

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.

NEW BASKET FACTORY

Ponca Improvement Club Takes Up a Project That Should Interest all the People of Florence and Enlist Their Support. The Livest Organization in This Section of the Country Hold a Rousing Meeting at Fairview School House Monday Evening.

The members of the Ponca Improvement club are the ones that carry off the bakery for real work and bright ideas.

At their meeting at the Fairview school house last Monday evening in the neighborhood of 35 members turned out to talk of the work the club is doing and trying to do. Not satisfied with the great amount of work they have already undertaken they took up the subject of erecting a basket factory to supply their needs in the harvesting of grapes, tomatoes and those other products sold in baskets. At the present time they have to make a special trip to Omaha to stock up during the busy season when they are needed the most. By establishing the factory in Florence they would have them handy and the cost of the baskets would be considerably less. It was the consensus of opinion among the members present that there would be more than demand enough to take all the baskets the factory would turn out.

In order to get better action on the work on the improvement of the river road it was decided, at the suggestion of Mayor Tucker, that the club hold a meeting in Florence with the Florence club and that they cooperate toward the improvement. Many of the property owners along the road, or who would be benefited by the improvement, will also be invited to attend and a special invitation to the automobile clubs of Omaha will be extended asking their support of the project. By unanimous vote the club decided to meet with the Florence club on the evening of October 18, and there will be a friendly rivalry between the two clubs to see which will have the most members present.

At the meeting in Florence the electric light people will also be requested to have a representative present to talk over the feasibility of having the electric light line extended around the loop road and stringing wires to the farm homes that they may light them up and be as comfortable as the people residing in the city. They are also figuring on using the power about the farm in innumerable ways.

Ponca News

The Ponca Improvement club held their regular meeting at Fairview.

Mrs. Finley and family have moved to Omaha.

A good number of the people from here attended the Carnival also the drilling at the fort.

The carrier on route 2 had quite an accident last Tuesday. His horse became frightened at an automobile throwing him out. He broke three of his New Year's resolutions, a pair of new suspenders and cut a large gash in his coat sleeve. He is O. K. at present.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the mayor and council of the city of Florence, Nebraska, at the City Hall in Florence, on Monday, November 7, 1910, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of equalizing sidewalks taxes and assessments and levying special taxes or assessments to pay for the cost of constructing artificial stone sidewalks according to the contract therefor with G. Mancinier.

The following is a description of the lots to be assessed and the amount proposed to be taxed against each lot respectively:

North Side of Washington Street.	83	\$91.55
Lot.	Block.	

Given by order of the mayor and council of the city of Florence, Nebraska, this 3rd day of October, 1910.
JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

Notice to Coal Dealers.

Bids will be received by the undersigned up to and including October 10th, 1910 for two cars of Cherokee Nut Coal, same to be delivered to school-house basement, Florence, not later than November 1st, 1910.

W. H. THOMAS,
Secretary School Dist. No. 5,
Florence, Nebr.
Florence, Nebr., Oct. 4th, 1910.

REPORT OF CITY TREASURER

George Siert Shows How the Affairs of the Office Prospered During Month of September.

George Siert, city treasurer submits his monthly report showing collections of \$380.31 of which \$57.40 is on the new paving fund.

During the month warrants to the amount of \$1,058.93 were taken up which is a pretty good showing. The amount of taxes collected on the paving fund would have run a great deal more had not the suit in court been started to restrain the treasurer from collecting this tax.

Following is the report in detail:

Sept. 1—Balance in general fund	\$218.87
Sept. 16—Received from county treasurer, village	54.91
Sept. 16—Received from county treasurer, road	5.50
Sept. 16—Received from county treasurer, 2-5 of H. P. & L. (60.41)	29.16
	\$301.44
Sept. 30—General fund warrants, lifted	238.77
Sept. 30—Balance in general fund	62.67
Sept. 30—Balance in water fund	568.98
Sept. 16—Received from county treasurer, 3-5 H. P. & L. (60.41)	38.25
Sept. 30—Balance in water fund	607.23
1910—Paving District No. 1.	
Sept. 30—Received from tax payers during month	57.40
Sept. 30—Balance in paving fund	57.40
Sept. 1—Balance in S. W. grading and sewer	37.16
Sept. 30—Received from tax payers special S. W. tax	702.19
	\$739.35
Sept. 30—Special S. W. warrants, lifted	620.16
Sept. 30—Balance in S. W. and grading fund	119.19
Sept. 30—Balance in all funds	\$846.49

Card Tray

The Boys of Honor Glee club met at the home of Mrs. Paul Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in games and amusements. The club is going to meet Friday evenings instead of Tuesdays from 8 to 10:30. The presidents are still being taken up as one boy is appointed each meeting to write a composition. James Hughes was appointed to write a composition for the coming meeting on Andrew Jackson. Games and books are going to be bought for the club and a good time this winter is what the boys are going to have.

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.

The school children were given Thursday afternoon and Friday as a vacation.

Complaining that Al Boyce, a man he had employed to work his fruit farm, Mountain Home, near Florence, sold a cow and other property of the farm and disappeared, William E. Barber swore out a warrant for Boyce's arrest on a charge of larceny as bailed in Justice of the Peace Baldwin's court, Tuesday afternoon. The sheriff's deputies are looking for Boyce.

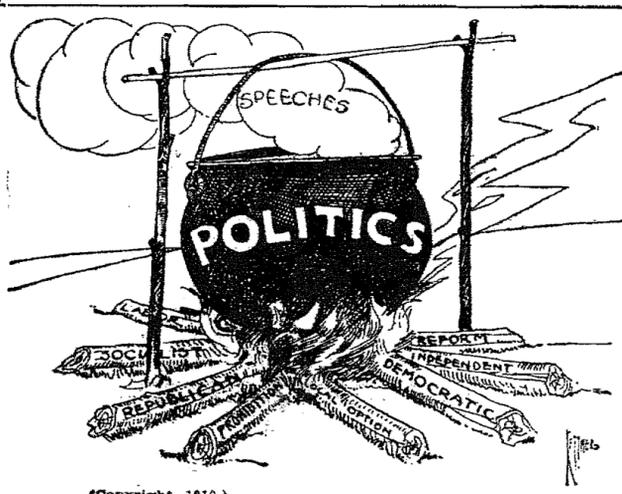
The mail was very late in arriving Monday morning owing to poor tracks north of town.

ANOTHER BIG CUT.

The Lincoln State Journal has announced a fifty cent rate for its daily from now until January 1, 1911, or seventy-five cents including Sunday. If you want to know the real truth about all that's going on in the political mix-up this fall in Nebraska, get this paper that is free from all sorts of strings—is not running for office, holds no office and doesn't want any. The Lincoln Daily State Journal is the state paper that is walking right to the front these days on account of its clean-cut, fearless stand on public questions. No matter what your beliefs, you do not want your news tampered with. News colored for selfish ends should be unbearable. The paper will be stopped when your time is up. Never pay strangers money but send to the publishers direct at Lincoln.

You can get the Florence Tribune for one year and the State Journal until January 1, 1911 for \$1.00 at this office.

BEGINNING TO BOIL



(Copyright, 1910.)
The Ak-Sar-Ben Festivities Always Draw Big Crowds Which Causes the Political Pot to Boil Merrily.

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.

McCoy & Olmsted have moved their offices to 709-711 Brandels Theater building and when the editor went to the new location to see them the first of the week there were law books piled up all over the floor and both gentlemen with assistants hard at work putting things to rights. They are all settled now and conducting business as usual.

Miss Riley of the Chicago Tribune was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thornton Sunday afternoon.

Ethan Cole, who has been working at Des Moines, Ia., for the Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet company, has returned to Florence to again make his home.

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.

Every afternoon this week there has been numerous parties going to Fort Omaha to see the maneuvers of the troops and but little doing in the way of entertaining here.

Mrs. James J. Connelly of Tilden, Neb., arrived Tuesday to make her home during the coming winter with her daughters, Mrs. Joseph Thornton and Mrs. Thomas Dugher.

The boys of the town had the time of their lives Monday evening when they had two wedding parties to charivari. They made the welkin ring for Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Mr. and Mrs. Tomasso.

The school board met Tuesday evening and transacted routine business.

J. A. Holtzman returned Saturday from Portland, Ore. He says Nebraska is good enough for him as nowhere did he find any place to equal it.

Mr. and Mrs. Feldhusen and family left this week to take up their new residence in St. Anthony, Ida., where Mr. Feldhusen will engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson moved into the Feldhusen house on Bluff street this week.

A surprise party on Mrs. W. P. Wall was given Thursday afternoon by a number of her friends. All had a very enjoyable time. These present were: Mrs. W. Lewis, Mrs. T. J. Dugher, Mrs. D. Ryan, Mrs. J. Thornton, Mrs. J. Brothers, Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. J. Roth, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. D. F. Kelly, Mrs. F. Pascale and Miss Thompson.

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.

WEDDING BELLS ARE CHIMING

Charles C. Logan and Mrs. Katherine Keaton and Daniel Tomasso and Miss Francis Potter Are Married.

Wedding bells were chiming again in Florence this week, two weddings taking place.

The marriage of Mrs. Katherine Keaton of the Parkside hotel and Mr. Charles C. Logan occurred Saturday, October 1, at Sioux City. They returned to Florence Monday and will be at home to their numerous friends who wish them much joy after October 5. They will make their home at the Parkside hotel.

The wedding of Miss Francis Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Potter, and Mr. Daniel Tomasso was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in Florence Monday afternoon Father Barret being the officiating clergyman. They will make their home in Florence.

The wedding of Miss Mae Dugher and Mr. George McNamara will be celebrated next Wednesday. Mr. McNamara is from Wisner, Neb., the former home of the bride. Although Miss Dugher has only resided in Florence a comparatively short time her many friends regret her removal from the city.

Miss Florence Olmsted, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted, to Mr. Bentley Grimes McCloud of Chicago, which will be celebrated Tuesday evening, November 1, at 8 o'clock, at the First Presbyterian church, Omaha. The maid of honor will be Miss Anna Louise Knoedler of Chicago and the bridesmaids will be Misses Gladys Birkhauser of Milwaukee, Marguerite Busch, Rogene Dellecker and Katherine Milroy. The best man will be Mr. Ralph Sargent of St. Louis and Rev. Edwin Hart Jenks will perform the ceremony. Little Miss Ruth McCoy will be the ring bearer. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted in Florence.

Ft. Calhoun

Erwin Miles has gone to the state university.

E. G. Rossoehme, who recently removed from Herman to Brownville, was back here gathering picturesque views for Nebraska post cards. He gave W. H. Woods a card of the six-pound field gun owned by the city of Brownville that was posted on the bluff near the river during the civil war to keep the southern confederacy from invading the upper Missouri river.

Claus Rohwer, on Long creek, 80 years old, John Hindrickson, aged 67 and Nicholas Rix of Fort Calhoun, aged 80, and their birthday anniversary parties last week. Mr. Rix was fifty-four years in Washington county, and his three sons came up from Omaha to congratulate him.

Gustav O. Nelson of Coffman with his carriage, took the Rev. Mr. Hilke and family, and Miss Craik's teacher, out to his home and let them spend the day, bringing them home in the evening.

Henry Fleece of Tebama, was with his goods by team to Omaha.

William Storme met with an accident Monday morning and is now going around with his arm in a sling.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

In a Bright, Clean, Well-Scrubbed Room the Council Holds Its Regular Bi-Monthly Meeting Which is Noted Chiefly by the Absence of Mayor Tucker, and the Presence of Councilman Robert Craig in the Chair as the Presiding Officer.

When the councilmen entered the city hall Monday evening in order to hold their usual gabfest they almost fainted at the sight the hall presented.

During the day the marshal, John McGregor, had the hall all scrubbed out and the chairs all arranged in an orderly manner and the unaccustomed sight paralyzed those present.

In fact, so far reaching was its effect that the council got all its business attended to and adjourned shortly after 9 o'clock, an unheard of thing in recent months.

J. P. Brown presented a communication charging that the council illegally passed ordinance 258 changing the curb line of Main street and that he was damaged in the sum of \$25 by the action. The communication got the hook—that is it was placed on file.

The ordinance for a sidewalk on Fourth street was before the council and came near passing. If Craig had only said yes instead of no it would have passed, but as he was saving of breath he said no and the ordinance got the hook and was jerked from out the ken of the councilmen from now on and for ever more.

The treasurer's report was read and placed on file.

J. H. Price the genial and smiling councilman from the north ward told the council that some people were mean enough to close up the streets in some parts of the city, notably on Willett and Jefferson over the hill, and actually put barbed wire around the streets and made people who desired to use them use naughty words when feeling of the barbs. The marshal was instructed to have the streets opened.

The council decided to hold a special meeting and sit as a board of equalization on the evening of Monday, November 7, for the assessment of tax for a sidewalk on Washington street.

All the street signs were ordered placed in good condition and those out reset.

The following bills were allowed:
Tribune \$ 10.65
John McGregor 42.00
W. H. Taylor 18.50
J. A. Miller 12.00
D. Kingery50
G. W. Cooper 13.75
Minne-Lusa Lumber Co. 157.20
Electric Light Co. 32.26

Idle Chatter

Louis Plant who has been at the Old Soldiers' sanitarium at Hot Springs returned Saturday greatly improved in health.

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.

The injunction proceedings to restrain the city treasurer from collecting the paving tax comes up in the district court Monday.

Charles Withnell of Omaha visited with Florence friends Tuesday.

FOR RENT—Large roomy house, 7 rooms and bath, modern except furnace. Large lot, fine view, one-half block from car. W. H. Thomas. Phone Ind. H 1131.

The Misses Coll and Simpson will open a dancing school at Eagle's hall, Florence, and will give lessons on the second and fourth Friday evenings.

Numerous parties were made up Wednesday to see the Ak-Sar-Ben parade in Omaha.

W. H. Thompson left Monday evening for a western trip the latter part of which will be spent hunting.

Bentley Grimes McCloud of Chicago was the guest of his fiancée, Miss Florence Olmsted the first part of the week.

Hoarseness in a child subject to cough is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given at once—even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. It contains no poison. Sold by Geo. Siert.

FLORENCE TO HAVE A FIGHT

Jack Fitzgerald of South Omaha and Kid Jensen of Omaha Booked for Go Tuesday Night.

At the Eagles hall Tuesday evening Jack Fitzgerald, the pride of South Omaha and Kid Jensen, the fighting Dane of Omaha, and champion lightweight of Nebraska will meet to see which is the best man.

