valued patronage and support. The theatre opens every evening at 7:00 p. m. Admission 10c to all. Photo Play Theatre.

The Eenerolf club held its regular dance last Friday night at Cole's New Hall, only members of the club and their guests being present. Although somewhat tired from the carnival, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and had a good time. Nelson's orchestra furnished the music. Between dances the boys furnished some nice songs; in fact, they are getting to be quite expert in that line. The club will hold its next dance Friday night, Oct. 21st.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has become famous for its cures of coughs, colds, croup and influenza. Try it when in need. It contains no harmful substance and always gives prompt relief. Sold by Geo. Siert.

## FORCE OF HABIT



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## OVER THE TEACUPS

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.

M. C. Coe left Sunday evening for a short business trip to New York.

Mrs. S. H. McCaw of Boston is the guest of Florence and Omaha friends for a few days.

W. H. Thomas expects to leave for Canada the latter part of the week to visit with relatives and friends.

B. J. Rohrbach, master mechanic of the Missouri Pacific at Kansas City, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Murry.

The Volunteer firemen met at the city hall Monday evening and transacted routine business. To fill the office of fire inspector the chief of the company was chosen. At present R. R. Goiding holds the place.

Your cough annoys you. Keep on hacking and tearing the delicate membranes of your throat if you want to be annoyed. But if you want relief, want to be cured, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The school board held a special meeting Monday evening to open bids for coal. The bids of the Florence Coal and Lumber company and the Minne-Lusa Lumber company were about the same while that of Boughman & Leach was about 60 cents a ton cheaper. There is some question over the latter bid as it was received after the others had been opened.

There will be a meeting of the Ponca Improvement club and the local club as well as interested citizens at the city hall Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bristol and family of Hay Springs were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grigg the latter part of last week.

Mrs. S. W. Gleave of Chicago, Miss Allie Houston and Mrs. F. R. Nichols were a theatre party at the Brandeis Wednesday afternoon.

The Volunteer firemen will give a big ball at Adam's hall Thanksgiving night. This is the regular annual ball and is always well attended.

It is in time of sudden mishap or accident that Chamberlain's Liniment can be relied upon to take the place of the family doctor, who cannot always be found at the moment. Then it is that Chamberlain's Liniment is never found wanting. In cases of sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises Chamberlain's Liniment takes out the soreness and drives away the pain. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. and Mrs. Newcomer of Cody, Wyo., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt this week. Mr. Newcomer brought a large consignment of sheep for the South market.

Mrs. Frank W. Ellis was pleasantly surprised at her home Wednesday by about fifteen of her friends, who enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.

We understand from good authority that one of our merchants has entered suit against several of our citizens to collect past accounts that are due him.

## BIG MEETING TUESDAY

Ponca Improvement Club Will Meet at the City Hall Tuesday Evening With Local Club and the Business Men of Florence to Talk Over the Basket Factory Proposition and the Paving and Fixing up of the River Road, and Other Matters.

Tuesday evening at the city hall. Mark it down in your notebook to be present there at the meeting of the local club and the Ponca Improvement club to talk over the things that are of interest to both the residents of this city and the farmers to the north.

Every business man in the city should be present and every farmer that is interested in having better facilities should be present, every person that has this section of the country at heart should be present for what helps one part of this section helps all.

One of the noteworthy things that the Ponca club has under consideration is the establishing of a basket factory in this city to supply the needs of the farmers. This project would be of help to the city and to the farmers and is worthy of being pushed.

The project of having the river road still further improved and paved is another project that is under consideration and should be pushed to a conclusion.

Many more projects that are of as much interest to all the people are likewise under consideration and the meeting is bound to prove helpful to all who attend and take part in it.

There is a little friendly rivalry as to which will have out the largest crowd, the Ponca Improvement club, with its hustling membership, or the residents of the city of Florence.

Don't forget. Tuesday evening at the city hall.

Deserted by his wife, a spiritualist, after she had threatened and coerced him into deeding to her all the property he had in the world; according to the allegations of his petition, Francis Hildebrand, 30 years old, of Florence, went into district court Wednesday and asked that his property be restored to him. He secured an order restraining Mrs. Hildebrand from disposing of any of the property until disposition is made of the action begun against her. Hildebrand also started an action for divorce.

The plaintiff charges that his wife, who is about 20 years his senior, is the possessor of a fiery and ungovernable temper. He says that by threats of various kinds and finally by brandishing a revolver in his face she induced him to deed her his real property, worth about \$700, and to give her a bill of sale for all his personal property, which is valued at about \$500. With the deed and the personal property she flew to Omaha eight months ago, he says, and now resides in the neighborhood of Twenty-fourth and Cuming streets.

## Idle Chatter

The pleasant purgative effect experienced by all who use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the healthy condition of the body and mind which they create, makes one feel joyful. Sold by Geo. Siert.

W. H. Thompson has been spending the week in the western part of the state on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted were guests at the Kelly-Baker wedding in Omaha Tuesday evening.

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds gave a shower in honor of Miss Florence Olmsted whose wedding to Mr. Bentley Gimes McCloud occurs in November.

Florence assumed a metropolitan air this week when parties from Kansas City opened a garage in the building owned by Dr. A. B. Adams.

J. H. Price expects to move in his new store room in about thirty days. In order to save moving of the stock he will close it out at greatly reduced prices.

Mr. Charles Front of Omaha, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Viola Pettit, Sunday.

Mrs. Jake Taylor of Omaha, entertained the Boosters Committee of the R. N. of A. Wednesday afternoon.

T. D. Gerin of Omaha visited in Florence Sunday.

Jeff W. Bedford of Omaha was the guest of J. E. Brisbin Wednesday evening.

## CHANGE FOR CARRIER DELIVERY

Postmaster Thomas of Omaha Reports that Florence Will Soon Have Free Delivery of Mails.

Upon his return to Omaha Monday morning from Washington, Postmaster B. F. Thomas reported the plans he had advanced before the postoffice authorities had met with considerable favor, though no definite action.

He explained that his proposal for the abolition of the independent post-office at Florence for a branch office will receive attention soon. It is the postmaster's contention that with the establishment of a sub-station to the one in Omaha, Florence would receive seven deliveries of mail a day instead of the limited number it now receives.

The matter was first taken up about a year ago and was held back through lack of funds to put the project through.

## Ft. Calhoun

W. H. Woods, of this place, says he is 71 years old, sixty-one years a naturalized American, fifty years a resident of the civil war, three years a resident of Omaha and over forty years was at home on his birthday anniversary. Among others present were Mrs. Henry Pleege and Mrs. George Reson, of Tekamah, Mrs. John Arson, of Blair, Mrs. Perry Talbot, of Emerson and others.

Mrs. Arnold and children have returned to Kansas City, where the Rev. Charles Arnold is pastor of a very large Presbyterian church.

Louis Karns has sold his Omaha property.

The livery stable has opened again, as it was badly needed.

The alanna mill is putting in a second molasses tank twelve by forty feet, and twelve feet deep. They want to ship twelve cars a week.

Casner Parker, of the Farmers' bank of Florence, has a new 40-horsepower auto, and with his mother and Mrs. W. R. Wall, came and gave the local newspaper man here a quick spin to Blair and back.

John Holst has brought his wife and baby back from South Dakota to visit home folks.

Joe Green and wife have gone to Omaha for the winter and his grandfather is talking of coming here from Omaha to live.

David Neale is now a granddad, his son, George, being happy over a girl baby.

J. J. Blodgett, one time a candidate for sheriff in this county, was back from Silver Thorn, Neb.

Mrs. Herman Rathman of West Long Breech, had a large number at her birthday party.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkerman and wife have been married twenty-five years and a reception was given them in the Presbyterian church.

Henry Schneider, formerly sheriff of Washington county, who died at Bennington, was buried from the German hall in this county, where he had held both his silver and golden weddings and near where he had lived for over forty years.

The Rev. Dr. Currans, synodical Sunday school missionary of the Presbyterian church in Nebraska, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Edward Bradley is back from Duluth, Minn., at Mrs. E. N. Clark's.

Walter Doyle is back from Idaho.

Bankers Frank Castetter and wife and Wesler Book and wife of Blair were caught in the mud here and had to rope the wheels.

## Pleasures Past

Mrs. Wood and her niece, Miss Mamie Wood, of Florence Heights, are taking a course in Domestic Science and Domestic Art at the Young Womens Christian association.

P. D. Smith who is feeding a bunch of sheep on his place north of town, put on another bunch this week. Do not leave the old cabbage stumps sticking up out of the ground. They look slovenly and breed fungus pests. Pull them up and burn them.

# The COAST of CHANCE

BY ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. MERRILL  
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## SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Crew Idol mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsby, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$2000 is offered for the return of the ring. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora is startled by the effect on Kerr when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Buller tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is waiting to make sure of the reward before unmasking the thief. Kerr and Clara confess their love for each other. Clara is followed by a Chinaman.

## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Well, for a fact, I know it is stolen!" He leaned toward her; and his arms, still flung out with the hands open as argument had left them, seemed to her frightened eyes all ready for her, ready with his last argument, his strength.

She pressed back against the glass until she felt it hard behind her. "Harry," she whispered, "if you care anything, if you ever want me for yours, you'll take your hands away." She meant it; she was sincere in that moment, for all she shrank from him. Her body and mind would not have been too great a price to give him for the sapphire.

Then all at once she felt his arm around her neck. She couldn't move her body. She could only turn her head from his hot breath. For a moment he held her, and yet another moment; and then, terrified at what this strange immobility might mean, she raised her eyes and saw he was not looking at her. Though he held her fast he was not conscious of her. Straight over her head he looked, through the window and down into the garden. Her eyes followed. It lay beneath the wonder of its morning aspect all blanched and dim. She saw the silhouette of rose branches in black on the sky. She saw the flowers and bushes all one dull tone. But in the midst of them the oval of the path shone white; and there, as in the afternoon, standing, looking upward, was the dark figure of a man.

Her heart gave a great leap. Just so she'd been summoned once before that day, but what infernal freak had fetched him back to repeat that dangerous sally, and brought him finally into his enemy's grasp? She tried to make a gesture to warn him, and just there Harry released her, dropped her so that she half fell upon the window-seat, and made a dash across the

room for the light. In a moment they were in darkness. In a moment, to Flora pressed against the window, the garden sprang clear, and on the formless figure below the face appeared, white in the starlight looking up. She cried out in wonder. It was not Kerr. It was the blue-eyed Chinaman.

After her haunted drive, after her escape, after Shima's search, he was there, still inexorably there; small, diminished by the great facade of the house, but looking up at it with his calm eye, surveying it, measuring its height, numbering its doors, trying its windows. Harry was beside her again. He was tugging frantically at the window. It resisted. She saw his hands trembling while he wrestled with it. Then it went shrieking up and he leaned out.

"What do you want?" he called, and, though he used no name, Flora saw he knew with whom he was speaking. The Chinaman stood immobile, lifting his round, white face, whose mouth seemed to gape a little. Harry leaned far out and lowered his voice.

"Go away, Joe! Don't come here; never come here!" There was a quiver in his voice. Anger or apprehension, or both, whatever his passion was, for the moment it overwhelmed him, and as the Chinaman stood unmoved, unmoving, at his commands, Harry turned sharp from the window and dashed out of the room. Flora heard him running, running down the stairs. She hung there breathless, waiting to see him meet the motionless figure; but while she looked and waited that motionless figure suddenly took life. It moved, it turned, it fitted, it mixed with shadows, became a shadow; and then there was nothing there.

In her turn she ran, up and up a twisted side stair, shortest passage to her own rooms. At least lock and key could keep her safe for the next few hours. After that she must think of something else.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Flight.

By five o'clock in the morning she was already moving softly to and fro, so softly as not to rouse the sleeping Marrika. By seven her lightest bag was packed, herself was bathed, brushed, dressed even to hat and gloves, and standing at her window with all the listening alert look of one in a waiting room expecting a train. She was watching for the city to begin to stir; watching for enough traffic below in the streets to make her own movement there not too noticeable. Yet every moment she waited she was in terror lest her fate should take violent form at last and assail her in the moment of escape. She listened for a foot ascending to her room with a message from Clara demanding an audience. She listened for the peal of the electric bell under Harry's hasty hand—Harry, arrived even at this unwarranted hour with heaven knew what representative of law to force the sapphire from her.

But all her household was still un-stirring when at last she went, soft step after step, down the broad and polished stair and across the empty hall. She went quiet, direct, determined, not at all as she had fled on her other perilous enterprise only yesterday. She shut the outer door after

her without a sound and with great relief breathed in the fresh and faintly smoky air of morning.

She walked quickly. It was a cross-town car bound for quite another locality that she climbed aboard. It was filled only with mechanics and workmen with picks and shovels. She sat crowded elbow to elbow among odors of stale tobacco, stale garlic, stale perspiration, and looking straight before her through the car window watched the aspect of the city, still gray, grow less gleaming and formal and finally quite dirty, and quite, quite dull.

This was all as she had intended, very much in the direction of her errand, and safe. But in Market street the car line ended, and she was turned out again in this broad artery of commerce where she was in danger of meeting at any moment people she knew. She made straight across the thoroughfare to its south side, turned down Eighteenth and in a moment was hidden in Mission street.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, three hours since she had left her house and a most reasonable time of daylight, when Flora turned out of the fatness of "south of Market street" and began to mount a slow-rising hill.