Early in his career Jensen won a decision over Fitzgerald who has always wanted another go but unable to arrange a date until this meeting.

There is every indication that this fight will be well worth the price of admission.

There will be several good preliminaries and good music.

Report of Cemetery Committee.

We the undersigned acted as a committee for the improvement of Florence cemetery, known as the Mormon burying ground. A subscription paper was circulated and (\$49.00) forty-nine dollars contributed. Aug. 11 Cartright Bros. cut the brush and piled them, also removed the old fence. Work completed and (\$24.00) twenty-four dollars paid by order of the committee. We will receive sealed bids for filling the sunken graves and burning of the rubbish on the cemetery grounds. There is a balance in hands of the treasurer of \$25.00. Anyone interested and wishing to contribute to the cause can send check or leave the money with T. E. Price, northeast corner of 5th and Willett streets, Florence.

Address all bids to T. E. Price, treasurer Florence cemetery improvement committee.

Committee—F. S. Tucker, chairman, T. E. Price, treasurer; F. O. Casiday, secretary. Sept. 29th, 1910.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Mrs. Granish has returned from the hospital. She is much better.

Mrs. Omstead has been on the sick list for some time and is still unable to be out.

Mrs. Haskell has improved some.

Julia Feldhusen will be much missed by us. She has been a very good worker. The Feldhusens have moved to St. Anthony, Idaho.

Prayer meeting grows in attendance and interest.

A number came from Papillion to church Sabbath morning. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trumble and daughter, Irene. Papillion was Mr. Sloan's first charge.

Mrs. and Mrs. Rasmussen and Mr. Porter were visitors at church Sabbath morning. They came from Chariton, Ia. to enjoy the carnival in Omaha. The pastor was located at Chariton before coming here.

Beginning Sunday, Oct. 16, we will have Mr. A. J. McWung with us to assist in the choir. He is a young man of talent and has refused offers to sing in Omaha churches to come out and help us.

Mrs. Yoder has been ill but is able to be out. The young ladies of her class posed for a picture Saturday.

Sunday Topic—Morning: "Why art thou cast down?" Evening: "The summer is ended, the harvest is here."

Ladies Aid met with Mrs. James Kindred Wednesday p. m. after a short missionary meeting. Rags were the order of the day. Then we enjoyed that "pumpkin pie, doughnuts, angle food and coffee."

We will miss Hilma Swanson. She has decided to live in the city and so avoid the long rides back and forth this winter.

Mrs. Geo. S. Sloan and children left California Wednesday morning for Florence and as a result Rev. Sloan wears a smile that won't come off.

Rockport

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jorgensen entertained a few friends Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ella Kelly and Miss Marie Iversen spent a very pleasant afternoon with Miss Rozella Adams Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Snodderly were callers at the home of Mr. Carl Holst one evening this week.

Miss M. Krenzer and Miss M. Russell spent a couple of days with friends in South Omaha this week.

The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER
& LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner
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12 SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chaplain, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. 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 meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him 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. Flora's interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Butler tells Flora that Clara is resting her cap for her father, Judge Butler. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is waiting to make sure of the reward before unmasking the thief. Clara seems to be intent about something. Kerr and Clara confess their love for each other.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The child furtively tested her coin, biting it as if to taste the glitter, and Flora waited, lost, given up by herself, passively watching for the room to be filled again with his presence. He was back after a long minute, and this time took up his stand at the door, where, pushing aside the tight-drawn curtain a little, from time to time he looked out into the street. Sometimes his eyes followed the cracks of the plastered wall, sometimes he studied the floor at his feet; every moment she saw he was alert, expectantly watching and waiting; and though he never looked at her sitting behind him, she felt his protection between her and the darkening street. She sat in the shadow of it, feeling it all around her, claiming her as it would claim her henceforth, from the world. A ghost of light glimmered along the curtains of the window, and stopped, quivering, in the middle of the curtained door. Then he turned and beckoned her. Sheer weakness kept her sitting. He went to her, took her face between his hands, and looked into it long and intently.

"You don't want to go!" The words fell from his lips like an accusal. His sudden realization of what she felt held him there dumb with disappointment. "You have won me," her look was saying, "and yet I have immediately become a worthless thing, because I am going; and I don't believe in going." She felt she had failed him—how cruelly, was written in his face. But it was only for a moment that she made him hesitate. The next he shook himself free.

"Well, come," he said. She felt that all doors would fly open at his bidding. She felt herself swept powerless at his will with all the yielding in her soul that she had felt in her body when his arms were around her. He had taken her by the hand—he was leading her out into the gusty night, where all lights flared—the gas-lights marching up the street over the hill into the unknown, and the lights gleaming at her like eyes in the dark bulk of the carriage waiting before the door. It all glimmered before her—a picture she might never see again—might not see after she passed through the carriage door that gaped for her. The will that had swept her out of the door was moving her beyond her own will, as it had moved her that morning in the garden, beyond all things that she knew. There was no feeling left in her but the despair of extreme surrender.

She found herself in the carriage. She saw his face in the carriage door as pale as anger, yet not angry; it was some bigger thing that looked at her from his eyes. He looked a long while, as if he bade her never to forget this moment. Then, "I'll give you 24 hours," he said. "This man will take you home." He shut the carriage door—shut it between them. Before she had gathered breath he had straightened, fallen back, raised his hat, and the carriage was turning. Flora thrust her head, straw hat and ribbons, out of the window.

"Oh, I love you!" she called to him. She sank back in the cushions and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Goblin Tactics.

For a little she kept her face hidden, shutting out the present, jealously living with the wonderful thing that had happened to her. It was as wonderful as anything she had dreamed might come when she had written him that letter. And if she needed any proof of his love, she had had it in the moment when he had let her go. There he had transcended her hope.

He had been wonderful in a way she had not expected. He had shown her so beautifully that he could be reached in spite of his obsession. Might not she hope to touch him just

a little further? Was there any height now that he might not rise to? She seemed to see the possible end of it, all shaping itself out of his magnanimity. She seemed to see him finally relinquishing his passion for the jewel, and his passion for her for the sake of something finer than both.

She looked out of the window. The flickers of gas-lamps fell intermittently through it upon her. Her queer vehicle was rattling crazily—jolting as if every spring were at its last leap. She was out of the quiet, blue street. Montgomery avenue, with its lights, its glittering gilt names and Latin inscriptions, was traveling by on either side of her. The voice of the city was growing louder in her ears, the crowd on the pavement increased. She sat looking out at the maze of moving lights and figures without seeing them, intent on an idea that was growing clearer, larger, moment by moment in her mind.

Kerr's appearance in her garden—his capture of her—had not been the fantastic freak it had seemed. He had had his purpose. He had taken her out of her environment; he had carried her beyond succor or menace just that he might carry them both so much further and faster through their differences. They had not reached the point of agreement yet, but might they not on some other ground, where they could be unchallenged? It seemed to her if she could only meet him on her own ground for once—instead of for ever on Clara's or Harry's—only meet him alone, where beyond their reach, it might be accomplished, it might be brought to the end she so wished.

The hack, which had been moving along at a rapid pace, slowed now to a walk among the thickening traffic, and from a mere moving mass the crowd appeared as individuals—a stream of dark figures and white faces. Her eyes slipped from one to another. Here one stood still on the lamp-lit corner, looking down, with lips moving quickly and silently. It was strange to see those rapid, eager, moving lips with no sound from them audible. Then her eyes were startled by something familiar in the figure, though the direct down-glare of the ball of light above him distorted the features with shadows. She pressed her face against the window-glass in palpitating doubt. It was Harry.

She covered in the corner of the carriage. In a moment the risks of her situation were before her. Had he seen her? Oh, no, at least not yet. He had been too intent on whomever he was talking to. She peered to make sure that he was still safely on the street corner. He was just opposite, and now that the eddy of the crowd had left a little clear space around him, she saw with whom he was talking. It was a small, very small, shabby, nondescript man—possibly only a boy, so short he seemed. His back was toward her. His clothes hung upon him with an odd un-Anglo-Saxon air. He was foreign with a foreignness no country could explain—Italian, Portuguese, Greek—whatever he was, he was a strange foil to Harry, so bright and burnished.

The hack was turning. She realized with dismay that it was turning sharp around that very corner where they stood. Suppose Harry should chance to glance through its window and see Flora Gilsey sitting trembling within. The hack wheezed and cramped, and all at once she heard it scrape the curb. Then she was lost! She looked up brave in her desperation, ready to meet Harry's eyes. She saw the back of his head. For a moment it loomed directly above her, then it moved. He was separating from his companion. With one stride he vanished out of the square frame of the window, and there remained full fronting her, staring in upon her, the face of his companion.

Back flashed to her memory the goldsmith's shop—dull hues and odors all at once—and that wide unwinking stare that had fixed her from the other side of the counter. The blue-eyed Chinaman! In the glare of white light, in his terrible clearness and nearness, she knew him instantly.

The hack plunged forward, the face was gone. But she remained nerveless, powerless to move, frozen in her stupefaction, while her vehicle pursued its crazy course. It was clattering up Sutter street toward Kearney, where at this hour the town was widest awake, and the crowd was a crowd she knew. At any instant people she knew might be going in and out of the florists' shops and restaurants, or passing her in carriages. And what of Flora Gilsey in her morning dress and garden hat, in a night-hawk of a Telegraph Hill hack, flying through their midst like a mad woman? They were the least of her fears. She had forgotten them. The only thing that remained to her was the memory of Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman together on the street corner.

She had been given a glimpse of that large scheme that Harry was carrying forward somewhere out of her sight—such a glimpse as Clara had given her in the rifling of her room, as Ella had shown in her hysterical revelation. Again she felt the threat of these ominous signs of danger, as a lone general at a last stand with his troops clustered at his back sees in front, and behind, on either side of him, the glitter of bayonets in the bushes.

She was in the midst of the tangled traffic of Kearney street. Swarming lights and crowds were all



"Why, You Poor Child, What's Happened to You?"

around her. She peered forth cautiously upon it. She saw a florid face, a woman she knew casually—and there her eyes fastened, not for the woman's brilliant presence, but for what she saw directly in front of it, thrown into relief upon its background—a short and shabby figure, foreign, equivocal, reticent, the figure of a blue-eyed Chinaman.

He was standing still while the crowd flowed past him. This time he was alone. He seemed to be waiting, yet not to watch, as if he had already seen what he was expecting and knew that it must pass his way. It was uncanny, his reappearance, at a second interval of her route, standing as if he had stood there from the first, patient, expectant, motionless. It was worse than uncanny.

All at once an idea, wild and illogical enough, jumped up in her mind. Couldn't this miserable vehicle that was lumbering like a disabled bug move faster and rattle her on out of reach of the glare, the publicity, the threat of discovery, and, above all, of her discomfiting notion?

She thrust her head far out and addressed the driver.

"Go as fast as you can, faster! I'll give you twice what he gave you." The words rang so wildly to her own ears that she half expected the driver to peer down like an old bird of prey from his perch and demand her reason. But he made no sound or sign. It may have been that in his time he had heard even wilder requests than hers. He only sent his whip cracking forward to the ears of the lean horse, and the cab began to rattle like a mad thing.

Flora leaned back with a sigh of relief. The mere sensation of being borne along at such a rate, the sight of houses, lamp-posts, even people here and there, flitting away from the eye, unable to interrupt her course, or even to glimpse her identity, gave her a feeling of safety. The more she was getting into the residence part of the city, the more deserted the streets, the closer shut the windows of the houses, the more it seemed to her as if the night itself covered and abetted her flight. So swiftly she went it was only a wonder how the cab held together. She had never traveled more rapidly in her light and silent carriage. Now they whirled the corner and plunged at the steep rise of a cross street. Just above, over the crown of the hill, she saw the sky, moonless, blackish, spattered with stars. Then against it a little fluttering shape like a sentinel wisp—the only living thing in sight. It was incredible, impossible, horrible that she should be there, in front of her, waiting for her who had driven so fast—too fast, it had seemed, for human foot to follow. By what unimaginable route had he traveled? She was ready to believe he had flown over the housetops. And above all other horrors, why was he pursuing her?

The carriage was abreast the Chinaman now, and immediately he took up his trot, for a little while keeping up, dodging along between light and shadow, presently falling behind. At intervals she heard the patter, patter, patter of his footsteps following; at intervals she lost the sound, and shadows would engulf the figure, and she would wait in a panic for its reappearance. For she knew it was there somewhere, on one side of the street or the other. But, oh, not to see it! To expect at any moment it might

start up again—heaven knew where, perhaps at her very carriage window. Her unconscious hand was doubled to a fist upon her breast, fast closed upon the sapphire.

With all her body braced, she leaned and looked far backward, and far forward, and now for a long time saw nothing. The distance was empty. The glare of arc-lights showed her the shadows of her own progress—the shadow of her vehicle shooting huge and misshapen now on the cobble, now along a blank wall, wheels, body and driver, all lurching like one; now heaped on each other, now tenuously drawn out, now twisting themselves into shapes the mind could not account for. For here, whirling the corner, the carriage seemed to wave an arm and now between the wheels, fast twinkling, she saw a pair of legs. She leaned and looked, so mesmerized with this grotesque appearance that it scarcely troubled her that all the way down the last long hill she knew it must be that a man was running at her wheel.

The warm lights of her house were just before her, offering succor, stiffening courage. It would be but a dash from the door of the cab to her own door. There was no second course, once the cab stopped. She felt that to lurk in its gloom would mean robbery, perhaps death. She thought without fear, but with an intense calculation. Her hand held the door at swing as the cab drew up. Before it should stop she must leap. She gathered her skirts and sprang—sprang clean to the sidewalk. The steps of her house rushed by her in her upward flight. Her bell pealed. She covered her eyes.

For the moment before Shima opened the door there was nothing but darkness and silence. She had never been so glad of anything in her life as of the kind, astute, yellow face he presented to her distressed appeal.

"Shima," she panted, "pay the cab; and if there's any one else there say that I'll call the police—no, no, send him away." There was no question or hesitation in Shima's obedience. Through the glass of the door she watched him descend upon his errand, until he disappeared over the edge of the illumination of the vestibule. She waited, dimly aware of voices going on beyond the curtains of the drawing room, but all her listening power was concentrated on the silence without—a silence that remained unbroken, and out of which Shima returned with the same imperturbable countenance.

"He wants ten dollars."

"Oh, yes, give him anything," Flora gasped. If that was all the Chinaman had followed her for! But her relief was momentary, for instantly Shima was back again.