As she neared the hilltop she glanced at a card from her chateaufort, consulting the address upon it. Then anxiously she scanned the house-fronts. It was not this one, nor this; but the square white mansion she came to now stood so far retired at the end of its lawn that she could not make out the number. As she peered a young girl came down the steps between the dark wings of the cypress hedge, a slim, fair, even-gaited creature dressed for the street and drawing on her gloves. As she passed Flora made sure she had seen her before. There was something familiar in the carriage of the girl's head and hands; something also like a pale reflection of another presence. Pale as it was, it was enough to reassure her that this was the house she wanted.

This appearance of the place began to bring before Flora the full enormity and impertinence of her errand, but though her heart beat on her side as loud as the brass knocker upon the door, she had no mind for turning back.

A high, cool, darkly gleaming interior, mellow with that precious tint of time which her own house so lacked, received her. And here, as well as out of doors, all the while she sat waiting she felt that protected peace was still the deity of the place. To Flora's eager heart time was streaming by, but the tall clock facing her measured it out slowly. Its longest golden finger had pointed out five minutes before the sweeping of a skirt coming down the hall brought her to her feet.

Mrs. Herrick came in hatless, a honeysuckle leaf caught in her gray crown of hair, geraniums in her hand. Flora had never seen her so informal and so gay.

Flora apologized. "I knew if I came at this hour I should interrupt you, but really there was no help for it." She glanced down at her satchel. "I had to go this morning, and before I went I had to see you about the house. I'm going down to look at it—and to stop a while."

Mrs. Herrick hesitated, deprecated. "But you know Mrs. Britton wasn't satisfied with the price I asked."

"Oh," said Flora promptly, "but I shall be perfectly satisfied with it, and I want to take possession at once." The positive manner in which she waved Clara out of her way brought up in Mrs. Herrick's face a faint flash of surprise; but it was gone in an instant, supplanted by her questioning, puzzled consideration of the main proposition.

"Oh, I hope you haven't come to tell me you want it changed," she protested. "You know it's quite absurd in places—quite terrible indeed. It's 1870 straight through, and French at that; but even such whims acquire a dignity if they've been long cherished. You couldn't put in or take out one thing without spoiling the whole character."

"But I don't want to change it, I want it just as it is," Flora explained. "It isn't about the house itself I've come, it's about going down there. You see there are—some people, some friends of mine. I haven't promised them to show the house, but I have quite promised myself to show it to them, and they are only here for a few days more. They are going immediately." She was looking at Mrs. Herrick all the while she was telling her wretched lie, and now she even managed to smile at her. "I thought how lovely it would be if you could go there with me. I should like so very much to be in it first with you, to have you go over it with me and tell me how to take care of it, as it's always been done. I should hate to do it any disrespect."

Her hostess smiled with ready answer. "Of course I will go down. I should be glad, but it must be in a day or two. Indeed, perhaps it would be better for you to have your people first, and I can come down, say Monday afternoon or Tuesday."

Flora faced this unexpected turn of the matter a little blankly. "Ah, but the trouble is I can't go down alone."

It was Mrs. Herrick's turn to look blank. "But Mrs. Britton?"

"Mrs. Britton isn't going with me; she can't."

"I see," Mrs. Herrick with a long, soft scrutiny seemed to be taking in more than Flora's mere words repre-

sented. "And you wouldn't put it off until she can?"

"I couldn't put it off a moment," Flora ended with a little breathless laugh. "I do so wish you would come down with me this morning, for I must go, and you see I can't go alone."

Mrs. Herrick, sitting there, composed, in her cool, flowing, white and violet gown with the red flowers in her lap, still looked at Flora inquiringly. "But aren't there some women in your party old enough to make it possible and young enough to take pleasure in it?"

Flora shook her head. "Oh, no," she said. Her house of cards was tottering. She could not keep up her brave smiling. She knew her distress must be plain. Indeed, as she looked at Mrs. Herrick she saw the effect of it.

Her heart sank. If only she had told the truth—even so much of it as to say there was something she could not tell. What she had said was unworthy not only of herself but of the end she was so desperately holding out for. Now in the lucid gaze confronting her she knew all her intentions were taking on a dubious color, stained false, like her words, under the dark cloud of her own misrepresentation. Yet they were not false, she knew. Her motives, the end she was struggling for, were as austere as truth itself. She could not give up without one bold stroke to clear them of this accusation.

"Do you think there's anything queer about it?" she faltered. "Queer?" To Flora's ears that sounded the coldest word she had ever heard. "I hardly think I understand what you mean."

"I mean is it that you think there's more in what I'm asking of you than I have said?" The two looked at each other and before that flat question Mrs. Herrick drew back a little in her chair.

"I have no right to think about it at all," she said. "Well, there is," Flora insisted. "There's a great deal more. I am sorry. I should have told you, but I was afraid. I don't know why I was afraid of you, except that in this matter I've grown afraid of every one. It's true that there may be people going down—at least, a person. But it isn't, as I let you think it, a house party at all. It's for something, something that I can't do any other way—something."

She had a sudden flash of insight. "That, if I could tell you, you would believe in, too."

Mrs. Herrick's look had faded to a mere concentrated attention. "You mean that there is something you wish to do for whoever is going down?"

"Oh, something I must do," Flora insisted.

Mrs. Herrick considered a moment. "Why can't he do it for himself?" she threw out suddenly.

It made Flora start, but she met it gallantly. "Because he won't. I shall have to make him."

"You!" For a moment Flora knew that she was preposterous in Mrs. Herrick's eyes—and then that she was pathetic. Her companion was looking at her with a sad sort of humor. "My dear, are you sure that that is your responsibility?"

Flora's answering smile was faint. "It seems as strange to me as it seems absurd to you, but I think I have done something already."

"Are you sure, or has he only let you think so? We have all at some time longed, or even thought it was our duty, to adjust something when it would have been safer to have kept our hands off," Mrs. Herrick went on gently.

"Oh, safer," Flora breathed. "Oh, yes; indeed, I know. But if something had been put into your hands without your choice; if all the life of some one that you cared about depended on you, would you think of being safe?" Flora, leaning forward, chin in hand, with shining eyes, seemed fairly to impart a reflection of her own passionate concentration to the woman before her.

Mrs. Herrick, so calm in her reposeful attitude, calm as the old portrait on the wall behind her, none the less began to show a curious sparkle of excitement in her face. "If I were sure that person's life did depend on me," she measured out her words deliberately. "But that so seldom happens, and it is so hard to tell."

"But if you were sure, sure, sure!" Flora rang it out certainly.

Mrs. Herrick in her turn leaned forward. "Ah, even then it would depend on him. And do you think you can make a man do otherwise than his nature?"

Flora answered with a stare of misery. "I know what you must be thinking—what you can not help thinking," she said, "that the whole thing is unheard-of—outrageous—especially for a girl so soon to—to be—"

She caught her breath with a sob, for the words she could not speak. "But there is nothing in this disloyal to my engagement, even though I cannot speak of it to Harry Cressy; and nothing I hope to gain for myself by doing what I am trying to do. If I succeed it will only mean I shall never see him—the other one—again."

Mrs. Herrick rose, in her turn beseeching. "Oh, I can't help you go into it! It is too dubious. My dear, I know so much better than you what the end may mean."

"I know what the end may mean, and I can't keep out of it."

"But I cannot go with you." There

was a stern note in Mrs. Herrick's voice.

"I'm afraid I didn't quite realize how much I was asking of you. You have been very good even to listen to me. It's right, I suppose, that I should go alone."

Mrs. Herrick looked at her in dismay. "But that is impossible!" Then, as Flora turned away, she kept her hand. "Think, think," she urged, "how you will be misunderstood."

"Oh, I shall have to bear that—from the people who don't know."

"Yes, and even from the one for whom you are spending yourself!"

Flora gave her head a quick shake. "He understands," she said.

"My dear, he is not worth it." Flora turned on her with anger. "You don't know what he is worth to me!"

Mrs. Herrick looked steadily at this unanswerable argument. Her hold on Flora's hand relaxed, but she did not release it. Her brows drew together. "You are quite sure you must go?"

Flora nodded. She was speechless. "Did Mrs. Britton know you were coming to me?"

"No. She doesn't even know that I am going out of town. She must not," Flora protested.

"Indeed she must. You must not place yourself in such a false position. Write her and tell her you are going to San Mateo with me."

"Oh, if you would!" Tears sprang to Flora's eyes. "But will you, even if I can't tell you anything?"

"I shall not ask you anything. Now write her immediately. You can do it here while I am getting ready."

She had taken authoritative command of the details of their expedition, and Flora willingly obeyed her. She was still trembling from the stress of their interview, and she blinked back tears before she was able to see what she was writing.

It had all been brought about more quickly and completely than she had hoped, but it was in her mind all the while she indited her message to Clara, that Kerr, for whom it had been accomplished, was not yet informed of the existence of the scheme, or the part of guest he was to play. Yet she was sure that if she asked he would be promptly there. She wrote to him briefly:

At San Mateo, at the Herricks'. I want you there to-night. I have made up my mind.

As she was sealing it she started at a step approaching in the hall. She had wanted to conceal that betraying letter before Mrs. Herrick came back. She glanced quickly behind her, and saw standing between the half-open folding doors, the slim figure of a girl—slimmer, younger even than the one who had passed her at the gate—but like her, with the same large eyes, the same small indeterminate chin. Just at the chin the likeness to Mrs. Herrick failed with the strength of her last generation—but the eyes were perfect; and they gazed at Flora wondering. With the sixth sense of youth they recognized the enactment of something strange and thrilling.

Another instant and Mrs. Herrick's presence dawned behind her daughter—and her voice—"Why, child, what are you doing there?"—and her hands seemed apprehensive in their haste to hurry the child away, as if, truly, in this drawing-room, for the first time, something was dangerous.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### The House of Quiet.

The day which had dawned so still and gloomy was wakening to something like wildness, threatening, brightening, gusty, when they stepped out of the train upon the platform of the San Mateo station. Clouds were piling gray and castle-like from the east up toward the zenith, and dark fragments kept tearing off the edges and spinning away across the sky. But between them the bright face of the sun flashed out with double splendor, and the thinned atmosphere made the sky seem high and far, and all form beneath it clarified and intense.

There upon the narrow platform Mrs. Herrick hesitated a moment, looking at Flora. "What train do you want to meet?" she asked.

Flora stood perplexed. "I hardly know. You see I can't tell how soon my letter would reach—would be received."

"Then we would better meet them all," the elder woman decided.

They drove away into the face of the wet, fresh wind and flying drops of rain. Flora, leaning back in the carriage, looked out through the window with quiet eyes. The spirited movement of the sky, the racing of its shadows on the grass, the rolling foliage of the trees, seen tempestuous against flying cloud, were alike to her consoling and inspiring. She had never felt so free as now, driving through the fitful weather, nor so safe as with this companion who was sitting silent by her side. She was driving away from all her complications.

The house, when finally it loomed upon them, with its irregular roofs topped by curious square turrets, with its deep upper and lower verandas, looked out upon by a multitude of long French windows, seemed too large, too strangely imposing for a structure of wood. But whatever of original ugliness had been there was hidden now under a splendid tapestry of vines, and Flora, looking up at the rose and honeysuckle that panopied its front, felt her throat swell for sheer delight.

For a moment after they had left the carriage they stood together in the porte-cochere, looking around them. Then half wistfully, half humorously, Mrs. Herrick turned to Flora. "I do hope you won't want to buy it!"

"Oh, I'm afraid I shall," Flora murmured, "that is, if—"

She left her sentence hanging, as one who would have said "if I come out of this alive," and Mrs. Herrick, with a quick start of protection, laid her hand on Flora's arm.

"If you must," she said lightly, "if you do buy it, then at least I shall know it is in good hands." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Exceeding Rapid.

"Were the colors fast on the new goods you bought?"

"Fast? My dear, they fairly ran into one another, they were that fast."



But All Her Household Was Still Unstirring When at Last She Went Step by Step.



"Oh, I'm Afraid I Shall," Flora Murmured; "That Is If—"

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

## Operatic Star Had To Succeed

Annie Louise Cary Had Borrowed \$6,000 to Pay for Her Musical Education and Couldn't Afford to Fail.

Annie Louise Cary, who retired to private life in 1882, following her marriage to the late Charles M. Raymond, was one of the first American girls to give Maine fame as a mother of operatic song birds of the first order. This she did in the late sixties, and from then on until the day of her marriage hers was one of the famous contralto voices of the civilized world, more than realizing the prediction James G. Blaine made when he heard her sing on the day of her graduation from a girls' school near Portland, Me.—that, with her voice properly cultivated, she would have a greater career as a singer than as a teacher, which was the vocation her friends had planned for her.

Encouraged, if not inspired, by this praise from one who was growing daily in public power in Maine, Miss Cary decided to cultivate her voice. She studied in Portland, then in Boston, and finally there came the inevitable day when she bade good-by and sailed away to continue the study of music abroad.

For two years she applied herself in Milan, under the direction of the celebrated instructor, Giovanni Corsi, at the end of that period, receiving her first opportunity to test her voice before the critical public—she was cast for the contralto part in the company which was to sing for the first time Verdi's "The Masked Ball"—using the English translation of the Italian title—in the opera house in Copenhagen in the presence of the royal family of Denmark.

When Miss Cary's friends heard of it some of them alarmed, went to her. "Annie," they said, "don't you think you are a little too ambitious? Don't you think you are risking your entire career by essaying to appear for the first time in grand opera in the highly critical capital of Denmark, with the king and the other members of the royal family looking on?"

"Why do I risk anything?" Miss Cary asked in turn. "Wouldn't you, if you were in my place, be glad of the opportunity to sing in the royal opera house of Denmark, and with the king and his family in the royal box to hear you?"

"But, Annie," was the reply, "see how much you risk! The part you are planning to sing is an ambitious one, and you are also planning to make your debut before royalty. Suppose you fall in such a part and before royalty in so public a manner—what then? It would be much better for

you to make a simpler beginning—for you to make your debut, say, in one of the little towns of Germany, and so feel your way until you know exactly what you can do with yourself and your voice in public. Don't risk your future by being too ambitious at the start."

Miss Cary turned to her friends, all sincerely anxious that she should make no false step at the threshold of her career.

"You don't know what you are saying," she said firmly. "I have got to sing in this opera in the royal opera house in Copenhagen and before the king and all his family. I must make a success of the part, and I will tell you why. I owe \$6,000. That money I have borrowed to pay for my musical education. I am getting anxious to pay it back. So I have taken this part you do not want me to take, and I tell you now I am going to succeed in it, for then I shall be able to earn the money with which to pay off this debt that is beginning to bother me. I simply have got to succeed. Don't talk to me about failure."

And so, with the knowledge of the debt hanging over her, simple Annie Cary of Maine made her debut in the royal opera house in Copenhagen and sang so gloriously with that wonderful

contralto voice of hers that royalty applauded vigorously and enthusiastically. She had triumphed—and through the success that night in Denmark's capital and the other successes that followed—yes, with the first earnings of her voice—Annie Louise Cary paid off her debt of \$6,000.

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## An Irish Grand Prix.

There was once an Irish Grand Prix. The horse that lowered the French colors was the property of an eccentric Irishman named Conolly, and was a big, bony roan, not much to look at in the way of horseflesh, so it was a great surprise to everybody but his owner when he came in first. His previous record at the English Derby the preceding year had not been brilliant enough for anybody to lay any large bets on him, with the sole exception of Conolly himself, whose faith in his entry was so great that he mortgaged his lands and put every cent on the horse. Up to the very end of the race everybody looked on Conolly as a ruined man, but when the roan shot first under the wire he not only carried the British colors to victory, but won a great fortune for his master. This happened in the time of Napoleon III, and Conolly was so proud of his triumph that he insisted on walking ahead of the emperor and empress, cheering and waving his hat.

## Grant Ingenious on Farm

He Hit Upon a Simple Method of Sowing the Grain and Harrowing It in at the Same Time.

When Ulysses S. Grant flashed across the country's consciousness as the captor of Forts Donelson and Henry, there began to be circulated stories of his life on the Dent farm, near St. Louis, following his marriage with Miss Julia Dent. Today's anecdote goes back to that period in the great general's life; and it was told by a Lieutenant Sappington, one of the present-day long time residents of St. Louis, Henry C. Spore, Esq., who passed it on to me.

"I lived not far from Captain Grant when he was cultivating a portion of the Dent farm," said Lieutenant Sappington, who, like Mr. Dent's son-in-law, had served in the regular army. "Often I saw the captain at work in the fields, both early and late, and in this way I came to learn that he was a perfect master of horses. I remember that upon one occasion I saw him trudging behind a pair of horses as he plowed a field which, I have been told, his father-in-law had given him for clearing it.

"Some days after I had thus beheld Captain Grant earning his bread literally by the sweat of his brow, I happened to be passing his way again, when, while still some piece off, I saw something that made me stop and look in a sort of wonder.

"Plainly enough, Grant was harrowing the field with the same horses he had plowed it with a few days before. He also was riding one of the horses, but why was he swinging an arm in such energetic fashion? At first I thought he might be doing it to guide the horses, but they kept on in a straight line through the field, and I knew that my guess was wrong. 'Perhaps he is using the lash on them,' I said to myself, but a moment later I made out that he had no whip in his hand.

"By and by, as I stood watching this unusual sight, the captain turned his team at a corner of the field, and then, for the first time, I saw what he was up to. Upon the back of the horse which he was not riding he had fastened a large sack containing seed—wheat, I think it was, at this late date, though it may have been oats. Anyway, with one eye upon the harrow, to see that it was working properly, and with the other upon his horses, the captain, with a sort of methodical rhythm, was thrusting a hand into the sack of grain, withdrawing it filled with seed, and scattering the contents over the field with that energetic swing of his arm that had attracted my attention. He had hit upon a simple plan of doing two days' work in one!

"For a while after making this discovery I stood watching him. As he neared me I heard him talking to his horses as though they were intelligent beings, and they seemed to obey him almost instinctively. And so, with a perfect understanding, as it were, established between him and them, the captain both harrowed and sowed at the same time, and, I presume, in the course of the day had the field completely harrowed and sown. Later in the year, I saw it as a flourishing field of grain; and afterwards, when I heard of Grant's strategy at Vicksburg, which revealed to the country the man's ingenuity and strategy at their best, there came to my mind a vivid picture of a soldier-farmer, astride of a horse, harrowing a field, and at the same time, through the exercise of a little ingenuity, sowing that field with grain carried in a sack upon the back of the other horse hitched to the harrow."

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## Coal Mining of the World.

According to a parliamentary return the output of coal in Germany and in France in 1903 was greater than in any previous year. In the United Kingdom, Belgium and the United States the production in 1903, though greater than in 1902, fell short of the year 1907. The whole output in 1903 of the five countries named was 869,000,000 tons, or an increase of 23,000,000 tons on the output of 1902, but less by 36,000,000 tons than that of 1907. The total known coal output of the world in 1903 was 950,000,000 tons, of which the United Kingdom produced more than one-fourth. In 1903 the number of persons employed in coal mining in Great Britain was 966,300.

## Great Inducement.

"In the east," related the Boston school-marm, "when the boys in the class are bad we make them sit with the girl as punishment." "That wouldn't work in the west," laughed the Chicago school-marm. "The girls are so pretty out here if we tried that punishment the boys would be bad all the time."

## NOT CUT OUT FOR SOLDIER

Widow Healy Indulges in Some Plain Speaking to Her Devoted but Timid Lover.

The courting of the Widow Healy by Terence Corcoran was a tedious affair to every one in Magray place, most of all to the widow herself, who tried various expedients to assist her timid admirer.

"I'm thinking I might go for a sojer," Terence announced one night, when his fancy had been stirred by a newspaper account of a military pageant. "I'm not so old but I could do it. I was wanst in a school regiment."

"You go for a sojer!" cried the Widow Healy in mingled scorn and alarm. "A man that calls on a lone widow for two years and more, without pluck enough to spake his mind, hasn't the makings of a drummer boy in him."

## BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what we thought was heat, but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor. He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours of the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing. 'Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and to-day his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little ones suffering and also their pocket-books. John Leason, 1403 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909."

## No Help Needed.

A little miss of five years who had been allowed to stay up for an evening party, was told about 8:30 to go to bed. Very, very slowly she moved toward the stair. An aunt, seeing her reluctance, asked:

"Helen, can I do anything to help you?"

"No," replied Helen, "I will get there altogether too soon as it is."

## Pleasant Place to Prosper.

TO THE EDITOR: We want to hear from people who would appreciate securing a fruit, dairy or poultry farm in the Kuhn irrigated tract in Sacramento Valley, California, at half the true value. Best water right in state. Low maintenance cost. Work costing millions now actually being done. Roads, drainage and water right included in price. Ten months' growing season. Ten tons alfalfa per acre. Splendid dairy conditions. 500 hens earn \$100 a month or better. Oranges, lemons, grape fruit, figs, English walnuts and a thousand other fruits, nuts, vegetables and flowers grow here. Gardens winter and summer. Charming place to live. Very healthful. Who wants such a home? Land selling fast. Work for everybody. Write us for enthusiasm. H. L. Hollister & Co., 25 La Salle St., Chicago, or 35 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

## New Version.

"Now, Harry," said the Sunday school teacher to the brightest boy in the class, "can you tell me how Elijah died?"

"He didn't die at all," replied the youngster. "He was translated from the original Hebrew."

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Powder, the Amieette Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Itch, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Ockstad, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Latest Mine Horror.

The Doctor—Of course, if the operators in the anthracite and bituminous fields form a c-sition—

The Professor—Then there will be nothing for the consumers to do but coalesce.

(Slow curtain.)

## The Only Way.

"How can I win you for my very own?"

"You fellows might get up a raffle," answered the summer girl. "I'm engaged to seven of you."

## The World on Wheels.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday." "What make of auto are you going to get?"—Houston Post.

## Win by Being Prepared.

Those who are prepared for the worst are the ones who generally get the best of it.

## 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.

## Onions a Healthy Food.

Onions are more nourishing than any other vegetable.

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

People are happier for a lot of things they don't know.

Lewis' Single Binder straight be cigar, 10c per 10; for cigars not so good.

A man of few words usually says them as if they were more.

## PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors.

## ENGAGEMENT NOW OUT.



Ethel—Weren't you surprised when you heard about my horse running away with me?

Ernest—Not very. I'd do the same thing myself if I got the chance.

## Flirting With Fashion.

That innate tendency on the part of the fair consumer to flirt with fashion, playing fast and loose with various commodities, is responsible for the uncertainties that have prevailed during the month. There was such a lack of confidence as to the ultimate acceptance of the various lines prepared by distributors and consumers that buying was somewhat minimized. Prosperity or adversity has nothing to do with the millinery business. Fashion alone makes or breaks.—Millinery Trade Review.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss. LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1916.

W. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Illiterate Immigrants.

Ellis island records show that of 2,727 immigrants who arrived here in July 12, 1895, or about 25 per cent, are illiterates. Illiteracy is no bar to an immigrant so long as he appears physically able to care for himself. Only 1,127 persons who sought to enter the country were barred at this port last month.—New York Press.

## 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.

## Same With Political Pastry.

Teacher—Now, Willie, which would you rather have, two-sixths of a pie or one-third?

Willie—One-third, miss.

Teacher (sarcastically)—You would, eh? And why so?

Willie—"Cause if you cut it into sixths I'd lose more of the juice."

## 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 Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

## Every Time.

"What do you do when a woman asks you what you think her age is?"

"Tell her what I think it isn't."—Rountree Post.

The more mystery there is about a woman the more attractive and scary she looks to a man.

## Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, as one in the wide world can know the heart agony and dejection of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

## IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others to some extent, no matter how chronic, from their ailments, by using SPONN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give one long tube of it to eat. Acts on the blood and cures many of the ailments of the skin. It is a liquid and does not dry up. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50¢ a bottle; 10¢ a tube. One bottle gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling house remedy in existence—twelve years.

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## MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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

## DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

## Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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

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

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

## W. L. DOUGLAS

## HAND-SEWED SHOES

WOMEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00

BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America.

They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes.

They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."—Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

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

## This Artistic Hair-Dress

is arranged by the aid of our 2-inch, short-stem, wavy human hair switch. We do not need to read or understand the directions and exceptional quality of comfort and softness cannot be excelled. Return will be refunded if not quite satisfied. Write for samples and money will be refunded if not quite satisfied. Write for samples and money will be refunded if not quite satisfied. Write for samples and money will be refunded if not quite satisfied.

Examples of Face Powder and Oil Ross Rouge with circular and advice upon receipt of stamp.

## PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D. C. Book: free. High-class references. Best results.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 41-1910.

## 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.

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

If you want to buy or sell any real estate in Florence just phone John Lubold, Florence 165 (4)

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

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

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

**FOR SALE**—Corner of Fourth and Monroe, small house, well, outbuildings, fruit trees. G. T. Jackson, Fourth and Harrison. (16)

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

**WANTED**—Bright boys and girls to solicit subscriptions for The Tribune. Liberal inducements will be offered. This is a good chance to make some spending money during your vacation. See Mr. Platz or telephone him at 315. (6)

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)

The Pacific Monthly's Special Introductory Offer—The Pacific Monthly, of Portland, Oregon, is a beautifully illustrated monthly magazine which gives very full information about the resources and opportunities of the country lying West of the Rockies. It tells all about the Government Reclamation Projects, free Government land and tells about the districts adapted to fruit raising, dairying, poultry raising, etc. It has splendid stories by Jack London and other noted authors. The price is \$1.50 a year, but to introduce it we will send six months for fifty cents. This offer must be accepted on or before February 1, 1911. Send your name and address accompanied by fifty cents in stamps and learn all about Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and California. Address, The Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon. (21)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213 (10)

For Sale—Work team, weight 1,050 each. W. H. Taylor. (17)

Wanted to Buy—Good oat straw. Will pay Omaha prices. L. R. Griffith, Tel. Florence 162. (17)

**FOR RENT**—Four rooms, modern, for rent. Joe Thornton at Thos. Dugher. (17)

**WANTED**—Cosmopolitan Magazine requires the services of a representative in Florence to look after subscription renewals and to extend circulation by special methods which have proved unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Whole time or space time. Address, with references, H. C. Campbell, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City. (17)



and tell you if you have anything on the farm that you want to sell you want to try the want ad columns of the Florence Tribune. They are the best medium to let people know you have anything for sale and you can sell almost anything you advertise. I always use the want ads when I have anything for sale and I read them every week to see what others have for sale. Several times I have picked up good bargains. Just mail it to the Tribune or telephone Florence 315 and it is done.