"I gave him ten dollars, the cabman."

Now she gasped again. "Oh, the cabman! But the other one!" For an instant Shima seemed to hesitate; glancing past her shoulder as if there was something that he doubted behind her. Then as she still hung on his answer he brought it out in a lowered voice.

"Madam, there was no one else there."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Face in the Garden.

With her hand at her distressed forehead she turned, and saw, be-

tween the curtains of the drawing-room, Harry, and behind him Clara, looking out at her with faces of amazement, and she fancied, horror. Harry came straight for her.

"Why, you poor child, what's happened to you?"

She gave him a look. She couldn't forget their scene in the red room, but the mixture of apprehension and real concern in his face went far toward melting her. She might even have told him something, at least a part of the truth, but for that other standing watching her from the drawing-room door. With Clara, there was nothing for it but to ignore her disordered hair, her hat in her hand, her ruffe torn and trailing on the floor.

She put on a splendid nonchalance, as if it were none of their business. "Oh, I am sorry if I kept you waiting."

It was Clara who spoke to her, past Harry's blank astonishment. "Why, we don't mind waiting a few moments more while you dress."

"I shan't have to dress." Such a statement Flora felt must amaze even Shima, waiting like an image on the threshold of the dining-room. But if these people were waiting to be amazed she felt herself equal to amazing them to the top of their expectations.

"Oh, but at least go up and let Marrika give you some pins," Clara protested, hurrying forward as if fairly to drive her.

"Thank you, no, this will do," Flora said. On one point she was quite clear. She wasn't going to leave those two together for a moment to discuss her plight; not till she could first get at Harry alone. Then and there she turned to the mirror and with her combs began to catch back and smooth the disorder of her hair, seeing all the while Clara's reflection hovering perturbed and vigilant in the background of her own.

While her hands were busy seeming to accommodate Clara, her mind was marshaled to Clara's outwitting. The only thing to do was to tell nothing. Let Clara spend her time in guessing. Unless by some wild chance she had seen Kerr in the garden she couldn't come near the truth of what had happened. But what was to be done with Harry? Harry was too close to her to be ignored.

At that dreadful dinner, where she sat a conscious frustrator of these two silent ones, glancing at Harry's face, she knew that if she didn't attack she would be attacked by him. It was here in the midst of the noiseless passings of Shima, watching Harry's suspicious glances flashing across the table at her strange disorder, that the idea occurred to her of a way out of it. She was bold enough to try a daring thrust at the mystery. If ever a hunter was to be led off on a false scent, Harry was that one. She was amazed at the sudden, fearless impulse that had sprung up in her. She wasn't even afraid to say to him under Clara's nose, "Harry, I want you to myself after dinner. Come up into the garden study."

He was very willing to follow her. She thought she detected in his alacrity something more than curiosity or concern. It seemed almost as if Harry was ashamed of that scene in the red room, and anxious to make it up with her. He even tried before they had reached the head of the stairs. "Oh, Flora—I say, Flora, I—"

But an explanation between them was the last thing she wanted just then. She fairly ran, leaving him panting in the wake of her airy skirts.

For the first time since the thing began Clara was left out completely. Flora knew she was even left out of a possibility of listening at the key-hole. For the bright, tight, little room into which Harry followed her was approached by a square entry and a double door. The room itself overhung the garden as a ship's deck overhangs the sea. Leather books and long red curtains were the note of it. She and Harry had often been here together before.

He hadn't got his breath. He had hardly shut the door on them before she began. "Well, something has happened." She had his attention. His other purpose was arrested. "Oh, something extraordinary. I would have told you on the spot, only I thought you would rather Clara didn't know it."

"I?" That left him staring. "What have I to do with it?" At this she gave him a long look. "It was through you he ever had the chance of seeing me. I mean the blue-eyed Chinaman. He has followed me all the evening. He followed me here to the very door." Flora's array of facts fell so fast, so hard, so pointed, that for a moment they held him speechless in the middle of the room.

Any fleeting suspicion she might have had of his complicity in the Chinaman's pursuit vanished. He showed plain bewilderment. For a moment he was more at sea than herself. The next she saw the shadow of a thought so disturbing that it sharpened his ruddy face to harshness. He stepped toward her. "What did he say to you?" He loomed directly above her, threatening.

"Nothing. He didn't say anything. But I know he followed me quite to the house. I saw his shadow all the way down the hill."

Harry still breathed quickly. "Where—how did he come across you?"

She'd been prepared for the question. "I was driving down Sutter street and he saw me at the carriage window."



Harry stood tense, poised, catching everything as she tossed it off; then as if all at once he felt the full weight of the burden. "Lord!" he said, and let himself down heavily into a chair. It was plain in his helpless stare that he knew exactly what it all meant. Laying her hands on the high chair-arm, leaning down so that she could look into his face, Flora made her thrust.

"What do you think he wants?" she gently asked. It was as if she would coax it out of him. His answer was correspondingly low and soft.

"It's that damned ring."

She heard her secret fear spoken aloud with such assurance that she waited, certain at the next moment Harry's voice would people the silence with all the facts that had so far escaped her. But when, after a moment of looking before him he did speak, he went back to the beginning, which they both knew.

"You know he didn't want to part with it in the first place."

"Yes, yes; but he did," Flora insisted.

"Well," he answered quickly, "but that was before—" He caught himself and went on with a scarcely perceptible break: "He may have had a better offer for it since."

He couldn't have put it more mildly, and yet that temperate phrase brought back to her in a flash a windy night full of raucous voices and the great figures in the paper that had covered half a page—the reward for the Crew Idol. Could it be that—that sum so overwhelming to human caution and human decency which Harry had cloaked by his grudging phrase "some better offer"? What else could he mean? And what else could the blue-eyed Chinaman mean by his strange pursuit of her?

"Some one must have wanted it awfully," Flora tried again, keeping step with his mild admission.

Harry covered her with an impressive stare. "There's something queer about that ring," he nodded to her. He was going to tell her at last! She gazed at him in expectation, but presently she realized that nothing more was coming. He had stopped at the beginning. She tried to urge him on.

"Queer, what do you mean?" She was feigning surprise.

He looked at her cautiously. "Why, you must have noticed it yourself when we were at the shop. And now, tonight, his having followed you."

She could see him hesitate, choosing his words. She knew well enough her own fear of saying too much—but, what was Harry afraid of? Did he suspect her feeling for Kerr? Was that why he was holding back, leaving out, giving her the small, expurgated version of what he knew. She tried again, making it plainer.

"You think the ring is something he ought not to have had; something that belongs somewhere else?"

He looked away from her, answered the room, as if to pick up his answer from some of the corners. "Well, anyway, it's lucky we waited about that setting," he said with quick irrelevance. "If you're going to be annoyed in this way you'd better let me have it."

"Why hadn't she thought of that! It was what any man might say, after hearing such a story as hers, yet it was the last thing she had thought of, and the last thing she wanted."

"Oh, leave it with me," she quavered, "at least till you're sure!"

"Oh, no!" He gave his head a quick, decided shake. "If something should come out, you wouldn't want to be mixed up in it."

"Then why not give it back to the Chinaman?" she tried him.

"Oh, that's ridiculous." He was in a passion. His darkening eyes, his swelling nostrils, his aspect so out of proportion to her mild and almost playful suggestion, frightened her. He saw it and instantly his mood dropped to mere irritation. "Oh, Flora, don't make a scene about it. This thing has been on my mind for days—the thought that you had the ring. I was afraid I had no business to let you have it in the first place, and what you've told me to-night has clean knocked me out. I don't know what I'm saying. Come, let me have it; and if there's anything queer about the business, at least we'll get it cleared up."

But, smiling, she retreated before him.

"Why, Flora," he argued, half laughing, but still with that dry end of irritation in his voice, "what on earth do you want to keep the thing for?"

By this time she backed against the window and faced him. "Why, it's my engagement ring."

He looked at her. "She couldn't tell whether he was readiest to laugh or rage."

"You gave it to me for that," she pleaded. "Why shouldn't I keep it, until you give me a real reason for giving it up? If you really know anything, who don't you tell me?" She was sure she had him there; but he burst out at last:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What to Do Before the Doctor Comes

Contusions or Bruises

By DR. W. H. BAILEY
of the Kansas University Medical School at Rosedale

Contusions are those injuries to the tissues of the body caused by their coming in contact with some blunt object. In simple or slight contusions the injury is confined to the area very closely surrounding the point of contact. In severe contusions the systemic effect or the shock produced may cause immediate death. In a contusion the external skin surface is not broken and only the underlying structures show evidence of injury. To a greater or less extent a contusion accompanies lacerated and incised wounds (where the skin is broken) and in many cases it is a very serious complication. Any of the structures below the skin may be injured by a contusion as the tearing of muscle fibers, rupturing of blood vessels, paralyzing of nerves or crushing of bones.

The part injured is tender on pressure and painful on movement. Swelling may take place at once from the rupture of a blood vessel or after a short time from the collection of serum to the part. There is always a certain amount of shock produced which in some cases, as some contusions of the abdomen, may cause immediate death. After a few days, in most instances, the blood from the ruptured blood vessels finds its way towards the surface and the skin becomes discolored. This is very noticeably shown in cases of "black and blue" eyes. Sometimes the tissues have been so denuded that they break down and slough away or become infected and are destroyed by that means.

Preventive Measures.

As preventive measures for contusions, never strike any one about the head, face, or body, especially in the abdomen. Nearly every one knows how easily his wind may be "knocked out" even by a light blow in the abdomen.

In games, such as football, where contusions are liable to be frequent,

protect the body by guards and pads as much as possible.

Treatment.

The best treatment for the contusion itself is absolute rest of the part for a short time. This may be procured by bandages, slings, splints or putting the patient to bed. Firm bandaging lessens the amount of swelling and favors its re-absorption. Cold in the form of icebags or cold water placed on the part also tend to lessen the swelling. Considerable caution must be used in the application of cold as the tissues are always a little devitalized by the contusion and the added slowing of the circulation by the cold may cause them to die and decay. Therefore, if the tissues appear to have a low vitality, they should be kept warm by being surrounded by hot water bottles and covered with warmed blankets and other covers.

After a few days the part should be massaged, kneaded, and moved about, slowly at first but with increasing force. Rubbing with some liniment as witchhazel, arnica or soap liniment may also help some to improve the conditions at this time.

When the Shock Is General.

If the general shock is at all severe it must be treated by stimulants as aromatic spirits of ammonia, brandy or strong coffee. The patient must be kept warm by covers and some form of artificial heat as hot-water bottles or heated bricks. If breathing has stopped, as is so often the case in blows on the stomach, artificial respiration should be given at once and maintained continuously until the patient is able to breathe normally. Methods of artificial respiration will be given when treatment of drowning is considered.

A physician should be called in all cases where the shock is at all marked, as some serious injury may have been done to some of the internal organs.

Wounds of the Skin

Wounds of the skin and tissues may be of three kinds, first, tears (lacerations) made by a fairly blunt instrument as a stone; cuts (incised wounds) made by a sharp instrument as a knife or piece of glass; and third, puncture wounds made by some article of relatively small diameter as a splinter or a bullet.

The dangers of wounds of the skin are infection or inflammation, bleeding (hemorrhage) from some wounded blood vessel, destruction or cutting of some nerve, the cutting of some muscle or bone, and the wounding of some internal or vital organ.

Death may result from an increase of the infection to a general blood poisoning (septicemia), or from bleeding (hemorrhage), or from injury of some vital organ as the brain. Deformities and ugly scars sometimes follow the healing of such wounds. Wounds quite frequently accompany sprains, and fractures and dislocations.

Preventive Measures.

In order to prevent wounds we should be very careful while handling sharp tools. Never allow children to play or run with open knives, sharp sticks or broken glass. Never point a gun or allow anyone else to point one at anybody, no matter whether it is loaded or not, because too frequently it is the guns that "are not loaded" that go off and injure people.

Treatment.

In treating wounds it is a good plan to allow them to bleed freely for a short time, if they will, as some of the germs (bacteria) which are almost always carried into the wound by the instrument that makes it, may be washed out in this way. If this bleeding is very excessive or long continued it should be stopped. Methods of stopping bleeding will be given in a later paper. After the bleeding has stopped the outside of the wound should be washed, and if it is not deep, the whole wound should be cleaned by washing it thoroughly with hot water that had been boiled for a short time and cooled. Some mild antiseptic or disinfectant may be added to the water, as bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), so that the solution is of about the strength of one part of the bichloride to 2,000 parts of water (1-2000); enough boric acid (boracic acid) to make a saturated solution about 1 part to 5 or 10 parts of water (1-5 or 1-10); or carbolic acid (phenol) so that there is 1 part of carbolic to 50 parts of water (1-50). A person before attempting to clean out a wound should first wash his own hands thoroughly in boiled water and soap for at least three minutes continuously so as to get off all the germs. Do not use dirty rags or cotton waste to wash out wounds because they are liable to wash in more germs than you wash out. Always use clean cloths that have been washed and ironed or heated in a hot oven for five or ten minutes, or they may be boiled at the same time that the water is heated.

After the wound has been cleaned out, or if deep its outer surface washed, apply a dressing of some soft clean material prepared in the same way as for washing out the wound and it may be put on either dry or moistened in the antiseptic solution used.

When possible it is better to apply

some sterile gauze dressing similar to that kept at most drug stores. The dressing is kept in place of a snug bandage.

In case of a splinter or other foreign body in the skin, remove all of it before applying dressings if possible. If not able to remove all of it, apply dressing and have the patient see a physician. In cases of a bullet wound never probe around in the wound to try to find the bullet, but be satisfied with cleaning off the outside of the wound and applying a clean dressing. Then have the patient see a surgeon at once. Never put tobacco juice or flour or spider webs or anything similar on a wound of any kind.

Pliny's Standing Joke.

In his "Natural History" Pliny made a standing joke for centuries by telling how ancient deep-sea divers poured oil on stormy seas to quiet them. Benjamin Franklin, printer, Republican, revolutionist, kite-flyer, electrician, physicist, natural philosopher, jack of all great deeds, was the first to clear up the oil and troubled waters question. In 1787 at sea he saw the wakes of two of the ships that seemed smooth as glass in a whitecap sea. The skipper "guessed the coxswain were emptying their greasy water through the scuppers." Franklin at first thought it a sea joke, a tale for the marines, but never forgetting anything, he remembered Pliny's divers' story. Years later at Clapham on a windy day he poured a teaspoonful of olive oil on the half-acre of stormy pond water and stifled the pretty pond tempest, even as a miracle in Holy Writ. Franklin then bore such a reputation that none dare question when he described this "smooth as a looking glass" experiment in the Royal Philosophical Transactions.

Odd Way of Weighing Babies.

The grocer's first question to the man who had asked him to weigh a fatiron, a pair of curling tongs, a French novel and a jar of ground coffee at the same time seemed irrelevant. "Boy or girl?" said he. "Girl," said the man. Then the grocer dumped the miscellaneous assortment into the scales and said 9 1/2 pounds. "Happens every little while down here where not many people have scales of their own," he explained. "They want to weigh the baby the minute it arrives, so they balance it with odds and ends that exactly tip the beam, then the next day they weigh the things and find out baby's heft."

Desperate.

"There comes Tupper. I believe he's going to tell us another funny story."

"Heavens! I hope an automobile will strike us first"

Equipped.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?"

"Yes, Dallinger."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."—Stray Stories.

New Deadly Weapon.

The inventor of a new pocket automatic gun claims its bullets will penetrate half an inch of steel at one thousand yards.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

We Have Over Half of the New World



WASHINGTON—The indications being that the census will show the population of the United States to be over 90,000,000, it seems assured that the republic contains more than half of the inhabitants of the New World. It is quite probable that all of the remaining countries of this hemisphere have fewer than 80,000,000 inhabitants.

That point can never be settled definitely until conditions change radically in many extensive regions of Latin America. Now most of the states south of Mexico and north of the Argentine either make a farce of their census taking or else do not attempt it at any time.

Recent estimates, partly based upon census records, which have been made in South America and Central America, indicate that there are about 70,000,000 people living between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn, including the West Indies. Canada has perhaps 7,000,000, allowing for rapid growth since the census of 1901, and Newfoundland adds less than 250,000.

Unless the estimates, which seem most intelligently made, are very wide of the mark in several countries where there are no authentic and exact statistics of population, the total for the New World, outside of the

United States, cannot exceed 80,000,000.

Brazil, much the largest country of South America, is the most populous in the Western Hemisphere, except the United States. It is probable that a full and careful enumeration of the Brazilians would show about 20,000,000 of them.

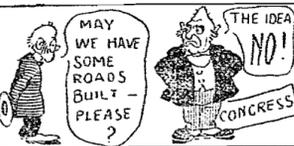
Mexico, only about 25 per cent of the size of Brazil in square miles, is safely established in third place among all the nations of the New World, as far as numbers go. In other respects the Argentine surpasses Mexico, and so does Canada. Their industrial output is greater and their foreign commerce is larger in every way.

Argentina and Canada are alike also, in growing so fast and with such assurance of continued swift expansion that they may overtake and pass Mexico. Their chief cities already surpass the largest civic centers in the country which Diaz makes his footstool. But now neither is within 6,000,000 of the Mexican total.

As a rule, with comparatively few exceptions, Latin America is rich in unsettled country. A very large part of the vast expanse of land south of the Mexican frontier, all the way to the southern end of South America lies open to settlement.

Some say such wealth in unused natural resources must cause great growth, but that is a matter of the indefinite future. For the present it is certain that the United States will hold its lead over the other countries of the New World, counting all of them together.

Gives No Money for Road Building



AS regularly as the sessions roll around, congress sidesteps, smoothers or overrides all propositions which would embark the government in the business of road building. The logic and importance in the outcry for "goodroads" is universally admitted; but everybody's business comes perilously near having nobody's attention.

Some communities, townships, counties and a few states have made more or less real progress towards improving the highways locally. Where the states take a hand a beginning is made towards obtaining "through routes." But, despite all that has been said for a revival of road building, notwithstanding editorial support from publications of all partisan shades, the movement as yet has no central organization which presses the work along broad lines.

The federal government thus far cooperates only by giving advice. It maintains a small bureau in the department of agriculture devoted first to the propaganda of the good roads idea and secondly to the maintenance of a limited corps of experts, who, when their assistance is solicited, will make suggestions as to the best methods for road building under given circumstances, and to a certain extent

Capital Boys Are to Be Suppressed



REGULATIONS to protect children from danger of injury and to have them looked after for violations of the regulations are to be enforced by the Washington police.

"The danger to children who make playgrounds of the streets," says Maj. Sylvester, "has been long since established. Now that there are public playgrounds in different sections of the city the children should use them rather than risk their lives."

Complaints against children playing on the streets sometimes cause a peck of trouble to the police.

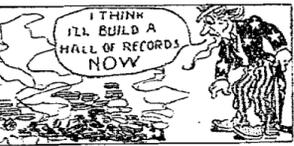
Children jump upon moving street

cars. Others stand upon the streets. Others are loud and boisterous. "Death and accident have been caused by street cars and other vehicles," the superintendent of police says. "On the other hand, children playing on the streets have caused destruction to property."

"Ball playing on the streets," he continued, "has resulted in complaints on account of noises and broken windows. The same hue and cry is raised when vacant lots are used for baseball and other games. At times, in certain localities, large and noisy gatherings are attracted."

Street corner gatherings are to be broken up, the superintendent says. Indulgence in profanity and other bad language is to mean punishment. All offenders who are caught will be prosecuted. The police think that keeping boys off the streets at night would accomplish much good.

Government Has No Hall of Records



AS the country has been told about once a day for the last 20 years, the United States Government has no hall of records, no place where it can keep the valuable documents which from time to time it is necessary to clear out of the departments and put some place for safe keeping. This being the case when a fire broke out the other day under the offices of the geological survey there was wild excitement. In the basement of the store that got on fire are the records and archives of the geological survey. These are invaluable and if destroyed could never be replaced, but the United States Government is obliged

to house its different departments in rented buildings all over Washington, and the constant danger threatens the destruction of valuable archives whenever a fire breaks out, and there is not any reason why a fire should not break out in a non-fireproof building.

The loss of government property in this fire is thought to be less than \$1,000, but in the library over the fire was a unique collection of geological literature containing more than 65,000 volumes, 85,000 pamphlets and 36,000 maps, the most complete collection of geological works and maps in this country if not in the world.

What the United States Government needs is a magnificent hall of records, where all the valuable archives of the government might be stored in absolutely fireproof vaults. Some day after a few hundred million dollars' worth of these valuable records have been destroyed congress will give us a hall of records.

COULDN'T PUT BLAME ON HIM

Unreliability of the Doctors Cause of Tramp's Seeming Disregard of Truth.

Clement J. Driscoll, New York's commissioner of weights and measures, advocates the sale of bread strictly by weight.

"Some bakers oppose this idea," he said the other day. "They prove that it is better for the poor to trust to the baker's generosity than to pin him down, as grocers and butchers are pinned down now."

"Well, it seems to me that these bakers are as illogical and absurd as the beggar who wore a placard, saying, 'I have only six months to live.' He was a robust beggar, but the placard touched all hearts, and through its agency he must have made six or seven dollars a day."

"A Philadelphian who had helped the beggar liberally in Philadelphia in 1905, came across the fellow, wearing the same placard, in Los Angeles in 1909."

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," the Philadelphian cried. "Only six months to live, forsooth! You were saying that five years ago."

"Well," growled the beggar, "it ain't my fault, is it, if the doctors make mistakes?"

NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

The Effects.

"I have come to you, my friend, for comfort. My best girl has treated me very badly. I was trying to explain something to her, but she gave me such sharp looks they cut me to the heart; she withered me with her scorn, crushed me with her coldness and stabbed me with her keen edged tongue."

"See here, man, you oughtn't to come to me for comfort; what you need is to go to a hospital for treatment."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

No Friend of His.

"Is Mrs. Gossip a friend of yours?" "No; she's a friend of my wife's." "Isn't that the same thing?" "Not at all. She feels very sorry for my wife."

If Your Eyes Bother You get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Power of a Magnet.

A steel horseshoe magnet can hold in suspension a weight up to twenty times its own.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

Nothing enlarges the life like letting the heart go out to others.



The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Park Rapids, Minn.—"I was sick for years while passing through the Change of Life and was hardly able to be around. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I gained 20 pounds and am now able to do my own work and feel well."—Mrs. Ed. LA DOT, Park Rapids, Minn.

Brookville, Ohio.—"I was irregular and extremely nervous. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I have become regular and my nerves are much better."—Mrs. R. KINNISON, Brookville, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

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

FREE



5 Beautiful Post Cards

These Are the Very Latest Post Card Designs

To quickly introduce our new and up-to-date line of Cards, we will for the next 30 days send absolutely free this choice assortment of 5 Artistic Cards, including Birthdays, Christmas, Roses and Flowers, Best Wishes and Good Luck. If you answer this ad immediately and send 2c stamp for postage, the above 5 Art Post Cards in beautiful colors and exciting gold-embossed designs, comprise the prettiest and most attractive collection ever offered. With each set we include our special plan for getting a big Post Card Album and 10 additional extra fine cards of your own selection FREE. This special limited advertising offer good only 30 days. Write immediately. Use the coupon below.

ART POST CARD CLUB, 851 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan. Enclosed 2c stamp. Please send me the complete set of five cards; if no post card as directed.

My Name.....

Address.....

Constipation Vanishes Forever

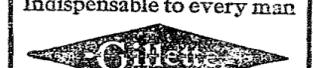
Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Fully vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—disstress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine Carter Signature

Breathwood

Indispensable to every man



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

MICA AXLE GREASE

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

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

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)

DOUBLE TEAM WORK HARNESS at right prices. Charles. Clure, Florence.

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)

Drop in the harness shop and get prices and acquainted. Chas. Clure, Florence.

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

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

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.

OILING HARNESS \$1.00 set. Satisfaction guaranteed. Chas. Clure, Florence.

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 Milkster (20 quarts a day when fresh). Telephone Florence 315. E. L. Platz.

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)

OILING AND REPAIRING of all kinds of harness. Charles Clure.

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

Miss Julia Feldhusen, Miss Mable Anderson, Miss Emma Anderson, Miss Sophia Anderson, Miss Ethel Herskins, Miss Mildred Allison, Miss Maude Grebe, Miss Margaret Gordon, Miss Esther Dugher, Miss Natalie Lage, Miss Fern Nicols, Miss Francis Thompson and Miss Grace Thompson.

In 2009. Transient—Who's that prosperous looking fellow over there?

Native—That's Squire Shuvell, the millionaire ditch digger. Everybody laughed at him years ago when he refused to become a doctor or a lawyer, and even turned down the correspondence schools' offer to make him a window dresser or an electrical engineer. Time proved his wisdom, and today, as the only unskilled laborer in this section, he can command almost fabulous prices.—Puck.

COURSE NOT.



The Girl—There's a sucker at the end of that line. The Boy—Not at this end.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

When Ward Davis heard that her name was Jennie Wright, he smiled and said: "It ought to be Jennie Wren."

He had noticed that she wore sober little gowns to class, gowns which contrasted strangely with the pinks and blues and heliotropes of the other girls at the summer school.

She had a sober manner, too, which was relieved by a birdlike brightness. And she went on her sedate and busy little way alone, studying hard while ushers danced and played cards, or ate shore dinners at neighboring beaches.

To Ward she seemed, in spite of her intellectual occupation, closely allied to the women he had known in his childhood. She seemed the type who would be busy about household things. He was glad when he discovered that her work in the winter was in a kindergarten. There seemed an eternal fitness in the fact that she lived daily with little children. But now and then, the thought came to him that she would be at her best crooning a lullaby at her own hearthstone.

Such thoughts never entered his head when he made merry with the other grown-up scholars who were seeking the knowledge that should advance them in the professions. Most of these other women were bright, scintillating, beautiful creatures, who seemed made for fun and frivolity. Those who were not beautiful and brilliant were intellectual machines, whom no man could seek, because they would not admit the need of masculine companionship.

Ward Davis, having taught English to countless students, both in the summer and the winter schools of the university, could not quite understand his interest in Jennie Wright. Girls had come and gone,



Poring Over a Volume of Ancient Cookery.

and he had remained heart whole and fancy free. When he had dreamed of marriage for himself, he had thought he would select a wife of rare attainments, with culture and beauty. He had made up his mind that no teacher or toiler should tempt him from his ambition, and now this little Jennie Wright was beginning to hold for him an interest which was amazing and disconcerting.

He avoided her except when she came to his classes, but fate seemed to bring them singularly together. Their tastes were similar, and if he went to the college art gallery, he was sure to find her in front of his favorite pictures. She spent hours in the library digging among old books, and it pleased him one day to find that she was poring over a volume of ancient cookery. It seemed to fit in with his idea of her domestic qualities.

"That isn't in line with your studies," he chided her with a laugh in his eyes. "You ought to be reading finger plays and things like that."

As her eyes laughed back he felt a sudden thrill. It was as if a wild bird had flashed past him, and had then hidden herself away in a thicket.

"I like cook books," she said. "They are my solace when things at the boarding house go wrong. I like to read about good things to eat—just at this moment I have been revolving in a recipe for Brunswick stew. Did you ever taste one?"

"Yes, indeed." Ward's tone was eager. "My grandfather was a mighty hunter, and he would bring home squirrels, and there were always corn and green peppers and onions to make it savory, and tomatoes to add the final finish to its flavor."

She laughed. "You positively make a poem of it," she said. "Look, here," he urged, boyishly, "I know a place a short ride away, where we can get Brunswick stew made after our family recipe. An old nurse of mine keeps the place, and she would be delighted to have it ready if I telephoned ahead."

Her glance reminded him, more than ever, of a startled bird. "Why, I couldn't," she said. And then she added stiffly: "You must think me dreadfully silly."

Ward wanted to say that he

thought her charming, with the flush on her cheeks, and with her kindling eyes. But he knew it wouldn't do. He felt that flattery would be distasteful to her, and that she would fly away.

"Please," he urged again, but she shook her head.

"I have so much to do," she pleaded.

Never having been thwarted, Ward made up his mind that some day she should go with him, but he bided his time. And, before he knew it, he was wooing his little Jennie Wren like a gallant Robin Redbreast.

He was deeply, profoundly in love for the first time. He felt stirring in his heart all the primeval instincts. He wanted a home with this woman in it. He wanted a future in which this little creature should be at his side, cheering him, helping him, sustaining him. He smiled as he analyzed his feelings. "I thought I longed for a mate of gay plumage, but I am no more fitted, with my quiet tastes and love of homely happiness, to unite with a society woman than is a plain robin to join his fortunes with a hummingbird."