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)

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Yearling heifer, Durham Calf, Mother Good Milkier (20 quarts a day when fresh). Telephone Florence 315. E. L. Platz. (5)

**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. (18)

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)

STOP in at the Parkside for your meals when you go to Omaha. (21)

## SOMEBODY'S GOAT

By LAURENCE ALFRED CLAY

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Somebody's goat stood in the open gate looking at a young lady pinning a wet lace collar on a clothes line.

She looked at him in return. He had the horns of an ibex. He had a venerable whisker. His attitude was truculent. Would he charge?

That goat had a mission. He did not know it, but the mission began to work out as he finally turned from the gate and trotted down the street. When he had departed, the young lady drew a breath of relief and advanced to the gate and fastened it and leaned over it for a moment.

Miss Susie Anderson was young and a teacher in one of the public schools at Medville. This day was Saturday. As for the goat—he was just somebody's goat, just such a goat as can be found wandering around every village.

And Tommy Dwight, the artist, had tired of painting pictures which the American people refused to buy in preference to the old masters, and had come down to Medville to fish and loaf around and get new inspiration. He was on his way to the inn from the depot, baggage in either hand and more on his shoulder, when the girl looked over the gate. She saw him a block away, but she had no interest in him. Tommy might have been the advance agent of a moving ten-cent picture show, for all she knew or cared at that moment.

Miss Susie was interested in the goat. Billy was standing in the middle of the street and his actions were menacing. He was striking the ground with his front feet. He was



Crash, and Tommy Went Down.

considering Tommy's case. Then, suddenly, he dashed forward. Tommy was unconscious of his peril. Miss Susie didn't think to scream, and guardian angels are not always around when wanted.

Crash, and Tommy went down. He had to. He lay there, sprawled out amid his baggage, and somebody's goat surveyed him for a moment and then walked placidly away. Tommy did not get up. No one came along to help him, and Miss Susie did the proper and humane thing. She ran down to him. She found him gasping for breath and clawing around as if he had lost something. When the light of intelligence returned to his eyes she gently informed him that a goat had mixed things up for him. Until then he had labored under the impression that it was a brick house.

It was not her goat, and she was very, very sorry, and should she bring out vinegar or a smelling bottle, and were any legs or arms or ribs or shoulders broken? Tommy Dwight had been thrown down, and thrown hard. If it had been a \$5,000 automobile, he would have felt all right about it, but to be upset by an old goat in the face of a good-looking girl, hurt and humiliated him. He thanked her sulkily and gathered up his stray baggage and limped off. In the furtive look he cast at his sympathizer he thought he saw a smile on her face.

Saturday came again. Somebody's goat had lived a week longer—was a week nearer his grave. He brought his ibex horns and venerable whisker to the same gate, but found it shut. He peered between the pickets, but no girl was to be seen. He made sure of it and then went away on his mission. He wandered down by the river.

Mr. Tommy Dwight had wandered down by the river. He had gone down there with sturdy stride to fish for mullet and suckers and bass and bullheads. He had quite recovered from the shock of a week ago. He sat fishing, and he hummed as the fish came into his basket. Yes, the world was a good old place to live in, even if a goat was to be met now and then. He had thought of that good looking girl several times, but had avoided passing the house. Miss Susie Anderson hadn't wan-

tered down to the river. She had sauntered down there. She wanted to see the waters pour over the dam. She wanted to wonder, by herself, if the stranger had forgiven the goat, or was still bent on his assassination. And all of a sudden she saw Tommy Dwight as he fished. And all of a sudden she saw somebody's goat as the goat saw Tommy. Would it be proper to scream and scare all of Tommy's fish away? Could she approach him and warn him that the same goat was after him the same way? Should she throw herself between the goat and the man and receive the head-on collision?

Miss Susie was a little slow in making up her mind, and the goat settled the matter. The fishing, humming, happy Tommy was struck between the shoulders. He uttered a brief prayer for mercy and shot far out into the river and sank. Then the girl screamed. Somebody's goat looked at her and shook his head. Then, as she ran for the water, he went up town on new business.

It was good for Tommy Dwight to come to the surface at all, but particularly good that he came within reaching distance of a pole Miss Susie held out to him. He was drawn ashore. He sputtered and stuttered and coughed and gasped, but life came back to him. Miss Susie ran to the sawmill and got a man, and it was the man who told Tommy that it was the same old goat, and gave him an arm to his hotel. This time there were results. The victim was in bed for five days. The doctor didn't exactly say so in plain English, but he hinted around that both of Tommy's lungs had been parted from their foundation, and that his shoulder blades had been dislocated in seven different directions.

Miss Susie Anderson had a conscience. That conscience accused her of collusion with somebody's goat. She hadn't been a heroine. She hadn't given a warning. She hadn't put forth a hand. And to save that conscience she sent flowers to Tommy when she heard from the innkeeper's wife that he was in bed and wrapped up in cotton batting. All of this was perfectly right and proper. Tommy held his nose to the bouquets 20 times a day and agreed that it was so. And further, that it was the proper and all right thing to lie there and vow vengeance upon that goat.

When Tommy Dwight's heart and lungs and shoulders had worked back to the proper place, the thing for him to do was to walk down and call on the young lady and tender a thousand thanks.

One evening, therefore, after having hired about 20 boys to scout around and bring back reports that somebody's goat was not to be seen, he started out on his call.

The house was reached. The gate was reached. Miss Susie was perched on the side fence, and the goat was shaking his horns and venerable whiskers at her. He turned from her to see the new arrival, and the light of joy danced in his eyes. He even bleated with happiness.

But it was not to be. As somebody's goat drew a long breath and dashed forward he met a determined painter of landscapes. There was a club handy, and it fell upon Billy's pate with a crash, and he rolled over to die game. He gave not one bleating appeal for pity. He died game.

Several months later Tommy had come down to Medvale on one of his weekly visits, and he and Miss Susie had been talking and talking, when he suddenly asked:

"Haven't you always thought that somebody's goat had a mission on earth?"

"To hunt folks, do you mean?"

"No; to bring them together."

"Why, it does look a little that way," she said as she blushed and began to play on the piano.

Tommy not only got somebody's goat, but he got somebody else.

### GAME DRIVEN TO THE SWAMPS

Forest Fires Have Caused Caribou, Deer and Moose to Desert Their Usual Quarters.

According to the opinion of an old resident of the country about Kelliher and the upper and lower Red lakes, the forest fires which have been burning with more or less regularity in the wooded sections of that community have had a tendency to force the moose and deer from their usual haunts into the more swampy parts and more particularly to the big swamp north of the upper Red lake, where there is a safe retreat from fires.

While these fires are not heavy or dangerous, yet they are sufficiently severe to disturb the big game animals and cause them to seek more congenial quarters.

The country about the Rapid river, which flows northward from a point northwest of Red lake to the Rainey river on the Canadian boundary, has always been the habitat of large droves of caribou, about the only stamping ground of these animals in the northern states.

Parties who have visited the Rapid river section state that there are more caribou this year than ever, and that deer and moose have been added in large numbers since the summer season began. As Agent Bishop, Red Lake agency, is co-operating with the officials of the state game and fish commission to prevent the slaughter of big game by the Indians the deer, moose and caribou in the Rapid country have been but little disturbed this summer.—Bemidji Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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Highest grade American Sardines packed in a most delicious mayonnaise dressing, try them, they are fine, per can ..... 15c

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## The Florence Tribune

Florence, Nebraska

### THESE MOVING DAYS.



Plugsy—Say, Mugs, when you come fer think of it, dis way of livin' ain't so bad, after all, is it?  
Mugsy—Yer bet yer life it ain't, jest think of havin' to hustle a lot of furniture and kids aroun' dis time er year.

### A Literal One.

"Jagsy boasted that when he went home from the banquet at three in the morning his wife gave him a warm welcome."  
"So she did. She threw hot water on him."

### THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.



Waiter—Ever eat sausage, sir?  
Guest—No; they don't agree with me.

Waiter—That's strange. I always thought that the dog was man's best friend.

### Johnny's Mistake.

"Well, dear, I suppose you have been wonderin' where I was?"

"No, Johnny told me you were next door listening to the music."

"He was mistaken; I was next door listening to the phonograph."

### Roti.

Missionary—What course will you take with me?  
Cannibal—The conventional one— you follow the fish.

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

**IN THE LABORATORY**  
By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.)

Romance in a chemistry laboratory seems, on the face of it, absurd, but then Burke Langton was a most unusual professor—young, good looking, self-possessed, good natured and not a bit conceited. And Madge Walton, at least so Burke thought from the first, was quite unlike the usual run of chemistry students.

She was always letting acids burn her pretty fingers, accidentally blowing up test tubes and beakers and keeping the chemistry class in general, and Prof. Burke Langton in particular, in a state of perpetual excitement.

The task of wooing Madge had been anything but easy; not because Madge herself was unwilling to be wooed, but because it wasn't wise to arouse college gossip and never would be until there was an actual engagement. To call on her at her dormitory was much too obvious, to chance to encounter her in the campus was well enough, but hard to arrange. Once or twice when Madge had "let things happen" in the laboratory, Burke had had a chance to help her and show her how great was his concern. On several occasions he had requested an interview with her after hours, apparently to help her with her work, but really with quite different intentions.

Finally, when the school year was almost over, he took the final step—he asked her to go to town with him to the theater. "I have something I want to talk over with you," he told her, trying to make his purpose clear, "and of course it is impossible anywhere around the old college. We'll just make the theater a sort of an excuse."

Apparently Madge was delighted. She blushed, and then blushed all the more to think that he had noticed her blush. He was to get the tickets for "something Shakespearean," and they were to meet in town where none of the college people could see them. Madge was to spend the night in town with friends, and he was to return to college, perfectly happy.

The great day had come, and Burke was sitting before his desk in a state of blissful reflection on Madge's eyes, and Madge's voice, and Madge's amusing ways when some one stepped timidly up to his desk.

"Professor Langton!" It was indeed Madge who was talking; she seemed very grave and constrained. "Professor Langton, I—I won't be able to meet you tonight."

"Why, Madge, why, Miss Walton," he said, looking in vain for her usual smile. "Of course you will. It's all planned. I can't let you off." He looked intently into her face to discover the cause of her sudden change of heart. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

She avoided his glance. "I—I hoped you would understand," she said. "I can't explain."

Professor Langton would have insisted upon a more complete explanation had it not been for the inevitable approach of other members of the class—that ever-present class. He stumbled through his lecture somehow, experiencing all the tortures of uncertainty. When he had finished and had entered the sanctum of his inner laboratory he felt as if he had endured years of aging. "I hoped you would understand," she had told him. "I can't explain." He recalled the words and saw again the look of anxiety on her face. Yes; she understood how he felt and only wanted to save his feelings.

Then the vision of her as he had last seen her came to his mind. She had left the room with two of those tall, overbearing, all-important seniors. Just how he did not understand, but somehow, he was sure, those seniors were responsible for the change. She had been with them continually, he remembered. They were making her another of that self-sufficient, tiresome type of college girl. And yet there came back the certainty again and again that Madge really and truly liked him.

When the afternoon had dragged away and the monotony of dinner he thought of the tickets in his pocket and was inclined at first to invite a fellow professor to share the evening's entertainment with him, but the thought of going without her was impossible.

So it was that Burke sought consolation in the laboratory, to go on with an important experiment and try to work himself into a state of scientific indifference. It was about 7:30 when he reached the building. It was, as usual, closed for the day, but with the use of his latch key he gained admission. He groped his way through the main hall, up the stairway, along the corridor toward the laboratory. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Great heavens!" he said aloud, and then a sickening dread came upon him as he realized that he had stumbled in the dark upon something soft and human. In the deep shadow he could see the graceful figure of a girl, covered with black, lying motionless upon the stone floor.

"It's one of those poor, over-worked students who's fainted from fatigue," he thought with a touch of annoyance as he bent down over her, and then realized that students couldn't be in the building at this time of night, as their work there was over at sundown.

To call for assistance was useless,

as there was no one within call of his voice. He hurriedly lifted the limp form in his arms and carried it up the stairs into the laboratory. There he laid it down on the floor while he reached to snap on the electric lights.

It was Madge—Madge enveloped in an academic gown, with a black cloth drawn over her eyes. Almost faint with dread, he felt her pulse and listened for her breathing. Everything was perfectly normal, but still he could not rouse her. In a second he had the bandage from her eyes and was throwing water into her face, when he perceived a faint smile.

Still her eyes were closed and she was apparently unconscious. "Madge! Madge!" he said in a voice that did not sound like his own. "Don't you hear me?"

As he clasped her hands frantically in his he recalled having heard of all sorts of curious manias brought on by over work, and yet he had never thought of Madge as having studied much. Certainly she didn't spend much thought on chemistry. He hurriedly reached to his experiment table for some strong ammonia in the last hope of rousing her.

He put the uncorked bottle before her and watched her anxiously. In a second she had opened her eyes, sat up and pushed the bottle from her, and then as she saw the anxious face before her, a look of mystification came over her.

"Why, why, where am I?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and looking about in alarm. "My, but that's strong. I just couldn't keep still another minute."

"It's all right, Madge, little girl," said the professor, lifting her to a chair. "You'll feel better in a little while." Then he stood anxiously over her, looking down into her flushed face.