His sense of protection made him want to surround her with every safeguard, and when one day, upon the campus, he found her being badgered by a group of gay young students, his blood boiled. Behind a screen of vines he sat on the porch of the old library and heard them tease her about him. They had read his secret before her modesty would permit her to understand and now they were taxing her with it.

"Little mouse," said a gay girl in blue, "to think that you should carry off the prize."

Jennie's inquiring glance went from one amused face to another. "Why—I haven't won any prize," she said. "What do you mean?"

"A big prize," said the girl in blue explaining; "all of us set our caps for the professor, and now you have won out—"

"Oh," Jennie's face flamed, "but I haven't—why, who ever thought of such a thing—"

"He did, and we did," chanted the girl in blue. "Oh, you blind little mouse." And away they went.

Ward dared not approach her as she sat alone looking out over the campus. He knew how she must feel to have had her affairs talked about by irreverent tongues.

But that afternoon he sought her out. "You refused my invitation, once," he said gravely, "to go to my old nurse's. Please don't refuse me now—I want you."

With a new self-consciousness upon her she dropped her head.

"Please don't ask me," she protested. "I—I think I ought not to go."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because of what those girls said to you on the porch this morning?"

"Yes."

"And it is true. And it is because of that that I want to carry you off with me this afternoon. I want to talk it over with you—may I Jennie Wren?"

Suddenly she was enveloped by the joy of his love for her. "Oh, yes," she said breathlessly. "I'll be glad to talk it over."

In the dim, cool dining room of the old farmhouse, where the air was sweet with the fragrance of honeysuckle, Ward told her the story of his awakening. "I need such a woman as you to complete my life," he said. "I need the comfort of you, the quiet content that your presence gives me, the rest, the peace, the joy of your gentle womanhood." He smiled whimsically. "Do you know the words of the old song: 'Will You Have Me, Jennie Wren?'"

And Jennie, true to nursery rhyme tradition, whispered "Yes."

Hungarian Banks.

Paul Nash, the American consul general at Budapest, in his report to the department, reviewing financial conditions in Hungary, shows that every branch of industry in that country is financed by banking concerns; running from the manufacture of machinery to the export of nuts, and yet there has been only one bank failure of importance in 40 years. The assistance of the banks is a necessity for Hungarian industry because the individual investor, as in most agricultural countries, does not regard manufacturing with any degree of enthusiasm, and but for the banks and the government little progress would be made toward industrial independence.

The Royal Petticoat Colonels.

Most of the women of the royal families of Europe are honorary colonels of regiments. In effect the sponsors of these regiments, but they are actually permitted to wear the regimental uniform with a skirt instead of the masculine trousers. The kaiserin is a colonel, so is the czarine. The crown princess of Roumania, who likes to pose in picturesque garb, has, of course, not missed the opportunity of being photographed in regimentals. Most of the German grand duchesses are colonels of regiments. The latest colonel in petticoats is the crown princess of Germany, who is sponsor for the Eighth dragoons.

True to Life.

Gunner—Did you see the new suburban drama? They have real vegetables and real chickens in the second act.

Homeseekers' Rates

Tickets to the west and northwest will be sold the first and third Tuesdays of each month at very low rates, beginning February 1 and ending December 20, 1910.

Union Pacific

Standard Road of the West

Electric Block Signals

For tickets and full information address your local agent.

JUST A WORD!

We want your grocery business and, what's more, we want to merit it. We try hard to please, and know that only the best of everything will please permanently. Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.
Sleepy Eye Chick Food,
Cracked Shells,
Mica Grit,
Mashed Bone, etc.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH
FLORENCE, NEB. PHONE 257

STORZ TRIUMPH BEER
The most popular beer in the west!

STORZ BREWING CO. FOR SALE BY **JOHN NICHOLSON.** **OMAHA NEBRASKA**
LUDWIG IMM.

Daily Hints For Daily Needs

- Wilco Brand Pickels**
Another Pickel Bargain, large 16 oz. bottle of assorted pickles that usually retails at 25c. while they last. per bottle.... **15c**
- Gold Label Sardines**
Highest grade American Sardines packed in a most delicious mayonnaise dressing, try them, they are fine. per can..... **15c**
- Fresh and Kippered Herring**
Packed by Marshall & Co., Aberdeen, Scotland, when you want something choice in the fish line try a pound can. at..... **20c**
- Queen Olives**
Packed by Seville Packing Co., New York, a large 14 oz. bottle of choice, plump Olives, small pit, reg. 50c value. at..... **35c**
A tall can of Ripe Olives at 25c.
- Advo Jell**
The perfect jelly powder, in all flavors, the most delicious Jell on the market today. Easily prepared by adding boiling water to contents of package. cool and serve..... **10c**
- Van Duyers Extracts, Established in 1850**
We are sole agents in Florence for these goods which are noted for their uniform strength. Cheap because only one half the quantity is required as compared with others. Include a bottle in your next order..... **15c=25c**
- Advona Coffee**
A rich, mellow cup of coffee that excels in aroma many higher priced goods, that costs you less than 1c a cup. Packed in clean, sanitary, sealed cans, per pound..... **25c**
- Fresh Fruits**
Our stock is always the largest, freshest and our prices the lowest, quality considered. Remember, if it's good to eat McClure sells it.

Phone, Bell 440 **McCLURE'S** Auto H-1113
Florence, Neb. **We Sell Everything**

The Want Ads Do the Business

JANSSEN'S
Hand Made Bread
GERMAN BAKERY

This label on your bread is a sign of its goodness. We can make wedding cakes and fancy baking to your order and at reasonable prices, too.

Candies, Cigars, Bakery Sundries. Look for This Red Label on Your Bread.

East Side of Main Street.

Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL \$10,000

4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS

Careful attention to all accounts. We sell Bank Money Orders good anywhere, cheaper than any other form of sending money by mail.

PHONE FLORENCE 303

Wooring Sally Plum
By Lawrence Alfred Clay

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The records of the Plum family bear witness that Sally Plum, as a baby, a child and a young girl, was different from others. She was serene and serene from the first. She went through scarlet rash and whooping cough and measles without a complaint. She had no use for rag dolls and play houses. She did not climb trees nor play marbles with the boys.

The Best Bargain

in reading matter that your money can buy is your local paper. It keeps you posted on the doings of the community.

This Paper

will tell you the things you want to know in an entertaining way; will give you all the news of the community; its every visit will prove a pleasure; it gives more than full value for the price asked for it.

Terms Reasonable Phone Fort Calhoun, Neb. at My Expense

FRANK M. BECKLEY
LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER
Fort Calhoun, Neb.
Pedigreed Stock and General Farm Sales.

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

Florence Real Estate, Rental and Collection Agency
George Gamble, Manager
Rentals and Collections of All Kinds
1411 Main St. Phone 215

THE NEW POOL HALL
Geo. Gamble, Prop.
BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN TOWN
Tel. Florence 215
SHORT ORDER LUNCHES.

Henry Anderson
THE SCHLITZ PLACE

Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

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

I. W. BROWN
Dealer in
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS
Prompt Delivery Phone Florence 1731

DANCING LESSONS
GIVEN every 2nd and 4th Friday of each month. Eagles Hall. 8 p. m.
MISSIS GOLL & SIMPSON, Tel. W 5630 or W 2491

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 245 BENSON, NEB.

Bank of Florence
(The Old Bank)
The Road to Wealth
has its foundation in small savings. Interest paid on time deposits. Do your banking at home. We write Insurance.
Phone 310
J. B. Brisbin, Pres. Thos. E. Price, Vice
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of all kinds
Florence Drug Store
GEO. SIERT, Prop.
Telephone, Florence 1121.
On the East Side of the Street.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
MCCOY & OLMSTED
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109-11 Brandeis Theatre Bldg.
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METZ
FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

Storz Blue Ribbon Beer
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Just North of Bank of Florence

FRANK PASCALE
Shoe Repairing
Tel. Flor. 443. 1502 Main St.



DR. SORENSON
Dentist
Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
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ORRIE S. HULSE C. H. RIEPEN
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HULSE & RIEPEN
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Successor to HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

THE TIME TO BUY COAL

is just before you need it. Do not wait until you have to have it and then expect to have it delivered in half an hour's time. Every other fellow in town may be wanting coal at the same time you want it, and it is not possible to deliver it to all places at once. Don't run out. Order in ample time from

Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.
Frank Gleason, Mgr.
Tels. Flor. 335, Ind. B-1145

Young Women

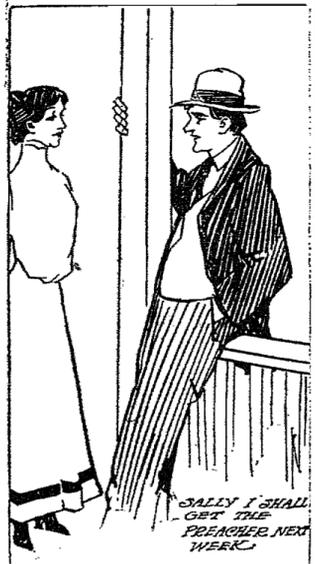
coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

At the age of sixteen Sally attended a Sunday school picnic which lasted all day. The only time during the day she was heard to utter a remark was when a woman asked her if she wasn't sorry she came. She replied: "Yes, ma'am," and that was all.

It was because Sally was so different from other girls that her grandfather left her \$20,000. He also left Sally's widowed mother half that amount. The two lived in a village and were the richest persons in it.

Besides being odd and different, Sally was plain of face and rather awkward of figure. At twenty she had never thought love nor talked it. No young man had walked with her. She had never read a novel, and she did not know the meaning of romance. She cooked and washed and ironed and baked and sewed carpet rags, and was serene.

What's going to happen to a plain girl who inherits \$20,000? She's going



to have offers of marriage, of course—more offers than a good-looking girl without any cash. Sally Plum began to have offers. The first came from Deacon Harper. The deacon was fifty, had four children, and was looking around for a good thing. He dropped in to court Sally. The mother left them together a whole evening, and the only words Sally uttered during the three long hours was in reply to the deacon's question as to why she was so silent. She thought for a moment and then replied:

"'Cause I've got a stone bruise on my heel!"

The deacon didn't relinquish his plans, but he felt tired.

The merchant of the village was an old bachelor. He had known Sally for years and years. Considering that \$20,000, with the additional fact that her mother owned her house and that he could live there rent free, it wouldn't be a bad match for him. He also went wooring. Sally was cutting carpet rags that evening. She cut and sewed and wound them into balls, and he talked and talked. He had been to New York, Boston and Chicago. He had seen a man hung. He had almost seen a mad dog. His brother John had been robbed on the highway. All these things he mentioned in hope of drawing Sally out. She didn't draw. She kept the same sober face and silent lips from start to finish. There were times when she looked at the man, but what's a look!

The merchant worked harder to draw Sally out and break the ice than he ever had to sell \$500 worth of goods, but not a word from her until he had his hat in his hand to go. Then she made a long speech, for her she asked:

"Did the man you saw hung kick around much?"

The third candidate was William Simms. He was twenty-three years old and worked in a sawmill. He was a plain-faced young man and not much given to talk. He came courtng with a small package in his hand, and when left alone with Sally he handed her the package with the remark:

"Some spruce gum that I got on the logs this afternoon."

Sally accepted and began to chew. She was knitting that evening. Mr. Simms canted his chair back on its hind legs against the wall and said nothing further. He had killed a big black snake in the mill yards that day, but he didn't mention it. He had heard at the postoffice that a trolley car in Philadelphia had run off the track and killed five passengers, but he didn't repeat it. In fact he dozed and nodded and slept, and it was the clock striking 10 that aroused him. Sally had knit and chewed and had a real good time.

"Bring you some more gum some

time," said Mr. Simms as he rose up and yawned and took his departure. "Gum's good," was Sally's reply as she shut the door after him.

The fourth man came from a village ten miles away. He was a lawyer, about thirty years old. He was talkative and up to date. He made an afternoon call. He decided that Sally was plain, but that the \$20,000 was good. He had traveled, and he set out to arouse the girl's interest and curiosity. He told her of Niagara Falls—the great cities—the fine hotels—ocean steamers—London—Paris. She looked at him in amazement, and he was flattering himself that he was making a great impression when she opened her mouth and asked:

"Did you ever see a cow fall down on the ice on the mill pond in winter?"

He never had. He acknowledged that he never had, and Miss Sally Plum had no further use for him. She went out into the garden to weed the onion bed, and there was nothing for the lawyer to do but take his departure.

Then the fifth man came. He was a clerk from a store in another village. He was up on dress and etiquette. He was smooth of speech: He brought a bouquet with him. He raised his hat to Sally and again to her mother. He found them on the veranda, both sewing. He extracted a scented handkerchief from his pocket and did a lot of small talk. He also flattered both women. He was getting along bravely, when the mother withdrew. He began to talk about the poets, to see if Sally's approachable spot lay in that direction, and after a long hour she interrupted him to ask:

"Were you ever bit by a hyena?"

He never had been, and there was no call for the girl to say more. Then Deacon Johnson returned. He felt that he had not been explicit enough. He returned to say that in case of marriage he should buy a gilt-framed mirror for the parlor, and that the bridal tour should include Niagara falls. He had never been there himself, but had talked with a man who had, and he was going on to tell of the awful majesty when Miss Sally interrupted him to ask:

"Deacon, do you believe that 'tater bugs burrow into cucumbers?"

Then back came Mr. Simms. Without any previous warning he drove up in a one-horse wagon, handed Sally another package of spruce gum and said:

"We are going over to Scottsville to the circus."

Sally got ready without a word. On the six-mile drive hardly a word was spoken. She chewed gum and he whistled the air of a hymn. When they arrived in the town he bought gingerbread and root beer. In the menagerie they walked from cage to cage, and Mr. Simms briefly explained:

"Lion here."
"This is a Bengal tiger."
"Blamed hyena here."
"Elephants over there."

While witnessing the circus performance they had peanuts and lemonade. The clown was funny, but Mr. Simms and Sally sat there as solemn as owls. The riding and tumbling were good, but they made no comments. When the circus was out, Mr. Simms handed over some more spruce to replace the "cud" thrown away to eat the peanuts, and they jogged home. Two weeks passed, and Mr. Simms called at the house to say:

"Sally, I shall get the preacher next week."

She didn't reply for a minute, and then said:

"William, them hyenas was awful."

"Yep."
"But the peanut was fine."
"Next week, Sally."
And Sally plum was wooed and won. Any one could have got her and her \$20,000 had they studied her. She was different, you know."

LANGUAGE WAS JUSTIFIABLE

Mild Profanity of Man Who Pounded His Thumb Upheld by Brooklyn Magistrate.

A fussy Brooklyn woman asked Magistrate Nash the other day for a summons for a man she had employed. He had been profane in her presence, she said. Magistrate Nash expressed his sorrow at this fact.

"I will gladly issue the summons if he has been profane," said he. "Perhaps you had best relate the circumstances?"

"He said 'damn it,'" said the woman blushing.

"Some authorities hold that 'damn it' is profanity," said Mr. Nash, gravely. "What was he doing at the time he said 'damn it?'"

"He was laying carpet for me," said the woman.

"And—" prompted the magistrate. "He hit his thumb."

"Under these conditions," said Magistrate Nash, "and having laid carpet myself, and having inadvertently hit my own thumb with the hammer while laying said carpet, I shall have to rule that your employe was not profane. He was only vulgar. Summons refused."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

This Vale of Tears.

Before we die, we hope to see everything go right for one day. When we get one thing going smoothly, another begins to wobble.—Atchison Globe.

Men.

A good card player isn't apt to cut much figure in the harvest field.—Atchison Globe.

ALL HOUSEHOLD EMERGENCIES

Well have a plumber there at once

AN HOUR saved in summoning the plumber by telephone may save the price of several years of service.

The Bell Telephone keeps the household in constant touch with all the resources of civilization and is instantly available in any emergency.

It also keeps the household in constant touch with the broader outside world by means of the Long Distance Service of the Bell System.

Nebraska Telephone Co.
Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

HARNESS LIGHT AND HEAVY

Our own make. Best quality at less than manufacturer's prices.

ROBES AND BLANKETS

Special attention given to repairing and oiling harness. Expert on good collars and fitting. Whips, axle grease, and all kinds of harness work.

Charles Clure West Side Main St. Florence, Neb.
Prices As Low As the Same Quality Goods Can Be Sold Anywhere

WE believe in the goods we are selling, and in our ability to get results. We believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest methods. We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not crying; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of doing business. We believe that a man gets what he goes after; that one order-to-day is worth two orders tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. We believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in friendship and honest competition. We believe in increasing our trade and that the way to do it is to reach for it. We are reaching for yours.

The Florence Tribune Florence, Nebraska

PHOTO-PLAY THEATRE **PHOTO-PLAY THEATRE**

To the Public of Florence

We take pleasure in announcing the opening of the new "Photo Play Theatre," Saturday evening, Oct. 15th, 7:00 P. M. A complete change of pictures will be shown on every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

Extra musicale every Friday night by prominent artist. Admission 10 cents to all.

Your support and encouragement is earnestly solicited.

Photo-Play Theatre

PHOTO-PLAY THEATRE **PHOTO-PLAY THEATRE**

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Not what you pay, but what you get, is the test of value.

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Call in or telephone us your next order for any thing in the general merchandise line, and we will promptly deliver your order.

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PE-RU-NA FOR DYSPEPSIA CATARRH OF STOMACH

The Wretchedness of Constipation
Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**
Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Beaumont*

This Artistic Hair-Dress
can be arranged by the aid of our 25-inch, short-stem, wavy human hair switch. We do not need to send on approval, for the reliability and exceptional quality of our hair goods cannot be excelled. Remittances with hair sample, and money will be refunded if not guaranteed, or sell 3 switches to your friends in 10 days and obtain your free. THE COLONY SHOP, Frances H. Baker, Prop., Dept. 610, 92 State, Chicago.

WHAT'S Your Health Worth?

You start sickness by mistreating nature and it generally shows first in the bowel and liver. A box (week's treatment) of **CASCARETS** will help nature help you. They will do more—using them regularly as you need them—than any medicine on Earth. Get a box today; take a **CASCARET** tonight. Better in the morning. It's the result that makes millions take them.

MEAN INSINUATION.



Miss Lively—Isn't it strange that baseball players are seldom sun-struck?
Mr. Fussy—Not necessarily. Sun-stroke is an affection of the brain.
Consulting the Playwright.
"My star can wiggle his ears and whistle through his teeth."
"Um."
"Now, can you build me a first-class comedy around that?"
It is a shame for people who have in their lives a consciousness of love and character and courage, to fall into the wasteful folly of unhappiness about the unimportant.—Margaret DeLand.

What a fine opening that alligator swimming at large in Paw Paw lake offers to ambitious bathers!

Market report announces, "Eggs strong at 32 cents a dozen." How much for those that are not?

A fund to pension aged and worn-out authors is suggested. Why not pension worn-out readers?

The man who "always gets up at daylight in the summer time" does it because the flies won't let him sleep any longer.

According to advices counterfeit fifty-dollar bills are being circulated, but fortunately most of us are out of the danger zone.

A \$60,000 bulldog has died in England, and there is to be a post-mortem investigation. It is an important thing to be a \$60,000 bulldog.

Emperor William is a man of stubborn opinions. He still sticks to the divine right of kings and to his belief that he can write an opera.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Big Harvest From Unredeemed Money



WASHINGTON.—The United States government in fifty years has accumulated \$13,000,000 from unredeemed money. A long-standing question, namely: How much does a government make through the failure of its citizens to present its paper for redemption? is answered fairly accurately for our country in these figures. Expert mathematicians in the United States have figured on the problem, and the results they have obtained by different methods are so nearly identical as to lead the layman to feel confident that they have hit somewhere near the mark.
Obviously the difficulties surrounding the statistician wishing to tabulate the gains of the government from this source are almost insurmountable, if accurate figures are what he is looking for. The destruction of paper money of all sorts goes on rapidly throughout the country, yet this loss is never reported to the treasury. So the mathematicians have had to take the complete figures of the government redemption division, and by comparing the average life of notes, the average percentage of actual redemption, and other items of that sort, have been able to work out a fairly accurate percentage of paper money that is either destroyed or is in such hands that it will never reach the treasury for redemption in gold.
Well-known authorities who have worked independently on the subject found, when they compared notes, that they had reached substantially the same result—that of all paper money issued the government escaped payment on from one-tenth of 1 per cent to about one-half of 1 per cent. This, of course, means that the government makes on the paper money it issues a commission varying between the percentages set forth. The most definite result shows a gain of approximately one-eighth of 1 per cent, a total gain to the government amounting to \$13,241,000 since the beginning of our paper money—about half a century ago.
All sorts of causes contribute to increase the amount of paper money that will never be presented for redemption. Fire is perhaps the most important cause, though improved safes and the more general use of safes for holding the cash supply are annually reducing the loss from this cause. Then there is a sort of inertia that money seems to have which keeps it out in the country once it is started in circulation, even though it be of an issue supposed to mature at a given time. Shipwrecks, too, are responsible for some of the loss. Lastly, there are the collectors, and it is probable that every fairly good collection of United States paper money accounts for at least one piece of every denomination that has failed to come back to the treasury.

Army Wanting in Marching Ability



That the field army is wholly unprepared for field service. He says the new regulations are almost entirely theoretical or dependent upon the experience of European armies. Our transportation is the same as at the beginning of the civil war, for our army has so far failed to make use of automobiles, traction engines and other modern appliances in the field. The weaknesses could be quickly developed if the present annual maneuvers could be replaced at least once by the march of a complete army corps. Very few of our officers have ever marched with more than a regiment.
To remedy these conditions, Maj. Gen. Wood, chief of staff, has issued orders which will change materially the training of the army. The inspectors general will be required to submit the troops to an annual inspection in the field, in addition to the present inspection, which is described in some quarters as being little less than an inquiry into the accounts and garrison work of the troops. The new inspection will be designed to show the efficiency of the troops in the theoretical work taught army officers in the various schools and provided for in the various drill regulations.

First Report on Infantile Paralysis



as a cause of death has been made heretofore, but the increasing importance of the disease and its wide prevalence throughout the country in the form of local epidemics render a statement of the mortality important.
The 569 deaths compiled for the registration area for 1909 were widely distributed, and indicate endemic or epidemic prevalence in many parts of the country. It should be remembered, the bulletin points out, that the census data relate only to registration sources, and that for the non-registration states the deaths are only those returned from the registration cities contained therein.
Pellagra is a new disease in the mortality statistics, the bulletin states. Only 23 deaths were returned from this cause for 1908, and no deaths for any previous year except one for 1904. Such deaths undoubtedly occurred, but were not recognized and were consequently returned as due to other causes or as of unknown cause.

Gifts of Potentates Vex Uncle Sam



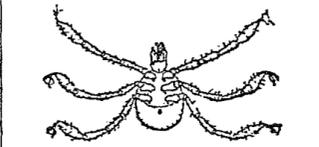
that degree, at least, weaken his allegiance to this country.
The most noted exception to this rule by congress was the authorization of acceptance by former President Roosevelt of the Nobel peace prize, amounting to about \$29,000. Colonel Roosevelt turned this money over to the department of commerce and labor to form the basis of a fund for expenses attending arbitration and the peaceful settlement of disputes between capital and labor. Before granting the authorization in this instance, congress had full knowledge of what was to be done with the money. The prize was awarded to Colonel Roosevelt for his efforts in terminating the war between Russia and Japan.
The action of the house committee arouses new interest in the notable collection of valuable and curious gifts presented by foreigners to official Americans which this government has not authorized acceptance of by Americans and which are now in safekeeping in the national museum and in the state, war and navy departments.

TICKS ARE DEGENERATE RELATIVES OF SPIDERS

Horrid Little Insects Fasten Themselves on Animals and Human Beings and Suck Blood Until They Are Full.

The horrid little insects known as wood ticks, which fasten themselves upon animals and human beings, and suck the blood until they become nearly four times their normal size, are minute, dangerous relatives of spiders, which have become to a greater or less degree parasitic. They constitute, with the mites, a group (Avarina) represented in great variety in all parts of the world, and everywhere troublesome to man and animals. Host of them are of pin-head size, but some become, when swollen, as large as hazel nuts. The head is small, and almost merged into the neck, but is armed with powerful biting jaws, having backward-pointed teeth, enabling the creature to hang on firmly after burying its head in the skin of any animal with a clutch soft enough to be penetrated. These mites and ticks abound in grass, herbage and on the leaves of bushes, on the under side of which some species make galls. When a large animal

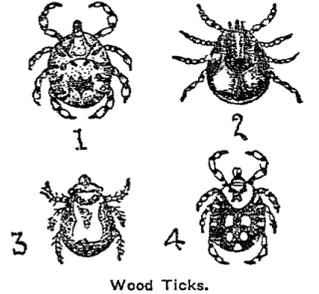
and some other animals, and are known as "ticks," which must not be confounded with the true (acarid) ticks, since they are true insects; one of these is the means of carrying the southern cattle disease called Texas fever from one animal and herd



A Larval Tick. Showing six long legs, which are lost in the first transformation and are replaced by the four feet of the adult.

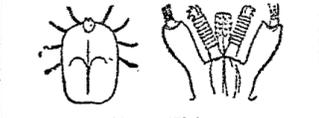
to another. When a person finds he has ticks upon him, he should at once cover them with thick oil and grease, beneath which they will soon die and fall, or can be removed without breaking off and leaving the head. The same is true of animals.

There is hardly any animal which is free from their attacks, and the accompanying illustrations show two kinds which afflict the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, as well as some creatures nearer home. It is in search of them principally that the starlings and other birds search the hides of these and other large animals when resting, and get the name of "tick birds."



Wood Ticks. 1. Rhinoceros Mite. 2. Hippopotamus Mite. 3. British Harvest Bug. 4. Beautiful Tick (European).

comes along they seize upon it, search some place in the skin, soft and moist enough for their purpose, drive in their jaws, and, having secured a firm hold, begin to suck the blood and juices until they can hold no more, and may have swelled from the size of a duck-shot to that of an oval filbert. Stimulated by this gorge, the eggs of the female develop rapidly, are voided and fall to the ground or brushed off on leaves, where they presently hatch, and soon afterwards the parent dies. If let alone, the presence of the tick does not seem to annoy wild animals greatly, although the ticks gather sometimes in solid masses, as Mr. Roosevelt mentions of some of the antelopes he encountered in British East Africa; but if an attempt is made to pull the creature



Moose Tick. The mouth part of a tick, showing the barbed jaws and sucking apparatus.

off, after it is well anchored, the chances are that the neck will break before the jaws let go, as you say, and the head will remain in the skin to decay and form a festering wound. Hence, the head should always be picked out with a needle or similar sharp instrument, and that instrument should first be sterilized. The "red spider," which troubles our plants, the English harvest-bug, the minute mites of cheese and of sugar, and the still more minute skin parasite of the itch disease, are members of this same group. There are, however, certain abnormal members of the fly family (Diptera), which infest birds, sheep,

VACCINES FOR FARM ANIMALS

Treatment of Many Conditions in Horses, as Well as Cattle and Dogs, Has Given Great Relief.

(By B. F. KAUPP, Colorado Agricultural College.)

It has been only a few months since bacterial vaccine has been used on the lower animals. The treatment of many conditions in horses, as well as cattle and dogs by bacterial vaccines made from the germs that produce the disease, has given great relief.

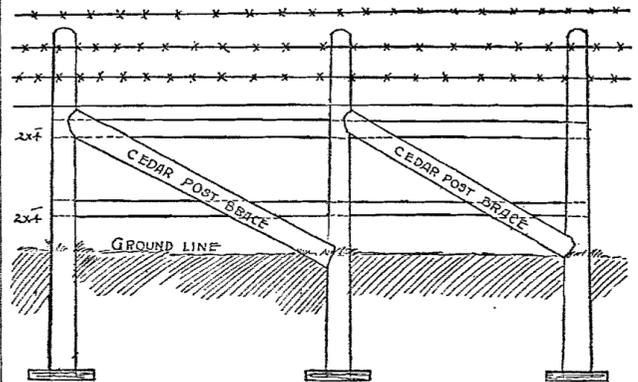
It was announced from the laboratory of pathology of the Colorado Agricultural college a few months ago that the preparation of a vaccine from the germs that cause the suppuration in fistula and poll evil had given great success in experimental trials in our hospital practice. It is also found that not only will this vaccine effect a cure in over 95 per cent of the cases of fistula and poll evil, when used by competent men, but it is useful in pus formations following nail pricks, wire cuts, or injuries of other kinds. Quittors yield to its effects.

The chemical substance contained within these germs stimulates the cells of the body (when introduced into it) to build up or form a substance that makes it impossible for the germ to live in its presence. The pus becomes less, thicker, wound finally dry, and healing goes on uninterruptedly.