It was a good many minutes before things were straightened out; before the professor realized that Madge was undergoing the preliminary stages of her initiation to a secret society when he encountered her in the hall, and that she had been commanded by her initiators to lie perfectly quiet with her eyes closed no matter what occurred, and before Madge realized that the professor wasn't in some way taking part in the foolish performance.

"And why didn't you tell me why you couldn't keep your date with me?" he asked.

"Because it was all a solemn secret about the initiation and we were commanded not to tell," she said simply. "It's such an honor to be asked to join that no one ever thinks of objecting even if they do have to break their engagements. I thought you would understand when I told you."

The professor was sitting on his desk looking curiously at the girl who had been taken from him and now had been strangely brought back again. "See here, Madge," he said, looking at his watch. "We'll only miss the first act if you go with me now. Do you want to or would you rather go back to and join that fool society?"

"I think," said Madge, "I would rather go with you."

This time the professor understood.

**STRAIN ON MATERNAL LOVE**

Hard Position in Which Mother Is Placed When Fledglings Leave the Home Nest.

The strange contrariety of human choice makes a deeply sore point over which maternal love has to pass daily and hourly when it sees son or daughter deliberately choosing for a life-mate, a nature in which flaws and incurable imperfections are plain to all but the lover's eyes. Sad forebodings possess the mother's heart as she ponders over a selfish girl, loved for the beauty which must soon go; or an earth-bound cold woman who has charmed by a flippant wit which argues a somewhat shrewdish temper; or sees her daughter place her life in the keeping of one in whom she can never find help in time of need, or readily promise herself to a man in whom self reigns supreme.

Yet, if the impelling force of attraction becomes irresistible and the decision is deliberate, nothing but sin ought to make opposition ever reasonable. Only the heart of a man or woman knows its own necessities; no one can determine for them that which is the outgrowth of their natures. When with a reluctance which is a pain too deep to welcome daughters and sons so chosen, she can only hope to play her hard role of making her law that love which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," "but suffereth long and is kind." Of all home thoughts there seems no ground for deeper or more urgent consideration than these relations call forth.

Too Big a Risk.

"Did you succeed in selling old Nye a lot in the new cemetery?" one of the summer residents asked a native of Harborville.

"No, I didn't," said the man, with an expression reminiscent of both amusement and scorn. "He said he was afraid he'd never get the full value of such an investment."

"I can't see how he could help getting it," said the summer resident. "We all have to die some time."

"I know," said the native, "and I reminded him of that fact, but he told me he never could lay his plans from month to month, and now two of his nephews own yachts, he thought more'n likely he should be lost at sea."—Youth's Companion.

**DINING OUT WITH FRIENDS**

How a Boarding House Romance Began Between Two Homeless Lodgers Who Had No Acquaintances.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances, some of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant; and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced soul has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," lied the young man.

One night the man and the girl met in a 25-cent restaurant. They blushed, they fended, they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man, "ain't we?"

**WASTE OF FLIRTING EFFORT**

Married Woman Who Acted on Magazine Advice Finds Her Husband Coldly Unsusceptible.

She had been reading that a titled Englishwoman advises married women to flirt with their husbands. As she finished the article her husband came home to dinner. She ran to meet him.

"A little late tonight, lucky doozel-um," she said with a dimpling smile.

"What's that?" he growled.

She looked at him archly.

"Don't you dare to kiss me," she tittered.

"Gee," he cried, "I don't intend to! What put that in your head?"

She half closed her eyes and coyly surveyed him through the drooping lashes.

"Don't you want to sit here by me on the sofa?" she cooed.

"No, I don't. Why, you told me only yesterday that the springs were getting weak. Aren't you feeling well?"

She laughed softly and shot him a side glance and drew in her cheeks and flashed her white teeth and perceptibly winked.

He drew back suddenly.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Who are you imitating? Can't you make your face behave?"

She picked up the paper she had been reading and flung it into the decorated waste basket.

"There's nothing the matter with me," she coldly replied.

"Just mugging for fun, eh? Glad of that. Stimson was telling me today about a lot of trouble his wife is having with her facial nerves, and I was afraid you'd caught it. Ain't that confounded dinner ready?"

**PHOTOGRAPHING ON WANE**

It is Reported That Amateurs Are Showing Decreased Interest in Societies and at Exhibitions.

Complaints are rife of decreased interest in photographic societies and in photographic exhibitions. There are certainly fewer of the latter than there were six or eight years ago, and societies, if not actually less numerous, are on the whole weaker both in numbers and in enthusiasm. In the United States their numbers have decreased 50 or 60 per cent. at least. It is easy to deduce from this a decay of interest in photography and a lessening of the number of amateur photographers, and, indeed, this easy operation has been performed. Simple deductions on complex questions should always be regarded with suspicion, and in this case suspicion develops into incredulity when it is found that side by side with the degeneration of the photographic society an increased and ever-increasing business is being done in plates, films and papers.

Big Shipment of Bullion.

Here was a rare opportunity for an ocean "hoop up." Bullion of the total value of \$10,313,100 for the Bank of England was shipped in the liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which sailed from New York recently. The freight consisted of 200 kegs, each containing \$50,000 in gold, and 505 bars of silver, each worth \$620. The treasure was stored in a steel-lined room, eight by ten feet, and was in the care of a special guard night and day.

Well Equipped for Scratching.

A hen, the property of an English gentleman, has hatched a chicken with quite a superior scratching equipment. The happy bird has three legs, the third of which has two feet, and the toes total 13. Despite this unlucky number, the chicken so far appears to be strong and healthy, and uses each of its three legs effectively.

No Doubt.

"Professor Smart is a man of large mental caliber, is he not?"

"He certainly is a big bore."—University of Minnesota Minnehaha.

Never Heard it.

"How did you like the opera?"

"I don't know a thing about it."

"But you were there—I saw you."

"Yes, but I was in a box party."

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Our rates are right—they let people know your goods and prices are right. Run a series of ads. in this paper. If results show, other conditions being equal, speak to us about a year's contract :: :: THAT PLAN NEVER LOST A MERCHANT ONE PENNY

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ACT PROMPTLY.

Kidney troubles are too dangerous to neglect. Little disorders grow serious and the sufferer is soon in the grasp of diabetes, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all distressing kidney ills. They make sick kidneys well, weak kidneys strong.

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

HER FIRST PROPOSAL.



Ethel—Was she glad when he told her the old, old story? Marjorie—You bet she was. Why, that girl never heard it before.

His First Lesson in Economy. "When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Farley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.

"Frank," he said, "the Fourth of July is coming soon. You'll want some change then. Let me be your banker until then and you'll have some money for firecrackers, torpedoes, lemonade and peanuts."

"I emptied my pockets into his hand and every day thereafter until the Fourth I turned over to him my small earnings. When the day of days came around I had a fund that enabled me to celebrate in proper style, while many of my platmates were flat broke. It was my first lesson in thrift, and it was a good one. Hundreds of Cleveland people would be glad today to testify to the fact that when John H. Farley was a friend of a man or a boy he was a friend indeed."—Cleveland Leader.

Good Advice, but— A traveler entered a railway carriage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old. Nothing of note occurred until the train steamed into the station at which tickets were collected. The woman, not having a ticket for the boy, requested him to "corrie doon."

The traveler intervened and suggested putting him under the seat. "Man," said the excited woman, "it's as shair as death; but there's twa under the seat a'ready!"

Deposits in English Savings Banks. Savings bank deposits in the United Kingdom amount to more than \$1,119,295,000, of which the postoffice holds \$778,640,000. Depositors exceed ten million in number. The people's total savings in all financial institutions are put at \$2,433,250,000.

Of Course. "What's the matter?" "Cold, or something in my head." "Must be a cold, old man."—Lippincott's.

When a young man admires a girl's hair she thinks he is hinting for a bunch of it to wear in his locket.

Wife a wooden leg may be the sad result of an accident, the hobble skirt is a woman's own fault.

And now, since men have proved themselves the best dishwashers the women want them to retain the job.

It took Moissant three weeks to get from Paris to London by airship. Still, walking would have been worse.

A young lady says it does no good to "hitch your wagon to a star" for the darned star don't stop to let you get in!

It is hard to predict occurrences from day to day further than that an aviation record of some sort will be broken.

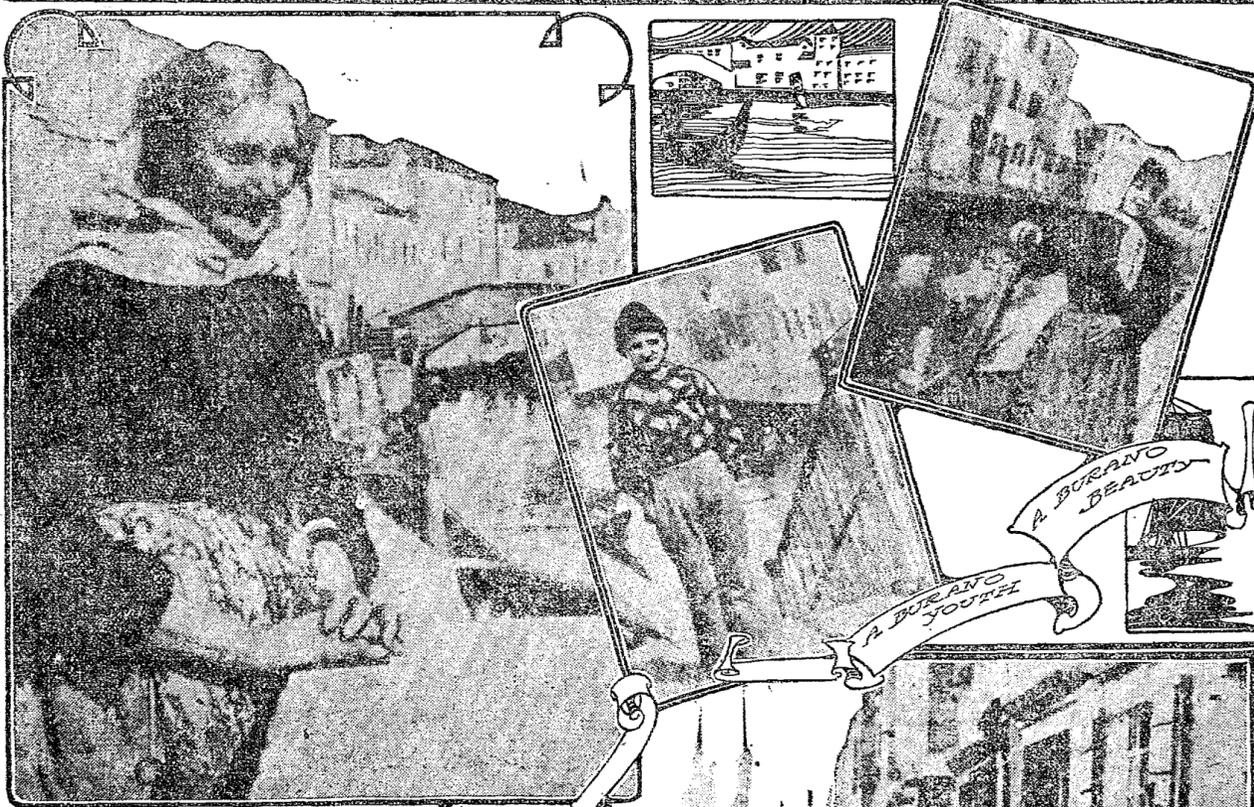
A Chicago man defeated a woman in a dishwashing contest. It were better for his sex had he considerably lost.

Now that the Balkan war cloud has begun hanging around again it is time to send up a flock of airships to invite it to go hence.

Another naval hero. A captain of a warship has been seriously wounded in action. His ankle was broken while he was dancing at Newport.

Chicagoans will now be expected to carry around a microscope to see whether their ice cream contains more than 5,000,000 germs, the new limit.

# A Picturesque Burano by Dr. Habberton Lulham



AN OLD WOMAN OF BURANO

THOUSANDS of travelers hopefully seek Venice yearly, their imaginations long fed by the painters and poets who have pictured the beautiful city in hues and terms which, though it may be true to their own highly cultivated senses, tend to bring no little disappointment to the ordinary beholder. For Venice, but too often, proves to the latter not quite the fairy Venice of his visioning, his chief disappointment being, perhaps, its lack of those glowing colors which he has been led by books and picture galleries to expect. And nowadays this falling short of his ideal is increased by the vulgarizing effect of the penny steamboat—the vaporetto, with which the Venetians seem so contented—that sets his gondola rocking as it passes, and stirs up that in the sleeping canal waters which had better been let lie; to say nothing of the motor-boat, which is threatening to do for the gondola what the "taxi" is doing for our hansoms at home.

If such a traveler be leaving Venice with a sense of disappointment, let him by no means depart till he has visited the fisher island of Burano; for, if he but choose his day and hour well, he will assuredly take home with him a satisfying picture of one spot at least, glowing with color and teeming with a picturesque life, that has outrun his most hopeful imaginings.

There can be few more pleasant experiences on a fine, warm afternoon in spring or autumn—in early May or mid-September for choice—than to take a gondola, with two good rowers, and win one's first sight of Burano.

A gondola it must be, not the vaporetto, that one may arrive alone or with a well-chosen companion, and not as one amongst a crowd of chattering, sight-seeing snapshots. The way to Burano takes one through about six miles of lagoon landscape to the eastward of Venice. The island is situated about five miles northeast of Venice, in northern Italy. The chief industries of the people are market gardening, building of boats and fishing; the women are employed principally in lace-making. The island of Torcelle also belongs to Burano. It is located on an adjacent isle and the principal attractions that would interest travelers are the two museums of antiquities and the cathedral, which was built in the seventh century and was rebuilt during the year 1008. This cathedral contains many valuable mosaics.