Likewise, a vaccine made from the germs that cause distemper in horses effects a cure in a very few days and, if given at the initial stage of the disease, without pus formation.

These vaccines are hypodermically given at stated intervals. The body will make its own repairs if only the right stimulus is applied.

CORNER POST WELL BRACED



In the erection of good, substantial fences proper bracing is all important, and the method of bracing here shown will keep post from moving, even when the wires are stretched by the use of a wagon wheel turned as a capstan, and drawn so taut that every wire will ring when struck like the string of a violin.
It is well to anchor the three posts shown on the diagram by spiking a 2x6 as shown in the cut, one on the face and one on the back of the post, and placing a piece of plank or stone across, and then packing the earth solidly around the post. The post hole should not be cut sloping, but as straight as possible, resembling a mortise as cut by a carpenter. If the post hole is cut sloping it is impossible to tamp the earth solidly around the posts, as the earth will spread instead

of packing under the blows of the tamper. The post holes should be cut as near the size of the post as possible, allowing sufficient space for tamping at the back, and not more than an inch at each side, where a thin tamper can be used. The face of the post hole should be dug straight and plumb, and the posts set firmly against it, all the tamping being done at the back and at the sides of the post.
The seven foot posts are to be used, and the lower wire is 16 inches from the surface of the ground, the next wire nine inches above, and the other two wires nine and one-half apart, respectively. This will make the fence forty-four inches high, which is ample, for live stock as a rule will not undertake to leap over a barbed wire fence.

AN OLD-TIME CLOWN.

J. B. Agler, (Tony Parker,) Praised Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Agler is one of the best known men in the circus world, having been on the road with a wagon show 53 years. When interviewed at his home in Winfield, Kans., he said: "I contracted kidney trouble in the war, and suffered intensely for twelve years. Backache was so severe I could hardly walk and my rest was broken by distressing urinary trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and my cure has been permanent for five years. This is remarkable as I am in my 83rd year."

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

TO SAVE TIME.



Aigy Weaking—Miss Wise, Law that is—Gladys, I-er-desire to-aw! really—

Gladys Wise—Keep right on; I'll consider your proposal and have my answer ready by the time you have gotten it out of your system.

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there, I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Verein, Kemptner Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

A careless philosopher says a man never knows who his friends are until he hasn't any.

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5 Beautiful Post Cards

These Are the Very Latest Post Card Designs
To quickly introduce our new and up-to-date line of Cards, we will for the next 20 days send absolutely free this choice assortment of 5 Artistic Cards, including Birthdays, Christmas, Roses and Flowers, Best Wishes and Good Luck. If you answer this ad immediately and send 2c stamp for postage, these lovely Art Post Cards in beautiful colors and exquisite gold-embossed designs, comprise the prettiest and most attractive collection ever offered. With each set we include our special plan for getting a Big Post Card Album and 40 additional extra size cards of your own selection FREE. This special limited advertising offer good only 20 days. Write immediately. Use the coupon below:
ART POST CARD CLUB, 861 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan. Enclosed find 2c stamp. Please send me the complete set of five latest style post cards as described.

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DISO'S

IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

WHY NEW ORLEANS

CITY IS LOGICAL POINT FOR WORLD'S PANAMA EXPOSITION.

Its Geographical Position and Many Other Considerations Mark It as Most Suitable Spot for Dedication of Great Work.

Public sentiment has decided that the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915 shall be celebrated with a great International Exposition in which all the nations of the world may participate; and the question of where this Exposition is to be held will be settled by Congress at its approaching session.

New Orleans and San Francisco are contending for the honor of holding this Exposition, and both cities have guaranteed immense sums of money as an evidence of their ability to finance so great an enterprise.

An Exposition worthy of the term "World's Fair," such as New Orleans proposes to build, will be a great educational movement. Its success as such, however, will depend entirely upon the percentage of our population who can secure its educational advantages, this in turn, depends upon its location, as the time in traveling to and from the Exposition, and the cost in railroad and Pullman fares, are the most important factors.

Considering these matters, New Orleans' claims to being the "Logical Point" for this Panama Exposition, seem to be fully substantiated by the following facts:

New Orleans is 500 miles from the center of population in the United States. San Francisco is 2,500 miles distant therefrom.

Within a radius of 500 miles from New Orleans there are 17,500,000 people. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 2,000,000.

Within a radius of 1,000 miles from New Orleans, there are 65,000,000. Within the same radius from San Francisco there are only 6,000,000.

At an average of 900 miles from New Orleans, there are 70 of our principal cities with a combined population of 20,000,000. Averaging 900 miles from San Francisco there are only 8 large cities, with a combined population of just 1,000,000. The average distance of all these cities to New Orleans is 792 miles, to San Francisco 2,407 miles.

Over 75 per cent. of the people of the United States could go to an Exposition there at an average expense for railroad fare of \$12.50, as against an average of \$37.50 to the Pacific Coast; and for several millions of our people, the Pullman fare and Dining Car expenses alone, for a trip to San Francisco, would amount to more than all their transportation expenses for a trip to New Orleans.

This is an important public question to be settled by Congress at the session which convenes in December.

Many of our readers will wish to visit this World's Panama Exposition, and if held in New Orleans a great many more could spare the time and money for the trip than could go to San Francisco. Therefore, we urge our readers to write to the two senators from this State and the congressman from this district, requesting them to support New Orleans in the contest.

Childish Reasoning.
"Look at the brownies, papa!" exclaimed a little miss as she gazed upward at a Wall street skyscraper.
"They are not brownies, dearie," replied papa. "They are big men, like me, but they look so tiny because they are so high."
"If they were twice as high, would they look twice as small?" she asked, showing the mathematical turn not unnatural in the offspring of a successful broker.

Papa answered "Yes."
She made a quick calculation and remarked: "They won't amount to much when they get to heaven, will they?"

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years as a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
P. A. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not Responsible.
Nurse—What's that dirty mark on your leg, Master Frank?
Frank—Harold kicked me.
Nurse—Well, go at once and wash it off.
Frank—Why? It wasn't me what did it!—Punch.

Instant Relief for All Eyes, that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

If it had not been for his lantern and the tub he lived in, probably Diogenes would never have been heard of.

Mrs. Winglow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. See bottle.

Some men try to save money by not paying their debts.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Sometimes when a man falls he has succeeded.

Lewis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

If in search of a close friend select one with a close mouth.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

Story of Grant's Opponent

Horatio Seymour's Practical Political Lesson to Chauncey M. Depew When Latter Was Secretary of State of New York.

"It was just four years before Horatio Seymour was nominated by the Democratic party, in 1853, to run against General Grant for president of the United States, that I received from him what I have often regarded as the most practical political lesson that was ever taught me," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew at a time when the discussion turned upon political leadership and political leaders of yesterday.

"Mr. Seymour had been elected governor of New York in 1862—he had also filled that office ten years before—and in the election of '63 I was a candidate for secretary of state. I went into the campaign very earnestly—I was only eight years out of college, and political life looked mighty tempting to me—and the arguments that I delivered on the stump throughout the state were at times pretty well seasoned with political spice of the very hot sort.

"Well, after the campaign was over and I had found myself elected by a majority twice as large as that which Governor Seymour had received the year before, the thought occurred to me that the governor might not want to speak to me, for I had been quite personal regarding him in some of my speeches. But, to my astonishment I had not long been in office when the governor invited me to spend a few days with him at his home in Utica, promising, among other things, to take me to his farm at Deerfield, a few miles out of the city. Overjoyed at the discovery that I had not made a personal enemy of him, I immediately accepted the invitation, and arriving at his home, found him a man of wonderful personal charm, of an ideal domestic life, and a most entertaining story teller of men and events.

"The next morning, at the breakfast table, the governor announced that we would drive out that day to his country place and do some farming. A little later a regular farm wagon, without springs, with no other seat in it than a board, and with all kinds of farm tools protruding from the rear, was brought to the door. At the same instant the governor appeared at the door. But no longer was he the immaculately clad host of the breakfast table. Instead, he was the typical farmer in appearance. His clothes were old, his trousers were very baggy, and the hat that rested upon his head matched perfectly with the rest of his costume. Getting into the wagon, he invited me to be seated beside him, took up the reins, and away we jolted to the farm.

"When we arrived there the govern-

or took me into the house for a little refreshment and then proposed that we rest in the large chairs that were placed upon the broad piazza. As we seated ourselves I observed that the wagon had disappeared.

"We chatted for a long time, and many a vivid word picture my host drew of men then prominent in state and national politics. Finally, as the sun was beginning to cast shadows from the west, he began to speak about myself.

"You have begun a political career," he said. "Well, in my opinion, you have many qualities for a successful career of that sort. You have some gift of public speaking, and you know how to approach tactfully. But if you were to ask my advice, I should tell you emphatically not to go into politics, but to stick to your profession. The law always offers a good field to the ambitious young man."

"For a moment he looked at me fur-tively, to see how I was taking his advice, and then continued:

"But if you insist upon a political career, I have just one piece of advice for you. Never read an opposition newspaper, never read a personal or political attack upon yourself or your party, never listen to anyone who brings you a report of that kind; read your own party journals, read plenty

Dirge Carl Schurz Played

Rendered "The Heart Bowed Down" After Horace Greeley Was Nominated by the Liberal Republican Convention in 1872.

One of the men who took a very prominent part in the organization of the famous Liberal Republican party movement of the early seventies, which instantly went to pieces following Greeley's defeat for president by General Grant, running for re-election in 1872, was the late Samuel Bowles, for more than thirty years prior to his death in 1878 a powerful editorial influence throughout the country. Allied with him in the task of organizing the Liberal Republican party were three other famous editors, the late Murat Halstead, Henry Watterson and the late Carl Schurz, then United States senator from Missouri.

These four men were prominent members of the national convention of the Liberal Republicans, held in Cincinnati in 1872. But not one of them had planned for Mr. Greeley's nomination. Their candidate was Charles Francis Adams of Boston. Yet, brilliant editors though they were, they could not match in political skill some of the professional politicians in

Incident of Sherman in 1846

How Henry A. Wise, Then the Minister to Brazil and Later a Confederate General, Entertained Him at Rio Janeiro.

On the morning of Dec. 27, 1846, Henry A. Wise, United States minister to Brazil, and later the governor of Virginia, who signed John Brown's death warrant and a Confederate major general, went for a stroll to the docks of Rio Janeiro. Some days before he had been told that an American clipper ship might make the port, and he did not wish to miss his fellow countrymen there; hence his daily haunting of the water front.

On this particular morning he had not quite reached the dock when he spied two keen-eyed and alert young men, who bore every outward sign of being Americans and who seemed to be intensely interested in the scenery that the harbor of Rio Janeiro afforded. Going up to them, Mr. Wise put out his hand.

"You are from the United States," he said. "So am I. Am I right in assuming that you are passengers upon the clipper ship that I see is taking in stores at the pier yonder?"
The two young men replied in the affirmative and then Mr. Wise introduced himself, saying that he was the American minister at the Brazilian court, and adding that he would be pleased to have the two travelers dine with him. Thereupon the strangers expressed their delight at the invitation and immediately accepted it, the younger of the two then introducing the other as Colonel Henry W. Halleck of the United States army. "And," said Colonel Halleck, indicating his companion, "Captain William T. Sherman, also of the United States army," adding that they had been ordered around the Horn to duty in California.

A few hours later the two officers who were destined to figure so prominently in the world's greatest civil war, were received at the American legation with true Virginia cordiality. When dinner was announced, Minister Wise arose and in his very best manner apologized for the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Wise, who, he explained, was indisposed temporarily. During

of history, study the careers of great political leaders of the past. This plan I have followed for over twenty years, and to it I attribute whatever success I have had in politics, as well as peace of mind, even when I have been most violently attacked.

"Again the governor glanced furtively at me, then, looking at his watch, guessed it was time to return to Utica. He summoned the farm wagon, and it clattered up with the tools in it still untouched. We mounted the board seat, and, like a true rustic, the governor drove back to the city. And as I sat bouncing up and down beside him and thought of that untouched lot of farm tools jangling behind us, I could not help saying to myself:

"Governor Seymour, no matter what you say, you do not owe all of your success in politics to the fact that you never read opposition newspapers, or paid any heed whatever to personal or political attacks upon you."

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Where Women Are Mute.

Mrs. Stubbs (reading)—When ladies go trout fishing in the Canadian streams they do not speak for hours at a time, as the slightest sound frightens the fish.

Mr. Stubbs—Great Jupiter, Marie. Let us both go up there at once.—Elmira Advertiser.

he convention, with the result that the latter got control of the convention, sidetracked Mr. Adams and brought about Mr. Greeley's nomination.

The fall following the defeat of Mr. Greeley, I visited Mr. Bowles, at his invitation, in his office in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican building. It was the first time I had met him, and I was amazed to note the facility with which he carried on all kinds of business, both editorial and that of the publication office, at the same time that he talked over earnestly the particular matter that had brought about my visit.

For more than an hour Mr. Bowles conversed with me and carried on the routine of his newspaper in a most matter of fact manner. Then, as it grew near the time for me to leave, I ventured to remark that the year before, as a young man who was to cast his first presidential vote, I had been greatly interested in the proceedings of the Liberal Republican convention.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Bowles, "I am glad you were interested in our party. I hope all the young men of the country were interested in it. It was really a young man's protest against some of the excesses into which the Republican party was in danger of falling. We were defeated, but the Liberal Republican movement accomplished its purpose."

"Mr. Bowles," I said, "may I ask you one question? I have heard that immediately after the defeat of Charles Francis Adams by Mr. Greeley, Senator Carl Schurz, yourself and some other leaders went to a hotel and that Mr. Schurz, to express his regret over Mr. Adams' defeat played—"

"Yes, yes," broke in Mr. Bowles, while an amused smile swept across his features, "that is true, and here and there, I believe, some report of the incident did creep into print. But I will tell you the incident fully."

"With the convention's work over, we went back to our hotel in a very despondent mood. We foresaw that the nomination of Mr. Greeley made defeat in November inevitable, and we realized that the defeat would probably be a very sorrowful one. We went into the parlor of the suite occupied by Mr. Schurz and sat down, with the gloom about us thicker than I ever saw it before. Mr. Schurz was especially despondent; his is a very mercurial temperament, anyway. Murat Halstead was the most cheerful member of the party, and he looked a good deal as though he had just come from a dear friend's funeral. And each of us sat there communing with his own gloom thoughts; we did not need to speak to let one another know our feelings.