It is a populous little place, with a busy community of fisherfolk and lace-makers. In the struggle for existence it has fared better than its older and once more prosperous neighbors, Mazorbo and Torcello; the former it has, in fact, annexed by means of a long, arching, wooden bridge, which, seen from the low seat of a gondola, looks like that on a willow-pattern plate.

Approaching the island, one may find one's gondola passing or passed by increasing numbers of fishing boats racing each other home to Burano; finely bronzed, statuesque men stand bending lustily to their oars, their half-cad forms showing many a fine play and molding of muscle. The sails of these boats are of delightful coloring—saffron and sienna, orange, red and burnt amber—and are often emblazoned with fantastic designs, or with stars, flowers or portraits of patron saints.

Then the island, with its leaning campanile, appears before one, its many-tinted walls basking in the late sunlight. Approaching it on its westward side one glides past the opening of a canal that intersects the island, and a first glance it reveals a scene that must live long in the memory of any lover of movement and color. The quay sides are lined with fishing boats, newly home, many with their gorgeous sails still swaying idly and glowing in the level rays of the late afternoon sun. Sunburnt, earringed men are heaping piles of glittering fish before the cottage doors, helped by the women, who add still more color to the scene with the shawls and kerchiefs worn over their heads. These most becoming garments are, however, not as a rule very brilliantly hued, but of mauve, fawn color, or a tawny red, the stronger colors being reserved for



A QUAYSIDE IN THE FISHER-ISLAND OF BURANO

each sentence ends in a sort of crooning diminuendo.

One is loath to leave the little island and row home at last. But the lagoon is quieting down to a pearly gray in the evening light, though still flushed to westward with a faint rose, which touches also the far-away peaks of the Euganean hills. Presently the moon rises behind Murano, and ere long a welcoming path of reflected lamp-lights shines on the water, from Riva and Piazzetta, and soon Daniell's landing stage receives one again. But that first glimpse of the brilliant, vivid scene in the fisherman's canal at Burano, of the healthy, handsome old faces and the laughing young ones, will haunt a grateful memory for many a day.

And Adelle herself may still be found there, only two years older, and still, one may hope, wreathing her flowers, tending her old folk and her little friend, working busily at her lace, and affording, in her gracious being, recompense for many a disillusionment of travel.

## A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether the others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or, better still, to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note and not a line on a card, which may always be considered casual, saving the bother of a note. The card, which should be accompanied also by that of the husband when a woman is married, is addressed to the widow or widower, as the case may be, or to the parents when the death has been that of a child.

Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted. If one is keenly desirous of expressing a sympathy which is felt, one may wait until after the funeral services and send flowers to the person most deeply bereaved, as the wife, or widow. Only at that time are blossoms received by an individual; that is, any sent before a funeral are supposed to be for use at the services and are not retained in the house. Those sent several days afterward are undoubtedly meant for the use of the individual to whom they are addressed.

It is a very pretty thought to show such an attention a week or so after a funeral, for those in affliction are more than apt to feel that their grief is quickly forgotten by their friends, who are all sympathy at first. It is not necessary that any note shall accompany the box, but the recipient is required to send a note of thanks, written either by herself or another member of the family or a friend for her.

## COMING OF A SUDDEN GUEST

Not Feared by the Woman Who Can Seize the Every-day Larder's Possibilities.

The housekeeper who is quick to seize the possibilities of the every-day larder, with its collections of odds and ends and its plainer viands, need fear no sudden guest, however imposing.

For instance, that half cup of boiled rice that was left over can be converted into a very dainty accompaniment to the meat or fish by stirring it in a cream sauce until heated through, and then grating a little good dairy cheese over the top. Serve with toast fingers.

Or try this plan. Have the rice rather wet, and smooth it out in a baking dish with layers of cheese sliced very, very thin at intervals and a dusting of salt and pepper. Some think a few drops of onion juice dropped on each layer an improvement. Bake until it browns, with cheese and a little bread crumbs on top and serve hot.

When other things fail at the crucial moment the chances are that there will be fresh eggs in the house, and these can be transformed into a very acceptable luncheon dainty as egg croutades.

To prepare them cut a square loaf of bread into slices two inches thick, and scoop out the center of each square, after trimming away any thick crust, of course, so as to form a little box. Fry a nice brown in deep fat, put a raw egg in the middle of each season and put in a hot oven till set, add a little cheese or a spoonful of white sauce to each. This may figure as the entree.

One housekeeper who recently received a guest of epicurean habits rather unexpectedly found herself with nothing more special than a broiled beefsteak as the main course of her meal.

As it proved, however, no elaborate compound could better have met the taste of the distinguished visitor than the steak as served to him.

It was, of course, delicately broiled and just before serving was sprinkled, after seasoning with salt and pepper, with a tablespoonful each of chopped chives and parsley, and was then rubbed over quickly with a tablespoonful of butter creamed with the same quantity of lemon juice. The unusual, piquant flavor was immediately detected and commented upon.

The psychic moment for serving is when the butter in the sauce has melted over the meat.

## BEEF PIE A L'ITALIENNE

Elaborate and Tempting Recipe for Making This Palatable and Widely Popular Dish.

One pound of cooked beef, six ounces of boiled macaroni, one pound of peeled tomatoes, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one chopped shallot, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of stock, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of Worcester shire sauce, salt and pepper. The macaroni must be boiled till quite tender in boiling salted water, having been broken in inch lengths before being put into the water. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the chop parsley and flour, and brown them carefully. Add the stock, and stir until boiling, then add the Worcester shire sauce and seasoning. Slice the meat thinly. Butter a casserole, put in a layer of macaroni, then one of meat; sprinkle over a little parsley, and continue these layers till the dish is full. Let the last layer be of macaroni, as this protects the meat from too great heat. Pour in enough of the sauce to about half fill the dish.

Halve and lay the tomatoes all over the top of the pie, and place a piece of butter on the top of this half. Bake the pie till it is very hot and the tomatoes soft. and serve at once.

## Split Biscuit.

These are made for supper when bread has been baked in the morning.

Use one pint of dough, risen overnight, of the bread; take one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter four of sugar, one teaspoonful salt and two well beaten eggs. Mix all ingredients in a bowl, cutting the dough with a knife. After the mixing, add a generous quart of sifted flour, knead the dough well and let it stand in a warm place for six hours, when it should be a perfect sponge; work it down well at the end of that time. Sprinkle the molding board well with flour, turn the dough upon the board and roll it down to the thickness of about one-fourth of an inch.

Dip the biscuit cutter in flour, cut up the dough with it, place half of the cake in a buttered pan, spread a little soft butter on it, take fresh cake from board and put on the top of those already in the pan. Cover with clean towels and set away in rather cold place, about 65 degrees; let biscuits rise until they are about double their original size: it will take about two hours. Bake in rather hot oven for one-half hour. Two good-sized pans of biscuits may be made with ingredients mentioned.

## Dainty Napkin Rings.

A white linen napkin ring is a dainty affair, and makes an unusual gift. To make it, cut a narrow piece of linen the required length, and scallop and buttonhole the edge, finishing the end in a point. Any design may be embroidered on it with the owner's monogram or initials. Fasten by means of a tiny button and buttonhole loop at the end opposite the button.

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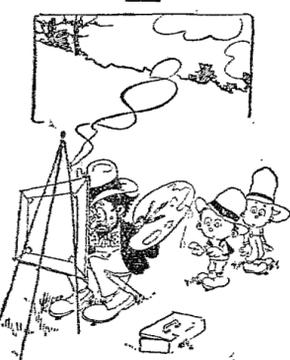
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**IGNORANT OF ART.**



The Kid—Mister, Johnnie says that purple thing in front of the picture's a windmill an' I say it's a tree; which is right?

The Impressionist—That's a cow.

**A Question.**  
Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you musn't bother me.

Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (after a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

**Not Strictly Orthodox.**  
Police Justice—Young man, what is your religion, if you have any?

Chauffeur (arrested for speeding)—Something like Jim Bludso's, your honor—never be passed on the highway.

**Recipe for Happiness.**  
Happiness would seem to consist of not longing for the things that would make us happy.—Life.

A New York court has declined to permit a literary society to call itself the Souse club. Occasionally a New York court tosses aside technicalities and legal verbiage and gets right down to business and common sense.

The United States forest service is advertising for a xylotomist. We are not quite certain what a xylotomist is, but the man in the flat overhead plays something that sounds like it every night.

Indiana now eats more beans than Massachusetts. See what literature does!

We learn from London that the silk hat is dying out. Occurs it's been an uncommon long time dying. There's no more pathetic sight on earth than a silk topper on its last legs. Somebody ought to put it out of its misery. Maybe it's only one of those hot weather stories, though. In London, whenever news is dull, they send out a hardened reporter to kill the plug hat.

Sauerkraut is surpassing beans in popularity in Boston. Now, that shows the progressiveness of the Hub.

The bird-men have not learned yet to fly as surely and to light as safely as the birds. When Brookins at Asbury park himself took a tumble and crashed into a crowd of spectators, injuring a large number, it was again perceived that, as in the flight of a vision, it is the coming back to earth that hurts. Air navigation is still extra hazardous.

# Good Jokes

## WHIMS.

The city man who was summering in the country was lounging at a little station on an interurban line.

Along came a seedy pilgrim walking up the track.

"My friend," said the city man, "do you expect to hoof it to the next station?"

"Sure."

"How far is it?"

"Bout six miles."

"What's the fare from here there?"

"Fifteen cents, I reckon."

"Car coming pretty soon?"

"Yep."

"Well, just to gratify a whim, suppose you let me lend you money enough to pay your fare to that station."

"That'll be all right, boss."

"I haven't the change. Here's a quarter."

"Thanks. Now, boss," said the seedy wayfarer, "jes' to gratify a whim, I'm goin' to keep on hoofin' it. Good-by."

## An ANGEL.



Former Mistress—So the lady engaged you at once when you said you had served with me.

Former Cook—Yis, mum. She said that anyone who could stand yer fer six months must be an angel.

## Why Not?

If "Mrs. Dr. Brown" is right, Why would it not be fair, To speak of "Mrs. Bishop White" Or "Mrs. Judge McNair"?

## Who Made the Spade.

Two blacksmiths were recently conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted the following from Genesis:

"When Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden he was told to take care of it and till it."

"Ah, John!" retorted the other, who stood up for his own trade; "but who made the spade?"

## Accounted For.

Belle—I wonder why that good-looking doctor avoids me so and is so cool to me when we meet?

Nell—I think it is because Ned thoughtlessly told him what you said about him.

Belle—What did I say that he didn't like?

Nell—You said, don't you remember, that he had such killing ways.

## Just Luck.

"That man Barnes is the luckiest fellow I ever knew. He has just given up one easy job for another still easier."

"I know him. If he went up in a leaky balloon he'd be dead sure to tumble into some soft place."

## Not That Kind.

"You'd like some marine insurance on a consignment of linen? All right. Sell you Lloyds' for—"

"Blame it, no! It's not celluloids I'm shipping; it's linens, I tell you!"

## PIECE OF MIND.



Rounder—Jack said he couldn't have any peace of mind till he married Stella.

Gadsby—And now his wife gives him a piece of hers.

## A Regular Caller.

Expected friends may fail to call. But there's one who never will; He's the installment house collector With his little weekly bill.

## Naturally So.

"The training for this high leaping contest keeps you busy, doesn't it?"

"Well, naturally, it tends to keep one on the jump."

## Harry Again.

Do you remember Harry Lehr? Harry was at one of the fashionable weddings the other day.

"Nothing especially noteworthy about that," you say. "And that's where you're wrong."

Harry was actually clad sensibly and neither carried a pet monkey nor smoked scented cigarettes.

## THE GYPSIES OF THE GASOLINE AGE.

Arrayed in khaki, weather stained, And full of grease and oil, Their faces tanned with sun and wind, Their hands bespattered with toil, With hook and hoot and siren shriek They come from near and far, And travel in a cloud of smoke, The gypsies of the car.

In limousine and touring car, And lively runabout, They laugh at indigestion, nerves, Insomnia and gout.

No dream of dark and evil things At night their slumbers mar, They keep eternal holiday, The gypsies of the car.

The wanderlust is in their blood, They answer to the call, Of open road and azure skies, Green fields and forests tall, And leave a trail of gasoline Around this earthy star, Those happy cousins to the tramp, The gypsies of the car.

—Mina Irving, in New York Sun.

## Side Lights on History.

Bluebeard was reflecting upon his past—for he was a man with a past.

"Yes," he said, complacently stroking his cerulean facial adornments, "I've been something of a lady killer in my time."

Moreover, the old scoundrel was an exception to the rule that all the world loves a lover.

## Not to His Knowledge.

"Officer," said the earnest seeker for information, tendering a good cigar, "I want to ask you a very confidential question. Is there any petty grafting going on in your department of the service these days?"

"Divil a bit, sor," answered the copper on the beat, accepting the cigar.

## Loyalty or Punishment!

"There is no use talking about it," said the stern old maiden aunt, with a snap of her firm mouth. "When two silly folks like you put your heads into the matrimonial noose—"

"Yes, aunty?"