"We had been sitting thus for a quarter of an hour, maybe, when, suddenly, Mr. Schurz sprang from his chair, hurried over to the piano, lifted the lid, sat upon the stool and began to play, as the brief report had it, the familiar air of 'The Heart Bowed Down With Grief,' from the 'Bohemian Girl.' Then, after a little, he began to hum and then to sing the accompaniment, and, I think, some of us joined in the humming.

"I don't believe anyone could have found a better piece of music to express our feelings at that moment. Our hearts were certainly bowed down with grief, for we had failed to nominate our man, and we saw certain defeat ahead. Oh, how funereal that music sounded that day! Yet now, as I recall the incident, I cannot help smiling over the fact that Carl Schurz should have selected a comic opera tune as the one most fitting to serve as the dirge of the Liberal Republican movement."

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Queer Questions.

Queer questions come over the telephone to the newspaper offices. Here was one that the man who chanced to answer the phone had put up to him the other day:

"Say," began the unknown seeker after the truth, "do you—do you remember who it was that killed Abel?"
"Why, Cain, of course," replied the newspaper man, who put in several years at Sunday school. "Who'd ju suppose?"

"Well," observed the man at the other end in an annoyed tone, "doggon if I ain't gone and made a fool o' myself. Course it was Cain, now that you mention it, but I made a two to one bet with a fellow that 'twas Goliah, and now I'll have to go without a new overcoat, I reckon, this next winter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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

Indications.

"I might know this conservatory belonged to a baseball enthusiast."

"Why?"
"Because it has so many pitcher plants."



Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

No One Else Ever Dared Guarantee Shoes!

Our Plan Shatters the System That Robs the Public of \$5,000,000 a Year

Never before have shoes been sold on a SIX MONTHS' guarantee or any OTHER kind of a WRITTEN GUARANTEE. We are the FIRST and ONLY manufacturers that were ever ABLE to make a popular priced shoe GOOD ENOUGH to guarantee. Simply because we are the ONLY manufacturers who have done away with the highest priced rawing machine and the big expenses—the ONLY manufacturers who sell direct to the dealer by letter for only the cost of the stamps.

It costs the shoe manufacturers of this country over \$3,000,000 a year for traveling men's salaries, hotel bills, railroad fares and other selling expenses. Every cent of this is paid by you shoe buyers. You pay fully one-fifth more than the actual value of every pair of shoes you buy to HELP the shoe manufacturers KEEP ON paying these big expenses and salaries.

\$4 Any Style FOR MEN Dress--Business--Work

Desnoyers "SIX MONTHS" Shoes

Guaranteed for Full Six Months' Wear

Our immense saving on selling expense goes into leathers that others can't afford. Our Swiss Soles are from Switzerland and are the best procurable. The uppers are from Paris—made with the highest quality material for uppers. We use Army Duck lining that costs twice as much as ordinary lining. The uppers are sewed together by lock-stitch machines with the highest grade silk threads.

Style—Light—Neat—These shoes combine style, finish and quality in a degree never before equaled in a shoe selling at anywhere near the price.

Here is Our Written Guarantee—If either the soles or uppers wear out within

four months we agree to furnish a new pair of shoes entirely free of charge. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the fifth month we agree to refund \$3.00 in cash. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the sixth month we agree to refund \$1.00 in cash. In other words, if these shoes should not give full six months' wear we refund more than the proportion they fall short.

You do not have to send your shoes to the factory to be redeemed or to secure the refund. You have no dealings at all with strangers. Your own dealer will "make good" our guarantee.

Send for Dealer's Name and Style Book
Desnoyers "Six Months" Shoes are made for dress, business or work. Write a postal today for style book and name of a dealer near you who handles our "Six Months" Shoes. (11)

DESNOYERS SHOE CO., 2234 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Exterminating the Rodents

An Enterprising Woman Conceives the Idea of Destroying Them With Electricity.

Rats being an ever-present plague, and prevalent the world over, it is surprising that electricity has not been utilized to destroy them. An enterprising woman conceived the idea of exterminating the pests and wants the world to benefit from her success. She places a portable electric battery, with double wires, in that part of the house, barn or field frequented by the pests; she puts the bait midway between the two wires. As a protection for man and beast she placed a discarded iron crib over the battery and bait—the slits being wide enough for the rats to enter, but small enough to exclude the small animals about the place.

She disposed of snakes in the same manner; she placed a saucer of fresh milk for bait between the two wires and disposed of a nest of reptiles. A neighbor killed some wolves by the

same method, using a larger battery and live chickens for bait.

Another useful thing this practical woman has discovered and thinks every housewife should know is the value of salt as a preventive of fires. If salt is placed in the bottom of the kerosene lamps, if the lamp explodes the fire will immediately be extinguished by the presence of the salt. Or, if salt is poured into a burning house chimney it will put out the fire.

The practical woman knows that many people who would like to know a simple way of finding water on their grounds do not know that by taking a maple and willow branch in one hand, walking slowly over the earth holding the branches steadily, and watching the branches until the willow bends—that at the spot where it bends water will be found by digging. This is said to be a certain indication of water.

The feller who don't sweat over his job ain't workin'.

Four Pellets of
MUNYON'S
DYSPEPSIA
every hour
will heal soothe
and invigorate worn out
stomachs and relieve distress

W. L. DOUGLAS
HAND-SEWED SHOES
PROCESS

MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00
WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4
BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

THE STANDARD FOR SO FEARS
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.

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The feller who don't sweat over his job ain't workin'.

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.

WANTED TO BUY—Wheat or Oat straw. Tel. Florence 315. (23)

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 Labold, 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)

JOSEPH STEIN—Justice of Peace. opens office at city hall Oct. 15 or 20. (23)

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)

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, modern. Telephone Florence 392. (23)

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)

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

ANOTHER BIG CUT. The Lincoln State Journal has announced a fifty cent rate for its daily from now until January 1, 1911, or seventy-five cents including Sunday. If you want to know the real truth about all that's going on in the political mix-up this fall in Nebraska, get this paper that is free from all sorts of strings—is not fanning for office, holds no office and doesn't want any. The Lincoln Daily State Journal is the state paper that is walking right to the front these days on account of its clean-cut, fearless stand on public questions. No matter what your beliefs, you do not want your news tampered with. News colored for selfish ends should be unbearable. The paper will be stopped when your time is up. Never pay strangers money but send to the publishers direct at Lincoln. You can get the Florence Tribune for one year and the State Journal until January 1, 1911 for \$1.00 at this office.

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

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)

FOR RENT—A six-room modern except heat house. Large storeroom and coal bins. F. M. King. Tel. 349.



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.

FOR SALE—House and large lot; cheap. Telephone Florence 392. (23)

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

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Yearling heifer. Durham Cal. Mother Good Milker (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)

LOST—An ivory rule. Finder leave at Anderson's store and get reward. T. J. Adams. (23)

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)

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

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

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)

Seeing Phoebe Home

By Jane Osborn

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Phoebe Dare sat erect on the shiny haircloth sofa with her great eyes fixed on the flowered carpet of the Dare parlor. Before her, cramped and uncomfortable, sat Jonathan Crane, a grim smile on his homely face and his eyes intent on Phoebe.

"Say, Phoebe," he said at length, "who's going to take you to the Kingsleys' dance?"

Phoebe made no response, but merely raised her eyes proudly and with a tantalizing twinkle.

"Of course you wouldn't go with me?" he asked. He began with the "of course" in view of the fact that Phoebe had just emphatically declined his proffered hand and heart.

Phoebe made no reply and a long pause followed while Jonathan gazed with something like devotion at the girl before him.

"The reason why I wanted to take you," he began at length, with a drawl, "was because of that wager I made with Craig Taylor."

"What wager?" asked the girl, suddenly alert.

"Oh, I guess it wouldn't interest you," said Jonathan rising. "I'd better be going now."

The girl, whose curiosity was thoroughly aroused, barred the way to the door. "Tell me what wager you have with Craig," she demanded in the most pleading tones. "Please tell me."

"Oh, it wasn't much of a wager," said Jonathan, slowly. "I guess I shouldn't have said anything about it."

But Phoebe persisted.

"Oh, well," said Jonathan, at last, "as if he had been moved by her entreaty, 'you see, I bet Craig that I could take you to the dance, and he bet that he could. That was more or less the reason why I asked you to marry me, so's to sort of cinch the matter.'"

Phoebe looked at him with perplexity.

"Oh, it isn't any great matter," said Jonathan. "I hate to lose the money just now, but then I ought to have known enough not to take such risks. I never did like to bet on a sure thing, though, somehow."

Phoebe's cheeks were scarlet, and as she stood before him, holding the



door, Jonathan could feel the anger that had risen within her.

"Did Craig Taylor dare to take up that wager?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jonathan deliberately watching her closely.

For another minute Phoebe still held the door closed. Then, as she opened it, she said with apparent tranquillity:

"Say, Jonathan, if you want me to go to the Kingsleys' barn dance with you, I would just as soon."

So on the evening of the annual barn dance at the Kingsley farm, Phoebe dressed in her most bewitching frock, with a black ribbon at her throat to set off the pinkest and fairest of cheeks, and a rose in her hair to add to its dark luster. She was ready and waiting, wrapped well for the cold drive, when Jonathan came, and she stepped eagerly into the buggy beside him.

"Oh, do hurry," she begged, as her little foot tattooed on the floor of the buggy in anticipation of the dancing she loved. "I can hardly wait, and yet you go so dreadfully slow."

Jonathan felt the blood tingle within him as he realized that it was in his power to make her impatient—the girl who kept him in a mood of perpetual impatience.

His pleasure he knew would end when the drive was over, not to begin again till he had her once more tucked warmly beside him to ride alone with her through the cold early morning. Dances were to him, at best, a bore, and since he had loved Phoebe they had turned into a sort of torment—a torment of unreasoning jealousy, to be endured only that he might dance with her once, or, if she were gracious, twice.

Jonathan stalked into the floor of the Kingsley barn with a sense of momentary triumph. At his side beamed Phoebe, whose fickle heart, Jonathan was sure, had at some time worked havoc with well nigh every man there. His eye caught the self-satisfied smile of the city-bred Craig

Taylor, whose recent friendship with Phoebe had filled Jonathan with maddening jealousy.

"Oh, hello, Phoebe," said Craig, stepping up to them and nodding slightly to Jonathan. Then as he lightly paid Phoebe a pretty compliment Jonathan was no longer able to disguise his ill temper. So Phoebe, with no other thought than to tease Jonathan, smiled adorably at Craig. The intoxication of the fiddles and Craig Taylor's easy, bantering manner led her on; and while Phoebe, radiant and dazzling, laughed and laughed to her heart's content, Jonathan sat watching in complete misery.

But when the last dance came and the lights had begun to burn low and lesser beauties than Phoebe had begun to droop, Jonathan's spirits began to rise in anticipation of the joy of seeing Phoebe home. He had taken his buggy from the shed and stood waiting for her, when all at once he heard her laugh and at the same instant realized that she was with Craig Taylor, getting into Craig Taylor's buggy.

"Hello, Jonathan," called one of the men, with a laugh, "thought you were going to take Phoebe home."

One of the girls suppressed a giggle and for a minute Jonathan had a great desire to fight every one. His next thought was of overtaking Craig, laying him flat and carrying off the girl he loved. Instead, Jonathan slowly swung into his buggy and drove thoughtfully through the crisp morning air.

It was a few days later, on Sunday afternoon, and Jonathan again sat in the little Dare parlor, before Phoebe, who, as usual, sat upright on the hair sofa. He had not seen her since the memorable dance and Phoebe expected to be scolded.

"I say, Phoebe," Jonathan said at length, "perhaps you'd like to go out sleighing with me—out to the lake. It's great sleighing."

Phoebe accepted readily and without further delay Jonathan was ready with his horse and sleigh, with heated bricks and heavy wraps to keep out the cold winds.

If Phoebe was radiant at a dance when the music and motion had brought the color to her face and the light to her eyes, she was even more so in a sleigh when the fresh, cold wind and the sound of the sleigh bells seemed somehow to work wonders.

It was a long drive, but Jonathan's spirits did not lag, and as they neared the shore of the lake, bleak and deserted, with not a sign of mortal for miles around, he could feel the girl at his side shrinking toward him helplessly.

"My, but this is a lonely spot in winter," she said. "Would you ever think it could be so nice in summer?" "I don't know, Phoebe," said Jonathan, smiling. "Let's get out and walk about a minute to get up the circulation. You seem a bit cold."

So Phoebe, accepting the suggestion, got out from the sleigh, and, as she turned about for Jonathan to follow, she saw him quickly whip up his horse, and, turning as sharp a corner, as the sleigh would allow, he drove away from her, back on the road where they had come.

"Jonathan, Jonathan!" she called in tones that were unavailing.

On he drove, with the distracted girl running and crying after him. At length, after he had gone half a mile through the snow, he stopped, and, with a grim smile on his face, watched the girl plod through the snow after him.

"Jonathan," she wailed when she had reached him, "Jonathan, whatever are you doing?"

"Well, I guess," said Jonathan with deliberation, "you can find some one else to take you home. You'd hardly expect me to, after the dance at Kingsley's, would you, seeing it's not your custom to go home with the man that brings you?"

Phoebe was in tears—tears of remorse and hurt pride, not of anger—and when a minute later Jonathan had seized her in his arms and put her gently in the sleigh at his side she clung trembling to his arm.

"Jonathan," she said, after they had driven through the snow for a few minutes. "Jonathan, I'm sorry. I like you a lot better than I do Craig. Truly, I'm sorry."

Jonathan made no reply.

"Jonathan," she said again pleadingly, "Jonathan, did you win that wager?"

"There wasn't any wager," said Jonathan. "That was a lie I told you about the wager."

"Then—then you didn't propose to me just to 'cinch the matter?'" she asked.

"No," said Jonathan. "I proposed because I had a notion of marrying you."

And this time Phoebe accepted.

Loftiest of Mines.

It is thought that the old Caylioma silver mines in Peru are situated at a greater elevation than any other big mine in the world. Their altitude varies between 14,000 and 17,000 feet. They were worked by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and before that, it is believed, by the Incas.

A year ago an English company prepared a hydro-electric plant for them. This plant is situated at an altitude of between 15,000 and 16,000 feet. It derives its power from a waterfall on the Santiago river, and in a dry season from Lake Huallacho, one of the sources of the Amazon. The power is transmitted by cable about three miles. At the highest mines the atmosphere is only eight and a half pounds a square inch and water boils twenty-four degrees below the ordinary boiling point.

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