"You ought to hang together."

## Woman-Like.

The tourists climbed through the dust of ages and stood before the mummy of the Egyptian queen.

"How natural she looks," exclaimed the men in the party.

"But won't you turn her over?" insisted the women.

"What for?" demanded the dusky guide.

"So we can see how her dress is buttoned in the back."

## COULDN'T TALK RIGHT.



Jinkins—I don't see what he sees in the girl he is to marry.

Winkins—Love is blind.

Jinkins—Love must also be deaf and dumb if he can get along with her.

## Hyphenated.

When a woman says "N-no!" It is quite easy to guess The little hyphen is to show Her answer should be "Yes."

## Setting the Pace.

"Henry," insisted the wife of the man who had made his first million, "why do you compel our fashionable butler to go around the house in his shirt sleeves?"

"So I can enjoy some comfort in my shirt sleeves without shocking his lord mayor of London's sensibilities," elucidated her husband as he settled back for an after-dinner smoke.

## Why They Left.

"Let me sing the old songs in your parlor," hisped the girl who imagined she was a prima donna.

"Please don't," begged the landlady.

"But your boarders will be carried away by my singing."

"That's just the trouble. The last time you sang they were carried over to the next boarding house."

## A Hurry Call.

"I'm looking for a doctor. Can you answer a hurry call?"

"If it comes within my province," said the physician. "I'm a lung specialist, you know."

"The boy's lungs seem to be all right. It's a green apple specialist I want."

## Matter of Finance.

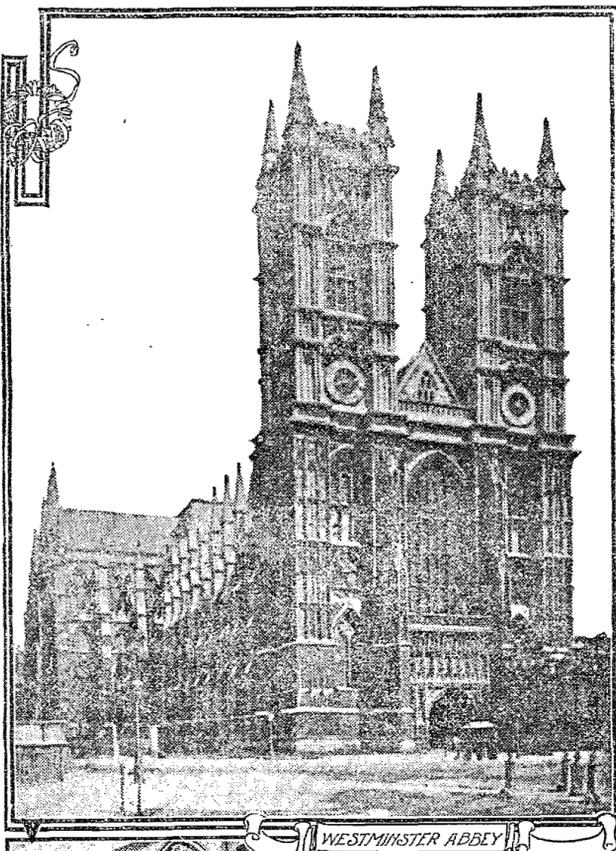
Hyker—They say old Giltedge is a multimillionaire.

Pyker—Well, I don't believe it.

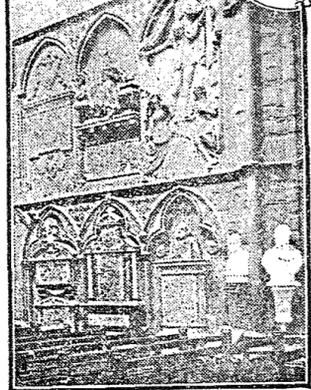
Hyker—Why not?

Pyker—Because his only daughter wanted to marry a duke and he declared he couldn't afford any such luxury.

# IN ENGLAND'S VALHALLA



WESTMINSTER ABBEY



THE POETS' CORNER

ONE of the saddest things in life, perhaps, is the sight of an American tourist in Westminster abbey. Unconventional as he may be in a thousand things, the American is the most conventional of mortals in his attitude toward the historic show places of Europe. There is but one proper way to view a monument, one proper opinion to express in regard to it. This is determined by tradition and, in the case of the abbey the Washington Irving tradition is the one that must be regarded. A hundred years ago Irving established a residence within the wall of the old minster and proceeded to write some very charming, albeit a little florid, prose regarding its architecture and its memorials. His expressed feeling toward it was one of reverence and awe and melancholy, of admiration and respect. Now, this was both correct and natural in Irving's time, but that was before the day when visitors crowded the aisles like cattle at the herding, when the walls were placarded with instructions and warnings, even as the motor busses that pass the door are placarded with advertisements, and before youthful vergers lined up the curious in companies and collected a sixpence apiece for personally conducting them through the royal chapels. The atmosphere today, indeed, is not conducive to meditation and reverential ecstasy; the abbey is as much a show place as the Albert Memorial or Earl's Court, and the sad sight referred to above is that of the hurried, bustling tourists of the twentieth century trying to adapt themselves to the traditional pose of reverence and awe created by Irving—trying and not succeeding.

## Women in the Minister.

The suggestion that Florence Nightingale be accorded the highest honor known to an Englishman, that of burial in the abbey, caused me to resurrect from the scrap pile an old guide to the building, written in a tone that Irving himself would have approved. I wanted to find what women have heretofore been granted this distinction, or that of a tablet or monument in this national place of sepulture, and the reasons therefor. I discovered that their name was legion, but that the honor given them, except in two or three cases was for no special merit of their own. Their bodies rested there or the monument was raised to them because they were the wives or daughters of this dignitary or that, one taking the room for no more valid reason than that she was the spouse of an estimable gentleman who was for a time organist of the church. Two exceptions there were, indeed—the one, Jenny Lind, the other Sarah Siddons. But their tablets are of small comparative size and value, while to this or that lady of the court has been erected an imposing and colossal monument. One all visitors to the abbey will remember because of the hideous skeleton that

forms part of its composition, erected, as it happens, to the lady as well as the lord of the same name as the heroic Santa Filomena, who has just passed away.

Was an Age of Stilted Periods.

The epitaphs quoted in the guidebook have a distinctive flavor, as if they were some special brand manufactured for the abbey. The old kings in the splendid old tombs need no inscription, and have none, but as the architectural merit of the tombs decreases so does the verbal decoration increase, and with the monstrous sculpture of the eighteenth century comes the florid and overwrought periods of the epitaph writers. You can almost tell the date of any individual specimen by the literary style. History records, I believe, that the morals of the eighteenth century were anything but above reproach in England, but if Westminster is to be taken as the test that was an age of heroic saints and saintly heroes. Yet that these quaint old hypocrites were not self-deceived is suggested by the closing sentence of one of the epitaphs of a priod following that of the most stilted specimen. "Reader," it says, "if on perusing this tribute to a private individual thou should be disposed to suspect it as partial or censure it as diffuse, know that it is not panegyric, but history."

## True Sentiment Not Wanting.

Upon the monument of Grace Scott, wife of Colonel Scott, a member of the honorable house of commons, 1844, are engraved these words:

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers

Must say that death has not Made only her dear Scott, But virtue, worth and sweetness, widowers."

Punning, indeed, was highly esteemed by the ancient eulogists, as instanced in the epitaph to Sir James Fullerton: "He died fuller of faith than of fear; fuller of consolation than of pains; fuller of honor than of days." Yet there are not wanting specimens of true and ingenious sentiment, as that in the case of Mrs. Mary Kendall, whose friendship for Lady Catherine Jones was such that "she desired that even their ashes after death might not be divided and therefore ordered herself here to be interred where she knew that excellent lady designed one day to rest near the grave of her beloved and religious mother," and also the little marble cradle over the grave of the daughter of James I., who died at the age of three days, with verses by Susan Coolidge, which do not wholly lose their pathos in spite of the fact that they are placarded on the walls with the "Keep Order" and other signs.

## When Abbey Becomes Impressive.

And, moreover, there are times when the abbey does regain some of the majesty and awe that the early writers tell of—of a late afternoon, perhaps, when the sight-seeing mob has gone and the light has grown dim and a faint but impressive radiance falls from the big rose window in the south transept. Then, having climbed to the little gallery wherein the effigies are displayed—not to see those abominations but to gain therefrom charming and varied vistas of nave and pillar, of arches so slender that they seem to sway and vaulting traced with delicate designs—having got above the noise of shuffling feet and the clatter of light-hearted tourists, you hear in the dimness and silence the impressive strains of the Largo from the fingers of a belated organist and find a rare and appropriate harmony in the music, the light and the spirit of the place. And you walk out reverently, thinking that the abbey is, after all, still worth while.

The Weeds Return.  
"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.  
"Lose heavily!" inquired his friend.  
"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."  
"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."  
"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2,' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

**Bookkeeping.**  
"Is Bliggins a good bookkeeper?"  
"He used to be. I never lend him any more."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, anti-granular, easy to take. Do not grip.

A friend in need is a friend we usually try to dodge.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be if it be insensible to the pleasures of home.—L.C.

If a woman doesn't hate a man all of the time she is in great danger of loving him part of the time.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

It must be a lot of trouble to hunt for trouble all the time.

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This is the popular expression of the thousands of persons who have taken **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters** during the past 57 years in cases of **Bloating, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness, Malaria, Fever and Ague.** If you suffer from these ailments, get a bottle of the Bitters today. It will do you good. Get



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## HINTS AROUND THE HOME

Several Valuable Suggestions Which May Help the Busy Housewife to Do Many Things.

When baking bread, a small paint or varnish brush saves the fingers when pans are to be greased and the loaves brushed over with butter.

White clothes that have become yellow may be whitened after washing them in the usual way by soaking them over night in clear water into which cream of tartar has been put—a teaspoonful to a quart of water.

A few drops of lemon juice and a sprig of mint added to a glass of iced tea makes a cooling and refreshing drink.

Dried red pepper pods make an attractive garnish for slaw and other green salads. Soak in hot water and, when fresh, cut into strips.

Scald green peppers in boiling water, drain and stuff with equal parts boiled rice, tomatoes and chopped cooked meat. Bake in slow oven until peppers are tender.

If it is difficult to rid a frying-pan of the smell of fish or onions, a little oatmeal should be sprinkled over it and the pan shaken over the fire until the oatmeal begins to scorch.

Water bottles may be cleaned with salt and vinegar—a dessert spoonful of salt moistened with vinegar. Shake until stains are removed.

Boil yellowed linen in a lather made of one pound of white soap to one gallon of milk. Rinse in two waters, adding bluing to the last water. This is grandmother's way.

**Potato Fluff.**  
With this steak was offered a very delicious potato fluff made of six left over potatoes, which in less skillful hands might have been warmed up or fried.

The skins of these tubers were removed and they were put through a colander, after which there was added one gill of hot cream, a teaspoonful of salt, a small piece of butter and the well beaten whites of three eggs. The preparation was cooked in a baking dish (using a moderate oven) until prettily browned over, and was served at once.

When the left-over happens to be macaroni, peanuts or peanut butter, if at hand, will impart a novel and agreeable flavor that will make one's guests inquire for the recipe of the dish.

Wash over the paste by holding it in a colander under the faucet and turning carefully with a fork. Put a layer of the macaroni into a buttered baking dish, then one of ordinary white sauce and one of finely chopped peanuts or peanut butter. Repeat until the dish is full. Let the top layer be sauce sprinkled over with bread crumbs and dotted with butter. Bake brown.

# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1903.

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.....F. S. Tucker  
City Clerk.....John Bondesson  
City Treasurer.....George Siert  
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. E. Kelly,  
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.  
Golding, Chief.

### SCHOOL BOARD.

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



Florence, Nebr., Friday, Oct. 7, 1910.

## Brain Storms

Have you read the want ads?

Is it possible to wake up the Com-  
mercial club?

Now that the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities  
are over its to business again.

If you like the Tribune tell your  
friends if you don't, tell us to stop it.

All copy must be in editor's hands  
not later than 8 a. m. Thursday to in-  
sure its insertion.

Whether Dahlman or Aldrich is  
elected this county will not be affected  
as far as wet or dry is concerned.

The story of Jim Dahlman's life as  
printed by the Lincoln State Journal  
has the dime novels beaten a mile.

Have you noticed since the pri-  
maries that the capital removal  
scheme has sunk into innocuous desue-  
tude.

If you are paid up and miss your  
paper please let us know as we want  
every subscriber to receive their  
paper.

Robert Craig, the councilman of the  
North ward, who always wears a  
smile was acting mayor Monday even-  
ing and filled the place as though he  
were used to it.

If you have received a bill for your  
subscription to the Tribune, just re-  
member the postoffice department re-  
quire subscribers to be paid up or  
dropped from the list. If you don't  
want to be dropped, pay up.

It was a strange sight that met the  
city officials Monday evening at the  
city hall. The place had been  
scrubbed out and the chairs placed in  
an orderly fashion. The new mar-  
shal, John McGregor was responsible  
and deserves credit for it.

By looking over the advertising  
columns of the Tribune you will see  
you can buy almost everything you  
need in Florence and that, too, at  
prices as cheap or cheaper than in  
Omaha. The merchants that advertise  
want your trade and ask for it and  
are deserving of a trial.

**Farming Leads the World.**  
One of the big, interesting features  
at this year's Live Stock Show at  
Kansas City, Oct. 10-15, is "The Ro-  
mance of the Reaper," largely told  
with beautifully colored views and  
motion pictures. It is a story of  
modern progress, for without im-  
proved farm machines we would be  
without present-day farms and  
scientific farming, and without these  
the great worlds of business, com-  
merce, and art would not exist. The  
entertaining story has been called "An  
Agricultural Tour of the World, with  
Geo. Frederic Wheeler as Guide." A  
hundred colored views and 5,000 feet  
of moving picture films are shown,  
and every person, no matter who or  
where, will enjoy the scenes both  
American and foreign. The enter-  
tainment has been prepared under  
the direction of the International  
Harvester Company of America.

### Timely Advice.

Give the cows a chance to get  
under the shed every night now. If  
too cold, keep them in the stable.

The best cows are never cheap,  
and are seldom for sale; so it pays  
to give the heifer calves the best of  
care.

Some farmers leave pails of milk  
sitting around on the cold ground, or

hang them up some place while they  
do the chores, and then blame the  
cream separator and its maker be-  
cause the machine can not separate  
as much cream from chilled milk as  
from milk separated as near animal  
heat as possible.

Do not let the summer milkers run  
down in condition, and go into winter  
quarters thin in flesh.

It will take a lot of feed to get  
them back into paying condition if  
they are allowed to get thin.

This will cost more than to keep  
them up by extra feed; besides, if  
given the extra feed in time, they will  
pay for every pound of it, with a  
profit added. Don't you see?—Oc-  
tober Farm Journal.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian  
Church.

Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Preaching—8:00 m.  
Mid-Week Service.  
Thursday—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to  
attend these services.  
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran  
Ebenezer Church.

Sermon—4:00 p. m.  
Sunday school—3:00 p. m.  
Our services are conducted in the  
Swedish language. All are most cor-  
dially welcome.  
F. J. ELLMAN.

### LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal  
Order of Eagles.

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

### Court of Honor.

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

Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.

Council Commander.....M. B. Potter  
Banker.....F. A. Ayers  
Clerk.....F. M. King  
Escort.....Will Pepperkorn  
Watchman.....Harry Swanson  
Sentry.....C. O. Larson  
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,  
Ed. Davis.  
Robinhood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,  
meets city hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.

Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen  
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson  
Banker.....F. D. Leach  
Clerk.....Gus Nelson  
Escort.....James Johnson  
Sentry.....M. M. Crum  
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams  
Board of Managers: W. R. Wall,  
Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday  
of each month in Pascale's Hall.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.

A. F. Close.....Noble Grand  
D. V. Shipley.....Vice-Grand  
W. E. Rogers.....Secretary  
J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer  
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.  
Visitors welcome.

ROSE REBEKAH LODGE NO. 139.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday  
nights of each month.  
N. G.....Isabelle Shipley  
V. G.....Cynthia Brewer  
Secretary.....Clara Piant  
Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of  
America.

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

### NOT SUCH A DIFFERENCE.

After much reconnoitering and  
strategy the leader of the wandering  
"German band" succeeded in gaining  
an interview with the proprietor of  
the fashionable restaurant.

"But, my man," expostulated the  
latter, noticing the seedy appearance  
of the dusty musicians, "I don't see  
how I can use your talent. Why, we  
only engage orchestras direct from  
Hungary."

"Vell, ve vas der nexd ding to it,"  
responded the leader without a smile.

"The next thing to it?"

"Yah, mein herr. Ve vas nod an  
orchestra from Hungary, yed, but ve  
vas a hungry orchestra."

And they got the job.

## Codfish and Cupid

By STACY E. BAKER

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Robert Hamilton's Uncle  
died the young man inherited seven  
codfish and a spacious tank for the  
same along with several volumes on  
fish culture. To cheer the despond-  
ent Robert, \$80,000 accompanied this  
eccentric gift, all to be his own if he  
abided by several conditions—easy  
conditions.

Esra Dodderman had won the be-  
ginning of his fortune as the captain  
of a fishing smack off the coast of  
New England, and his sentiment for  
his dull-eyed pets, while freakish,  
was commendable.

A codfish could not be called friv-  
olous. All it asks is plenty to eat  
and a bit of brine wherein occasional-  
ly to move an indolent fin. Esra  
Dodderman's seven bewhiskered  
emulsion makers, while parlor cod,  
were no exceptions to the general  
rule. Esra wouldn't have thought of  
keeping their huge tank-home in any  
other room in his modest domicile.  
The parlor for his finny ones! Hadn't  
their kind established the moneyed  
house of Dodderman? Nothing should  
be too good for them. He gave them  
fresh sea water twelve times a day.

The \$80,000 that came to Hamilton  
was accompanied by the command  
that the pets of the departed be given  
all the comforts of home; namely, a  
conspicuous place in the parlor and  
twelve changes of sea water each  
day. Failure to make good in any of  
these conditions would result in a  
withdrawal of the coin, and another  
intimate acquaintance with the book-  
keeper's high stool for the lanky  
side-whiskered Robert.

Hamilton was of the young-old type  
that is often found in clerky capa-  
cities in business institutions. His  
life was clocklike, mechanical. He  
went to work at a certain hour and  
did everything as he had done it each  
day during his connection with Cle-  
gton & Clogg. He lunched at a certain  
hour and returned to his home at a  
certain hour! Life with Robert Hamil-  
ton was a system. Uncle Esra had  
put an end to this system.

Hamilton was horrified when the  
Breezeville lawyer cited the condi-  
tions attached to the acceptance of  
his uncle's legacy. The attorney, in  
turn, was horrified when the book-  
keeper refused to consider them. It  
took seven days of picturesque elo-  
quence to bring the unimaginative  
plodder around.

Hamilton was not married. His  
sealed wards were moved into his  
humble cottage in the night. The  
bookkeeper was ashamed of them.  
His housekeeper, an aged dame, who  
had been sworn by the youth to keep  
closed lips as to the presence of the  
tank and its inmates, snorted dis-  
gustedly as she stared through the thick  
glass of the aquarium into the ex-  
pressionless eyes of the slothful sea-  
parasites. Thence on, a tank of water  
arrived each week from Boston.

Fortunately, Hamilton's little cot-  
tage was near the tracks, and at very  
little expense he had a spur thrown  
into his back yard. People were cur-  
ious about the importation. Some  
thought Robert had discovered oil in  
his cellar. They didn't know about  
the fish.

Hamilton, long since drifted into  
a rut, would have kept to his job at  
the Clegton-Clogg books willingly.  
This was made impossible by the im-  
perative clause in the will demand-  
ing twelve changes of water for the  
fish. The antiquated slavey refused  
to deliver over the green stuff from  
the eastern coast to the parlorites.  
It was necessary for Hamilton to at-  
tend to it himself.

Hamilton always dressed in black.  
He wore stiff white shirts and white  
ties. His modest garb and reddish  
sideburns lent him a ministerial dig-  
nity, and this was even as it should  
be, for Richard was a model young  
man. He did not indulge in tobacco,  
liquor or expressive epithets. And  
yet there are flaws in all good timber.  
Hamilton had one dissipation. Her  
name was Annabelle Lea.

Annabelle Lea was a rabbit-faced  
damsel, who, despite her omnipresent  
expression of meekness, had a most  
resolute will of her own. She had  
known Robert all her life. They ca-  
pered in the same exclusive society.

For three years the bookkeeper had  
paid Annabelle assiduous attention.  
She believed he intended to marry  
her, and her ladylike heart pita-  
patted at his very approach. She  
kept her determined spirit in the  
background.

Robert, however, was, at this par-  
ticular period, far too busy with cod-  
fish to bother about girls.

No one in the village knew of the  
youth's inherited \$80,000; no more,  
in fact, of this than they did of his  
parlor boarders. Therefore, their  
various bumps of rustic curiosity  
throbbled when Hamilton resigned his  
position and stuck clannishly to his  
cottage, save on prayer meeting  
nights and Sabbath mornings.

All of this precluded the ambitious  
Annabelle from the codfishy secret  
eating out the heart of the man she  
intended to marry. After several  
weeks she doffed her maidenly dif-  
fidence and called.

Robert was at home. He was al-  
ways at home. He invited the lady  
into his sitting-room. Heretofore,  
on previous calls, Annabelle had been  
ushered into the parlor. In this fail-  
ure to comply with an ethical condi-  
tion long established, Annabelle be-

lieved that she could discern a waver-  
ing affection. She smiled.

"I thought maybe you were ill?"  
commenced Annabelle, coyly. "That  
is why I called today. I haven't  
seen you pass the house on your way  
to work lately. You know, Robert,  
that dear mother used to say before  
she was taken away that there was  
no one in town as clever as I when it  
came to sickness, and—"

"I've quit work," interrupted Rob-  
ert, hastily.

"Quit?" gasped Annabelle. Robert,  
out of work, was not the catch that  
Robert, faithful retainer of the Cle-  
gton-Clogg institution was.

"Ummm," laconically acquiesced  
Hamilton, "I've got money, you know.  
No reason for me to keep bent over  
a huge ledger all the days of my  
life."

This was news to Annabelle. Rob-  
ert, however, had the reputation for  
truthfulness not to be denied. She  
had no reason to disbelieve him. She  
resumed the sheep's eyes and small  
talk.

Just as things were progressing  
nicely a peculiar noise caused Robert  
to excuse himself and enter the par-  
lor. He made a hurried exit immedi-  
ately, tore madly out through the  
kitchen door and returned almost in-  
stantly with two brimming pails of  
water. These were taken beyond the  
sacred portals. No explanation of  
this strange conduct was vouchsafed  
the caller as the flushed ex-book-  
keeper again joined her in the sit-  
ting-room. Annabelle politely waited  
for some time, then, with a reproach-  
ful glance at the young man, care-  
fully picked up the broken threads  
of conversation.

Annabelle went home with food  
for thought. Her little flyer in love  
had been moderately successful.  
Richard had cast several admiring  
glances her way, but the marathon  
of the youth into the parlor was  
beyond her. The parlor of the Hamil-  
ton home was the hub of mystery.

Robert had explained, in an em-  
barrassed way, that he was engaged  
in a special work. Annabelle told  
him that she would call again. She  
did, and once more departed, more  
mystified than ever. Robert's eccen-  
tricities bordered on insanity. He need  
ed watching—study.

During Annabelle's every visit the  
young man frequently excused him-  
self and dashed wildly into the parlor  
in response to an imperative flap that  
sounded like nothing she had ever  
heard before. The cod, when their  
water became foul, made impatient  
and gasping pilgrimages into the air,  
returning noisily. It was on her  
fifth visit to the house of Robert  
and on one of his hurried rushes to  
the rear of the cottage after the es-  
sential brine, that the girl deter-  
minedly opened the door, and the  
mystery was laid bare.

Annabelle gaped, unpicturesquely,  
perhaps, but not naturally. The  
seven scaled ones gathered curiously  
at the glass side of their prison and  
stared fishily, shaking their whiskers  
the while.

The burden-bearing Robert entered,  
and gasped when he suddenly real-  
ized the presence of his fair one.  
Here was an end to his one romance.  
He sighed lugubriously.

Annabelle was speaking.  
"Robert Hamilton! What does  
this mean?"

Robert shame-facedly confessed his  
heart-hidden secret. The maid's voice  
was so forceful he couldn't help him-  
self.

"Umm," ventured Annabelle at the  
completion of the story. "You need  
a guardian, Robert, and I deem it my  
duty to marry you at once and stay  
right here with you. In these days of  
good plumbing it is silly to be bound  
as a waiter to a gang of gangling cod-  
fish. We will just connect pipes with  
faucets to come over this vat with a  
drain to carry away the refuse water.  
No need for so much fuss and flurry."  
Annabelle married him. Under  
her capable direction codfish culture  
became a pleasure.

### Mysterious Electricity.

Death from electricity may come  
from paralysis of the heart or by stop-  
page of breathing. In some cases,  
after getting the shock the victim has  
been able to get up, walk and talk about  
his accident, then falling stone dead  
directly afterward. Sensibility to elec-  
tricity is very different in animals. In  
Vienna experiments have been made  
on ten different species. The horse  
was killed instantly on 100 volts; the  
strength of the common house cur-  
rent is about 100 volts. Dogs are al-  
most as easily killed. A rabbit stood  
a much stronger current. But the  
experimenters could not kill a frog  
with all the current they had. Looks  
like a butt-in-place for antivivisection-  
ists—if any are left.

### A Japanese Judge.

The Japanese have promoted the  
religious as well as the material in-  
terests of the Koreans not only by the  
large library allowed to the several  
hundred missionaries now engaged in  
work in that country, but also be-  
cause of the appointment of Judge  
Watanabe, one of the most active and  
influential Christians in Japan, to the  
head of the Korean judiciary. This  
Presbyterian elder and ex-president of  
the Yokohama Young Men's Christian  
association used the following words  
on assuming office. "I go to Korea not  
merely to interpret and administer the  
law, but that I may be a witness for  
Christ."—The Outlook.

### Yes, Indeed!

"Him and his wife took I and my  
wife out for a ride in their new auto-  
mobile last night."

"Is that so? Ain't it nice that such  
kind-hearted people as them should  
have become rich?"

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VS

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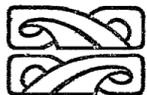


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the continuous customer, and the continuous customer  
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Why not give me a personal interview? A hint by  
mail and "the deed is done."



E. L. PLATZ

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